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# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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HISTORIC TABLEAUX.—NO. I.

## THE "18TH BRUMAIRE."

IN the handsomest part of the *Chausée D'Antin*, surrounded on every side by the splendid palaces and gorgeous mansions of the wealthiest inhabitants of Paris, stands a small, isolated, modest edifice, more like a Roman villa than the house of some northern capital, in the midst of a park—one of those pleasure grounds which the French, heaven knows why, designate as "*Jardin Anglais*." The outer gate opens on the *Rue Chanteraine*, and here to this hour you may trace, among the time-worn and dilapidated ornaments, some remnants of the strange figures which once decorated the pediment: weapons of various ages and countries, grouped together with sphinxes, and Egyptian emblems; the faint outlines of pyramids, the peaceful-looking ibis are there, among the helmets and cuirasses—the massive swords and the death-dealing arms of our modern warfare. In the midst of all, the number 52, stands encircled with a little garland of leaves, but even they are scarce distinguishable now, and the number itself requires the aid of faith to detect it.

Within, the place speaks of neglect and decay: the shrubs are broken and uncared-for; the parterres are weed-grown; a few marble pedestals rise amid the rank grass, to mark where statues once stood, but no other trace of them remains: the very fountain itself is fissured and broken, and the water has worn its channel along the herbage, and ripples on its wayward course unrestrained. The villa is almost a ruin: the ashes have fallen in

in many places; the roof, too, has given way, and fragments of the mirrors which once decorated the walls, lie strewn upon the floor with pieces of rare marble. Wherever the eye turns, some emblem of the taste of its former occupant meets you—some fresco, stained with damp, and green with mildew; some rustic bench, beneath a spreading tree, where the view opens more boldly; but all are decayed. The inlaid floors are rotting; the stuccoed ceilings, the richly-carved architraves fall in fragments as your footsteps move, and the doomed walls themselves seem scarce able to resist the rude blast whose wailing cadence steals along them.

Oh, how ten-fold more powerfully are the memories of the dead preserved by the scenes they habited while in life, than by the tombs and epitaphs that cover their ashes! How do the lessons of one speak home to the heart, calling up again, before the mind's eye, the very images themselves! not investing them with attributes our reason coldly rejects.

I know not the reason that this villa has been suffered thus to lapse into utter ruin, in the richest quarter of so splendid a city. I believe some long contested litigation had its share in the causes. My present business is rather with its past fortunes; and to them I will now return.

It was on a cold dark morning of November, in the year 1799, that the street we have just mentioned, then called the "*Rue de la Victoire*," became crowded with equipages and

horsemen; cavalcades of generals and their staffs, in full uniform, arrived and were admitted within the massive gateway, before which, now, groups of curious and inquiring gazers were assembled, questioning and guessing as to the unusual spectacle. The number of led horses that paraded the street, the long lines of carriages on either side nearly filled the way; still there reigned a strange, unaccountable stillness among the crowd, who, as if appalled by the very mystery of the scene, repressed their ordinary tumult, and waited anxiously to watch the result.

Among the most interested spectators were the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses, who saw, for the first time in their lives, their quiet quarter the scene of such excitement. Every window was filled with faces, all turned towards that portal which so seldom was seen to open in general; for they who dwelt there had been more remarkable for the retirement, and privacy of their habits, than for aught else.

At each arrival the crowd separated to permit the equipage to approach the gate; and then might be heard the low murmur—for it was no louder—of “Ha! that’s Lasalle. See the mark of the sabre-wound on his cheek!” Or, “Here comes Augereau. You’d never think that handsome fellow, with the soft eye, could be such a tiger.” “Place, there, place for Colonel Savary.” “Ah, dark Savary! we all know him.”

Stirring as was the scene without, it was far inferior to the excitement that prevailed within the walls. There, every path and avenue that led to the villa were thronged with military men, walking or standing together in groups, conversing eagerly, and with anxious looks, but cautiously withal, and as though half fearing to be overheard.

Through the windows of the villa might be seen servants passing and re-passing in haste, arranging the preparations for a magnificent *déjeuner*—for on that morning the generals of division and the principal military men in Paris were invited to breakfast with one of their most distinguished companions—General Bonaparte.

Since his return from Egypt Bonaparte had been living a life of apparent privacy and estrangement from all public affairs. The circumstances

under which he quitted the army under his command, the unauthorised mode of his entry into France—without recall—without even permission—had caused his friends considerable uneasiness on his behalf; and nothing short of the unobtrusive and simple habits he maintained, had probably saved him, from being called on to account for his conduct.

They, however, who themselves were pursuing the career of ambition, were better satisfied to see him thus, than hazard any thing by so bold an expedient. They believed that he was only great at the head of his legions; and they felt a triumphant pleasure at the obscurity into which the victor of Lodi and the Pyramids had fallen, when measured with themselves. They witnessed, then, with sincere satisfaction, the seeming indolence of his present life. They watched him in those soirées which Madame Bonaparte gave, enjoying his repose with such thorough delight—those delightful evenings, the most brilliant for all that wit, intellect, and beauty can bestow; which Talleyrand and Sieyès, Fouché, Carnot, Lemercier, and a host of others frequented; and they dreamed that his hour of ambition was over, and that he had fallen into the inglorious indolence of the tired soldier.

While the greater number of the guests strolled listlessly through the little park, a small group sat in the vestibule of the villa, whose looks of impatience were ever turned towards the door, from which their host was expected to enter. One of these was a tall slight man, with a high, but narrow forehead, dark eyes, deeply buried in his head, and overshadowed by long heavy lashes; his face was pale, and evinced evident signs of uneasiness, as he listened, without ever speaking, to those about him. This was General Moreau. He was dressed in the uniform of a general of the day: the broad-skirted embroidered coat; the half boot; the embroidered tri-colour scarf, and a chapeau with a deep feather trimming—a simple, but a handsome costume, and which well became his well-formed figure. Beside him sat a large, powerfully-built man, whose long black hair, descending in loose curls on his neck and back, as well as the jet black brilliancy of his eye, and deep olive complexion, be-

spoke a native of the south. Though his dress was like Moreau's, there was a careless jauntiness in his air, and a reckless "abandon" in his manner, that gave the costume a character totally different. The very negligence of his scarf-knot was a type of himself; and his thickly-uttered French, interspersed here and there with Italian phrases, showed that Murat cared little to cull his words. At his left was a hard-featured, stern-looking man, in the uniform of the dragoons—this was Andreossy; and opposite, and leaning on a sofa, was General Lannes. He was pale and sickly; he had risen from a bed of illness to be present, and lay, with half-closed lids, neither noticing nor taking interest, in what went on about him.

At the window stood Marmont, conversing with a slight but handsome youth, in the uniform of the chasseurs. Eugene Beauharnois was then but twenty-two, but even at that early age displayed the soldier-like ardour which so eminently distinguished him in after life.

At length the door of the salon opened, and Bonaparte, dressed in the style of the period, appeared; his cheeks were sunk and thin; his hair, long, flat and silky, hung straight down at either side of his pale and handsome face, in which now one faint tinge of colour marked either cheek. He saluted the rest with a warm shake of the hand, and then stooping down, said to Murat—

"But, Bernadotte—where is he?"

"Yonder," said Murat, carelessly pointing to a group outside the terrace, where a tall fine-looking man, dressed in plain clothes, and without any indication of the soldier in his costume, stood in the midst of a knot of officers.

"Ha! general," said Napoleon, advancing towards him, "you are not in uniform. How comes this?"

"I am not on service," was the cold reply.

"No, but you soon shall be," said Bonaparte, with an effort at cordiality of manner.

"I do not anticipate it," rejoined Bernadotte, with an expression at once firm and menacing.

Bonaparte drew him to one side gently, and while he placed his arm within his, spoke to him with eagerness and energy for several minutes; but a cold shake of the head, without

one word in reply, was all that he could obtain. "What!" exclaimed Bonaparte aloud, so that even the others heard him. "What! are you not convinced of it? Will not this Directory annihilate the revolution—have we a moment to lose? The Council of Ancients are met to appoint me commander in chief of the army—go, put on your uniform, and join me at once."

"I will not join a rebellion," was the insolent reply.

Bonaparte shrunk back, and dropped his arm; then rallying in a moment, added, "'Tis well—you'll at least remain here until the decree of the council is issued."

"Am I, then, a prisoner?" said Bernadotte, with a loud voice.

"No, no, there is no question of that kind; but pledge me your honour to undertake nothing adverse to me in this affair."

"As a mere citizen, I will not do so," replied the other; "but if I am ordered by a sufficient authority, I warn you."

"What do you mean, then, as a mere citizen?"

"That I will not go forth into the streets, to stir up the populace—nor into the barracks, to harangue the soldiers."

"Enough; I am satisfied. As for myself, I only desire to rescue the republic; that done, I shall retire to Malmaison, and live peaceably."

A smile of a doubtful, but sardonic character, passed over Bernadotte's features, as he heard these words, while he turned coldly away, and walked towards the gate. "What, Augureau, thou here," said he, as he passed along, and with a contemptuous shrug he moved forward, and soon gained the streets. And truly, it seemed strange that he, the fiercest of the Jacobins, the general who made his army assemble in clubs and knots, to deliberate during the campaign of Italy, that he should now lend himself to uphold the power of Bonaparte.

Meanwhile, the salons were crowded in every part, party succeeding party at the tables—where, amid the clattering of the breakfast, and the clinking of glasses, the conversation swelled into a loud and continued din. Fouché, Berthier, and Talleyrand, were also to be seen, distinguishable by their dress, among the military uniforms—and here

now might be heard the mingled doubts and fears, the hopes and dreads of each, as to the coming events; and many watched the pale, care-worn face of Bourienne, the secretary of Bonaparte, as if to read in his features the chances of success; while the general himself went from room to room, chatting confidentially with each in turn, recapitulating as he went, the phrase, "the country is in danger," and exhorting all to be patient, and wait calmly for the decision of the council, which could not, now, be long of coming.

As they were still at table, M. Carnet, the deputation of the council, entered, and delivered into Bonaparte's hands the sealed packet, from which he announced to the assembly that the legislative bodies had been removed to St. Cloud, to avoid the interruption of popular clamour, and that he, General Bonaparte, was named commander-in-chief of the army, and entrusted with the execution of the decree.

This first step had been effected by the skilful agency of Sieyes and Roger Ducos, who spent the whole of the preceding night in issuing the summonses for a meeting of the council, to such as they knew to be friendly to the cause they advocated. All the others received theirs too late; forty-two only were present at the meeting, and by that fragment of the council the decree was passed.

When Bonaparte had read the document to the end, he looked around him on the fierce determined faces, bronzed and seared in many a battle field, and said, "My brothers in arms, will you stand by me here?"

"We will, we will," shouted they with one roar of enthusiasm.

"And thou, Lefebvre, did I hear thy voice there?"

"Yes, general; to the death I'm yours."

Bonaparte unbuckled the sabre he wore at his side, and placing it in Lefebvre's hands, said, "I wore this at the Pyramids; it is a fitting present from one soldier to another. Now, then, to horse."

The splendid cortège moved along the grassy alleys to the gate, outside which, now, three regiments of cavalry, and three battalions of the 17th, were drawn up. Never was a sovereign, in all his pride of power, surrounded with

a more gorgeous staff. The conquerors of Italy, Germany, and Egypt, the greatest warriors of Europe were there grouped around him—whose glorious star, even then, shone high above them.

Scarcely had Bonaparte issued forth into the street, than raising his hat above his head, he called aloud, "*Vive la republique*," the troops caught up the cry, and the air rang with the wild cheer.

At the head of this force, surrounded by the generals, he rode slowly along towards the Tuileries; at the entrance to the gardens of which stood Carnet, dressed in his robe of senator in waiting to receive him. Four colonels, his aide-de-camps, marched in front of Bonaparte, as he entered the Hall of the Ancients—his walk was slow and measured, and his air studiously respectful.

The decree being read, General Bonaparte replied in a few broken phrases, expressive of his sense of the confidence reposed in him, the words came with difficulty, and he spoke like one abashed and confused. He was no longer in front of his armed legions, whose war-worn looks inspired the burning eloquence of the camp—those flashing images, those daring flights, suited not the cold assembly, in whose presence he now stood—and he was ill at ease, and disconcerted. It was only, at length, when turning to the generals who pressed on after him, he addressed the following words, that his confidence in himself came back, and that he felt himself once more.

"This is the republic we desire to have—and this we shall have—for it is the wish of those who now stand around me."

The cries of "*Vive la republique*," burst from the officers at once, as they waived their *chapeaux* in the air, mingled with louder shouts of "*vive le general*!"

If the great events of the day were now over with the council, they had only begun with Bonaparte.

"Whither now, general?" said Lefebvre, as he rode to his side.

"To the guillotine, I suppose," said Andreossy, with a look of sarcasm.

"We shall see that," was the cold answer of Bonaparte, while he gave the word to push forward to the Luxembourg.



## EPISODES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

## VI.

THE NILE—ITS CREATION—ITS SOURCES  
—ITS IMPORTANCE—ITS INUNDA-  
TION—ITS STATISTICS—ITS BATTLE.

The Nile! the Nile! I hear its gathering roar,  
No vision now, no dream of ancient years—  
Throned on the rocks amid the watery war,  
The King of Floods, old Homer's Nile appears.  
With gentle smile, majestically sweet,  
Curbing the billowy steeds that vex them at his feet.  
LORD LINDSAY.

The spirit of our fathers  
Shall start from every wave;  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave.  
CAMPBELL.

"Egypt is the gift of the Nile," said one\* who was bewildered by its antiquity before our history was born—(at least he is called the father of it.) A bountiful gift it was, that the "strange, mysterious, solitary stream" bore down in its bosom from the luxuriant tropics to the desert. For many an hour have I stood upon the city-crowning citadel of Cairo, and gazed unweariedly on the scene of matchless beauty and wonder that lay stretched beneath my view. Cities and ruins of cities, palm-forests and green savannahs, gardens, and palaces, and groves of olive. On one side, the boundless desert, with its pyramids; on the other, the land of Goshen, with its luxuriant plains, stretching far away to the horizon. Yet this is an exotic land! That river, winding like a serpent through its paradise, has brought it from far regions, unknown to man. That strange and richly-varied panorama has had a long voyage of it! Those quiet plains have tumbled down the cataracts; those demure gardens have flirted with the Isle of Flowers,† five hundred miles away; and those very pyramids have floated down the waves of Nile. In short, to speak chemically, that river is a solution of Ethiopia's richest regions, and that vast country is merely a precipitate. At Pæstum one sees the remnant of a city elaborated from mountain streams; the Temple of

Neptune came down from the Calabrian Hills, by water; and the Forum, like Demosthenes, prepared itself for its tumult-scorning destiny among the dash of torrents, and the crash of rocks;‡ but here we have a whole kingdom risen, like Aphrodite, from the wave.

The sources of the Nile are as much involved in mystery as every thing else connected with this strange country. The statue, under which it was represented, was carved out of black marble, to denote its Ethiopian origin, but crowned with thorns, to symbolise the difficulty of approaching its fountain-head. It reposed appropriately on a sphinx, the type of enigmas, and dolphins and crocodiles disported at its feet. In early ages, "caput querere Nili?" was equivalent to our expression of seeking the philosopher's stone, or interest on Pennsylvania bonds. The pursuit has baffled the scrutiny and self-devotion of modern enterprise, as effectually as it did the inquisitiveness of ancient despots, and the theories of ancient philosophers. Alexander and Ptolemy sent expeditions in search of it. Herodotus gave it up; Pomponius Mela brought it from the antipodes, Pliny from Mauritania, and Homer from heaven. This last theory, if not the most satisfactory, is, at least, the most incontrovertible, and sounds better than the Meadows of Geesh, where Bruce thought he had detected its infancy in the fountains of the Blue River. This was only a foundling, however,—a mere tributary stream; the naiads of the Nile are as virgin as ever. I have conversed with slave-dealers who were familiar with Abyssinia, as far as the Galla country, and still their information was bounded by the vague word, south—still from the south gushed the great river.

This much is certain, that from the junction of the Taccaze or Astaboras, the Nile runs a course of upwards of twelve hundred miles, to the sea, with-

\* Herodotus.

† Elephantina.

‡ For an account of the formation of the travertine, of which Pæstum was built, see Sir Humphrey's beautiful and imaginative "Last Days of a Philosopher."

out one tributary stream—"exemple," as Humboldt says, "unique dans l'histoire hydrographique du globe." During this career it is exposed to the evaporation of a burning sun, drawn off into a thousand canals, absorbed by porous and thirsty banks, drank by every living thing, from the crocodile to the pasha, from the papyrus to the palm-tree; and yet, strange to say, it seems to pour into the sea a wider stream than it displays between the cataracts a thousand miles away. The Nile is all in all to the Egyptian: if it withheld its waters for a week, his country would become a desert; it waters and manures his fields, it supplies his harvests, and then carries off their produce to the sea; he drinks of it, he fishes in it, he travels on it; it is his slave, and used to be his god. Egyptian mythology recognized in it the Creative Principle, and, very poetically, engaged it in eternal war with the desert, under the name of Typhon, or the destructive principle. Divine honours were paid to this aqueous deity; and it is whispered among mythologists, that the heart's-blood of a virgin was yearly added to its stream,—not unlikely, in a country where they worshipped crocodiles, and were anxious to consult their feelings.

The Arab looks upon all men as aliens who were not fortunate enough to be born beside the Nile; and the traveller is soon talked into a belief that it affords the most delicious water in the world. Ship-loads of it are annually sent to Constantinople, where it is in great request, not only on epicurean, but anti-Malthusian grounds. The natives dignify their beloved river with the title of "El Bahr," the sea, and pass one-third of their lives in watching the flow, and the remainder in watching the ebb of its mighty tide. The inundation begins in May, attains its full height in August, and thenceforth diminishes, until freshly swollen in the following year. The stream is economized within its channel until it reaches Egypt, when it spreads abroad over the vast valley.

It is that the country presents its most striking of its Protean aspect: it becomes an archipelago, studded with green islands, and bounded only by the chain of the Lybian hills. The purple range of the Moabites. Every island is or an antique

temple, and shadowy with palm-trees, or acacia groves. Every city becomes a Venice, and the bazaars display their richest and gayest cloths and tapestries to the illuminations that are reflected from the streaming streets. The earth is sheltered from the burning sun under the cool bright veil of waters; the labour of the husbandman is suspended: it is the season of universal festivity. Boatmen alone are busy; but it would seem to be pleasant business, for the sound of music is never silent beneath those large, white, wing-like sails, that now glitter in the moonlight, and now gleam rudely, reflecting the fragrant watch-fires on the deck. In one place you come upon a floating fair, held in boats, flushed with painted lanterns, and fluttering with gay flags. In another, a bridal procession is gliding by, as her friends convey some bride, with mirth and music, to her bridegroom. On one island you find a shawled and turbaned group of bearded men, smoking their chibouques and sipping coffee. On another a merry band of Arab girls is dancing to the music of their own wild song. And then, perhaps, with the lotus flower

"Wreathed in the midnight of their hair,"

or the light garment, that scarce concealed their graceful forms, folded as a turban, they swim from grove to grove, the quiet lake scarce rippling round their dark bosoms.

Great part of this picture is of rare occurrence, however—the inundation seldom rising to a height greater than what is necessary for purposes of irrigation, and presenting, alas! rather the appearance of a swamp than of an archipelago.

As the waters retire, vegetation seems to exude from every pore. Previous to its bath, the country, like Peliass, looked shrivelled, and faded, and worn out: a few days after it, old Egypt looks as good as new, wrapped in a richly green mantle embroidered with flowers. As the Nile has every thing his own way throughout his wide domains, he is capricious in proportion, and gives spring in October, and autumn in February. Another curious freak of his is to make his bed in the highest part of the great valley through which he runs: this bed is a sort of savings-bank, by means of

which the deposits of four thousand years have enabled it to rise in the world, and to run along a causeway of its own.

This sloping away from the river's edge materially facilitates the irrigation of the country, in which 50,000 oxen, and at least double that number of men are perpetually employed. As I shall have frequent occasions to return to the Nile, in speaking of the commerce, the agriculture, and the mode of travelling in Egypt, I shall only add here, the following statistics from the report of M. Linant, the pasha's chief engineer. At low water it pours into the sea, by the Rosetta mouth, 79,532,551,728—by the Damietta, 71,033,840,640 cubic metres, in every twenty-four hours, making a total of 150,566,392,368. At high water, by the Rosetta branch, 478,317,838,960—by the Damietta, 227,196,828,480—total, 705,514,667,440. The elevation of its waters below the first cataract, *i. e.* 250 leagues from its embouchure, is 543 French feet above the level of the Mediterranean, it runs at the rate of about three miles an hour during its flood, and two during its low water. The deposit of the river, of which the country is composed, yields by analysis, 3-5ths of alumina, 1-5th of carbonate of lime, 1-20th of oxyde of iron (which communicates the reddish colour to its waters), some carbonate of magnesia, and pure silex. The mean rate of accumulated soil seems to be about four inches in a century in Lower Egypt; and about forty feet depth of soil has thus been flung over the desert since the deluge. In the time of *Morris* the lands were sufficiently watered, if the Nile rose to the height of eight cubits; in the time of *Herodotus*, it required fifteen cubits; and now the river must rise to the height of twenty-two before the whole country is overflowed. Still, as the deposits increase the Delta, the river is proportionately dammed up, and thus the great watering machine is kept in order by Nature, with a little assistance from *Meheinet Ali*.

Formerly, when vexed by the armaments of a *Sesostris*, or the priestly pageants of a Pharaoh, the Nile required seven months to vent its murmurs to the sea. In modern times it finds two sufficient: Damietta, of crusading memory, presides over one, and Rosetta, in Arabic, "*el Rashid*," the

birth-place of our old friend *Haroun*, takes advantage of the other. The former is waited upon by Lake *Menzaleh*, where alone the real ibis and the papyrus are now found—the latter looks eastward on Lake *Bourlos*, and westward over *Aboukir Bay*, of glorious memory.

'Tis an old story now, that battle of the Nile; but, as the traveller paces by these silent and deserted shores, that have twice seen England's flag "triumphant over wave and war," he lives again in the stirring days, when the scenery before him was the arena where France and England contended for the empire of the East. Let us rest from blazing sun and weary travel, in the cool shadow of this palm-tree. Our camels are kneeling round us, and our Arabs light their little fires in silence. They remember well the scenes we are recalling, though many a Briton has forgotten them; and the names of *Nelson* and of *Abercrombie* are already sounding faint through the long vista of departed times. We overlook the scene of both their battles, and envy not the Spartan his *Thermopylæ*, or the Athenian his *Salamis*. What Greece was to the Persian despot, England was to *Napoleon*; nation after nation shrank from staking its existence at issue for a mere principle, and England alone was at war with the congregated world, in defence of that world's freedom. Yet not quite alone: she had one faithful ally in the cause of liberty and Christianity, and that ally was—the Turk!

The bay is wide, but dangerous from shoals; the line of deep blue water, and the old castle of *Aboukir*, map out the position of the French fleet on the 1st of August, '98. Having landed *Bonaparte* and his army, *Brueys* lay moored in the form of a crescent, close along the shore. He had thirteen sail of the line, besides frigates and gun-boats, carrying twelve hundred guns, and about eleven thousand men, while the British fleet that was in search of him, only mustered eight thousand men, and one thousand guns. The French were protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the west by the castle, and numerous batteries. Their position was considered impregnable by themselves; yet when *Hood*, in the

Zealous, made signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet—that fleet which had swept the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe—and now pressed to the battle as eagerly as if nothing but a rich and easy prize awaited them. Nelson had long been sailing in battle-order, and he now only lay to in the offing till the rearward ships should come up. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to him, but he knew that where there was room for a Frenchman to lie at anchor, there must be room for an English ship to lie alongside of him, and the closer the better. As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask his opinion as to whether he thought it would be advisable to commence the attack that night; and receiving the answer that he longed for, the signal for “close battle” flew from his mast-head. The delay thus caused to the Zealous, gave Foley the lead, who showed the example of leading *inside* the enemy’s line, and anchored by the stern, alongside the second ship, thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter exclaimed to my informant—“Thank God, he has generously left to his old friend, still to lead the van.” Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on, beneath a cloud of sail, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars, and the boatswain’s whistle, as each ship furled her sails, calmly as a sea-bird might fold its wings, and glided tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then her anchor dropped astern, and her fire opened with a vehemence that showed with what difficulty it had been repressed.

The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore; but when the admiral came up, he led along the seaward side—thus doubling on the Frenchman’s line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down just as Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay, by the enemy’s fire flashing fierce welcome as each arrived, and hovered along the line, coolly scrutinizing where he could draw most of that fire on himself. The Bellerophon, with gallant recklessness, fas-

tened on the gigantic Orient, and was soon crushed and scorched into a wreck by the terrible artillery of batteries more than double the numbers of her own. But before she drifted helplessly to leeward, *she had done her work*—the French admiral’s ship was on fire, and through the roar of battle, a whisper went that for a moment paralysed every eager heart and hand. During the dread pause that followed, the fight was suspended—the very wounded ceased to groan—yet the burning ship continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks—her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own brave requiem. At length, with the concentrated roar of a thousand battles, the explosion came; and the column of flame that shot upward into the very sky, for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene, from the red flags aloft, to the reddened decks below—the wide shore, with all its swarthy crowds, and the far off glittering sea, with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, only broken by the shower of blazing fragments, in which that brave ship fell upon the waters.

Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty, but he knew not how successfully;—he had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eye like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere; and at the same moment his crew recognised their wounded chief. The wild cheer with which they welcomed him was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery, and the fight continued until near the dawn.

Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France: torn and blackened hulls now only marked the position they had then occupied; and where their admiral’s ship *had* been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine, and the nautilus spread his tiny sail as if in mockery. . . . Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards, but within the bay, the tricolour was flying on board the Tonnant alone. As the

Theseus approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce. "Your battle-flag or none," was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated there was the banner of Old England.

And now the battle was over—India was saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Bonaparte was checked,\* and the navy of France was annihilated, though restored, seven years later, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting hecatomb for obsequies like those of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was then and thus accomplished.

# VII.

## MAHMOUDISH CANAL—BATTLE OF ABOUKIR—ATFE.

"And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound  
Of scourge-driv'n labour, or the one deep cry  
Of people perishing—then thinketh, 'I have  
found  
New waters, but I die.'" ANON.

"The blue steel bit, thro' helmet split,  
And red the harness painted;  
The virgins long lamented it,  
But the dogs were well contented  
With the slaughter of that day." SCANDINAVIAN RUNE.

ARRIVED at Alexandria, the traveller is yet far distant from the Nile. The Canopic mouth is long since closed up by the mud of Æthiopia, and the Arab conquerors of Egypt were obliged to form a canal to connect this seaport with the river. Under the Mamelukes this canal had also become choked up, and her communication with the great vivifying stream thus ceasing, Alexandria languished—while Rosetta, like a vampire, fed on her decay, and, notwithstanding her shallow waters, swelled suddenly to importance. When Mehmet Ali rose to power, his clear intellect at once comprehended the

importance of the ancient emporium. Alexandria was then become a mere harbour for pirates—the desert and the sea were gradually encroaching on its boundaries—but the pasha ordered the desert to bring forth corn, and the sea to retire, and the mandate of this Albanian Canute was no idle word—it acted like an incantation to the old Egyptian spirit of great works. Up rose a stately city, containing 60,000 inhabitants, and as suddenly yawned the canal, which was to connect the new city with the Nile, and enable it to fulfil its destinies, of becoming the emporium of three quarters of the globe. In the greatness and the cruelty of its accomplishment, this canal may vie with the gigantic labours of the Pharaohs. Three hundred thousand people were swept from the villages of the Delta, and heaped like a ridge along the destined banks of that fatal canal. They had only provisions for one month, and implements they had few, or none; but the pasha's command was urgent—the men worked with all the energy of despair, and stabbed into the ground as if it was their enemy; children carried away the soil in little handfuls; nursing mothers laid their infants on the shelterless banks; the scourge kept them to the work, and mingled blood with their milk, if they attempted to nourish their offspring. Famine soon made its appearance, and they say it was a fearful sight, to see that great multitude convulsively working against time. As a dying horse bites the ground in his agony, they tore up that great grave—30,000 people perished, but the grim contract was completed, and in six weeks the waters of the Nile were led to Alexandria. The canal is forty-eight miles in length, ninety feet in breadth, and eighteen in depth; it was finished altogether in ten months, with the exception of the lock which should have connected it with the river; the bey who had charge of this department lost his contract and his head. . . . .

We embarked in a boat not unlike those that ply upon the Grand Canal, and, to say the truth, among the dreary

\* Le principal but de l'expédition des Français d'Orient était d'abaisser la puissance Anglaise. C'est du Nil que devait partir l'armée qui allait donner de nouvelles destinées aux Indes. . . . . Les Français une fois maîtres des ports de Corfou, de Malte et d'Alexandrie, la Méditerranée devenait un lac Français.—*Mémoires de Napoléon.*



wastes of swamp that surrounded us, we might also have fancied ourselves in the midst of the Bog of Allen. The boat was towed by four wild, scraggy-looking horses, ridden by four wilder, scraggier-looking men—their naked feet were stuck in shovel stirrups, with the sharp sides of which they scored their horses' flanks, after the fashion of crimped cod. It is true, these jockies wore tattered turbans instead of tattered hats, and loose blue gowns instead of grey frize. Yet, still there was something very dis-illusionizing in the whole turn-out—and the mud cabins that here and there encrusted the banks did not tend to obliterate Tipperary associations. But—hold! there is a palm-tree, refreshing to the cockney's eye; an ostrich is trotting along the towing-path; from a patch of firm ground a camel rears its melancholy head; and, by Jove! there goes a pelican! We *must* be in Africa, or else a menagerie has broken loose from Tullamore.

We pass, for some miles, along a causeway that separates the salt-water Lake Madee from Lake Mareotis. Nothing can be more desolate than the aspects of these two lonely lakes, stretching, with their low swampy shores, away to the horizon. If Alastor, or the spirit of solitude, was fond of yachting, these waters would be the very place for him to cruise in, undisturbed, except by the myriads of wild fowl that kept wheeling, shrieking, and whistling round us. These lakes seem to have been born for one another; but the Pharaohs, like poor-law guardians, saw fit to separate them. Their object, however, the reverse of the said poor law, was to make Mareotis fruitful. A vast mound was raised, which kept the salt-lake at a respectful distance, and until the English invasion in 1801, or at least until the sixteenth century, the greater part of Mareotis was a fertile plain. . .

Bonaparte, after having defeated the Mamelukes at the Pyramids, had taken possession of Cairo. Having denied Christ in Europe, he acknowledged Mahomet in Asia; having butchered his prisoners at Jaffa, he was defeated by the Butcher\* Pasha and Sir Sydney Smith, at Acre; having poisoned part of that army whom he

called his children, he started for Paris, and left the remainder to encounter alone, those

"Storms that might veil his fame's ascending star."†

That remainder occupied Cairo, under the gallant and ill-fated Kleber. He had accepted terms of capitulation from the Turks, which Lord Keith refused to ratify. The moment Sir Sydney Smith learned the English admiral's determination, he took upon himself to inform Kleber of the fact, and to advise him to hold his position. The Turks exclaimed against this chivalrous notice as a treachery, and there were not a few found in England to echo the same cry; but the spirit which dictated the British sailor's act was understood in the deserts—a voice went forth among the tents of the Bedouin and the palaces of the despot, that England preferred honour to advantage. Battles, since then, have been fought, and been forgotten—nations have come and gone, and left no trace behind them—but the memory of that noble truthfulness remained, and expanded into a national characteristic; and our countrymen may, at this hour, in the streets of Cairo, hear the Arabs swear "by the honour of an Englishman." . . . . .

Kleber was assassinated by a fanatic, instigated by those priests whose faith he had offered to profess. The incapable Menon succeeded to the command. Abercrombie anchored in Aboukir Bay on the 2d of March, 1801, but was prevented from disembarking, by a continued gale of wind, until the 8th. Soon after midnight, a rocket from the admiral's ship gave the signal for landing—and the boats, crowded with 6,000 troops, formed in such order as they could maintain on the yet stormy sea. Then, through the clear silence of the night, the order was given to advance, and the deep murmur of a thousand oars made answer to the cheer that urged them on. It was morning before they approached the shore, which blazed with the fire of the French troops and their protecting batteries—but on they went, as reckless as the breeze that wafted them, till the boats took ground, and then leapt upon the bayonets of the

\* Djezzar—in Arabic, a butcher.

† Sir John Hanmer.

French, advancing through the surf to meet them. The foam soon changed its colour as they fought among the very waves, but nothing could stand the British onset long. The 23d, and the flank companies of the 40th, drove the enemy before them, and received and broke a charge of cavalry with the bayonet. The sailors, harnessing themselves to the field artillery, dragged it through the heavy sands, under the fire of the French batteries, to whose roar they replied with loud and triumphant cheers. The British troops now rushed on to the mouths of the cannon, swept the artillery men from their posts, carried the batteries with the bayonet, and stood conquerors on the Egyptian shore. On the 13th, a sanguinary engagement took place, without any result of importance. On the 21st, the English occupied a line extending from the spot we are now sailing over to where the sea glistens yonder, about a mile away. Their right flank was covered by a flotilla of gun-boats, under Sir Sydney Smith—the left, by redoubts. The French had partly restored the ancient lines of circumvallation, near Alexandria, which Sir Ralph Abercrombie was preparing to storm, when the enemy's confidence and impetuosity induced him to abandon his strong position, and advance to meet the British in yonder plain, where a few palm-trees still mark the ground they occupied. I need not tell the results of that glorious day. The 42d Highlanders and the gallant 28th regiment there won the proud name which they have since borne stainless through many a bloody field. The seaman there fought side by side in generous rivalry with the soldier—in a word, there Abercrombie conquered, and there Abercrombie fell.

*" Sweet in manner, fair in favour,  
Mild in temper, fierce in fight;  
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,  
Never shall behold the light."*

The command devolved upon Lord Hutchinson, a worthy successor of his gallant friend. The powerfully written, manly, and feeling dispatch, in which he announced the victory of Aboukir, and the death of Abercrombie, is, perhaps, as fine a composition as our military records can supply. On the arrival of Sir David Baird from India, by Cosseir and the Nile, Lord Hutchinson advanced upon Alex-

andria, which capitulated, and soon afterwards Egypt was abandoned both by conquered and conquerors to the Moslem. It was in this last advance that the embankment was cut by the British army. Six dykes were opened, but the intermediate banks soon gave way, and the sea burst freely into lake Mareotis, submerging forty Arab villages with their cultivated lands. It was seventy days before the cataract subsided into a strait. The sea is now once more banked out by the causeway on which the Mahmoudish canal is carried to Alexandria, and Mehemet Ali intends to drain the lake, and again to restore it to cultivation; but the ruin which the hand of man, "so weak to save—so vigorous to destroy," effected in a few hours, it will take many years to restore.

Gentle reader, we are done with war—and if you should add, "time for us," I can only say, that I felt bound to account for this unpleasant-looking lake, on whose banks I have so long detained you, and, more truly, that I was fain to add my pebble to the cairn upon Abercrombie's grave.

It was midnight when we arrived at Atfe, the point of junction with the Nile—and a regular African storm, dark and savage, was howling among the mud-built houses, when we disembarked there, ankle deep in slime. A crowd of half-naked swarthy Arabs, with flaring torches, looked as if they were welcoming us to the realms of darkness, jabbering and shouting violently, in chorus with the barking of the wild dogs, the roaring of the wind, and the growling of the camels, as a hail-storm of boxes and portmanteaus was showered on their backs; donkies were braying, women shrieking, Englishmen cursing sonorously, and the lurid moon, as she hurried through the clouds, seemed a torch waved by some fury, to light up this scene of infernal confusion. My friend and I fought our way through the demon crowd, gave some of the ban dogs reason for their howling, and, losing our way in an enclosure, stumbled over one of the only two pigs in the Land of Ham. These unclean animals, are kept by a Frenchman, who magnanimously prefers pork to popularity, and is about to establish an hotel in this most diabolical village, it has ever been my lot to enter. Marvelling whether we should ever be restored to any of (



luggage, we groped our way through sleeping Arabs and kneeling camels, and found, to our pleased amazement, that our baggage, which appeared to scatter as widely and as suddenly as a burst rocket, was piled upon the deck uninjured, and our big-breeched servants were smoking on the port-manteau pyramids, as apathetically as two sphinxes . . . . .

We are now upon the sacred river—but it is too dark to see its waters gleam—and the shrieking of the steamer prevents us from hearing its waters flow. Alas! alas!—What a paragraph! And, is it possible, ye Naiads of the Nile, that your deified stream is to be harrowed up by a greasy, grunting steam-ship, like the parvenue rivers of vulgar Europe? That stream—that, gushing from beyond the emerald mountains, scatters gold around it in its youth—that has borne the kings of India to worship at ancient Merœe—that has murmured beneath the cradle of Moses, and foamed round the golden prow of Cleopatra's barge! Unhappy river! Thou, who in thy warm youth hast loved the gorgeous clouds of Æthiopia, must thou now expiate thy raptures, like Ixion, on the wheel? Yes, for thy old days of glory are gone by—thy veil of mystery is rent away, and with many another sacrificial victim of the ideal to the practical, thou must, forsooth, become useful, and respectable, and convey cockneys. They call thy steamy torturer the Lotus, too—adding insult to deep injury; a pretty specimen of thy sacred flower, begrimed with soot, and bearing fifty tons of Newcastle coal in its calyx!

We were soon fizzing merrily up the stream, and after a night spent upon the hard boards in convulsive efforts to sleep, that were more fatiguing than a fox-hunt, we hurried on deck to see the sun shine over this renowned river. Must I confess it? We could see nothing, but high banks of dark mud, or swamps of festering slime—even the dead buffaloe, that, lay rotting on the river's edge, with a pretty sprinkling of goitrous looking vultures, scarcely repaid one for leaving Europe. In some hours, however, we emerged from the Rosetta branch, on which we had hitherto been boiling our way to the great river, and henceforth the light began to improve. Villages dotted by graceful groups of palm-

trees, mosques, santon's tombs, green plains, and at length the desert—the most imposing sight in the world, except the sea. The day past slowly—the view had little variety—the wild fowl had ascertained the range of an English fowling-piece; the dinner was as cold as the climate would permit—the plates had no knives and forks, and an interesting-looking lady had a drumstick between her teeth, as I pointed out to her the scene of the battle of the Pyramids, which now rose upon our view. That sight restored us to good humour, we felt we were actually in Egypt—the bog of Allen, the canal-boat, the cockney steamer itself, failed to counteract the effect produced upon us by those man-made mountains, girt round with forests of palm trees. As the sun and the champagne went down, our spirits rose, and by the time the evening and the mist had rendered the country invisible, we had persuaded ourselves that Egypt was, indeed, the lovely land that Moore has so delightfully imagined in the pages of the “Epicurean.”

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VIII.

CAIRO—ITS PORT—VIEW FROM WITHOUT  
—WITHIN—THE CITADEL—HELIOPO-  
LIS—PALACE OF SHOOLRA—THE  
SLAVE-MARKET.

While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear  
And blue a heaven as ever blessed this sphere,  
Gardens, and minarets, and glittering domes,  
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes  
Of mighty gods, and pyramids, whose hour  
Outlasts all time above the water's tower.

MOORE.

MORNING found us anchored off Boulac, the port of Cairo. Toward the river it is faced by factories and storehouses, within you find yourself in a labyrinth of brown narrow streets that resemble rather rifts in some mud mountain, than any thing with which architecture has to do. Yet here and there the blankness of the walls is broken and varied by richly worked lattices, and specimens of arabesque masonry. Gaudy bazaars strike the eye and relieve the gloom—and the picturesque population that swarms every where keeps the interest awake.

On emerging from the lanes of Boulac, Cairo, Grand Cairo! opens on the view, and never yet did fancy

flash upon the poet's eye a more superb illusion of power and beauty than the "city of Victory"\* presents from a distance. The bold range of the Mokattam mountains is purpled by the rising sun—its craggy summits are cut clearly out against the glowing sky—it runs like a promontory into a sea of the richest verdure, here wavy with a breezy plantation of olives, there darkened with acacia groves. Just where the mountain sinks upon the plain, the citadel stands upon its last eminence, and, widely spread beneath it, lies the city, a forest of minarets with palm trees intermingled, and the domes of innumerable mosques rising, like enormous bubbles, over the sea of houses. Here and there richly green gardens are islanded within that sea, and the whole is girt round with picturesque towers and ramparts, occasionally revealed through vistas of the wood of sycamores and fig-trees that surround it. It has been said that "God the first garden made, and the first city Cain;" but here they seem commingled with the happiest effect. The approach to Cairo is a spacious avenue lined with the olive or the sycamore; here and there the white marble of a fountain gleams through the foliage, or a palm-tree waves its plumy head above the santon's tomb. Along this highway a masquerading looking crowd is swarming towards the city—ladies wrapped closely in white veils, women of the lower class carrying water on their heads, and covered only with a long blue garment that reveals, but too plainly, an exquisite symmetry in the young, and a hideous deformity in the elders—there are camels perched upon by black slaves, magpied with white napkins round their head and loins—there are portly merchants, with turbans and long pipes, gravely smoking on their knowing-look donkies—here an Arab dashes through the crowd at full gallop, or a European still more haughtily shoves aside the pompous-looking bearded throng. Water-carriers, calenders, Armenians, barbers, all the *dramatis persone* of the Arabian Nights are there. And now we reach the city wall, with its towers as strong as mud can make them. It must not be

supposed that this mud architecture is of the same nature that one associates with the word in Europe. No! Over-shadowed by palm-trees, and a crimson banner with its crescent waving from the battlements, and camels couched beneath its shade, and swarthy Egyptians, in gorgeous apparel, leaning against it, make a mud wall appear a very respectable fortification in this land of illusion.

And now we are within the city! Protean powers! what a change! A labyrinth of dark, filthy, intricate lanes and alleys, in which every smell and sight, from which the nose and eye revolt, meet one at every turn, and one is always turning. The staliest streets are not above twelve feet wide, and as the upper stories arch over them toward one another, only a narrow serpentine seam of blue sky appears between the toppling verandahs of the winding streets. Occasionally a string of camels, bristling with faggots of firewood, sweeps the streets as effectually of passengers, as the machine which has superseded chummies does a chimney of its soot—lean mangy dogs are continually running between your legs, which afford a tempting passage in this petticoated place—beggars, in rags, quivering with vermin, are lying in every corner of the street—now a bridal, or a circumcizing procession, squeezes along, with music that might madden a drummer—now the running footmen of some bey or pasha, endeavour to jostle you towards the wall, unless they recognise you as an Englishman—one of that race whom they think the devil can't frighten or teach manners to. Notwithstanding all these annoyances, however, the streets of Cairo present a source of unceasing amusement and curiosity to the stranger. It has not so purely an oriental character as Damascus; but the intermixture of Europeans gives it a character of its own, and affords far wider scope for adventure than the secluded and solemn capital of Syria—the bazaars are very vivid and varied, and each is devoted to a peculiar class of commodities—thus you have the Turkish, the Persian, the Frank bazaars; the armourers', the weavers',

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\* "El Kahira," the Arabic epithet of this city, means "the Victorious"—whence our word Cairo—in Arabic "Misr."

the jewellers' quarters. These bazaars are, for the most part, covered in, and there is a cool and quiet gloom about them which is very refreshing; there is also an air of profound repose in the turbaned merchants as they sit cross-legged on their counters, embowered by the shawls and silks of India and Persia—they look as if they were for ever sitting for their portraits, and seldom move a muscle, unless it be to breathe a cloud of smoke from their bearded lips, or to turn their vivid eyes upon some expected customer—those eyes that seem to be the only living part of their countenance. These bazaars have each a ponderous chain hung across their entrance, to prevent the precipitate departure of any thief that may presume too far upon the listlessness of the shopkeeper—each lane and alley is also terminated by a door, which is guarded at night. In passing along these narrow lanes, you might suppose yourself in some gallery or corridor, until you meet a file of donkeys, or of soldiers staggering along their slippery paths.

Mean-looking and crowded as is the greater part of Cairo, there are some extensive squares and stately houses. Among the former is the Esbekeych, by which you enter the city—a place perhaps twice the size of Stephen's-Green, occupied by a large plantation, divided by wide avenues, and surrounded by a dirty canal. A wide road shaded by palm and sycamore trees runs round this canal, and forms a street of tall mud-coloured houses of very various architecture—some of these, the verandahs particularly, are very delicately and elaborately worked. The best buildings in the Esbekeych are the palaces of Ibrahim and Abbas Pasha, and the new hotel D'Orient, in which we had pleasant apartments—looking over a cemetery it is true, which was haunted by tribes of ghoullike dogs. But beyond this

“Thin layer of thin earth between  
The living and the dead,”

were gardens, and Kiosks, and palm-groves, and a glimpse of the Nile, and, above all, the Pyramids far in the distance, yet, by their magnitude, curiously confounding the perspective. Another wide space is the Roume-

leych, where fairs and markets are held, and criminals are executed, and other popular amusements take place. I am not writing a guide-book, and I shall only at present allude to the citadel, which, as I have observed already, overlooks the town. Mehemet Ali resides in it when he is in Cairo. Here are the remains of Saladin's palace, and the commencement of a magnificent mosque, from the terraced roof of which there is, perhaps, the finest view in the world. There is also a place of great interest to antiquarian cockneys, because it is called Joseph's well, although owing its origin to the Saracen,\* not the patriarch—there is also a respectable armoury of native workmanship, a printing press, and a mint which coins annually about 200,000 sterling in gold. This citadel was built by Saladin, and was very strong from its position, before gunpowder gave the command of it to a height further up on the Mokattam height.

But to me, the most interesting spot within these crime-stained precincts, was that where the last of the Mamelukes escaped the bloody treachery of Mehemet Ali. Soon after the Pasha was confirmed by the Porte in the viceroyalty of Egypt, he summoned the Mameluke beys to a consultation on the approaching war against the Wahabees in Arabia. As his son Toussoun had been invested with the dignity of pasha of the second order, the occasion was one of festivity, as well as business. The beys came mounted on their finest horses, in magnificent uniforms, forming the most superb cavalry in the world. After a very flattering reception from the pasha, they were requested to parade in the court of the citadel, which they entered unsuspectingly, until the portcullis fell behind the last of the proud procession. They dashed forwards—in vain!—before and around them nothing was visible, but blank, pitiless walls, and barred windows; and the only open was towards the bright blue sky. Even that was soon darkened by their funereal pall of smoke, as volley after volley flashed from a thousand muskets upon their defenceless and devoted band. Startling, and fearfully sudden as was the death, they met it as be-

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\* Saladin's name was Joussef or Joseph.

came their fearless character. Some with arms crossed upon their mailed bosoms, and their turbaned heads devoutly bowed in prayer; some with flashing swords, and fierce curses, alike unavailing against their dastard and ruthless foe. All that chivalrous and splendid throng, save one, sank rapidly beneath that deadly fire into a red and writhing mass—that one was Emim Bey. He spurred his charger over a heap of his slaughtered comrades, and sprang upon the battlements. It was a dizzy height, but the next moment he was in the air—another, and he was disengaging himself from his crushed and dying horse, amid a shower of bullets. He escaped, and found his well-earned freedom in the desert.

The objects of interest in the neighbourhood are very numerous. One day, we rode to Heliopolis, the On of Scripture. It is about five miles from Cairo; and the road lies, for the most part, along a shady avenue passing through luxuriant corn-fields, over which numbers of the beautiful white ibis were hovering. We found nothing but a small garden of orange-trees, with a magnificent obelisk in the centre. Yet here Joseph was married to the fair Asenath; here Plato and Herodotus studied, and here the darkness in which the sun veiled the Great Sacrifice on Calvary, was observed by a heathen astronomer. The obelisk seems never to have been isolated in the position for which they were originally hewn out of the granite quarries of Syene. They terminated avenues of columns or of statues, and bore in hieroglyphic inscriptions, the destination of the temples to which they led. People talk of the ruins of the temple of the Sun as being discoverable here; and there are reports about a sphinx, but we could discover neither. Here is the garden of Metarich, where grew the celebrated balm of Gilead, presented by the queen of Sheba to Solomon, and brought to Egypt by Cleopatra.\* On our return towards Cairo, we were shown the fountain which refreshed, and the tree which shaded the holy family in their flight to Egypt.

Another day, we went to Shoobra, the palace and garden of Mehemet Ali. We cantered under a noble avenue of sycamores, just wide enough to preserve their shade, and at the end of three miles, came to a low and unpretending gateway, picturesque, however, and covered with parasites. Without, were tents and troops, and muskets piled, and horses ready saddled; but within, all was peace and silence. A venerable gardener, with a long white beard, received us at the entrance, and conducted us through the fairy-like garden, of which he might pass for the guardian genius. There were very few flowers; but shade and greenery are every thing in this glaring climate; and it was very delightful to stroll along these paths, all shadowy, with orange trees, whose fruit, "like lamps in a night of green," hung temptingly over our heads. The fragrance of large beds of roses mingled with that of the orange flower, and seemed to repose on the quiet airs of that calm evening. In the midst of this garden we came to a vast pavilion, glittering like porcelain, and supported on light pillars, forming cloisters, that surrounded a little marble basin, in the centre of which sparkling waters gushed from a picturesque fountain. Gaily painted little boats for the ladies of the hareem, floated on the surface of this lake, through whose clear depths, shoals of gold and silver fishes flashed lines of light. In each corner of the building, there were gilded apartments with divans, tables, mirrors, and all the simple furniture of an eastern palace, in which books or pictures are never found. The setting sun threw his last shadows on the distant pyramids, as we lay upon the marble steps inhaling the odours of the orange and pomegranate groves, and dreamily listening to the vespers of the busy birds, and the far-off hum of the city, and the faint murmur of the great river; the evening breeze was sighing among the palms and the columns of the palace, when we were startled by another rustle than that of leaves, and two odalisques came laughing by, unconscious of our presence, and unveiled. The old Arab gardener anxiously signed

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\* For an account of this plant, see the valuable notes to Lord Lindsay's Letters—a book without which no one should visit Egypt, and few should remain in England.

to us to look another way, but for once I preferred European to Egyptian manners, and gazed admiringly on the startled pair. One was a very beautiful Georgian girl—I believe her companion was handsome too; but one such face was enough at a time, and, as it was not very quickly shrouded by her veil, I had a glimpse of as bright—no, that is not the word—but of as beautiful a countenance as poet ever dreamed of. She was very fair, and all but pale—the deep seclusion of her life had left but little colour on her cheek, and her exquisitely chiselled features would have been marble-like, but for the resplendent eyes that lent life and lustre to the whole countenance. A brilliant moon lighted our gallop back to Cairo: the gates were long since closed, but a bribe procured us easy admission.

The tombs of the Mamelukes are mausolean palaces, of great beauty, and the richest Saracenic architecture, but now falling fast to decay, and only inhabited, or rather haunted, by some outcast Arabs and troops of wild dogs. They form a grand cemetery of their own, surrounded by the desert.

The petrified forest is about five miles away. My friend R. went there, and described it as a vast shelterless wilderness of sand strewn with what seemed the chips of some gigantic carpenter's shop. There are no roots, much less appearance of a standing tree.

One of the sights which amused me most was a chicken-hatching oven. This useful establishment is at some distance from the walls, and gives life to some millions of chickens annually. It seems that the hens of Egypt are not given to sedentary occupations—having been hatched themselves by machinery, they do not feel called upon to hatch. They seem to consider that they have discharged every duty to society, when they have produced the egg—no domestic anxiety ruffles their bosoms, they care not whether their offspring becomes a fowl or a fritter, a game cock or an omelette.

We entered a gloomy and filthy hut, in which a woman was squatting, with a dark, little, naked imp at her bosom. She sat sentry over a hole in the wall, and insisted clamorously on backsheesh (a bribe). Being satisfied in this particular, she consented "to

sit over," and we introduced ourselves with considerable difficulty into a narrow passage, on either side of which were three chambers, strown with fine mould, and covered with eggs, among which a naked Egyptian walks delicately as Agag, and keeps continually turning them with most hen-like anxiety. The heat was about 100°, the smell like that of Harrogate water, and the floor was covered with egg-shells and struggling chickens. The same heat is maintained day and night, and the same wretched hen-man passes his life in turning eggs. His fee is one-half the receipt—he returns fifty chickens for every hundred eggs that he receives.

It was the feast of lanterns. As we strolled by the soft moonlight, under the avenues of sycamore and olive trees that shadow the Esbekeyeh, we could see through the vistas an extensive encampment in the distance—innumerable lamps, of various colours, and painted lanterns, shone among the tents and the dark foliage. Not only did they glitter on every bough, and on a thousand banners, but scaffoldings were raised, on which they hung in garlands and festoons of light. The very sky above them wore the appearance of a faint dawn: every glimpse of the canals, every leaf in all the grove, shone with their reflected radiance. Of course we were soon struggling through the many coloured crowd of the prophet's worshippers, that thronged the encampment. A Moslem mob is good-tempered and patient beyond belief; and that sea of turbans stagnated as calmly, as if every wave of it was exactly in the position that he wished to occupy. Each tent was crowded to excess by performers or aspirants in a most singular religious ceremony. A ring of men, standing so closely side by side that they supported each other in their exhausting devotions, were vehemently shouting "Allah," or rather "Ullah," in chorus. They moved their bodies up and down, keeping strict time to this monotonous chant, exhaling their breath pantingly at every exclamation. Many were foaming at the mouth, some were incoherent—all seemed utterly exhausted, and fell, from time to time, among the crowd that was quietly squatted within their excited circle. They were



instantly succeeded by others, and this proceeding continued till morning: every tent had its peaceful crowd of squatters, surrounded by its convulsive ring. None of the crowd appeared to take the slightest interest or curiosity about the business before or after they had performed their own part. They then lighted their pipes, where they had room to do so, and gently struggled towards the flower-ornamented stalls, where coffee and sherbet were supplied. It was very refreshing to turn from this melancholy scene, so humbling to human nature, and find oneself in silence and solitude, under the calm, pure skies, with the soothing whispers of the night breeze, as it wandered among the feathery palms.

I pass over, for the present, the schools, the hospitals, and the manufactories of the pasha, Mr. Leider's interesting missionary schools, the museums of Dr. Abbot and Clot Bey, and will only beg the reader's company to one more scene in Cairo.

I went to visit the slave-market, which is held without the city, in the court-yard of a deserted mosque. I was received by a mild-looking Nubian, with a large white turban wreathed over his swarthy brows, and a *bernoose*, or cloak, of white and brown striped hair-cloth, strapped round his loins. He rose and laid down his pipe as I entered, and led me in silence to inspect his stock. I found about thirty girls, scattered in groups about an inner court. The gate was open, but there seemed no thought of escape. Where could they go, poor things! "The world was not their friend, or the world's law." Some of them were grinding millet between two stones—some were kneading the flour into bread; some were chatting in the sunshine, some sleeping in the shade. One or two looked sad and lonely enough, until their gloomy countenances were lighted up with hope—the hope of being bought! Their faces were, for the most part, woefully blank—not the blankness of despair, but of intelligence; and many wore an awfully animal expression. Yet there were several figures of exquisite symmetry among them, which, if they had been indeed the bronze statues they resembled, would have attracted the inspec-

tion of thousands, and would have been worth twenty times the price that was set upon these immortal beings. Their proprietor showed them off as a horse-dealer does his cattle, examining their teeth, removing their body-clothes, and exhibiting their paces. He asked only from twenty-five to thirty pounds sterling for the best and comeliest of them. The Abyssinians are the most prized of the African slaves, from their superior gentleness and intelligence; those of the Galla country are the most numerous and hardy. The former have well-shaped heads, beautiful eyes, an agreeable brown colour, and shining smooth black tresses. The latter have low foreheads, crisp hair, sooty complexions, thick lips, and projecting jaws. It was like the change from night to morning, passing from these dingy crowds to the apartments of the white slaves from Georgia and Circassia. It was not without some difficulty I obtained admission into this department of the human bazaar. Its commodities are only purchased by the wealthy and powerful Mussulmans, and many are bought upon commission. They fetch from one hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds sterling; and, being so much more valuable than the Africans, are much more carefully tended. They reclined upon carpets, lightly but richly clad. They were, for the most part, exquisitely fair; but I was disappointed in their beauty. The sunny hair, and heaven-blue eyes, that in England produce such an angel-like and intellectual effect, seemed to me here mere flax and beads; and I left them to the "turbaned Turk" without a sigh—except, perhaps, a very little one for those far away, in mine own land, whose image they served, however faintly, to recall.

It is the usual custom of travellers, to pour forth a torrent of indignation on the slave-markets of the east. Certainly they do not sound well; and far be it from me to become their advocate; nevertheless it is not just to paint the black prince blacker than he is, even when speaking of niggers. It is not fair to judge of the sufferings or sensations of these creatures, half man, half *ourang-outang*, by the standard of our own people. It is true they are only clothed with a blanket

or a napkin, but that is the full-dress of their native land. They are fed on coarse flour-cakes and water, but that is the beef and beer of Ethiopia. Their domestic ties are broken, but they are not like *our* ties, whatever morbid philanthropy may say; and, if they were, the slave-dealer is only in the relation to them of a new-poor-law guardian unto us. They suffer hardship and cruelty, no doubt, during their passage of the desert, and down the Nile; but once they are purchased, they are treated with the same kindness, they have the same food and clothes, as the free servant; and they have nothing of the stigma which is attached to their undeserved destiny in the free, and enlightened, and repudiating republic of America. It is to be considered, also, that they are, for the most part, prisoners of war, and exchange a cruel death for that servitude which is the lot of the freest of us all in one form or another. As for the Georgian and Circassian beauties, they have never learned what love or freedom means; they have been educated for exportation; their only ambition, like that of many fair maidens in happier lands, is to fetch a high price, and their only hope is to be first favourite in the hareem—*whose* hareem they care not.

Heaven forbid that I should attempt to defend the diabolical traffic in immortal beings! I only venture to exhibit the matter in the light in which it appears to the Mussulman, by which light alone he is to be judged. For my own part, I can truly say, that I have witnessed more melancholy sights in village church and city chapel, where orange-flowers wreathed, and jewels adorned, and bishops blessed a victim-bride, than in any slave-market of the east, from Cairo to Constantinople.

It is forbidden by the law of Mahomet to sell slaves to Christians, out of regard to their souls! We may smile at it, but we cannot scorn this consideration. Cairo is remarkable for latitudinarianism in matters of faith—but at Damascus, the traveller can only obtain admission to the slave-bazaar under the disguise of oriental costume. Even in the former city, however, the difficulty of access is daily increased, from the insults with which the slave-owners are over-

whelmed by Christians, *after* they have satisfied their curiosity. These travellers should beware of relying too much on the ignorance of the African, for there are man-dealers and daughter-sellers in other lands than those of Egypt.

Here, you black scoundrel!—here is the price of that fair Georgian girl, whose eyes sparkle with the hope of being bought, and being free. Yet no—the transaction would be condemned as disreputable in *my* country, where I have just seen a wealthy worldling lead to the altar a richly-adorned, but unwilling bride, whose heart (and he knew it) was another's. Congratulations and honour showered upon his bargain, as reprobation would on my little transaction here. Yet the only difference is, that *his* purchase-money was in settlements, and that his purchase was a free-born daughter of proud England.

But enough of this—let us hope we all know one, who acknowledges, in practice as well as in profession, that there is a world beyond our own; who prefers his child's happiness to an additional footman, and her peace of mind to a pair of leaders. May his days be many! May his white hairs shine, like a halo, in a happy home! and, in his dying hour, may he have nothing to reproach himself with, except not having made traffic of his daughter's love.

Here's a pretty homily about a respectable class of elderly gentlemen, with whom, thank heaven! in the course of a tolerably varied life, I have never had a dealing: nor am likely to have after this remonstrance, to look upon a man as man, not as a pocket.

I do not mean to assert that a coronet is not a most graceful appendage, and coin a most convenient element, in a marrying man; but a noble heart, and a rich intellect are not utterly valueless, but to minds devoid of both. After all, it is no affair of mine, this English heart-market; I am neither a daughter nor a father—so, peace to the good, and repentance to the evil, and let us away to the quiet Nile, for

"We have many a distant path to tread,  
By passive fancy, not by action led."

## DRAMATIC POETRY.—HENRY THE SECOND.\*

A Critic of the French school, in giving an account of the publication of a new volume, which, among other pieces, contained a drama on the subject of Francis the Second, complained that the incidents were all such as might have actually occurred, that the sentiments were such as the situations themselves might have suggested, and the language such as, in all probability, the persons of the story would have used themselves. The elevated tone which the drama exacts from kings and princes was sought for in vain. Men of good sense gave advice pretty much as they would in the council-chamber. If there were some passages in which a higher tone than that of ordinary conversation occurred, they did not rise above the metaphorical language which passion dictates to us when entirely in earnest, and thinking and speaking without restraint. None of the interest arising from overcoming the artificial difficulties, which the French interpretation of the doctrine of the Unities creates, was to be found in the play. It was, besides, neither tragedy nor comedy, and was in fact little better in point of plot than one of Shakspeare's rude dramas, fitted for a half-civilised people; and the plan, if plan it might be called, was probably suggested by some of his histories of the life and death of one or other of the English kings.

We have not seen the play which has been thus described, but if it had no greater faults than those which the critic enumerates, we think whole theatres of French tragedies might be given in exchange for it, and the purchaser who had bought it at the price of Voltaire—nay of much of Corneille—have the best of the bargain.

HENRY THE SECOND has, at first view, little other arrangement than the natural order of the events of that prince's reign—after all the best and truest—and were it even to be thought of as a play intended for representation, we

suspect that the interest which sustains a reader's attention through volumes of biography, when he has once become engaged enough with the hero of the story, will be found sufficient for all a dramatic poet's purposes. This interest has been found abundantly sufficient to sustain narrative poetry; and there can be nothing in the mere circumstance of a story being told in dialogue, to create any essential difference. Still the dramatic poet, we think, if he relies on the interest which the story of the whole life of a man creates, should, from the first, make us distinctly feel that such and no other is his purpose. What in a true view of the author's purpose are episodes, must not be so presented as even, for a moment, to usurp more than their rightful place. The very circumstance that an author's path is, for the most part, prescribed to him by certain arbitrary rules, renders it necessary, when he would deviate from such rules into truth and nature, that there should be no mistake between him and his critics; and we think that in this respect the author of *Henry the Second* has been incautious. The early scenes of the drama are occupied with Becket, whose character is brought out in such detail, before any mention is made of Henry, that our sympathies are engaged for the primate, before Henry, the true hero of the piece, appears. We have scarcely a doubt that this has arisen from some introductory scenes having been struck out at the commencement of the drama; if so, in a future edition, such passages (no matter of how little interest in themselves) should be restored, or a few scenes should be prefixed, in which the mind's-eye of the audience should be occupied with Henry—and Henry, to the exclusion of his relations with Becket. In this way alone, as it appears to us, can the author do justice to his own conception, and prevent the fate of Becket appearing, during the early

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\* *King Henry the Second.—An Historical Drama.* London: Pickering, 1843.



acts, to be the subject of the drama, instead of one of its very important but yet subordinate interests. A single scene, with Henry as its hero—and a genial critic, who had read the drama in any thing of kindly sympathy with the poet, ought to give him the assistance of imagining such a scene,—seems to us plainly required. Such omission, any where but at the very commencement of the drama, might be safely hazarded; but there it is especially dangerous, as till the poet's influence over his reader is altogether established there is no accompanying feeling in the reader's mind to bear him on without the author's aid.

It is, perhaps, too much for any writer in our times to expect that a work of his shall be made the subject of such careful study as the drama before us requires and deserves; but if any author has the right to demand this attentive consideration from his readers, it surely ought to be given to the author of the present volume. Though his name is not communicated by his title-page to the public, yet the advertisements of the book tell us it is by the author of "*Essays written during the intervals of business*"—a volume which, with little or no aid from the reviews, has passed into several editions. He is also the author of an earlier work of great beauty, entitled, "*Thoughts in the cloister and the crowd.*"

Of these volumes the "*Thoughts in the cloister and the crowd*" was published so long ago as the year 1835. Both in this volume and in that of "*Essays in the intervals of business*," the style of Bacon seems to have been the mould in which the author seeks to cast both his modes of thinking and his forms of expression. His power is, we think, by this diminished—at least we feel most pleased when he is led to express himself more freely than the restraints of epigrammatic prose in general permit. In neither of these volumes was there one line of verse, nor was there any thing in the style or manner to suggest that the author had ever written poetry; but there was in both books much that showed the author's habit of looking beyond the veil of words—much that indicated self-reflection, and throughout there seemed

a suppressed feeling, of something deeper within the writer's heart than he felt it fitting to give utterance to. A single word now and then betrayed, as it were, the existence of affections that found no natural expression in the mere language of prose. Now and then a link of thought was suggested, that, if expressed, would so naturally connect trains of reasoning in the essays, that we can scarcely believe such connecting links were not at first expressed in written words, and afterwards erased. These imagined links of thought were such as would suggest verse as their natural language. Could we see the original manuscript of the "*Essays*," said we to ourselves, on first reading the book, we have little doubt that they were cast in the form of which Cowley's is the best example—actual verse, every now and then illustrating and increasing the effect of the main body of the work—and the prose itself, by its very truthfulness, showing that the author was a poet in one of the highest acceptations of the word. Our speculation did not go so far as to conjecture whether in the intervals of business our poet, like Spenser, after drawing up his memorials of the proper way of governing Ireland, was occupied in allegorising the lessons of experience, and reconciling, as he best could, the actual scenes, which we are compelled to behold and struggle in, with the ideal world, which Imagination would fain make of the earth in which we live.

The "*Essays in the intervals of business*" has become an exceedingly popular book, and one from which it would gratify us to give some extracts, but we have been too long misled from the consideration of the volume immediately before us.

English history may be described as commencing with the reign of Henry the Second. The doubtful title of Henry the First, and the circumstances in which Stephen, who owed his authority entirely to the clergy, found himself placed, led to an increase of church authority incompatible with the freedom of the rest of the community. Not only were almost all questions of property which could arise between man and man, brought, on one pretence or another, into the ecclesiastical courts, but even in crimi-

nal cases, an exemption was claimed for members of the clerical order from the jurisdiction of the temporal courts, and the priest who had committed murder, or other felony, was punished by some church penances, or altogether escaped the consequences of offences which, in the case of the layman, were punished with death. It is plain that while such a state of things existed, good government was absolutely impossible. We can imagine the entire triumph of the church over the state—in other words the sovereignty transferred, and the milder punishments of the church substituted in all cases for those which the temporal courts affixed to crime, and may regard it even as doubtful whether the balance of advantage might not have been in favour of this change. We may sympathise with the church, and with Becket as representing the church, supposing his aim to be the distinct one of an actual and independent sovereignty; but this case never having been in words made by him—being, indeed, inconsistent with his position as a subject—we cannot but feel that all rational sympathies are with Henry in this struggle, which embittered the best years of his life. That Becket was enabled to state, to his own mind, a case which he regarded as justifying him, is less surprising than that his defence should be seriously maintained by such writers as Mr. Berrington and Mr. Froude.\* The question plainly was, in principle, whether Becket or Henry should be king of England, and in this form it was always stated by Henry.

The drama before us, in the first scene, represents Becket employed, with his secretaries, in his ordinary duties as chancellor. After some petitions have been disposed of, Sir Reginald Fitzurse visits Becket to ascertain whether he can bear any message to the king. He is informed that a council is to be held within two hours, to which Becket is summoned.

In two hours hence I must be with the  
king  
Myself—

[Becket takes a scroll from the table.

Look here, here is a goodly paper,  
This is the work of my old enemy—

FITZURSE.

If I but knew the man who penned this  
thing,  
Your enemy, my Lord, he would not be  
For long—at least on earth—the foul-  
mouthed rogue,  
I'd force each separate falsehood down  
his throat.

BECKET.

For all your kindness, thanks, my  
friend,  
But much of what this scroll declares is  
true,  
I am an "English churl," base born if  
you like,  
At least I am not of your Norman  
blood  
And knightly nature. But these foolish  
sneers  
Disturb me not at all. I only showed it  
As a jest. The man who is in any trust  
Must take these slanders as some per-  
quisite  
Of his high station; for it is the white  
That all are aiming at, the clumsiest  
Archer and the deftest—webs of ca-  
lumnny  
Should be to such a man as gossamer  
That winds its filmy way from branch  
to branch  
Of the o'ershadowing wood: In early  
morn,  
And if in vacant mood, he feels such  
threads,  
But else unconscious even of their pre-  
sence.  
Enough of this—These parchments  
claim again  
My errant thoughts.

[He bows to Sir Reginald, who makes  
a low obeisance and withdraws.

BECKET.

This sycophant! what is he fawning  
for?—  
Some vacant barony—but, no, I wrong  
him,  
His very nature is subserviency;  
He must be some one's slave—and what  
am I  
To the impetuous king, but such a crea-  
ture  
As this mean-minded Fitzurse is to me!  
Yet, from my lips will Henry ever hear  
Such truths, as no man else dare whis-  
per to him;—  
And 'tis a noble being, worthy one's  
love,  
And one's best service, would he let one  
serve him—

\* By far the most interesting account of Becket in the language, is in Froude's *Remains*. We differ from Mr. Froude on this, and on more important matters; but to be enabled to form any judgment on the subject of Becket, it is necessary to read what he has brought together.

This claim upon Toulouse, I cannot check it,  
E'en if I would. It is their Norman pleasure  
To be most greedy after territory,  
Sadly neglecting what they do possess.  
The claim seems fair enough.

After Fitzurse has gone, Henry, who is impatient to consult Becket, visits him before the council is held. The scene between them is not of any great importance to the conduct of the drama, but is essential to show the relation of kindness between them at this period of the story. This scene is followed by one in which Michael, the servant of Becket makes his first appearance. Michael is the professed wag and jester—enacting the part of the vice or clown of the old drama—every word is a jest, every sentence an epigram or a broad joke. Should the play ever be acted, a good deal will depend on this part; it would make the fortune of a comic actor. Leonard ought to try it; and we venture to promise him success a thousand fold greater than that of his "Irish Tutors" and "Galway Attorneys"—excellent as he is in such representations. We may as well give the scene in which Michael Podge makes his first appearance:—

*A Court-yard in the Castle of Falaise.*

*A Warder walking up and down.*

*Enter MICHAEL PODGE.*

WARDER.

Welcome, Master Michael, to Falaise.

MICHAEL.

Welcome, Thomas; thou art heartily welcome to see me again.

WARDER.

I saw you yesterday as you came through the great gate with the Chancellor, but you didn't see me. I suppose you know what you're all come for.

MICHAEL.

No, by St. Ursula. No more fighting I hope. There is more valour sometimes in keeping peace, look you, than in burning and slaying and the like. We have seen some pretty little doings lately, and if we were not so near ourselves, we could say something about the men who did them; still one may have too much of a good thing. You're not married, Thomas, and can have no regular children; but I want to see my little Michael again—and look you, I have a rheumatism every where. That

is an evil one gets in a king's service, and they don't pretend to cure that.

WARDER.

Why, don't you know that your master is to be Archbishop? The king has been hot upon it this long time, and now it's cooked. We small folks sometimes know what's going on among the great ones as well as the great ones themselves. Becket is as surely going to be made Archbishop of Canterbury as—

MICHAEL.

Oh no, my good fellow, it's not at all in our way.

WARDER.

No, all the garrison says that it's a shame to be putting petticoats on the best soldier of the day.

MICHAEL.

So you've heard of our achievements. There we had King Louis in that mouse-trap of Toulouse; we had only to put our hands in and take out the little nibbler. But King Harry wouldn't hear of it. These kings are a queer batch, just like players at kettlepins, they'll bowl down forts, and towns, and castles; but it's quite against the game to play at each other's legs. So Short-Cloak sent us to Orleans and Quercy, which brought Master Louis upon his knees in no time.

WARDER.

And is it true about Engelran de Trie and your master?

MICHAEL.

Oh, you've heard of that too. There sat Engelran as stiff and as grand, thinking he was sure to make manchets of my master, because he lives sometimes among parchments, and is an Englishman, and has no *de* before his name. I hate those *des*, Thomas; what can a man want of them? Isn't Podge a good name enough? I wouldn't give any thing, for my part, to be *de* Podge. Well, there was Engelran, knowing he was the best knight of France, looking mighty grand; the Chancellor plumped him off at the first go, like a sack of flour. You should have seen the French. They looked like an army that has just landed after being out at sea all night.

WARDER.

These were grand doings!

MICHAEL.

Nothing, nothing to what we've done since. I'm tired of sacking castles. Glory is a fine thing, Thomas; but she never has clean linen, or any thing comfortable about her. Now you have a good berth here; [*Michael walks up and down*] and a deal of time for thinking what you shall have for dinner, and looking up to the moon o'nights, and every thing that can make a man happy.

But I must run—you're pleasant company, Thomas, and one does like to tell a comrade about the wars; but if I keep my master waiting, he'll give me a look that's worse than a word or a blow. I can tell you there are very few words between those looks and the provost-marshal's rope. I'll be this way again, and we'll have some good talk yet. You didn't hear by chance what a certain Michael Podge did at the siege of Cahors, did you? Well, I'll come back.  
[Exit Michael.]

The contrast between Becket's mode of living after and before he became archbishop, was the subject of much commentary in his own day and ever since. We have as little faith in an archbishop's sanctimonious bearing as in any other man's—and Becket dealt too much in church excommunications to allow us to think him in any proper sense of the word religious; yet we cannot think him the monster of hypocrisy that Henry's partisans would make him. The ordinary decencies of life required some change of conduct. That his vile temper became worse, on his elevation, and exhibited itself in every after act of his life, we are inclined to attribute to his fasting. Whatever advantage fasting may be to a man's spiritual welfare in other respects, it is certainly bad for the temper. On the whole, we think Becket throughout wrong, but thoroughly in earnest, and therefore—mischief-maker and almost rebel as he was—a character, with whom it is not difficult in some degree to sympathise. It was a shallow view of his character to have represented him as inconsistent. This is well dealt with by our author. Becket is described by the Earl of Arundel, in a scene which we give, not alone or even principally for the sake of the passage about Becket, but because we wish to call our readers' attention to Arundel's own character, which is exceedingly happily delineated:—

DE COURCY.

What do you say of Becket, then?

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

Why, Becket is no hypocrite.

DE COURCY.

What, does it not surprise you, Arundel, To hear of his long prayers, his meditations,  
His watchings, studies, and the company

He sees, none but most rigid clergymen?

Friend Michael vows that he himself already

Has eaten more salt fish than he before Imagined the whole world contained.

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

All that you say of Becket,  
If it be true, is no surprise to me.  
The man's the same—the same throughout, I tell you,  
And always great—now greatness springs, perhaps,  
From fewer elements than we imagine.  
Take energy—that's one, and most of those  
Who have it, seem to have it from the first;  
As if it were an impulse given to them,  
As they were formed; and this primæval force  
Will last throughout their lives. Then there's the power,  
Much to be prized, of concentrating thought;  
Without it, energy's a fire that burns  
Beneath an empty pot. Then there is courage,  
And nothing makes one man superior  
To another more than that. Now all of these  
Are found in Becket, and will have their play,  
Let him be prince, or prelate; chancellor,  
Or man-at-arms. D'ye think, my friend, that men,  
Real men, are for one mode of action formed,  
As those carved figures in that eastern game,  
Where knights, and kings, and bishops never change  
Their functions, and are moved in one way only?

DE COURCY.

But Becket was so fond of pleasure.

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

It rather seemed to me  
That he was mostly toiling over pleasure,  
Not taking it. His feasts were always large  
And most laborious—then some enterprise  
Of wild amusement—that's not pleasure, at least  
It's not my notion of it. Did you now, Forsooth, imagine that the stirring Becket  
Would settle down, a quiet, easy priest,  
Just such another as that glossy abbot  
Who lords it o'er St. Cuthbert's monks so lazily?  
That would have been a change; but as it is,  
I do not know that I perceive the least.

He has another dress, and wears no sword.  
That's all.

DE COURCY.

Well, Arundel, the king, I fancy,  
Thinks Becket not a little changed; you saw  
How willingly he heard De Clare's attack  
In council on the primate's claim to hold  
That Tunbridge castle? How the king enjoyed too  
That cutting joke my Lord of London told  
Of Becket, and the monks!

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

I seldom see  
Too much of what a king does; and I speak  
Of less than what I see. At court one should  
Be either blind or dumb: and both, if needful.

DE COURCY.

My good friend Arundel, you seem to know  
From the core outwards, other men; I wish  
You'd sometimes talk about yourself.  
It's not  
To every one I'd make the same request.

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

Oh, as for me, I am a man deficient  
In that first quality that I assigned  
To worldly great men—native energy.  
I sometimes see how the game might be played,  
But all their winnings would not tempt me enough  
To play it myself; and why I stay at court,  
I hardly know, save that I always had  
A liking for the king, whose talk is good;  
And it amuses me to see the schemes  
Of busy, selfish people.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Oh! those trumpets!  
Perish the man who first invented them,  
What an intolerable noise they make!  
We must be gone—those things would drive me now  
From court sooner than any thing I know of.  
An intemperate, braying sound!  
[*Exeunt.*

The second act opens with a scene in the hall of Westminster, where Henry proposes his plan of law reform. On his demanding that churchmen should be dealt with for crimes by the lay tribunals, the bishops for a moment confer apart, and Becket communicates to him their determination

that his demand cannot be acceded to, being against the canon law. An altercation more dramatic than dignified follows, in which the king reproaches the archbishop with having himself, in other circumstances, been the suggester of the reforms now sought to be effected. Becket replies by saying that his new relation to the church has created other duties. "I am not," he says, "what I was."

HENRY.

We know it well,  
For even in the fickle atmosphere  
That kings inhale, thy change is somewhat rare.  
What time our predecessor ruled this land,  
Men rose at daybreak steady partizans  
Of Stephen's; went to bed as followers—  
As faithful followers—of our empress-mother;  
When merry morn came round, true to their king  
They woke again. Oh, those were times for thee,  
My trusty friend.

The bishops persist in their refusal, with the exception of the bishop of Chichester. The king is about retiring, but returns, and looking at Becket, says—

This is all thy doing.

We are then for a moment transferred to the archbishop's palace at Lambeth. The feelings and fears of Becket's retainers may be learned from Michael Podge, whom we are always glad to meet.

*Ante-room in the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth.*

*Enter Michael and Edward Grim, the Archbishop's cross-bearer.*

MICHAEL.

I tell you I cannot abide all this fasting, and praying, and watching, and wasting away.

EDWARD GRIM.

Why, Michael, his Grace does not make you fast, or watch, or waste away much.

MICHAEL.

I suffer more. What do you think I feel when he turns his pale face upon me, and says in his hollow tones, "Michael, would'st thou bring me a stoup of water." He looks through me with those eyes of his, and must know that

I've had two manchets of beef and three stoups of beer for breakfast—to say nothing of other particulars.

EDWARD GRIM.

It would certainly be more seemly, friend Michael, if thou hadst a little less appetite.

MICHAEL.

I don't eat much—not near as much as my mother's ploughman; but if I were to starve myself, you see, mine wouldn't become like the rest of your kite-faces. I'm a disgrace to the household—I know that. When some pious man comes—the Abbot of St. Withold—and says, "Is his Grace within?" then takes a sour survey of me. "Art thou one of his attendants?" I could shrink into nothing. I feel all over such an eating and drinking sinner.

EDWARD GRIM.

Amend thy ways. Abridge thy breakfasts.

MICHAEL.

Abridge thy breakfasts—easy talking, Master Grim—but that's not all. I can't learn any of your ways. Up trips a delicate maiden to me no later than yesternorn, "Thy blessing, pious sir." To the which greeting I had no sooner begun to answer "My pretty lamb," than she starts off again, as if I had been the sheep in the fable that was in wolf's clothing. Now "my pretty lamb" wouldn't have been so much out of the way, if I had had the proper snuffle, and the correct drawl for it. These things, Edward, are born with some people that I know of; but men of my stamp have to learn them, and con them, and practise them, d'ye see: and when a man, who's not a chicken, begins to learn to speak as if he had half his tongue cut out, and to walk as if he intended always to put his foot down in the exact place where he puts it, he never gets a mastery of the trick, old Grim.

EDWARD GRIM.

Be content. Thou wilt soon see enough of men of thy own way when his Grace goes to the court at Clarendon.

MICHAEL.

Nay, I had rather be turned into a stone, or good brick and mortar at once, with the rest of you, than that we went to Clarendon. There will be the King looking redder, and the Archbishop whiter, than ever; and Roger of York looking red with the King, and white with the Archbishop—and all this coil about a few words, which for aught I see—

EDWARD GRIM.

This is sinful, Michael; I will not stay to hear the like.

MICHAEL.

Not a word more shalt thou hear, good Grim, an thou dost not punish my ears with foretelling me about our journey to Clarendon. Of late the old women—pest on them—screech out as I go along the street, "Poor youth, we shall not see him much longer—a glorious martyrdom." Then breaks in another beldame, "Will the wicked King hang the whole household, dost thou think, neighbour?" Ah! this comes of over-goodness, which I see is worse than over-fighting.

[*The Archbishop's voice from within,*  
Michael! [*Exeunt.*

The next scene is at Clarendon. Becket with difficulty signs, but refuses to seal, the scroll, expressing the assent of the bishops to the constitutions of Clarendon. Henry dissolves the council in anger, and war may be regarded as formally declared between the king and the archbishop. Nothing can be better depicted than the state of Becket's mind immediately after.

*Room in the Archbishop's Palace at Canterbury.*

BECKET [*alone.*]

Twice perjured! faithless to my plighted word,

And to mine order! When my very soul

Was secular, and of all holy things I thought unworthily, I used to say  
It was a monkish dream, a phantasy,  
To talk of evil spirits tempting man;  
But now I know there are such beings;  
else,

Could I, of all men, I, have thus in cowardice

And lack of faith, abjured my sacred trust?

Oh, if temptation would remain upon us,  
In its full power, as when it bows us  
down,

Absorbing all our faculties!

But no, amidst the writhings of remorse,  
Whatever we feel, let truth be truth, and let

Us know, O God, the sinners that we are.

No, it is no excuse to say I did it  
From righteous fear of bloodshed; none,  
whatever;

Kings, princes, bishops, what are all  
their lives,

What are the lives of all of us compared

To one man's one sin? I'll lay aside at once

My sacred functions, put an interdict  
Upon myself I will. I marvel—

*Enter an Attendant.*



ATTENDANT.

A messenger from court.

ARCHBISHOP BECKET.

Let him come in.

*Enter Messenger, who gives the Archbishop a citation to appear before the Parliament at Northampton.*

ARCHBISHOP BECKET.

A fitting answer I will send.

[Exit Messenger.

They cite me

To appear before the council at Northampton ;

And there I will appear ; but never more

King, prelate, earl, or any earthly power,

Shall bend me from the narrow track shed down

On life's dark waters by that heavenly light,

Our only guide—not one hair's shadow's breadth.

[Exit.

In an after scene, where it is mentioned that Becket has been compelled to pay heavy fines, one of the observers says—

Yes,

These lords press hard upon a falling man,

But still he bears himself so haughtily, You'd think it was his court they were

attending,

And that he had kingdoms in his gift.

The bishops desert Becket, and he flies to France. Henry sends an embassy to Rome, entreating that legates be appointed to try Becket in England, and that he be ordered home for that purpose. Among others sent on this embassy is Arundel, whom Henry describes

Of readiest wit,

Prudent, but with no pedantry in action,

Who represents one's self, and not alone

The mere instructions that one gives him.

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Courtyard in the Castle of Bure.*

*Enter De Courcy and Fitzstephen—afterwards the Earl of Arundel.*

DE COURCY.

Thrice welcome, Arundel, to Bure.

We've been expecting you this long time past.

The King the most of all : and not most patiently.

He used to say you were the only man Who ever did him any good at Rome ; You were, I think, in the first embassy, When Hilary of Chichester, in haste to show

His eloquence, made that false quantity, And set the conclave in a roar : I wish, With all my heart, you had been here of late,

It might have shortened these negotiations ;

We've led a life of plans, and counter-plans,

Of protests, articles, and propositions ; At last, thank Heaven, they ended in a

conference,

And that in peace. Becket returns, you know ?

ARUNDEL.

Yes, 'twas the news at every hostelry.

FITZSTEPHEN.

I think, myself, the King's done wrong ; at least,

There is a great deal to be said against it.

ARUNDEL.

Oh, yes, my friend, there is no end of saying.

Show me the clearest thing that e'er was known,

And let me be in sophist mood ; and straight

I'll find you fifty different things against it.

And saying's not my business.

FITZSTEPHEN.

But here, indeed ;

There is so much that seems to me o'erlooked.

Becket returns, and you may call it peace ;

Yet not a word about the constitutions ; Nor of ecclesiastical authority,

How far it is to go ; those livings too, What's to be done with such as were

filled up

While Becket was away ? Then there's the claim,

Not settled, as I hear, for injuries

On Becket's lands ; in short I see so much

That's full of questions that—

ARUNDEL.

The longest day

Would not suffice for even asking them.

'Twould be the same, my good justiciary, If it had been a grave dispute betwixt

Some greedy abbot and some cunning hind,

About the tithes of apples. Oh what questions !

What rare occasion for perplexities !

Thy court would sit from morn till eve upon it :

And apples ne'er have heard themselves so talked

About before.

FITZSTEPHEN.

Why, what a flouting mind you're in, my lord,  
Your journey must have ruffled you.

ARUNDEL.

Oh, no.

Only I thought you hard upon the king,  
Whose treatles ever seemed to me so prudent:  
For as with other fiery men I've known,  
Despite of frantic moods, his settled purposes  
Are followed out with passionless sagacity.

FITZSTEPHEN.

I still must say, that there are many points  
Not taken into nice consideration,  
That's to my mind: but I must go, my lords,  
I'm waited for. *[Exit.]*

ARUNDEL.

There goes my man of points and differences.  
And if the business of our life were such things,  
A greater man would not be found: but greatness  
Is not a cherisher of aught that's capacious:  
To extend, exalt, combine and harmonize,  
Is what it lives for—and even in its fits  
Of wild subversion, has a thought to build again.  
As for these cunning trains of argument,  
Which sometimes startle by their cleverness,  
But lead to nothing; and come from a man  
Who cares for nothing but his own acuteness;  
I hold them as the garlands hung on statues  
Which do not grow.—Now that justiciary,  
How, at every turn, his office shows in him!  
Indeed it's sad to see how many men  
Are quite o'ermastered by the art they practise.  
Poet or painter, statesman, warrior chief,  
They do not make their craft an instrument,  
A thing for service or for safety to them,  
But they're its slaves, and it absorbs them wholly.  
How wearisome is all they talk about,  
Just as the talk of other men to them,  
Unless it be upon their wondrous doings.  
Why even kings, not bound to what is technical,  
Who should discern the very pith of things,  
They have a king-craft, too, and lose in that

The sense of something greater than their office—

The man that's in them. But I must go, De Courcy,  
The king will be expecting me.

DE COURCY.

I think you'll say he's changed: his tone of late  
Is not so buoyant as it used to be.

ARUNDEL.

The troubles of a man are like the clouds  
Which float about in wild and ragged shapes  
Throughout the day: and then they settle down  
In steady lines of gloom athwart the horizon,  
With sober pomp to herald in the night. *[Exeunt.]*

Henry feels that the "patched-up peace" between him and Becket, though the only thing to be done in the circumstances, is but little likely to succeed. The return of Becket is at the time when the dissensions between Henry and his family are at their height. Henry's character is affectingly conceived—his kindness of nature is such that every purpose of his is influenced by generous considerations for others; and to such a man to have his fair reputation lied away, is one of the trials he is least capable of bearing. How much the character has won upon us is perhaps best proved by its being impossible for us not to think of what Henry would have been in private life, or rather what he would have been had he lived in such a period as to have it possible to reconcile the retirement and the happiness of private life, with the public duties of the king. Like the princes in Scott's novels, the Henry the Second of our drama is a flesh and blood man—having a body and a soul—with a head, and heart, and conscience, and affections. We love Henry. Listen to him now conversing with Arundel:

All my life has calumny  
Been busy with my name. Those scribbling monks,  
They have me down, I doubt not, in such colours  
As they daub the enemy of all mankind  
Upon the margin of their choicest misals.  
I would, indeed, I were a monk myself,  
Just pacing up and down one little line  
Of thought and action, narrow as the cloisters,



That then would echo to my listless steps.  
 Nay, I could almost wish that I were one  
 Of those same simpletons, who bear the  
     cross  
 To other lands, and leave their enemies  
 To reap the goodly harvests from their  
     own :  
 Not that they need be very provident,  
 For few of them return. Alas ! I would  
 That I were any thing but this. At  
     Gloucester,  
 When a boy, I wandered on the Severn's  
     banks,  
 The Indian deeds of that unbounded man,  
 The Macedonian monarch, seemed to me,  
 Not exploits to be copied, but out-done.  
 Indeed, what youth would be content to  
     take  
 The fortune of the greatest that have  
     gone  
 Before him ! But our life and hopes  
     converge.  
 Methinks, my well-loved friend, that toil  
     like mine  
 Might have sufficed to win, and what is  
     more,  
 To govern kingdoms ; yet my sovereignty  
 Seems day by day to grow less firm.  
     Why, fools  
 Have ruled vast empires seemingly with  
     ease :  
 Whate'er I purpose, though with deepest  
     care  
 Designed, an odious progeny of dangers  
 Grows round it instantly, to gnaw its life  
     out—  
 Such monsters as encircled that poor  
     maid,  
 Whom Glaucus loved, and Circe changed  
     so foully :  
 Those were her offspring, too.

The next scene represents Becket's return—the delight with which he is received by his own followers—and his own anticipations of the fate that awaits him. These are all well described, or rather exhibited. Then follows his murder ; a scene which we think, should the play be acted, had better be suppressed, and an account of the act substituted. We must transcribe the scene in which Henry receives the intelligence. He is in the castle of Bure among his lords, hearing some petition with respect to a case of wardship, when a horn is sounded, and a messenger enters.

## MESSENGER.

With instant haste de Glanville bade me  
     bear  
 This letter to your Highness—  
 [*King Henry takes the letter and reads it.*]

## KING HENRY.

Madness to the uttermost !—Becket is  
     slain !—  
 A world's calamity !—avaunt all of you !  
 Take it. [*Gives the letter to De Lacy.*]  
     I had as lief that it had been  
 The warrant for my death. *Exeunt.*  
     And so it is  
 Hereafter. [*Exit King Henry.*]

## SCENE IX.

*Room in the Castle of Bure.*KING HENRY (*alone.*)

No, no, I am not fit to reign,  
 For I am as a heedless beast that must  
 Give tongue on the first sight of what  
     provokes it,  
 And not a king prepared for all things.  
 Henceforth what toils, what dangers ! Let  
     there come  
 The least mischance, and e'en the har-  
     dened soldiery  
 Will find a terror in this deed, and shun  
 A fated leader ; the enmity of France,  
 Which never sleeps, will spring to arms  
     again ;  
 Those barons of Anjou and Normandy  
 Will not be slow to follow ; pious men,  
 I do not doubt they'll call it a crusade,  
 And they'll be backed by potent inter-  
     dicts,  
 Rome's utmost malice ; my good queen  
     will find  
 In Becket's death another reason why  
 A loving son should war against his fa-  
     ther—  
*If this were all, if enemies like these  
 Alone besieged us, we would call our man-  
     hood  
 To the breach, and beat them back, as  
     hitherto,  
 We always have done ; but this bloody  
     deed  
 Has crept into our citadel—the heart.*  
 I may abjure the murder ; and if victory,  
 In its companions seldom scrupulous,  
 Attends me still, men's lips will honour  
     me  
 As heretofore ; but when there's none to  
     hear,  
 Or when o' nights they sit midst trusted  
     friends,  
 And freest words are spoken, murderer's  
     the name  
 They'll call me ; and if they do not I do :  
 Had my soul never dwelt upon the joy  
 That Becket's death, I thought, would be  
     to me,  
 Had not my hatred something murderous  
     been,  
 This madness would not thus have tri-  
     umphed o'er me.  
 What seem our words may be embodied  
     fiends

I do believe, but in the inmost soul  
 We must have entertained them kindly  
     first—  
 Alas! what David felt I now can feel;  
 Would that I alone, I only were to  
     suffer,  
 But this great feud, the glory of my  
     reign,  
 Begun for no advantage of mine own,  
 For eight long years maintained, my  
     thought by night,  
 By day my care, one act of bloodshed  
     nullifies  
 It all. I see that Becket's death will  
     prove  
 A Roman road for priestly arrogance,  
 No longer forced to wind its devious  
     way,  
 But passing straightly over all obstruc-  
     tions,  
 Like the man himself. For him too I  
     could weep,  
 And former days come back upon my  
     soul,  
 When we were friends, dear friend.  
     These maniac knights!  
 What can I do with them? Punish their  
     crime?  
 'Twere pouring blood on blood; and then  
     if not—  
 "Behold the men who murder for a king,  
 They go unscathed," some such injurious  
     words  
 Will be in all men's mouths. There is no  
     skill,  
 No remedy to meet it. Now I see  
 The only evil we perpetuate  
 Against ourselves is that we meet with  
     evil,  
 All other dies.  
 No more of this. Remorse and peni-  
     tence  
 Will have their day; but now, my soul,  
     for counsel:  
 There must be some great enterprise de-  
     vised,  
 Something to occupy my subjects' minds;  
 Nor will I wait in abject expectation  
 The coming of the papal legates here.  
 Onwards we'll march, and daring be our  
     safety.  
 Now then for Ireland. A fire there is  
     within me,  
 But it shall not consume my kingly pur-  
     poses:  
 The man whose fate it is to wear a  
     crown  
 Must make remorse and grief subservient  
     to him,  
 As any of his other vassals. Ho, there!

He is interrupted by Arundel's ar-  
 rival with news requiring immediate  
 exertion—he gives the necessary or-

ders with seeming eagerness and anxi-  
 ety. When Arundel retires he says:—

These things

Would once have occupied me wholly;  
     now,  
 I do but talk of them: one tyrant  
     thought  
 Dwells in my joyless mind, enthroned,  
     alone,  
 And leaving room for nothing else.

The modern dramatist wisely disre-  
 gards the arbitrary rules imposed on  
 his predecessors in the art; and we  
 meet Henry in the next act, when  
 years have run on and produced their  
 natural effects. The fate of Becket  
 still preys on his own mind, but it has  
 had its importance in deterring the  
 clergy from any new attempt at sys-  
 tematic opposition to the royal power.  
 The pope is reconciled to Henry. The  
 war with Scotland has ended in the  
 imprisonment of the Scottish king,  
 the superstition of the age was gra-  
 tified in recording that his defeat oc-  
 curred on the day on which Henry  
 did penance at the tomb of Becket.  
 Henry's temper, however, is tried, and  
 and his life embittered by the ingrati-  
 tude of his sons. The eldest he had  
 already associated with him in the  
 formal government of England, and,  
 by a custom not then infrequent, had  
 him crowned. To the others he had  
 assigned parts of his continental pos-  
 sessions:—

He thought to make the princes great in  
     names,  
 And nothing else. But who that knew  
     Prince Richard  
 Could think that he would make a paste-  
     board duke—  
 Of Aquitaine, too, where the people hate  
 All Norman rule, just as they love their  
     queen;  
 And where those tiresome, jingling, trou-  
     badours  
 Are always stirring mischief.

To this natural observation the re-  
 ply is:—

FIRST KNIGHT.

True enough:

But what had Henry done to this young  
     king,  
 That he should join the rebel force, and  
     be  
 The first of them?

## SECOND KNIGHT.

I do not know, except  
That he has made him—the young king.  
Advancement  
Comes prematurely sometimes, though  
its step  
Is, mostly, rather of a halting one—  
At least with us, poor knights.

## FIRST KNIGHT.

You're critical,  
My friend: most men become so when  
withdrawn  
A little from the stage of action—  
strange, too,  
That those, who have been much in busy  
life,  
Are not the less censorious when they  
come  
To weigh the deeds of those they leave  
behind.  
The wisdom that there is in solitude  
Would serve almost to guide the whole  
world wisely.  
Myself, Sir Hugh—when I am quite  
alone,  
And nought untoward has occurred to  
vex me;  
The passions of the world seem little  
else  
Than mad—and as for guiding other  
men,  
It is the simplest thing imaginable—  
That's when one's wandering under trees  
and bushes,  
—And as I said before, in solitude;  
For if one has but one companion—hang  
him,  
It's quite a toil to make the fellow walk  
In step with us.

The next scene is a room in the  
palace of Westminster. Henry and  
the Earl of Arundel are seated at a  
table, upon which are several plans of  
fortifications. Henry appears ill, and  
accounts for it by relating the tumultu-  
ous dreams of the past night. The  
visions of the night have represented  
him always captive—always in the  
power of some one: now of the pope,  
and now—for in the dream Becket is  
still living—in Becket's power. "Can  
it," he asks:—

Can it be these monks, who wish me ill,  
have power  
To bring this cloud of misery on my soul?

## EARL OF ARUNDEL.

Oh no! our dreams are wholly in our-  
selves.  
The tapestry may be strangely inter-  
woven,  
But each thread comes from out the  
thrifty brain,

That stores up e'en the refuse of our  
lives—  
There is no other source.

## KING HENRY.

I think so too.  
I could more easily believe that stars  
Controlled our doings, than that any  
curse,  
By impious, or by pious, men pronounced  
Could so subdue the immortal part of us.  
Yet it is very strange. We're not unlike  
Those wretched hinds, who are dumb to  
all you ask,  
Save just about the little spot they grow  
in,  
And all beyond is fabulous or barren.  
There may be some significance in things  
We reck not of.

## EARL OF ARUNDEL.

I do not hold, my liege  
To monks, or dreams, or stars. There  
may be wonders  
Round us on all sides. I do believe there  
are;  
*And if the mind became matured, while  
yet  
The senses kept their childish appre-  
hension,  
We should, no doubt, see more than we do  
now;*  
At least we should find more in what we  
do see:  
But familiarity with outward nature,  
As with our fellow-man, may shut us up  
In ignorance of the greatest qualities  
Of both of them—  
Yet still I cannot think but Nature's  
wonders  
Would all be linked together, works of  
love,  
Disposed in order, showing perfect har-  
mony:  
Not evil gifts of evil lawless beings—  
And to suppose that monks should have  
the power  
That to themselves they arrogate, or that  
The doings in this vast extent of earth  
Are ever by those glittering specks above  
Determined, it were wronging Providence  
To think so for a moment. It cannot be.

The coming rebellion Henry has  
been advised to extinguish with  
blood:—

But, Arundel, indeed I cannot do it.  
These bloody courses are repugnant to  
me  
They ever have been so: one may so  
easily  
Suppress one's foes by slaughter, yet one  
does  
But drive them inwards: and, again,  
there's this—

That when my days are numbered, and  
my friends  
Become the subjects of this rebel boy,  
My present mercy may preserve them  
scatheless.

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

Oh, my good liege, your thoughts are  
ever full  
Of kindly wisdom—Should a truce come  
on,  
And peace be canvassed, what is to be  
said,  
In case they stir the marriage of Prince  
Richard  
With that fair flower of France? I hear,  
my lord,  
That this is spoken of.

KING HENRY.

Indeed! It must not be—  
This Adelais is so wise, so winning,  
It were in truth an evil fate for her.  
If the young king were still unmarried;  
he,  
Though rebel now, is of a noble nature;  
And Geoffry, too, has many gifts; but  
craft  
Like his would be intolerable to her.  
Cunning for cunning's sake is what he  
loves:  
You set him down before the noblest  
banquet,  
Most willingly he'd leave it all untasted,  
To intercept dry bread by craft. I hate  
This thriftless guile—Besides he must  
wed Constance.  
As for Prince Richard, though he was  
betrothed,  
In infancy betrothed, to Adelais,  
He cares not for her; and with moods  
like his,  
To wed him to her were to wed the lion  
To the antelope. Now John, though  
young as yet,  
Might make a better husband.

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

Well, if all

The royal wards in their alliances  
Were half as much considered by your  
highness;  
Methinks that love, not war or policy,  
Would be the study of your life.

KING HENRY.

You are  
Indeed, a bold man, Arundel; your drift  
I fully understand. You wrong me  
though.  
Have I not brought her up from infancy?  
And I will say it, she is dear to me,  
None dearer. I own that it would break  
my heart  
To have her wedded to an enemy,  
A rebel son for instance; and to know  
She would be taught to execrate my  
name.

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For one so little loved as I have been—  
That is of late—for such a one, I say,  
To lose the affection of the meanest  
creature

That comes near him, may be grief be-  
yond assuagement—

But hers—to lose her love would be the  
first

Of ills that could befall me; why now,  
look, man,

Am I not nearly childless, or far worse?  
Are serpents children?

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

“Little loved”—you say:  
You wrong some men, my liege; I am  
not given

To large professions, but you know—

KING HENRY.

I do—

I know your most sincere fidelity,  
And all the great affection that you bear  
me.

I wonder at it. But Arundel, you are  
A man of scrutinizing mind; one feels  
How you must see through all one's  
weaknesses.

A better, truer friend there never lived,  
Than I have found in thee; and let me  
say it,

Thou in me. But in her sweet society  
There's that repose which in the midst of  
toil

Alone can soothe me: there I am always  
loved

And honoured too, without reserve or  
question.

You'll find that women, seldom much dis-  
posed

To pause in their opinions, where they  
hate

See nought but ill; and nothing, where  
they love,

But what is lovely. You would not have  
me part

With love like this. When John is  
older—

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

My liege,

I only think what answer can be given  
To France, and to Prince Richard, should  
they claim

To have this promised marriage solem-  
nized.

KING HENRY.

I will not have it—nothing shall compel  
me—

And surely his rebellion is enough.

EARL OF ARUNDEL.

But how detain the Princess Adelais,  
If there's to be no marriage with your  
son?

KING HENRY.

Why, John shall take his place—if vic-  
tory

Befriends me, these are immaterial things.

Treaties are ever written by the sword.

Our extracts from this act are necessarily long, but it is impossible that any reader should feel them tedious. The delicacy of touch with which the character of Henry is brought out—sometimes by the very faintest outlines—renders it impossible for us to do justice to the work in any other way than by enabling our readers to make it a study. Henry, always thinking of others—never thought of by them—in every object of desire or of ambition interrupted by looking round to see how the happiness of others is likely to be affected by what he does, is, we think, one of the most happily conceived characters in the whole range of modern dramatic literature. The next scene, which introduces us to Adelais, the French princess, the affianced wife of Richard, cannot be omitted:—

### SCENE III.

*Room in the Palace of Westminster looking out on the river. The PRINCESS ADELAIS, attended by two Ladies, working at tapestry.*

ADELAIS.

Jeannette, I think if these good Trojans came

To life again, they would not know themselves

In these gay tunics that we give them.

JEANNETTE.

Madam, it is their beards they would not know,

Indeed the vanity of men about

These same excrescences is something wondrous;

Our gear is not so various as their schemes

To beautify those noble signs of manhood.

MILDRED.

They say my Lord of Ros in crescent shape

Is going to cut his beard.

*Enter KING HENRY.*

KING HENRY.

Good-morrow, gentle lady, it is always

In this much favoured room I find you.

ADELAIS.

The river shows itself most happily

From here; and, in whatever mood one is,

Its wavy mirror seems to harmonize

With one's imaginings: we find in our

Poor handiwork there are some kindly colours

On which all others may be wrought: it's so

With this fair element, from which alone The Goddess Queen of Beauty could have sprung.

For even most ungainly things are fair To look at, floating on it, or disposed Along its banks.

KING HENRY.

Like love.

ADELAIS.

I do not know.

KING HENRY.

Well, how does Troy hold out? There are few towns

Which I have e'er besieged, that I have been

So anxious should be taken as this Troy, Fair maiden. I am weary of it—and yet, I love to watch those little agile fingers Go clambering over battlements and turrets.

ADELAIS.

You're like the rest of your unquiet sex, You live but in the future or the past; We humbler women can enjoy time present;

For any trifling thing amuses us,

And you may see how constant we are to it.

KING HENRY.

I wonder which of these grand armies 'tis That Adelais favours; Greeks or Trojans?

ADELAIS.

I am the very worst of partisans.

Whene'er my friends become victorious, I desert: I'm always with the beaten party.

KING HENRY.

A knightly feeling, by my troth. Fair maidens,

You may withdraw awhile.

*[Exit Jeannette and Mildred.]*

My Adelais,

There's something I would say to you before

I leave for Rouen. Should Prince Richard claim

The bride in infancy affianced to him,

What answer shall be given?

ADELAIS.

Your highness does not think that I would wed

A son of yours in arms against you?

KING HENRY *[takes her hand.]*

No, gentle one:

But if I bring him captive to your charms:

A loyal son withal—why then, perhaps—He may be somewhat rough and boisterous, but

We're told you maidens rather love those  
men,  
Who've nothing of the woman in their  
nature.

ADELAIS.

Prince Richard is a noble youth; at  
least  
I hear so: my maiden Joan talks much  
to me  
About his comeliness, and great ex-  
ploits—  
But I—my lord—to go back to Troy  
again—  
I do not much admire the Achilles there,  
Indeed the conquered Hector ever won  
My erring fancy more—Queen Eleanor  
Was wont to say—

KING HENRY.

Yes! [*drops her hand.*]

ADELAIS.

To say, Prince Richard was  
The least like you.

KING HENRY.

Now, she has made them all  
Alike — to me — except the stripling  
John:

And if within the circuit of her wiles,  
He had, no doubt, been ranged against  
me also.

They're all one brood—But, Adelaïs,  
dear,

'Tis time to part—I think we need not  
bring

Prince Richard from his care of Aquil-  
taine:

Meanwhile a thousand blessings on thy  
head.

If aught can minister to thy delight,  
Our chatelains have orders to procure  
it—

May Troy be taken quickly.

ADELAIS.

And Rouen

Be saved.

KING HENRY.

It shall. Those Frenchmen! I will drive  
them into—

ADELAIS.

Those Frenchmen are, my liege, my  
kinsmen.

KING HENRY.

Forgiveness, fairest cousin—I ever feel  
Thou art of English blood to me.

ADELAIS.

Alas!

The love my kith and country claim of  
me;

I have forgotten all: my father too!  
I hear he now accompanies the army.

KING HENRY.

Thou may'st be sure that should the  
chance of war

Be ours; for thy dear sake we'll not  
o'erlook

His safety. Once again, adieu. Your  
maidens,  
Am I to call them—which of them is  
Joan?

ADELAIS.

Why neither; she is the tall one with  
bright eyes  
That used to be so much with me at  
Woodstock.

KING HENRY.

I must not linger more: so farewell,  
dearest.

[*Exeunt.*]

We are not disposed to follow our  
author in his descriptions of the  
treachery and intrigues of the French  
negotiations and war, but hasten to  
the passage in which the temporary  
reconciliation of the king and his  
children is described. The scene does  
not admit of abridgment:—

## SCENE VII.

*Room in the Castle of Gisors. Enter  
King Henry the younger, and Prince  
Geoffrey Plantagenet.*

KING HENRY THE YOUNGER.

I dread to see him.

PRINCE GEOFFREY.

Would it were all over.

*Enter KING HENRY and PRINCE RICHARD.*

KING HENRY.

My sons! speak to them, Richard—bring  
them hither.

PRINCE RICHARD.

Brothers, I did resist our father most:  
And look, he has forgiven me.

KING HENRY.

Say, is there aught in the conditions of  
this peace?

Peace! what a word of shame between a  
father

And his children! But is there aught, I  
ask,

Which you would seek to change?

KING HENRY THE YOUNGER.

Oh no, my father,  
Nothing. The terms are only far too  
gracious.

If that you could forgive us!

[*King Henry the younger and Prince  
Geoffrey kneel at King Henry's feet.*]

KING HENRY.

Henry, what had I done to thee, unless  
I made thy greatness grow too soon, and  
thus

Prepared thy fall? Oh, child, when I  
am gone,

And those sad days come on thee when  
one thread

Of memory, uncoiling from the rest,

Shall surely show thee all that may have  
happened  
Between thyself and me—trust me, not  
all  
The fawning tribe of courtiers can efface  
One word of the imperishable records  
Of the brain—and when in agony, too  
late,  
You look along this sentient, quivering,  
line  
Of conscience-stricken recollection;  
What words of fire will this unholy war  
Make known itself in? Oh, I could  
weep for thee.  
My son!

KING HENRY THE YOUNGER.

Spare me.

KING HENRY.

Nay, be not thus struck down;  
Do not despair: thou hast a life before  
thee.  
And why, my son, is each day's life be-  
stowed  
By the All-merciful, but that we might  
Do something to retrieve the sin of yes-  
terday,  
At least what penitence can do? There's  
always  
Some mercy to be hoped for, and some  
duty  
To be done. I pardon thee; and well  
we know  
Thy Heavenly Father's mercy, as the sin  
Of man, is inexhaustible. Let not  
Remorse consume thy soul, but for my  
sake,  
To comfort me, look up, my son, and  
strive  
To be, as you have often been before,  
A blessing to me.

KING HENRY THE YOUNGER.

Father, say any thing  
But words like these—had thy lips ut-  
tered what  
My conscience thought, I could have  
borne it all;  
But not this love.

[*The young King and Prince Geoffrey  
rise.*]

KING HENRY.

I know full well how much you had to  
tempt you.  
Your mother's promptings, and your  
wife's; with all  
The inducements whispered to you by  
those men,  
Who love the licence of a youthful reign,  
And seek to gain through you their own  
advantage.  
Mayhap that I have been to all of you,  
At times, a most neglectful sire; for oft,  
Amidst the toils of state, and that un-  
quietness  
We monarchs know, a hasty rude embrace

Is all that we can give our children;  
there  
Again, the peasant's life is to be envied,  
Whose children grow up near his eye,  
and throw  
Their tendrils round him. Yet think not  
that we love  
Our children less than those same happy  
men  
Who find the time to fondle them from  
childhood.  
For in the camp, and at the council-  
board,  
We think of their fair faces, cherish  
their few  
Fond words, contrive their greatness,  
and, poor fools,  
Imagine we are hoarding up their love  
for us!  
But love is not a plant that's wont to  
grow  
From benefits. Oh! if you saw my  
heart,  
You'd see the traces of its hourly  
thought  
And love, for all of you.

PRINCE GEOFFREY.

I fear, my liege,  
That these domestic discords are the fate  
Of our great race.

KING HENRY.

Think it not, Geoffrey: what!  
Shall we, who boast our manhood, be,  
forsooth,  
Mere puppets of the past—a wretched  
line  
Of cravens born—better a nameless race  
Of lowest serfs, than thus to be entram-  
melled  
By the blood-guiltiness of imperial an-  
cestry.  
No, son Geoffrey, when we've sinned, our  
flatterers,  
—Mayhap, that worst amongst them all,  
ourselves,—  
May whisper in our ears, the sin was not  
King Henry's, or Prince Geoffrey's, or  
Prince Richard's,  
'Twas all Plantagenet's: but I would ab-  
dicate  
To-morrow, for myself, for all of you,  
Did I not think we were to the full as  
free  
As other men—and freer, as more bold.

The fifth act commences by inform-  
ing us of the deaths of Arundel and  
of the young king: a new war, raised  
by the surviving sons of Henry, in  
which, after sad reverses, a disadvan-  
tageous peace is at last made with  
France. It was a bold stroke of the  
poet to have endeavoured to show us  
Henry alone, with no other aid than



that of his own mind, struggling with his difficulties. Arundel, as a friend—even Becket, as an enemy, was a something external to the mind, and thus a sort of support. Any thing can be endured by man but self-communication—and, alas! Henry is left with all the affections of his nature still awake, looking in vain for one object of love on earth. The situation is an affecting one, beautifully conceived by our poet, but is scarcely successful, regarded as a dramatic picture. We begin to love Henry when we are just about to lose him. We are not quite sure whether the effect is not in part accidental. Arundel has, through the earlier acts, been the character most carefully sketched by the poet. Giving him something of indolence, at least of indifference to the ordinary objects of ambition, the poet was naturally led to express, in his person, his own views of life. After Arundel's death, Henry, who has some of the same elements of original character with Arundel, and who is represented as thrown upon soliloquy, interests us in the same way that Arundel did. We have not room for many more extracts, but must give the following:—

KING HENRY.

Man is too blind a creature to indulge  
In wishing—oft, with anxious, straining,  
eyes  
We watch the coming of some joy long-  
hoped for :  
And now 'tis near.—But at its side a  
dark  
And stealthy thing that we should fly  
like death,  
Did we but see it, is advancing on us—  
Yea, step for step, with those of its  
bright compeer—  
The dark thing smiles to see us hailing  
both  
With mad delight. Oh, how I longed to  
close  
The war with Henry, little dreaming then  
That it would close this much misguided  
life.  
And now I long—

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER.

My liege, Amboise is taken.

KING HENRY.

Yea, sir, we know it.  
Friend, when thy news is evil, if for one  
Brief moment thou dost stay upon the  
road,  
It will outstrip thee far—as this has done.

Among the conditions of peace between England and France, one on which Henry insists is, that he shall be given a list of the traitors. Among them is the Earl of Chester. The king unfolds the list and laughs:—

The very name I looked for first—in-  
deed,

I knew my Lord of Chester would be  
there :

Most versatile, most wondrous are his  
powers,

In council, in debate, in war, in policy,  
And all the arts that can adorn a man ;  
With much that's good and kindly in him  
too,

Nor does he lack great purposes, pur-  
sued

At times most nobly—and then, again, it  
seems

As if he had no rule of life to guide him,  
Not even a predominating vice

That might give sure direction to his  
course—

A noble vessel, rudderless, now here,  
Now there, impelled—by light and fickle  
winds

Of swelling vanity—had I been con-  
quered,

This Earl had been the first to treat with  
me,

Well pleased to see another turn of  
things,

And longing much to be the man to  
bring

It all about—We'll see some more—

[ *The King opens the scroll again.*

Good God !

Where am I ? 'tis open day ! Some de-  
mon shape

Has thrown itself upon the parchment  
here—

In fatal characters—to mock my vision.

He reads the name of his son John. This is too much for the affectionate king—his heart is broken. The few scenes which follow are a preparation for the last. He is removed to the Abbey of Chinon a dying man. His deathbed is powerfully described. Reason has forsaken him—the leading thought in his wild ravings is John's desertion. A moment's restoration of perfect mind occurs just before death—the king awakes and looks around shuddering:—

Is't long we've slept ? You do not an-  
swer me.

Is any here ?

EARL OF ESSEX.

My liege.



## KING HENRY.

How much mispent,  
 And yet we would not have it o'er again,  
 No, not a day: and guilt itself oft fails  
 To terrify us into love of life.  
 Some moisture for my lips—they come  
 again:  
 Becket, thou art avenged! Let me not  
 sleep,  
 My lords, before the last: it's all one  
 dream—  
 The historic, swarming dream of drown-  
 ing men  
 And that prolonged into infinity:  
 Draw nearer to the altar—that, alone—  
 Alone—alone—

Our extracts have been sufficiently ample to enable our readers to judge for themselves, of a work which we have read with no ordinary interest. We have no hope that this poem, or any other, will, for a while, break the trance that seems to benumb the public mind on all subjects of poetical literature; but it tells favourably for our author that he is engaged in such pursuits at this unpropitious time. It would be little less than treason to the higher interests of humanity, to believe that the indifference which the public has of late years manifested to poetry can continue. The fault has been partly in the poets themselves, who, like the rest of the world, have been hurried along in the troubled

stream of politics. Why should Tal-  
 fourd, and Milnes, and Disraeli, and  
 others lose, in the House of Com-  
 mons, what is more than life? If the  
 blossoms of early genius have not ri-  
 pened into perfect fruit, could a better  
 result be anticipated? When shall we  
 again find a man of poetical genius  
 feeling, like Wordsworth, or Southey,  
 that public life is not his sphere?  
 Success in public life they, too, could  
 have commanded in a higher degree  
 than most others; but they wisely re-  
 membered not what was to be attain-  
 ed, but what was to be lost in the ex-  
 change. Is the agitation, that disturbs  
 all the peaceful relations of life, and  
 renders nearly impossible all human-  
 izing studies, the opportunity of pur-  
 suing which is the chief reason for  
 preferring social to savage life, ever to  
 terminate? Is tranquillity ever to re-  
 turn?

The extracts which we have given from this poem afford evidence of very high talents, not alone, or even chiefly for dramatic poetry. We remember no first poem of equal power. On our author himself altogether depends his ultimate success. No one effort, however brilliant, can secure this. Like success in most other pursuits, it requires many sacrifices—nay, the devotion of a life.

A.

## EPIGRAMS.

## I.

"There are lines in your poem—while looking it o'er—  
 It struck me, I met a good many before,  
 In Milton and Shakspeare." "Well, sir," muttered Pat,  
 "I suppose you don't think them the worse, sir, for that."

D.

## II.

"I'm not in debt." "Oh, you need not have said it.  
 Where the deuce, my dear fellow, could you have got credit?"

D.

## III.

## FROM THE CHINESE OF HONG CONG,

Showing how a poet abused his domestic enemy, and yet more his friend.

Shih Nong by Shuh Nong being badly treated,  
 Sounded the vengeful gong of long sing-song,  
 And then, ding dong, his verses he repeated  
 To me—Hong Cong—who never did him wrong!

D.

## HONG CONG'S PRAYER.

Oh that, suspended from a long strong thong,  
 Or two of them,—an hour, or not so long—  
 Hong Cong could see both Shih Nong and Shuh Nong,  
 Kicking the world before them, play swing-swong!

## MESMERISM.

BY IRYS HERFNER.

"For so, under the strangest new vesture, the old great truth (since no vesture can hide it) begins again to be revealed: That man is what we call a miraculous creature, with miraculous power over men; and, on the whole, with such a life in him, and such a world round him, as victorious analysis, with her physiologies, nervous systems, physis and metaphysic, will never completely name, to say nothing of explaining. Wherein also the quack shall, in all ages, come in for his share."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE magnet—which, if we consider the import of its name, according to the most probable etymology, seems, even from the period of its discovery, to have stood in mystic repute, as a vehicle of powers akin to those with which the MAGIC of that early time had to do—concentrated on itself, in a remarkable degree, the scientific curiosity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A closer attention than the subject had, before that era, received,—observation more exact, and a course of experiments more systematic and more extended,—had brought into view the wide range and many-sidedness of the magnetic phenomena, had revealed the curiously complex and harmonious working of the laws under which those phenomena stand, and opened glimpses into a region of speculation irresistibly inviting to the genius of an age susceptible, perhaps, beyond any that had preceded—certainly beyond those which have, up to the present time, succeeded it, to the fascination of the marvellous and the occult. Of the natural philosophy of that epoch, magnetism (proper) is, accordingly, the fundamental and the pervading thought. The spirit of philosophical investigation had, one would say, committed itself to the same guidance which, from immemorial time, had directed the path of geographical research; and the wondrous agency that gave certainty to the course of the navigator over the untracked deep, was now to point the way also to the adventurous intellect, embarked on the eventful voyage of philosophic discovery. It was a time of the hope-fullest bodings. Never had the prospects of physical science worn an as-

pect so fraught with promise. The riddle of ages seemed to hasten to its solution. With a deep joy, not unmixed with awe, the observer of the results of magnetic experiment saw the moment approach, when the "veil of Isis" should be lifted by the hand of the goddess herself, and the lips, sealed from eternity, should unclothe, to pronounce the key-word to the secret of secrets. Nay, was not the word already pronounced? in a low tone, indeed, but which the quick ear of Paracelsus had caught. Was it not—magnetism? Was not here the talisman to which, rightly applied, the sealed inner-chambers and alchymic workshop of nature would, nay did already in a sort, stand open? Was not here the key, whereby the cabalistic handwriting with which her works were inscribed was to be deciphered? Was not here the dial-finger that told how her hidden mechanism went?

These questions, the age, with characteristic promptitude, answered in the affirmative; and now unfolded themselves into fair form and goodly proportion, systems of the universe, in which a certain divinatory instinct, or poetic anticipative sense, held the place which a later method of philosophizing has assigned to the inductive process. In these systems, framed on the principle (since fallen into desuetude) of encumbering the movements of theory with the least amount of experiment possible, the collective phenomena of nature in all its departments were resolved into one vast and infinitely modified manifestation of the magnetic force: all operations, all processes, all of power, and life, and movement, that the great frame of physical being discloses, were made to

revolve around and refer themselves to the agency observable in the loadstone, as the heaven with all its lights revolves around the star to which the loadstone points, and by its relation to that star is every other star known in its place. Arabian fiction is not more prodigal of its wonders than were Paracelsus and his disciples when the magnet was the topic of discourse; nor would it be easy to specify a curious effect, presenting itself in the region of animal or of vegetable life, of organic or of inorganic being, that this school—including Van Helmont, Agrippa von Nettesheim, Kircher, and other acute and comprehensive intellects—do not trace to the operation of magnetic agencies. Magnetism was, to these theorists (men of experiment, too, and to whom physical science owes much), the one universal cosmic force, the ethereal primal-substance and ground-element, that pervaded and informed with life all that subsists in space, the basis of all natural properties and effects, the integrating principle, that held all parts of the universe in organic relation to each other, and knit them, not as by mechanical outward connexion, or were hooking together, but by inward living affinities, into an indissoluble whole.

When every thing was thus referred to the magnet, and its influence was but seen in various modification in all the conflicting and consenting activities, the manifold antagonisms and harmonies of life in its several forms, it is not to be wondered at that the ground of medicinal efficacies should be sought in the operation of the same principle, and that the physician should come upon the thought of a direct exhibition of the magnetic agency in the treatment of diseases. If the whole *materia medica* acted no otherwise than magnetically, it seemed an inevitable conclusion, that the substance in which the magnetic virtue was most nakedly and in its least differentiated form developed should combine in itself the operation of the whole *materia medica*, and that the use of it was the plainest and shortest road to the object in view.

Accordingly, we find magnetism already in the 17th century in a certain degree of reputation as a curative agent: not, however, animal mag-

netism, or what we now call Mesmerism; but what may be termed *crude* magnetism, the use of the loadstone itself. Medical orthodoxy set, perhaps, little store by it; but it was greatly relied upon by the Paracelsists. Van Helmont, whose merits in chemical discovery are acknowledged,—the *medicus per ignem*, as he styled himself,—was the most distinguished magnetizing physician of the seventeenth century; and his work, “*De Magnetica Vulnerum Curatione*,” is a fair exponent of the views and practice of his school. Burggraf’s “*Balneum Dianæ Magneticum*, 1600,” Kircher, “*De Arte Magnetica*, 1643,” and Maxwell’s “*Medicinæ Magneticæ libri tres, in quibus tam theoria quam praxis continetur*, 1679,” are works based on the same views.

An extract which shall here be laid before the reader, from the writings of Van Helmont (*opera omnia*, Frankfurt, 1682), may show in what light the subject was considered by explorers of nature in that century. The learned Dutchman is defending his practice against the Jesuit Robert, who had, like some sagacious and particularly anti-Jesuitic folks in our own days, denounced the magnetic procedure in medicine as an employment of “Satanic agency.” An application of some of the following remarks may possibly suggest itself to the reader, more recent and nearer home than is furnished by the times and the whereabouts of the ingenious Jesuit. Van Helmont *loquitur*—

“He who holdeth magnetical cures to be devilish, must from the same grounds argue the foundation of *all* magnetical phenomena to be sorcery and the devil’s art. Magnetism, which is an every-where-operative force, hath, bating the name, nothing new; nor yet any thing absurd, unless it be for those who either laugh at, or set down to the operation of the devil whatsoever they do not understand. Magnetism is an unknown, peculiar power, of celestial nature, having great similarity to the influences of the stars, and limited by no distance of place. Every created being possesseth its proper heavenly power. The outward man is of animal nature, yet withal the true image of God; wherefore, if God acteth by word and sign, so must also man be capable of doing; else were he no image of a living spirit, but of something inert and

without action. And, name we now this (the acting by word and sign) *magic*, only the ill-instructed can take fright at this word: name it, if that please you better, force of spirit. This magical faculty lieth hid in the inner being of man; it sleepeth, and beareth itself as one drunk within us; through sin it is gone to sleep, and behoveth therefore to be waked up again; for in the inner being, in the domain of the soul, is God's kingdom, and here dwelleth the hidden secret power to work out of one's self, barely through the will and through a sign, and also to impress upon others the acting of this power, which worketh upon the remotest objects: which thing, as the great secret, I have hitherto shunned to reveal. Now if this proper power of man be thus proved to be a natural power, it was very absurd to believe, as hath been done, that the devil had a hand in it. Do but open your eyes. The devil hath to this time, through your prodigious ignorance, stood in great fame; ye have been bringing him, all this while, as I may say, the incense of fame; the while ye have been robbing yourselves of your natural dignity, as well as of the sight of your eyes, that ye might make the same an offering to the devil.

"Yea, the will that is in man is the first and highest of all powers, the ground-cause of all movements; for through the force of will in the Creator was all made, and this same will is a property of all spiritual beings, only these are more or less limited in the putting forth of it, each by other's counteraction. According as the force is greater on the part of the in-working agent or of the withstanding, will the working be with or without effect. The occult force inherent in man is a certain *ecstatic* power (of working without the limits of his material organization), which is not brought into action save through the impulsive agency of imagination, kindled by desire. It is a spiritual force, which cometh not down

from heaven, much less ariseth out of hell, but is of man himself, as the fire is of the flint. Out of the will, namely, floweth the animal spirit, which taketh ideal subsistence, and, mediating between spirit and body, worketh thitherwards whither the intention of the will is to direct it."

Thus far Van Helmont, in a style smelling perhaps less of the lamp than of the laboratory, where he lived, ate, slept, and did whatsoever else is indispensable to be done by mortals, thirty years, in an atmosphere fuliginous enough, poking, one might say, in the bowels of nature, while a whole generation of men less learned than he were rejoicing in the light of her face. Here he saw, as he assures us, in the year 1633, in a very distinct manner, his own soul, the seat of which he ascertained to be in the stomach and the spleen: it was, he relates, a spiritual substance, of a crystalline appearance, luminous, and having the figure of a man\*; a description of this part of our economy, which the reader will not find the less remarkable, nor, one hopes, the less authentic, for the very close correspondence it bears to that given by a visionist, or illuminated person, in the early church, as recorded by Tertullian. "Among other things," declared this primitive *ecstatica*, "was shown to me the soul, in a bodily wise. I saw it, a spirit, in thinnest reflected radiance, luminous, of a celestial blue colour†; for the rest, in a form in all respects human."

From the foregoing we gather that, however the medical magnetism of the two preceding centuries differed in the form of its exhibition from that taught by Mesmer in the latter half of the eighteenth, the leading conception of a universally diffused fluid, or cosmic

\* We cannot but recognize here the same phenomenon which afterwards obtained the name of magnetic sleep-waking and self-intuition. Van Helmont himself gives elsewhere an account of the means by which he came into this state; it was by tasting, in the course of his experiments in vegetable poisons, the root of the *aconite*:—

"My intuitions," says he, "immediately became much stronger and of greater compass, and this mental clearness was combined with a feeling of extraordinary pleasure. I slept not; I dreamed not; my health was perfect. I felt, perceived, and thought no longer with the head, but in the region of the stomach, as if knowledge had now taken her seat in that part."

† Doctor von Meyer speaks of a *blue* phosphorescence as characteristic of the psychic principle in its manifestations, and refers to this head the case of "The Blue Dog," in the "Diary of a Late Physician"—dogs having, according to the learned burgomaster, blue souls, as well as men.

force, is common to both systems, and the aim of both is to bring this force to bear on the cure of diseases; an object, the ground of the feasibility of which is placed in the affinity of this universal force with the principle of animal life.

Anton Friedrich Mesmer, in whose hands the doctrine of therapeutic magnetism was to assume a new and considerably simplified form, was a native of the canton of Thurgau, in Switzerland, and a graduate in medicine of Vienna. Endowed with his full share of the somewhat mystical temperament of his nation, it is not wonderful that the speculations of the imaginative theorists of the era referred to in the foregoing pages, and in particular those of his countryman Paracelsus, should have had a profound charm for his mind. In the year 1766 he came before the scientific public of his time with a dissertation "On the Influence of the Planets on the Human Body." The same agency, he taught, which gave such unequivocal tokens of its presence in the flux and reflux of the sea, in a great multitude of atmospheric phenomena, and in the ceaseless revolutions of the vegetable world, had as direct an operation on the animal economy, and was to be traced in the periodical changes and stages of development observable in the body of man. As the vehicle of this influence he assumed a subtle fluid, diffused through the universe, pervading with equal facility the densest and the loosest material textures, as little resisted by the solid ground that supports our tread, as by the light air that yields to the play of our respiratory organs. With this fluid for its medium, the planetary influence announced itself in the heightened or lowered intensity of weight, cohesion, elasticity, irritability, and

other properties observable in bodies, whether referable to mass or to organization. To observe the workings of this influence in the course and issue of diseases was now Mesmer's occupation for a series of years; and, through the experience gained during this time, he found himself, as he believed, in a position to predict with certainty the successive phases and vicissitudes which would present themselves in the course of a disease. This conducted him to the second great feature of his doctrine, namely, that a reciprocal influence, corresponding to that of the heavenly bodies on each other, subsists also between the different bodies on the earth, and in particular between living organisms, and between the different parts of the same organism,—an influence capable, like other forces in nature, of being brought under the control of art, and directed to the arbitrarily producing, or, as it were, forcing, of the natural revolutions in our vital system. To this end we find him, in the year 1773, in consonance with the doctrine and practice of the elder magnetists, using the mineral magnet (magnetized rods of iron) in the treatment of diseases. His method appears to have been similar to that adopted afterwards by Perkins, the inventor of the metallic tractors. He stroked, with his magnetic rods, the parts in which disease manifested itself, and accomplished, we are told, cures of a remarkable character. One of the most distinguished experimental philosophers of the age, the Jesuit Hell, then professor of astronomy at Vienna, who took a lively interest in the investigations of the Swiss physician, is said to have suggested to him this use of the magnet, as well as to have prepared for him the magnetic rods with which he operated.\*

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\* That a Jesuit—and the Jesuit HELL—should have assisted, so to say, obstetrically, at the birth of animal magnetism, is a fact which, with whatever reluctance one may admit the conviction of it, *does* tell terribly on the side of those ingenious people who consider the whole Mesmeric business as a covert and insidious agency the most improper; of being designed, on the one hand, to confirm my Lord Shrewsbury in his attachment to the mass, and on the other, to encourage M. Jules Cloquet, and gentlemen of the medical profession in general, in the illaudable practice of not going to church. The Jesuit Hell! Is here no hint to him that bath understanding to take it? Did such a conjunction of names and characters bode nothing? Doth not "Mystery of Iniquity" stand written on the forehead of it? Should not the Penny Pulpit, small copper kettle-drum ecclesiastical, be beat to defy the thing thus ushered into life under the conjoined auspices of Pan-



Mesmer did not long continue this direct application of the magnet. Circumstances did not escape his quick eye which led him to suspect that the curative effects which had been attributed to the mineral, were in reality produced by the hand that held it; and that, like a superfluous wheel in a machine, the employment of the material loadstone did but encumber without helping. Here, then, the Swiss physician began to diverge from the path pursued by his predecessors, and to place in the human body itself the influence which they had supposed to reside in the magnet. The circumstance that confirmed him in this view was one which presented itself on the occasion of an operation with the lancet, when the blood issued from the incision or retreated—flowed or ebbcd, one might say—according as the operator (Mesmer himself) approached and touched, or receded from the patient.

This curious circumstance suggests two trains of thought, one of which arises out of the analogy between this influence of the magnetizer on the course of the fluids in his patient, and that of the moon on the flux and reflux of the sea. It tells for the truth of Mesmer's hypothesis of a reciprocal influence of terrestrial bodies, especially of living organic systems, on each other, corresponding to that of the celestial—man acting on man, as planet on planet; and it leads us to the conjecture that the moon may affect the mass of waters in our planet, not merely by its gravity, but by certain relations of polarity, akin to the magnetic or the electric influence. Would not an effect of gravity tell still more markedly upon the far lighter and more mobile mass of the atmosphere, so that every fluctuation of the sea should be accompanied by a corresponding and still more forcible impression on the currents of the air? Now that the moon does exert an influence on the atmosphere is undoubtedly true; but it is an influence different

in kind from that which she has on the waters; and this seems to point to dynamic affinities of different kinds. The German astronomer, Bessel, observed in the nucleus of the comet of 1835, a regularly oscillating motion, which he explained by the hypothesis, that the sun did not only exercise a gravitative attraction on that body, but that sun and comet also stood in a polar relation to each other. Hence Bessel was led to adopt the law of polarity as an element in astronomical calculations. "To the theory of a polar attraction and repulsion between the planets," says Doctor Passavant, (*Inquiries respecting Vital Magnetism and Clairvoyance*, 1837,) "certain anomalies in the proportion of their distances from one another, lend probability; some planets standing nearer or farther asunder than they should, according to the law Wurm has laid down for their relative distances. According to this law, the distance of the earth from the sun should be 210 semidiameters of the latter; instead of which it is 216. The distance of Mars from the sun should be 336 semidiameters, but is no more than 329. Thus the earth is six semidiameters of the sun farther from, and the planet Mars seven nearer to, that body, than the law of gravitation would assign to these orbs as their respective places. This is hardly to be conceived as possible, but on the hypothesis of *qualitative* attraction, an assignable ground of which we have in electricity and magnetism."

The other subject of reflection which the phenomenon, observed by Mesmer, suggests, is that of a belief, prevalent in the middle ages, that the wounds of a murdered person would bleed if the body were approached by the murderer. The persuasion referred to was not confined to the vulgar, but was judicially recognised, and made the ground of an ordeal, to which persons suspected of murder were compelled to submit. On what observation of facts the belief in question may have

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demonium and the Propaganda? To be sure, we have a Jesuit Robert on the other side, seeming, at least, to take our view of the subject. But what if this were a blind—a strategic artifice of one who fain masks his play; and, of his store, surely could spare a Jesuit to fight, or seem to fight on the adverse side? Suppose this Jesuit Robert a spy in our anti-Mesmerite, anti-mystery-of-iniquitarian camp!



rested, it would be beside our present purpose to inquire: supposing it not without foundation, it would point to a magnetic relation between the murdered and murderer; a ghastly conception, but which contains the solution of a great riddle—that *vis sanguinis ultra mortem*, which, in a good and an evil sense, has formed an article of the belief of all ages, and of the most different tribes of men. On this subject Franz Baader is luminous:—

The *life*, he remarks, is in the blood; but, when the blood is murderously spilt, this “life,” (a subtle essence, which, after Jacob Bohm, he names the *tincture* of the blood—properly the assimilative, or sanguinific principle, which combines and, as it were, alchemically transmutes into blood the various material substances into which that fluid is analysable by the chemist,) being divorced from its proper sanguineous vehicle, is drawn to, and absorbed by, the blood of the murderer, which, on some unfathomable ground, (whereof, however, Baader appears to have got to the bottom,) in this moment stands open to it. By this (so to speak) transcendental *transfusion*, a “relation,” or *communio vitæ*, is violently established between the murderer and the murdered; which relation (a certain consanguinity) reveals itself in sundry ways, and, in particular, by the perturbation and doleful unrest in which it holds both parties—the dead and the living. Herein, then, lies the force of the expression—to *require at the hand* of the slayer the blood of his victim:—the blood of the victim, at least the “tincture” of it, the “life” that dwelt in it, is actually *in the slayer’s possession*: he is a debtor; and the taking of his life is an act of justice, not to society (which thereby does but lose two members instead of one) but to him whose life he *has taken*—whose life he *holds*, bound up in such mystic intimate union with his own life, that only through the taking away of the latter can the former be given back to its rightful claimant. Thus, the soul of a murdered man haunts his murderer, not of free-will, but by inward constraint: it does not relentlessly pursue him, but he irresistibly draws it after him; for in his blood dwells the sanguineous tincture which it cannot

leave, around which it hovers fascinated, to which it ever strives in vain to re-unite itself, so that it cannot rest, nor suffer *him* to rest who holds it as it were charmed—spun round with invisible magic threads, which it cannot break if it would. And therefore, also, can he that has shed blood not escape from the spot where he has shed it, but will circle round the same, and stealthily return to it, and is drawn towards it, from whatever distance, as by magnetic force; because that “tincture,” which has entered into his own blood, yearns still towards the blood it has left. But we digress.

We have seen, then, Doctor Mesmer discontinue the use of his magnetic rods, being convinced that they had either had nothing at all to do with the beneficial effects his treatment, up to this period, had been attended with, or had, at most, acted merely as conductors of the virtue resident in his own person. Any other rod, probably, would have served the purpose as well as one of magnetized iron, the real service rendered by all such auxiliaries being that of concentrating, or fixing and directing on a given point, the force of the operator’s imagination and will. Perhaps the manipulations, magnetic passes, breathings, and such like, to which Mesmer afterwards had recourse, did but serve the same end, of giving, as it were, a body, a form, to the operator’s intention. The effects produced by Perkin’s *metallic tractors* were, it is said, equally produced by metallic-looking tractors of painted wood. Of course they were. Perkinism was, as far as one can see, but an ill-understood and worse applied Mesmerism; and the “tractor,” in the one system, did what the magnet did in the other—it gave a mould to the mental act: it was to the imagination what the plummet is to the eye: or, might not one say, it was a *chiroplast*, proper to give steadiness to the play of a beginner on the human pianoforte. Be this as it might, Mesmer had, to use another figure, now learned to swim without the aid of his corks, and so threw them away. Henceforward, also, he distinguished animal from mineral magnetism; and in the year 1775—Doctor Stork, the empress’s own medical adviser, having no ear for his doctrine—he laid his theory of reciprocal influences (*der Weck-*

*sel-wirkungen*) formally before the world, in a letter to a foreign physician.

This theory was already somewhat modified by the experience he had gained since the appearance of his first dissertation, but was as yet far from having acquired the form which the present doctrine of animal magnetism, *honoris gratia* termed Mesmerism, wears. In Vienna it was misunderstood, partly confounded with mineral magnetism, partly misrepresented with intention, made an object of odium and persecution, its founder stigmatised as a visionary, and such persons as had submitted themselves to his curative treatment, declared dupes or impostors. In spite, however, of a hostility somewhat unscrupulous in its choice of weapons and mode of attack, Mesmer's reputation gained instead of losing ground. In the years 1774-5 he visited Sweden, Switzerland, and Bavaria, in which last-mentioned country his character of scientific foreigner procured him easy access to the elector, Maximilian Joseph III. This prince, who had received a better education than it is often the lot of royal personages to enjoy, and whose personal thirst for knowledge, and zeal for the propagation of it among his people, were equally great, heard with interest the doctrines propounded by the learned stranger; and Mesmer was, not long after, created a member of the Academy of Sciences at Munich, founded in 1759 by Maximilian himself. The year following he was invited into Hungary, where, we are told, he effected important cures. Hence he returned to Vienna.

Loath to encounter a renewal of the bitterness of which he had already been the object in the imperial city, he resolved now to refrain from all medical practice; but, whether by the persuasion of others, or by the restless impulse to activity, and to the amassing of new experiences, which could not fail to make itself sensible to a mind like his, he was soon brought to renounce a resolution so little congenial to the temper of an enthusiastic explorer of nature: he took several patients under his care, among whom, a source to him of much subsequent vexation, was the celebrated vocalist, Paradies, then in her eighteenth year. She had at the age of four or five

years lost her sight, through an affection of a paralytic nature, and was the victim of a nervous melancholy, with convulsive fits, and periodical accesses of madness. Mesmer had her under his hands for a considerable time, during which he was watched by a host of eyes, that wasted for very longing to discover something equivocal, some false step, some evidence of incapacity, or, better still, of duplicity, of wittingly false pretension, in the proceeding of the hated innovator, who would detrude from its place, with quite *new* mystification, that which was established and venerable. Indifferent to the petty arts of annoyance of which he found himself the object, (and to which the relations of the patient appear to have lent themselves in a remarkable way,) our magnetizer went on with what he had taken in hand, and at last, to the astonishment of all Vienna, pronounced that Fraulein Paradies could see. The family of the young lady, however, denying that such was the fact, while Mesmer, on the other hand, adhered resolutely to his assertion of it, a special commission was named by Maria Theresa—whose namesake and *protégée* Fraulein Paradies was—to examine into and report upon the case.

In the presence of this commission Mesmer presented to his patient a number of objects, the several colours of which, on being asked, she correctly stated: there was, or appeared to be, sure enough, a restoration of vision, dim indeed, but promising to become clearer, the cure being but in its first stage. Mesmer believed his cause triumphant. The commission, however, was not so soon satisfied; the magnetizer was required to leave the room, and the experiments already made were repeated—with a totally different result. The patient was unable to distinguish the colour of any object presented to her: she was evidently as blind as ever, as blind as the most clear-sighted anti-Mesmerite could wish. The commission gave in its report, the tenor of which was, that Mesmer, in asserting that Fraulein Paradies had, under his treatment, recovered her sight, had been guilty of falsehood; and further, that her having *apparently* distinguished the colours of the objects presented to her by the magnetizer, was no doubt the result of a

preconcerted system of signals between her and him.

This report placed Mesmer in the position of a social and professional outlaw: there was nothing which it was not permitted to say of him, and there was a pretty general disposition to say the worst. Dispirited at length, or disgusted, by the untiring animosity of his opponents, he resolved on quitting, not only Vienna, but Germany, which he did in 1777. It is to be observed, however, that he never retracted or qualified his statement as to the cure of Fraulein Paradies, but to the last maintained—let an imperial commission report as it pleased—that the blind songstress had, under his hands, become, to say the least, a purblind one. The truth of the matter, as well as we can judge it now, appears to be this:

Fraulein Paradies, under the magnetic process employed by her physician, had come into a state of *clairvoyance*, (lucid vision,) and, that peculiar relation, (community of sensorial power, developing itself in the patient as a negative, in the agent, as a positive polarity,) termed *rapport magnétique*, subsisting between them—she had, in somno-vigil, really distinguished the colours of the objects upon which his attention was fixed, and which he presented to her. At this period Mesmer was as yet unacquainted with the now familiar phenomenon of *clairvoyance*, and it is not wonderful that he mistook it, as it presented itself in his patient, for a restoration of ordinary vision. But when the commission ordered Mesmer out of the room, it is very conceivable that the *clairvoyante* should have had no perception of the objects presented to her by its members, inasmuch as no one of these gentlemen was, so to speak, her sensorial positive pole. Had the magnetizer been called in a second time, and the experiments been once more repeated through his instrumentality, sapient commissioners would, very probably, have gone away not much the wiser for this new trial; but it is just possible that they might, by a somewhat less slovenly attention than they appear to have bestowed upon his operations, have been led at least to spare him, as well as his patient, the odious imputation of having first concerted a lie, and then juggled together in confederation to support it. For the rest, this was no doubt

the easiest solution of the riddle, and the way to get rid of Mesmer.

It may here be observed, that the blindness of Paradies was not of a kind *formally* incurable: it was the effect of functional disease. There was no disorganization—the structure of the eye remained unaltered; it was the sensibility of the nerve of vision alone that was impaired. The loss of sight was but symptomatic—as were the convulsive fits and the manifestations of mental disorder—of general nervous derangement; defect of action in one part of the system involving excess of it in another. The object of the Mesmeric treatment was to effect a due distribution and equilibrium of nervous activity: with the recovery of sight was to be expected the cessation of the convulsions: the periodical frenzy would have disappeared along with the habitual melancholy.

That she should have been able, with the first glimmerings of returning vision, not only to distinguish different colours, but at once to give each colour its right name, implies an act of memory, a recalling of impressions received in earliest childhood, hardly less trying to our powers of belief than the restoration of sight itself. But an almost preternatural clearness of memory is among the most constant phenomena of the state of magnetic sleep-waking, in which the remotest past stands out again into the foreground of consciousness, and we discern with a feeling of awe that the vanished has not ceased to exist, that the forgotten still hovers near us, that whatsoever we have done, and suffered, and seen, has entered into us, and is inseparable from us, and that we have but to go into our deeper being to find it. Truly a strange significance lies in the fact—that we remember. It tells us that the past, the *whole* past, is with us in the present—that the past, the *whole* past, is accompanying us into the future—yea, that *out* of that very future into which we are travelling, the reflected image of the past, the *whole* past, is coming up to meet us. How often in dreams, especially in the dream of fever, which has ever something of the character of sleep-waking about it, are we carried back to the scenes of a long-forgotten time—to some moment of peril—some hair-breadth 'scape—or perhaps to some occurrence of an in-

significant kind enough—the sight of some building, some garden, some bend of a road, of a river with a bridge, some group of people, that gleams upon us, clear, minute, living, as a *cameræ-obscura* picture: which we relate afterwards as the phantasy of our dream, but which they under whose eye our childhood was passed, can tell us was no phantasy, but a memory.

“A patient of mine,” relates a physician in Prussia, “in a paroxysm of intermittent fever, saw herself, as a little child, lying in a loam pit, and a nurse-maid wringing her hands on the brink. The scene changed, and she saw herself as a child somewhat older, sitting at the foot of a bed, in which her mother lay, and repeating a certain prayer. She held all this for the mere creation of her delirious fancy, but her father, to whom she related it, assured her that she had seen true images of her earliest life; that she had indeed, when quite an infant, fallen into a loam pit through the negligence of the maid who had the care of her; and that, some years later, during a dangerous illness of her mother, she had sat continually at the foot of the sick bed, and repeated the prayer of her dream, which had been taught her by her mother when she was but beginning to speak. In a state of health the patient had not the slightest recollection of either of these occurrences: the early-learned and long-forgotten prayer has since the period of her dream remained fixed in her memory.”

In 1778 Mesmer made his appearance at Paris. Here he laid the principles of his doctrine before the *savans* and physicians in a series of theses; and was fortunate enough to accomplish a number of cures, of a kind calculated to draw attention, the rather as his patients chanced to belong to the more conspicuous classes of society. The medical faculty looked, however, with not inexcusable suspicion on one who made a mystery of his mode of practice; and national prejudice wrought strongly against the credit of a discovery claiming for its author not only a foreigner, but a German. The temper of the age was averse to every doctrine that did not base itself on the truest materialism, or that suggested the (however remotely) possible existence, within the wide compass of heaven and earth, of something more

than was—we will not say dreamed of—but, with a clear waking sense apprehended, and comprehended, and definitively placed, and *named*, and explained, in the philosophy of a French *encyclopédiste*. It was the shallowest era of human intellect, wide awake to all that lay on the surface, but without sense for aught that had its seat beneath the very outer husk of things. In Mesmer's own manner of procedure there was, also, much that was of a nature to impress even unprejudiced observers unfavourably, and as wearing an air of calculated *prestige*. Arrangements savouring of the theatrical; halls which a softened light pervaded; a subdued strain of music, that died and came again and again—and again sank and rose; and the doctor himself gliding about in long stole, not of any fashion affected by the time; his patients, the while, sitting mute and expectant around “their Magnetic Mystery, which to the eye was mere tubs with water.” What could be farther than all this was, from any semblance of an intelligent medical practice? or what could be more repugnant to the spirit of a class of men by habit sceptical, more acute than profound, shrewd, more open to the impressions of the ludicrous than of the solemn, more familiar with the weaknesses of human nature than with its strength—with its ridiculous than with its sublime aspects—and quick to detect, in the sublime itself, the latent ridiculous: men, generally, of a good heart, but of a wicked wit, to whom, through the high epic, the element of the burlesque is ever peeping out, and who are equally awake to, and intolerant of, all “humbug” that is not professional and of a certain standing?

At the same time, it would perhaps be hasty, at once to set down the complicated machinery of the *baquet*, with the accompanying wizardry of music, the Egyptian habit, and so on, to the score of quackery, and affectation of the mysterious. Mesmer probably believed all these auxiliaries needful to the effects he had in view; it was by slow degrees that he learned to simplify his practice. Besides, he had to act on the nervous system, and made no secret of the important part which the imagination of the patient had to play in the cure. And, as Dugald Stewart argues, if a man can be

cured through his imagination, why should any doctor scruple so to cure him? Is it more professional to kill a patient by potion and pill, than to cure him by pantomime and the music of Oberon? It may be more suitable to the dignity of medical science, but the question is—will the patient like it as well? Mesmer's practice might be dupery; but it was pleasanter to be duped into staying in this world, than to be sent in the most honourable and above-board manner possible into a better. It was an affront, to be sure, but one which it required no super-human effort of meekness to pocket.

One would not, for all this, deny that an element of charlatanism does seem to have entered somewhat largely into Mesmer's character, as it does into that of his nation (not the German, but the Swiss) pretty generally. It was certainly more like the quack than the loyal servant of science to keep his alleged discovery secret, and to traffic with it as he did, refusing the offer of the French government to purchase the disclosure of it for twenty thousand livres, and selling it to private persons, when once his subscription-list of a hundred could be got full, at a hundred louis a head. The spirit of trading is in its place in what belongs to the mechanical arts; but the nobleness of science repudiates it. The physician who believes himself to have made an important discovery in therapeutics will, if he understand and be worthy of his high vocation, hasten to promulgate it, and not keep shop with it, taking care of number one, and counting science and the welfare of men as secondary things. But for this also the misfortune of Mesmer's birth is the best excuse. *Point d'argent, point de Suisse*—the old proverb did but find a new verification—"the wise saw" a "modern instance."

Mesmer's fame spread rapidly among the noble, the literary, the gay and beautiful of the French capital, and his mystic halls became a favourite resort both of those who were, and of those who fancied themselves ill. *Ennui* brought many. People were tired of being eternally witty, eternally philosophical, eternally shut up to the driest prose and matter-of-fact of life. A moment's escape from *bon mots* and *la raison*, let what would offer it, was felt to be a blessing. Then they had

parted with their Christianity, and wanted something to believe in. So they sat, linked together by the fingers, in circles, each circle round a covered tub, in which was water, with broken glass and scoriæ of iron, laid in strata, and, at the bottom, bottles, with more water and some iron filings, placed star-wise round an iron rod, that went up through a hole in the middle of the tub-cover; and, round this centre hole, other holes in a circle, and other iron rods that went up through them, and which, at a certain height, bent off at a right angle, each rod to a separate patient; and the patients held each his (or more generally her) rod, (when they did not hold each other's hands,) moving the point of it gently up and down, or from side to side; and Dr. Mesmer or Dr. Deslon from time to time laid hold of the centre rod, moving, or, as it were, churning with it up and down in the tub. The centre rod itself was bent at the top into a kind of finger, which could be made to point to this or the other quarter of the heavens, as the magnetizer judged it expedient, thus putting the tub *en rapport* with the universal frame of things. Hempen cords, afterwards exchanged for woollen, were also attached to this middle rod, and extended to each of the patients, who could put them round their respective waists, arms, legs, or elsewhere at pleasure, according to the seat of disease. Two years later, a globular mirror was added to the apparatus. It stood on the top of the middle rod, so that the patients, as they sat, could see themselves, diminished and somewhat caricatured; which, as Wolfart in his *Asclepion* tells us, "sensibly heightened the effect of the whole, and brought on both more swiftly and more surely the states of magnetic sleep and sleep-waking."

Thus, then, they sat, *en rapport* with their doctor, and with each other (to say nothing of the elemental influences, streaming from the quarter of the heavens to which the "central rod" was pointing,)—a communion, not of saints exclusively, "expecting," as Mr. Carlyle has it, "the magnetic afflatus, and new-manufactured heaven-on-earth;"—expecting, at least, *emotion*—of which waking life was become—by very dint of being *too* wide awake—deplorably barren to them.



This went on—the medical faculty sneering, but the patients, or a good proportion of them, getting well, or fancying that they got well—until the year 1784, when the king, Louis XVI., after the example of his mother-in-law of Austria, appointed a commission to examine into a thing which was making so much noise. This commission consisted of four members of the medical faculty of Paris, to whose number, at their own request, were added five members of the Royal Academy of Sciences.

The task laid upon this commission was principally to investigate the *facts* of Mesmerism, and to give an account of the same. It is worthy of remark that the commission did not, in conducting its examination, enter into communication with Mesmer, but with Doctor Deslon, his associate, and with his colleague Jumelin. A report appeared, but as, instead of giving an account of the facts observed, it addressed itself, almost exclusively, to the object of proving that the effects of the magnetic processes were to be attributed solely to the power of imagination, the Society of Medical Science appointed another commission with the same task, and published also its report, which agreed on the whole with that of the former. Jussieu, however, a member of the royal commission, not only declined to append his name to the report of his colleagues, but published one of his own, differing essentially from theirs, and much more favourable to magnetism.

Both reports, namely, that of the royal commission, and that of the commission of the society, were received with some disappointment in the scientific circles of Paris. Men had waited with impatience for a statement that might be relied on, of the facts of the case, and were not satisfied to get, instead of this, the opinion of certain academicians, who, in a matter as new to them as to other men, and of which many hundreds had seen at least as much as they, with questionable modesty offered to the French public their individual persuasions for truth admitting of no further discussion. The royal mandate had been, *See for your fellows—* the commission understood it to run, *Think for your fellows.* But really, royal authority to examine into a thing seems to act like a kind of mental

*gutta serena.* The judgment of one man, who goes to see for himself, is worth more than that of forty that go to see for the king: the one goes, because he wants to see; the forty go, because they have to report. Learned corporations and faculties, also, are, in what relates to learning, conservative to a degree, and seem to exist, primarily, to the end of taming down all undue ardour in the investigation of truth, and of placing a salutary check upon some presumable tendency in knowledge to a too rapid expansion. And how should commissions of such learned bodies not be as the bodies that commission them? Will not the learned body commission just those—can it commission any other than just those, who are surest to bring it no light? King Louis commissioned those, whom a royal personage was likely to commission: the Society of Medical Science commissioned those, whom a royal society was likely to commission; and so king and society got from their respective commissions just what it was most natural, but least important, for them to get: they got, namely, not so much an account of what Doctor Mesmer did, and which happened or did not happen in consequence, as a statement of the impression of a small number of medical and non-medical gentlemen, that, whatever the doctor might do, and whatever might be the effects consequent upon his proceedings, these effects were not attributable to the cause the doctor supposed, but to another.

“All effects of the imagination!”—Perhaps so, gentlemen: but suppose you were to consider for a moment—What is, then, the imagination? And, wherein are “effects” the worse for being of its producing? Is the imagination a certain capability of being made to hold that to *be*, which is not? Has it no other part to play in our curious spiritual economy than that of being lied unto? Is *to imagine* merely to represent to ourselves the unreal as real, or things in general as being any thing, every thing, but what they are? It were but bad psychology to say so. But of this elsewhere.

The academicians knew how to make their views the current ones at court, and in the *salons*; or perhaps it would be juster to say, that their report was but the reflection of the



views already, and *a priori*, formed in those high regions, in which a previous knowledge of facts had never been found necessary to the formation of a judgment; nay, would in most cases have materially interfered with the delightful facility of that process. It is, perhaps, not more than will now be acknowledged by most well-informed people, that the report, about which so much noise has been made, really owed the respect with which it was received in Europe far more to the names appended to it than to any thing more intrinsic. Of these names, one of the most illustrious, that of Franklin, belonged to one now in his seventy-ninth year, included in the commission, one cannot but think, chiefly *honoris gratia*; and who, sick in body, and laden with cares of state, took little or no interest in the matter to be investigated, and saw no better way of returning the compliment paid him, than by subscribing without captious or mistrustful questionings whatever men, so distinguished as his colleagues, had seen good to present as their report and his. Of the remaining names, there is not one that outweighs that which Jussieu threw into the opposite scale.

The opposition of the medical profession, and of the *philosophes* generally, did not prove altogether so fatal to the new doctrine as might have been expected. At Paris, Strasbourg, and elsewhere, associations were formed, under the name of *Sociétés Harmoniques*, the object of which was to keep pure, and further to illustrate and develop by means of experiment, the doctrine of Mesmer. Puysegur, at Strasbourg, and Barberin, at Lyons, may be considered to have founded the most important of these societies. These two magnetists departed widely from the mode of treatment which Mesmer, at least in his earlier practice, employed. Mesmer, holding the cause of morbid action in general to be defect of irritability in the muscular fibre, beheld in magnetism, chiefly, the means of supplying this defect, and herein supposed its remedial efficacy to reside. Conformably to this view, the magnetic influence was strengthened as much as possible, till it was heightened to a degree that generated vehement reaction, which presented itself under the form of convulsions, or at least of

violent spasms. This was what he called the "crisis," which he looked upon as a necessary remedial process of nature, a reaction of the solid parts upon the exciting causes of disease (which he placed in the obstructed flow, and consequent depravation of the juices), tending to restore the balance and harmonious working of all vital activities. On this account he, and the magnetizers of his school, had their so called *chambres de crise*,—chambers, the floor and walls of which were covered with mattresses, that the *crisiacs*, in their pythic fury and convulsive writhings and tumblings, might not be in danger of hurting themselves. At a later period Mesmer followed the example of Puysegur, in discontinuing the use of these chambers, which the latter magnetist, not altogether without justice, named "*chambres d'enfer*;" and which a gentler method of magnetic treatment rendered unnecessary. Puysegur, with his friends at Strasbourg, eschewed the stormy and tumultuous "crisis," and excluded from his practice all that went beyond the producing sensations of repose and well-being. He rejected the use of the *baquet*; and the manipulations to which he sometimes had recourse were of a much less forcible kind than those employed by Mesmer, who seems to have kneaded and *shampooed* his patients, without much tenderness: the agency on which he chiefly relied was that of the will, fixed in its highest concentration upon the patient. Barberin employed this psychic agency exclusively, admitting only volition in faith as the instrument of producing all the magnetic effects. This was, in some measure, a return to the doctrine of the elder magnetists. We have seen how Van Helmont speaks of the power of the will. To the same effect Paracelsus says, "You are to know that the operation of the will is a great point in medicine. The imagination is the engine to effect what the will intends. The imagination is enforced and perfected through faith, for all doubt breaketh the work: faith must confirm the imagination, for faith is that that determineth the will: imperfection in men's imagining and believing is the cause that their arts are uncertain, which yet but for this might be of fullest certainty." In entire conformity with this doctrine, Barberin directed his will by a strenuous and

sustained effort upon his patient ; and although to this mental act Puysegur added a certain external process, the latter seems to have been intended only as a help to the bringing the will into the direction and activity desired. The outward play of the hand was, as the use of the magnet was in the hands of Van Helmont or Kircher, a vehicle to the inward act of the spirit. And it is remarkable that, under this new and more spiritual procedure, a new class of phenomena, of a highly spiritual character, presented themselves,—phenomena unknown to Mesmer, though familiar to those elder practitioners in magnetism. It was in Puysegur's hands that the sleep-waking state first assumed a distinct form ; at least he was the first to notice and describe it, though we have seen it, or something like it, occur, unrecognized, in Mesmer's practice at Vienna, in the case of Fraulein Paradies. Van Helmont had evidently had experience of this state, and even of that of *clairvoyance*, in his own person : witness his account of the soul, her locality and appearance. And we should perhaps not be very far from the truth, were we to adopt the converse of a proposition already referred to in these pages, viz. : that Mesmerism is Satanic agency ; and say, that the greater part of the alleged Satanic agency of the Middle Ages, was Mesmerism, in its higher and spiritual forms.

The French revolution coming on, Mesmer withdrew from the disturbed land, and took up his abode in his native Thurgau, where he lived in privacy, practising the improved magnetism of the Strasbourg school, only for the benefit of the poor,—the rich, it is possible, preferring other doctors and another method of treatment. At an advanced age, twenty years after the appearance of his *Letter to a Foreign Physician*, he gave his doctrine, rectified and confirmed by the experience of that time, again to the world, and had the satisfaction to perceive that it no longer met with the passionate rejection which had attended its first promulgation, though it was as yet far from receiving the general recognition subsequently accorded to it. In 1787, Lavater communicated it, in its reformed shape, to Wienhold at Bremen. Gmelin, of Heilbronn, learned it at Strasbourg, and brought

it into his native Suabia. Wolfart, of Berlin, made a journey to Switzerland for the express purpose of having it at the lips of Mesmer himself, whom he found a venerable grey-headed man, leading a patriarchal life, held in great veneration by those around him, and possessing, even in the advanced years which he had then attained, so much magnetic energy, that he could produce magnetic effects by merely stretching out his hand. Mesmer died at Mörsburg, in the year 1815.

The subsequent history of Mesmerism is a history of steady progress, and development in various directions. That it has advanced *more* in Germany than in any other country is, perhaps, owing to the fact, that the Germans are more patient in making experiments, and more candid in admitting the conclusions to which the results of them lead, than any other people. That England is, of all countries, that in which the study of Mesmerism has gained *least* ground, is also no wholly inexplicable phenomenon. "Slow and sure" are, according to the Englishman's own boast, the grand characteristics of the English mind. The boast is not a vain one : the English mind is "slow," and it is "sure :"—very "slow" to move in any direction, and very "sure," as a general principle, that there lies no existing thing in any direction worth its moving for. Mesmerism is not the only thing, divine or human, in which the English mind is so *very* far—so out of all sight—in the rear of the general mind of Europe, as to seem to itself, in the touching simplicity which characterizes it, to march in the van of all.

Mesmerism, after all, cannot with any propriety be said to have as yet attained to the rank of a science. Its procedure is not sure : there is something in it still of a shooting-at-random, productive of an appearance of caprice or inconstancy in the results which leads theologians of a certain calibre—gentlemen who should have lived in the times of the witch-trials, (the rather as they would certainly have had nothing to fear from the keenest witch-finder)—to tell us that, if it be not mere "human fraud for gain's sake," it is beyond all question, "Satanic agency." "Magnetism," says Ennemoser of Munich, "has but too evidently been, up to this time, more

in the hands of abuse than of right use; and, instead of serving to its legitimate end, the healing of sickness, it has been too much a subject of curious dilettantisms, and of unseasonable, ill-understood, and therefore, for the most part, mischievous experiments." It is impossible not to subscribe to the truth of this. Magnetism is, as Hoffman aptly describes it, "a dangerous edge-tool, in the hand of a child;" and one cannot but wish to see the wholesome restrictions which the Prussian government has placed on the use of it generally adopted; to see an agent so powerful, so enigmatical, and so difficult to guide, taken out of the hands of strolling lecturers, physicasters, and wonder-mongers, redeemed from the unworthy service of affording an evening's entertainment to an audience totally unqualified to bring away from the spectacle one useful thought, and committed authoritatively to the hands, we will not say merely, of the graduated physician, but of the physician specially and approvedly qualified to wield an instrument, of the nature and use of which they who know most feel the most sensibly how little they know. The dread secrets of our being into which Mesmerism affords a far-off and uncertain glimpse, are not the stuff of which raree-shows should be made; neither do coma, catalepsy and hysteria, yield the materials of quite so innocent an exhibition as tricks on cards, and "the gun delusion." We have seen, in the case of Van Helmont, that some of the most remarkable of the effects of Mesmeric treatment may, under certain circumstances, equally be produced by the use of narcotic poisons. What should we say to the invitation of some itinerant scientific showman, to come and see him, at half-a-crown a head, experimenting in *corpore vili* (to wit, on some young

lady travelling with him in the capacity of philosophical *souffre-douleur*) with small doses of henbane, thorn-apple, and deadly nightshade? Deeply worthy of consideration, as dictated by sound wisdom and true philanthropy, is that *twenty-ninth conclusion* of the French commission of 1831, here subjoined:—"Considered as a cause of certain physiological phenomena, or as a therapeutic remedy, magnetism ought to be allowed a place within the circle of the medical sciences; and, consequently, *physicians only should practise it, or superintend its use, as is the case in the northern countries.*"

M. Lafontaine, however, who visited England in 1841, and held *conversazioni* on animal magnetism in this city in the summer of the following year, certainly merits better than to be ranked with the common herd of exhibitors and lecturers-errant to whom the foregoing observations are applicable. The Mesmeric phenomena developed at his *conversazioni*, were indeed of a common-place and every-day character enough, rising in no instance above the point of simple sleep-waking—Kluge's *fourth degree* of magnetic affection. But his visit, viewed in reference to the results by which it has been followed, may be said to form an epoch in the history of Mesmerism in these countries. An impulse has been given to inquiry, public curiosity has been engaged, in a degree which has attended the labours of no former preacher of the Mesmerite doctrine among us.\* The study of Mesmerism in the British islands, it may be confidently stated, has made greater progress within the last three years than it had done within the preceding thirty. In Scotland, the new impetus has made itself most forcibly felt. The Scot is a more consequent thinker, and has an intellect less riveted to the material, than his

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\* No doubt, the effect of M. Lafontaine's demonstrations has been powerfully seconded by that of a remarkable sermon, preached on the occasion of that gentleman's appearance at Liverpool, by the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, a popular minister of that town, and extensively circulated through the medium of what, with an equivocal sort of felicity, is designated the "*Penny Pulpit*." The very title of this sermon, *Satanic Agency and Mesmerism*, is calculated to invest the subject, for a numerous class of minds, with a certain thrilling interest, or horrible fascination, sure to lead them to plunge into it; while the sermon itself, should any one actually read it, cannot fail to allay any fears, which may have presented themselves to persons of a timid or scrupulous turn, of there being something more than is quite "canny" at work in those mystic passes, in that spectral stare, which are followed by effects so bewildering, and like "the stuff that dreams are made of." He that

southern neighbour. The old Saxon element is a far more fundamental one, and exists in a much less modified form in the Scottish than in the English nature; and, after Germany, there is perhaps no country more likely to afford to Mesmerism scope for an interesting development than Scotland. One learns, accordingly, with the less surprise, that "there is now no community of the slightest importance in the north, which does not contain a numerous body of believers in the truths of Mesmerism." Such is, at least, the intelligence imparted, in a tone of gratulation, by Mr. Lang, of Glasgow, in a little work, as interesting in its contents, as it is unpretending in its form, recently issued from the press;\* with some gleanings from which these concluding pages, of a perhaps somewhat over-lengthy dissertation, shall be enlivened.

A rapid sketch of the history of Therapeutic magnetism, from Van Helmont to Mr. Dove, occupies the first chapter. The second briefly notices some of the theories which have been put forth by various writers, in explanation of its phenomena, and concludes with the very just remark, that "as we are almost daily receiving fresh knowledge on the subject, there need be no hurry in building up a theory. The phenomena of Mesmerism (observes Mr. Lang) are in themselves true, whatever theory may ultimately be adopted, and probably inquirers would, for the present, be most usefully employed in scrutinizing and recording facts, and leave the rest to time."

In his third chapter, which treats of the Mesmeric phenomena and states, Mr. Lang presents us with the "conclusions" appended to the report of the French Commission of 1831, adopting, as he advertises us, the translation of Mr. Colquhoun. This commission, appointed by the Royal Academy of Medicine at Paris, in 1826,

but which had had a multiplicity of delays and hindrances to contend with, acknowledged, when it at length found utterance, the truth of Mesmerism (understanding thereby not the theory of Mesmer, but the existence of the agency to which he had called attention) to the fullest extent; wherein, however, it had been already preceded by the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, as well as by an imperial commission in Russia. A few of the conclusions of the French commissioners are here presented to the reader:—

"1. The contact of the thumbs or of the hands; frictions, or certain gestures which are made at a small distance from the body, and are called *passes*, are the means employed to place ourselves in magnetic connection, or, in other words, to transmit the magnetic influence to the patient.

"2. The means which are external and visible, are not always necessary, since, on many occasions, the will, the fixed look, have been found sufficient to produce the magnetic phenomena, even without the knowledge of the patient.

"7. Sometimes, during the process of magnetising, there are manifested insignificant and evanescent effects, which cannot be attributed to magnetism alone; such as a slight degree of oppression, of heat or of cold, and some other nervous phenomena, which can be explained without the intervention of a particular agent, upon the principle of hope or of fear, prejudice, and the novelty of the treatment, the *exams* produced by the monotony of the gestures, the silence and repose in which the experiments are made; finally, by the imagination, which has so much influence on some minds and on certain organizations.

"8. A certain number of the effects observed, appeared to us to depend upon magnetism alone, and were never produced without its application. These are well established physiological and therapeutic phenomena.

"10. The existence of an uniform character, to enable us to recognize, in

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could continue to suspect either Mesmerists or their opponents of any thing verging on conjuration, after reading the sermon of the minister of St. Jude's, were, one should fear, reason-proof. It is difficult to think that the Jesuit Robert himself, did he live in our nineteenth century, and—feeling curious about our smaller theological currency—take in the Penny Pulpit, could have read "Nos. 599—600" of that publication, without feeling somewhat ashamed of his doctrine—without confessing that he had not believed it possible to present it under an aspect of such ludicrous intemperance, and that Van Helmont might, very safely, have left it to be dealt with by Mr. M'Neile.

\* Mesmerism; its history, phenomena, and practice: with reports of cases developed in Scotland. Fraser & Co. Edinburgh; Curry & Co. Dublin. 1843.

every case, the reality of the state of somnambulism, has not been established.

"13. Sleep, produced with more or less promptitude, is a real, but not a constant effect of magnetism.

"14. We hold it as demonstrated, that it has been produced in circumstances in which the persons magnetised could not see, or were ignorant of the means employed to occasion it.

"15. When a person has once been made to fall into the magnetic sleep, it is not always necessary to have recourse to contact, in order to magnetise him anew. The look of the magnetiser, his volition alone, possess the same influence. He can not only act upon the magnetised person, but even place him in a complete state of somnambulism, and bring him out of it, without his knowledge, out of his sight, at a certain distance, and with doors intervening.

"16. d. The greater number of the somnambulists whom we have seen, were completely insensible. We might tickle their feet, their nostrils, and the angle of the eyes, with a feather—we might pinch their skin, so as to leave a mark, prick them with pins under the nails, &c., without producing any pain, without even their perceiving it. Finally, we saw one who was insensible to one of the most painful operations in surgery, and who did not manifest the slightest emotion in her countenance, her pulse, or her respiration.

"17. Magnetism is as intense, and as speedily felt, at a distance of six feet, as of six inches; and the phenomena developed are the same in both cases.

"18. The action at a distance does not appear capable of being exerted with success, excepting upon individuals who have been already magnetised.

"24. We have seen two somnambulists who distinguished, with their eyes closed, the objects which were placed before them; they mentioned the colour and the value of cards, without touching them; they read the words traced with the hand, as also some lines of books opened at random. This phenomenon took place even when the eyelids were kept exactly closed with the fingers.

"25. In two somnambulists we found the faculty of foreseeing the acts of the organism more or less remote, more or less complicated. One of them announced repeatedly, several months previously, the day, the hour, the minute of the access, and of the return of epileptic fits. The other announced the period of his cure. Their pre-visions were realised with remarkable exactness. They appeared to us to apply only to acts or injuries of their organism.

"26. We found only a single somnambulist who pointed out the symptoms of the diseases of three persons with whom she was placed in magnetic connection. We had, however, made experiments upon a considerable number.

"28. Some of the magnetised patients felt no benefit from the treatment; others experienced a more or less decided relief,—viz. one, the suspension of habitual pains; another, the return of his strength; a third, the retardation, for several months, of his epileptic fits; and a fourth, the complete cure of a serious paralysis of long standing.

"30. Your committee have not been able to verify—because they had no opportunity of doing so—other faculties which the magnetisers had announced as existing in somnambulists; but they have communicated in their report, facts of sufficient importance to entitle them to think that the academy ought to encourage the investigations into the subject of animal magnetism, as a very curious branch of psychology and natural history."

Names, as distinguished as any that the medical profession in France has to boast, are appended to the report of which the foregoing are some of the conclusions. It is curious that, while we are so often assured that French physical science repudiated Mesmerism as long ago as 1784, we are generally left to find out for ourselves that she took it into favour again in 1831. But the probability is, that the loudest of our anti-magnetic polemists are possessed of much the same degree of acquaintance with the history as with the doctrine and use of the object of their denunciations.

The Mesmeric states are given by Mr. Lang, after Kluge, who has enumerated them as:—1. the state of waking—sense open; 2. half-sleep, or imperfect crisis—sense closing; 3. magnetic sleep—sense closed; 4. somnambulism, or perfect crisis—sense opening inwardly; 5. self-intuition, or clairvoyance—sense open inwardly; 6. universal lucidity, or ecstasy, also called disorganization—a state of rare occurrence, and of which one may doubt whether it be ever produced by the simple operation of magnetic influences; or whether other causes, wholly independent of these, and only accidentally acting in concert with them, constitute the true ground of it. It is not so much a higher degree of magnetic action, as a state *sui generis*, which present itself in



subjects not Mesmerised, although a condition of Mesmeric lucidity offers peculiar facilities for its development.

Mr. Dove reckons nine stages of Mesmeric affection, as follows: 1. contemplative abstraction; 2. ordinary vigil; 3. ordinary reverie; 4. ordinary dreaming; 5. oblivious sleep (Kluge's magnetic sleep; 6. lucid dreaming; 7. lucid reverie; 8. lucid vigil; 9. devotional ecstasy.

This division is essentially the same as Kluge's, and it may be doubted whether the alteration in the form is for the better. "Devotional ecstasy" belongs, still more emphatically than the "universal lucidity" of Kluge, to an essentially higher order of phenomena, which may open itself spontaneously to the Mesmeric patient, but into which no "passes," nor "volition in faith" of the Mesmerite physician break a forcible way.

In a chapter on the application of Mesmerism to medical science, Mr. Lang places before us the melancholy and humiliating record of the reception which physical truth, in most of her *avatars* and discoveries of herself to men, has met with at the hands of her chosen priests. Galileo greeted with the epithets of "plagiarist! liar! impostor! heretic!" Harvey rewarded for his great discovery with "general ridicule and abuse, and a great diminution of his practice." Sydenham stigmatized as "a quack and a murderer." Ambrose Paré, who first substituted the ligature for boiling pitch in amputations, "hooted and howled down by the faculty of physic, who ridiculed the idea of hanging human life upon a thread, when boiling pitch had stood the test of centuries." The prescribing of antimony made penal by an act of a French *parlement*, passed at the instance of a French college of medicine. Jesuit's bark promptly rejected by Protestant England, as a phase of the "mystery of iniquity." Doctor Groenvelt "committed to Newgate, by warrant of the president of the College of Physicians, for discovering the curative power of cantharides in dropsy." Inoculation denounced by the medical faculty as a murderous folly; and by the theological, as an impious defiance of Providence; and the common people taught to hoot at Lady Mary Wortley Mon-

tague, for introducing it. Vaccination ridiculed by the learned profession of medicine, and discovered by popular preachers of that day to be Antichrist. The Newtonian philosophy, encountering the reception which Doctor Chalmers, in his sonorous Tron-Church-bell style has so chronicled; "authority scowled upon it, and taste was disgusted by it, and fashion was ashamed of it." The project of lighting our cities with gas, declared by Wollaston as insane as one as would be the attempt "to light London with a slice from the moon." Atlantic steam navigation demonstrated by Dr. Lardner to be impossible. Percussion and auscultation treated by the doctors with ridicule," with "absolute indignation," with "silent contempt," pronounced, in grave medical lecture, "nonsense, or worse," and dismissed, one hoped, for ever, with the character of being "just the thing for Elliotson to rave about!"—the said Elliotson, for years after he published his work on prussic acid, "not only ill-spoken-of, for recommending what was useless, but condemned for using dangerous poisons." These cases (and they might be reinforced with a host of similar ones) would almost justify the suspicion, that bigotry is not the exclusive characteristic of *one* of the "learned professions," that there exists a feeling which we might name "*odium collegiale*," of which the much-decried *odium theologicum* is only a modification; that medical men, *as a class*, are not one whit less narrow than priests; are, with far less excuse, (inasmuch as they do not claim for their system the authority of a divine revelation,) quite as ready as these to reject, as bearing in its very novelty evidence of its heretical character, every thing new in therapeutic doctrine or practice—every thing implying that the existing state of their science still leaves room for further development, still admits a possibility of progress—perhaps of correction.

The cases reported by Mr. Lang are, perhaps, as interesting as any that have as yet presented themselves in these countries, but they are too long to be transferred to these pages: that of the "Mesmeriser Mesmerised" is extremely pleasant. The little volume will well repay an attentive perusal.



## TO ENGLAND.

## WRITTEN IN INDIA.

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! I pine to hear once more  
The dashing of the ocean-spray against thy rocky shore ;  
To feel the fresh and cooling breeze bring health upon its wings,  
And press the emerald turf again where many a daisy springs.

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! how often in my dreams  
The scenes I lov'd in youth return—thy wooded hills, thy streams,  
The chalky cliffs that towering rise above the sandy shore,  
The beacon light to warn the ship where furious breakers roar.

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! ah ! how can I forget  
The places where, a merry band, so often we have met ;  
When shouts of laughter told of hearts unconscious of a care,  
And free from all the sorrow that their after-years must bear.

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! where are those children now,  
With eyes of light, and shining hair that wav'd o'er each fair brow ?  
Where are the little feet that once so lightly bounded on,  
Unwearied, all the livelong day, that aye too soon was gone ?

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! there's one of that bright band  
An exile pining to behold once more thy sea-girt land ;  
With yearning heart, and saddened brow, and drooping, wasted form,  
That long hath bowed beneath the weight of many a pelting storm.

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! another of that group  
Hath left thy shore to hearken to the Indian's wild war-whoop ;  
Hath pierced the forest's gloom, and heard the thund'ring waterfall,  
And watch'd the star's calm light shine down between the pine-trees tall.

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! another laughing boy,  
With bright blue eyes, and dauntless heart, all full of tameless joy,  
Hath made the sea his home, and dares the ocean's wildest rage,  
And happiest feels when wind and waves their wildest conflict wage.

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! all, all dispersed are they,  
And ne'er perchance may see the home where pass'd their childhood gay,  
But unforget that happy home through each vicissitude,  
So deeply are their hearts with pleasant memories imbued.

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! oh ! should they ever meet,  
Once more upon thy verdant plains, and hold communion sweet,  
'Though sadly chang'd each form and face, and chill'd each time-worn heart,  
From such deep happiness as this they ne'er again could part.

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! my thoughts are all of thee,  
And of the fondly lov'd ones whom I never more may see ;  
I cannot feel I have a *home* within this torrid clime,  
Despite the palm-trees' waving grace, and fragrant blossom'd lime.

My fatherland ! my fatherland ! there's not a priceless gem  
That sparkles in an Eastern monarch's glitt'ring diadem,  
Would tempt me to forego the hope that I may press once more  
Thy mossy turf, and shady lanes, and ocean-girded shore.

A. A. L.

## ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. F. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &amp;c. &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AT the door of Captain Barecolt's room, Nancy put the candle in his hand, and made him a low courtesy, which might be partly in answer to various civil speeches which the worthy and respectable gentleman had addressed to her as they went up stairs, partly as a hint that she did not intend to go any further in his company; for to say the truth, the nose of the tall captain was not at all prepossessing in Nancy's eyes.

"I want to speak de leetle word wid you, my dear," said Captain Barecolt, taking the candle.

But the girl, however, only dropped him another courtesy, replying—

"Well, sir, what is it? Pray, be quick, for missis will want me."

"Tell me, my dear," said Barecolt, lowering his voice, "what be dat gentleman dat I see come in just now? be who ware what you call teepsy?"

"Oh, he is a lodger, sir," replied Nancy, turning round to go away.

"Stop, stop," said Barecolt, "answer me de other leetle word. Have he got one young lady wid him?"

"Yes sir—no more," replied Nancy.

"And in dis house?" asked Captain Barecolt.

"Yes, sir," rejoined the girl again; "just in there;—he locks the door upon her, the old vermin," she added, not at all approving such an abridgment of female liberty, and looking upon Mr. Dry as but little better than a Turk in the garb of a Calvinist.

"Ah, he be de monstrous big rogue," replied Barecolt. "I tought I see him before; I know him, Nancee, I know him well for one extravagant great tief."

"He is not very extravagant here," answered the maid; "but I must go, sir, upon my word;" and, whisking round, she descended the stairs, at the foot of which her mistress called her into the little parlour, and inquired what that man had been saying to her.

"Oh, he was asking about the gen-

tleman in the chamberlain, ma'am," was Nancy's reply; "and he says he is an extravagant big thief—that he has seen him before, and knows him."

Mrs. White looked at Mr. O'Donnell, and Mr. O'Donnell at Mrs. White, and then the landlady murmured—"He is not far wrong, I fancy," to which Mr. O'Donnell assented by a nod.

In the mean while Captain Barecolt entered his bed-chamber, set down the candle, and stretched his long limbs upon a chair, after which he fell into a fit of thought, not gloomy but profound. He was a man who loved adventures, as the reader is aware, and he saw a wonderful provision of them before him, in which he hoped and expected to have an opportunity of developing many of those vast and important qualities which he attributed to himself—wit, courage, cunning, presence of mind, dexterity of action, together with his wonderful powers of strategy, were all likely to have full means of displaying themselves in the two-fold enterprise of delivering Arrah Neil from the hands of Mr. Dry of Longsoaken, and Lord Beverly from the clutches of Sir John Hotham. He was well contented with what he had done already. To have cheated a governor of Hull, to have obtained his liberty in five minutes, to have passed for a Frenchman, to have cast off the companionship of the embarrassing Mr. Jenkins, were feats of no light merit in his eyes; and he now proposed to go on, step by step, till he had reached the climax of accomplishment; first using art, then daring, and crowning the whole by some brilliant display of courage, which would immortalise him in the eyes of the royalist party.

After he had thus continued to think for about a quarter of an hour, and had arrived at the point of doubting whether he was in fact Julius Cæsar or Alexander the Great, with

some slight suspicion that he might be neither, but Henry IV. of France instead, he opened the door quietly, and without taking the candle, advanced to the head of the stairs, where, bending down his head, he listened for a moment. There was a dull heavy sound of people talking, however; and a man's voice was heard, though the words he used could not be distinguished.

"Ay, that d——d fellow is there still," murmured Captain Barecolt; "if he does not go soon, I'll walk down and cut his throat;" but just as he was turning to go back to his own room, he heard the door of the little parlour—which as it closed with a pulley and a weight, announced its movements by a prodigious rattle—give indications of its being opened, and the voice of Mr. O'Donnell could be distinguished, as he marched out, saying—

"The first thing to be done, however, Mrs. White, is to get her out of this man's hands."

Captain Barecolt waited till the Irishman's footsteps sounded no longer in the hall, and then walking down stairs, proceeded straight into the little parlour, and, much to the astonishment of Mrs. White, seated himself before her, saying in good plain English—

"I think so too, Mrs. White."

"Lord, sir, what do you mean?" asked the worthy landlady.

"I mean, 'the first thing is to get her out of this man's hands,' Mrs. White; so now let me have some supper, and I will tell you all about it."

"Dear me, sir!—Why this is very funny," replied the landlady, with an agitated smoothing of the table-cloth, and a tremulous arranging of the jugs and plates; "I didn't know that any one heard what the gentleman said."

"But I did though, Mrs. White," replied Barecolt; "loud words will always catch long ears."

"Why, lord, sir, you speak as good English as I do," said Mrs. White.

"To be sure I do," answered Barecolt; "I should be a fool if I didn't. But now, my good lady, tell me if I can trust you; for although my own life is a thing that I care nothing about, and is risked every day wherever it can be risked by shot and steel, in the breach and in the field, there is

much more to be perilled by any thing like rashness, than such a trifle as that. There's this young lady's safety and liberty, and I can tell you, that there are a great many very high people, who would give no light reward to those who will set her free from this base caitiff who has got her."

"Dear me," cried Mrs. White, "I wish I had known that before, for here have we been talking of nothing else for the last hour, Mr. O'Donnell and I. Do you know who she is, sir?"

"I know more than I choose to say, Mrs. White," replied Barecolt, who had made it the first principle of his life, from soft childhood to rubicund maturity, never to confess ignorance of any thing, and who had frequently made a significant nod or a wise look pass for a whole volume of information; "but what I ask you is, can I trust you, Mrs. White?—can I trust to your zeal, fidelity, and discretion? as the Duke of Montmorenci asked me, when he was about to take arms for the deliverance of France from the tyranny of Richelieu. I made him a low bow, Mrs. White, laid my hand upon my heart, and said, 'Perfectly, monseigneur;' and if he had taken my advice, he would have now had a head upon his shoulders."

"Lord have mercy," exclaimed Mrs. White, overpowered with the grand and tragic ideas which her strange guest presented to her imagination. "Oh, dear me, yes, sir; you can trust to me perfectly, I assure you. I would risk my house and every thing, rather than not set the poor dear girl free from that nasty old puritanical creature. Why, this was the very first house she came to after she came over from Ireland, though Mr. O'Donnell says they went to Holland first to escape suspicion. Ay, and here her poor mother died."

"Indeed," said Captain Barecolt, drinking in all the tidings that he heard, "I did not know that this was the house, Mrs. White. However I am glad to hear it, a very good house it is and capital wine. You must know then, Mrs. White, since I can trust you fully, that I came into Hull for the express purpose of setting this young lady free, and restoring her to her friends, Lord Walton and his sister." The worthy captain, as the reader will perceive, was never at a

loss for a lie, and indeed the habit of telling the exact truth had been so long abandoned, if ever it was possessed, that the worthy professor of the sword might have found no slight difficulty in avoiding every shade of falsehood which his fertile imagination was continually offering him to embellish his various narratives withal. He had no particular object in deceiving Mrs. White, in regard to the real mode, manner, and object, of his visit to Hull; but it was his general practice to begin by telling the lie first, and leaving the truth as a sort of strong corps of reserve to fall back upon in case of need.

"Dear me, sir," cried Mrs. White, "why Mr. Jenkins told me that you were a Frenchman, who had come over to serve our poor good king against these parliamentary folks, that you had been taken prisoner, and now offer to serve the parliament."

"All a lie, all a lie, Mrs. White," replied Captain Barecolt, "it is wonderful what lies people will tell when it is quite as easy to speak the truth. However, in saying I was a Frenchman, he knew no better, poor silly man, for I pretended to be so in order to carry on my schemes the better. But as I see you are true to the royal cause, I will let you know that I am an officer in the king's service, and have no intention whatever of being any thing else. Neither must you suppose, Mrs. White, that I come here as a spy, for although I hold that, upon certain occasions, the office of spy may become honourable, yet it is not one that I would willingly fill—so now, Mrs. White, as I said before, let me have some supper, and then tell me what is to be done for the deliverance of this young lady?"

Captain Barecolt had risen wonderfully in the estimation of Mrs. White within the last five minutes; and, such is the effect of our mental affections upon our corporeal faculties, that she began to think him by no means so ugly a man as he had at first appeared, his nose reduced itself into very tolerable and seemly proportions in her eyes, the redness thereof became nothing more than a pleasant glow, and his tall figure and somewhat long ungainly limbs, acquired an air of dignity and command which Mrs. White thought very striking.

Bustling about then she prepared to supply him with the comfortable things of this life with great goodwill, and was struck with considerable admiration at the vigour and pertinacity with which he assailed the viands placed before him. She was obliged indeed to call to Nancy to bring a fresh supply. But Captain Barecolt made a significant sign by laying his finger on the side of his nose, which organ might be considered indeed as a sort of telegraph erected by nature with a view to such signals; and he afterwards reminded her, in a low voice, that his incognito must be kept up with all others but herself.

"You are the only confidant I shall make in the town of Hull," he added; "one confederate is quite sufficient for a man of genius, and to every body else I am de same Capitaine Jersval dat came over from France to help de king, but be now villing to help de parliament."

"Lawk, sir, how well you do it," cried the landlady; "but I think you are very right not to tell any one but me, for they are a sad prying, gossiping race in the town of Hull, and you might soon have your secret blown all over the place. But as to poor Miss Arrah, sir, I really do not know what is to be done. I can see very well that Mr. O'Donnell knows more about her than he chooses to say, and I can find that it was through him that the poor lady, her mother, held her communications with Ireland. He won't tell me who she is though, or what was her father's name, or her mother's either, though I tried to pump him as hard as I could. Perhaps you, sir, may be able to tell me?"

"There is such a thing as discretion, Mrs. White," said Captain Barecolt with a sagacious air; but suspecting that Mrs. White had some doubts regarding him and his knowledge of Arrah, and was only trying to ascertain how far his information respecting her really extended, he added, "I suppose the young lady is in bed by this time; but I should be glad, Mrs. White, if you would take the first opportunity of telling her that one of the gentlemen who accompanied Lord Walton from Bishop's Merton, is now in Hull, and will not quit the place without setting her free."

"Oh, bless you, sir, I dare say she

is not in bed," answered Mrs. White, "and if she be, I should not mind waking her to tell her such good news as that—I'll go directly," she continued, shaking her bunch of keys significantly. "The old hunx locks the door and takes away the key, and then gets as drunk as a beast, so that she might starve for that matter; but I can always get in notwithstanding."

"Ay, ay," answered Barecolt, "a landlady is nothing without her pass-key, so run and make use of it, there's a dear woman; and if the young lady's up, I will go and see her now; if she is not, it must be to-morrow morning."

Mrs. White was absent for about five minutes, during which time Captain Barecolt continued his attack upon the cold beef, so that by the time the worthy landlady returned, the vast sirloin looked as if a mammoth had been feeding on it.

"Oh, dear, sir," cried Mrs. White, "she is so glad to hear that you are here! and she would fain get up and go away with you this very night; but I told her that couldn't be, for the gates are closed and locked."

"Locks are nothing to me, Mrs. White," replied the Captain, with a sublime look, "and gates disappear before my hand as if they were made of pasteboard. Did I not, with a single pe-

tard blow, open the Porte Nantoise of Ancenis, which weighed three tons weight, and took two men to move it on its hinges?"

"Lord ha' mercy, sir," exclaimed Mrs. White, "why you are as bad as Sampson."

"A great deal worse," replied the Captain; "but however, I could not go to-night, for there's other business to be done first."

"Oh, ay, yes, sir," she said, "to get the papers, for I do not know whether you are aware that that old puritanical wretch has got all the papers and things out of poor Sargeant Neil's cottage. At least we think so, and I don't doubt in the least that all about poor Miss Arrah is to be found there."

"Nor I either," answered Barecolt, "nor I either, Mrs. White—but can I see the young lady to-night, or must I wait for to-morrow?"

"She will be up in a few minutes, sir," answered the worthy landlady. "She would not hear of waiting, though I told her I could easily get the old man out of the way to-morrow, by sending him a wild goose chase after Hugh O'Donnell."

"Well then," said Barecolt, "you go and see when she is ready, and, in the mean time, I'll finish my supper."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"Come, sir, you must get up," said an officer of the garrison, standing beside the Earl of Beverley, to whom we must now return, as he lay on the floor of the little cabin affecting to be still suffering from sickness. "You must get up and come with me, for we've got a lodging prepared for you hard by here."

The earl pretended scarcely to understand him, and made some answer in broken English, which, though it was not quite so well assumed as the jargon of Captain Barecolt, was sufficiently like the language of a foreigner to keep up the character he had taken upon himself.

"Come, come, you must get up," reiterated the officer, taking him by the arm; and slowly, and apparently feebly, the earl arose and suffered the other to lead him upon deck. It was

by this time dark, but several persons with lanterns in their hands were waiting at the top of the hatchway; and guarded and lighted by them, the earl was led from the vessel into the town, and thence to a small building near the city wall, pierced for musketry, and having a little platform at the top on which was mounted a single cannon. On the side next to the town appeared a door and three windows, and before the block-house, as it was termed, a sentinel was already marching up and down, in expectation of the arrival of the prisoner; but it was with some difficulty that the door was opened to give entrance to the party which now approached. The aspect of the place to which the earl was to be consigned, was certainly not very inviting, especially seen by the light of lanterns in a dark night; and the inner



room to which the guard led him afforded but little means of rendering himself comfortable within those damp and narrow walls. A bed was there, a table, and a chair, but nothing else; and Lord Beverley, still maintaining his character, made various exclamations in French upon the treatment to which the people of Hull thought fit to subject an officer and a gentleman.

"You shall have some meat and beer presently," replied the officer, who understood a few words of the language the prisoner spoke, "but as to a fire, mounseer, that you can't have, because there is no fire-place you see."

The earl shrugged his shoulders with a look of discontent, but prepared to make the best of his situation; and as soon as the meat and beer, which they had promised, was brought, the key turned in the lock, and he was left alone, he sat down by the light of the lantern with which they had provided him, to meditate over his present condition and his future plans, with the peculiar turn of mind which we have attempted to depict in some of the preceding pages.

"This is not a pleasant consummation," he said to himself, "either as regards the king's service, or my safety. However, out of the cloud comes lightning, from the depths of night bursts forth the sun, all bright things are preceded by darkness, and the shadow that is upon me may give place to light. Even here, perhaps, I may be enabled to do more for the cause I have undertaken than if I had reached France. It must be tried at all events. There is nothing like boldness, though one cannot well be bold within these walls," and he glanced his eyes over the narrow space in which he was confined, thinking with a somewhat sad smile, that there was but little room for the exercise of any of those energies which may be called the life of life.

"It is a sad thing imprisonment," he thought. "Here the active being lies dead, and it is but the clay that lives. Vain every great design, fruitless every intention and every effort, idle all speculation, empty every aspiration here! Cut off from all objects on which to exercise the powers of mind or body, the patriot and the traitor, the philosopher and the fool are equal—No," he continued after

a moment's pause, "No, not so!—Truth and honour are happiness even in a dungeon, and the grasp of intellect and imagination can reach beyond these walls, and bring within the narrow limits of the prison materials to build mighty fabrics that the power of tyrants or enemies cannot overthrow. Did not Galileo leave upon the stones that surrounded him bright traces of the immortal spirit? Did he not in the cold cell wander by the powers of mind through all the glorious works of the Almighty, and triumph, even in chains, over the impotent malice of mankind? So may I too; but my first consideration [must be of things more immediate. How shall I deal with this man Hotham? I do not think he would know me disguised as I am now—shall I attempt still to pass for a Frenchman? If I do, perhaps I doom myself to long imprisonment—I wonder where my companion can be, and Ashburnham! 'Tis strange they are not placed in the same prison with myself. Pray heaven they have fared better, for though men say the more the merrier, yet I could not much wish any one to share such a lodging as this. I hope and trust that fellow Barecolt will put a guard upon his tongue. Well said the Hebrew king that it was an unruly member, and never did I know head in which it was less easily governed. He would not betray me, I do believe, but yet in his babble he may do more mischief than a less faithful man. Well, things must take their course. I cannot rule them, and I may as well supply the body's wants since they have afforded me the means."

Thus thinking, he drew his chair to the table, and took some of the provisions which had been brought him, after which he again fell into a deep fit of thought, and then starting up, exclaimed aloud—"There is no use in calculating in such circumstances as these. None can tell what the next minute will bring forth, and the only plan is, to be prepared to take advantage of whatever may happen, for circumstances must be hard indeed that will not permit a wise and quick-witted man to abate their evil, or to augment their good. So I will even go sleep as soon as I can; but methinks the moon is rising," and, approaching the window, which was strongly barred,



he looked out for a few minutes, as the orb of night rose red and large through the dull and heavy air of Hull.

"Where is sweet Annie Walton now," he thought, "and whither is her dear bright mind wandering. Perhaps she is even now looking at the planet, and thinking of him who she believes far away. Yes, surely she will think of me. God's blessing on her sweet heart, and may she soon know brighter days again, for these are sad ones. However, it is some consolation to know that she is unaware of this misadventure. Well, I will go and try to sleep."

He then, after offering his prayers to God—for he was not one to forget such homage—cast himself down upon the bed without taking off his clothes, and in a few minutes was sound asleep. During the two preceding days he had undergone much fatigue, and had not closed an eye for eight and forty hours, so that at first his slumber was as profound as that of a peasant; but towards morning, imagination re-asserted her power, and took possession of his senses even in sleep.

He fancied that he was in Italy again, and that Charles Walton, looking as he had done in early youth, was walking beside him, along a terrace, where cypresses and urns of sculptured stone flanked the broad gravel-walk which overhung a steep precipice. What possessed him he knew not, but it seemed as if some demon kept whispering in his ear, to dare his loved companion to leap down; and though reluctant, he did so, knowing all the while that if his friend attempted it, he would infallibly perish. "Charles," he said, in the wild perversity of the dreaming brain, "dare you stand with me on the top of that low wall and jump down into the dell below."

"Whatever you do, I will do, Francis," the young nobleman seemed to reply, and without waiting for further discussion, they both approached the edge, mounted the low wall, and then leaped off together. The earl's brain seemed to turn as he fell, and every thing reeled before his dizzy sight, 'till at length he suddenly found himself upon his feet at the bottom unhurt, and, instead of his friend, Annie Walton standing beside him, in deep mourning, inquiring, "How could you be so rash, Francis?"

Before he could reply he woke, and gazing wildly round him, saw the sunshine of the early morning streaming through the window, and cheering even the gloomy aspect of the prison.

"This is a strange dream," he thought, seating himself upon the edge of the bed, and leaning his head upon his hands; "a mighty strange dream, indeed! Have I really tempted Charles Walton to take such a dangerous leap, in persuading him to draw the sword for his king? No, no! He could not avoid it—he was already prepared: and, besides, the voice of duty spoke by my lips. Whatever be the result to him or to me, I cannot blame myself for doing that which was right. Weak men judge even their own actions by the results, when, in fact, they should forget all but the motives—and when satisfied that they are just and sufficient, should leave all the rest in the hands of God. I will think of this no more. It is but folly:" and rising, he advanced to the window, before which he heard the sound of people's voices speaking.

The surprise of Lord Beverley was not small at beholding straight before him, the long person and never-to-be-mistaken nose of Captain Deciduous Barecolt, standing side by side with Sir John Hotham, governor of Hull, and apparently upon terms of gracious intimacy with that officer.

Barecolt was at that moment drawing, with the point of a cane upon the ground, a number of lines and angles, which seemed to the eyes of Lord Beverley very much like the plan of a fortification, while three stout soldiers, apparently in attendance upon the governor, stood at a little distance, and looked on in grave and respectful silence. Every now and then the worthy captain seized Sir John by the breast of his coat with all the exaggerated gesticulation of a Frenchman, pointed to the lines he had drawn, held out his stick towards other parts of Hull, shrugged, grinned, and chattered, and then flew back to his demonstration again, with the utmost appearance of zeal and good-will.

"What, in the name of fortune, can the fellow be about!" murmured the earl. "He is surely not going to fortify Hull against the king! Well, I suppose, if he do, it will be easily

taken. That is one comfort. But, on my word, he seems to have made great progress in Hotham's good graces. I trust it is not at my expense—— No, no! He is not one of that sort of men. Folly and vice enough, but not dishonour. I have no small mind to try my eloquence on Hotham too," continued the earl; "I do not think he is so far committed with the parliament, as to be beyond recall to a sense of duty. He used to be a vain, as well as an ambitious man; and, perhaps, if one could but hold out to his vanity and ambition the prospect of great honour and advancement, as the reward for taking the first step towards healing the breaches in his country's peace, by making submission to the king, he might be gained. It is worth the trial, and if it cost me my head, it shall be made."

As he thus pondered, the governor and Captain Barecolt walked slowly on, followed by the three soldiers; and the sentinel before the door of the block-house, re-commenced his perambulations.

"Hollo! monsieur," cried Lord Beverley, from the window; and on the approach of the soldier, he explained to him in a mixed jargon of French and English, that he much wished to have an interview with the governor, adding, that if it were granted, he might communicate something to Sir John Hotham, which he would find of great importance.

"Why, there he stands," cried the soldier, "talking with the other Frenchman," and he pointed with his hand to a spot which the earl could not see, but where the governor had again paused to listen to Captain Barecolt's plans and devices.

"*Allez, allez!* tell him!" cried Lord Beverley; and the man immediately hastened to give the message.

In about three minutes he returned, saying, "he will send for you in an hour or two, monsieur; and in the mean time, here comes your breakfast piping hot."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

MORE than an hour went by, without Lord Beverley hearing any thing farther from the governor—and he was sitting at the table, meditating over his scheme, when his ear caught the sound of voices without.

"Ah, here comes the messenger," he thought, "to summon me to Hotham's presence;" but the moment after, he distinguished the tones of his worthy companion, Barecolt, who exclaimed, apparently addressing the sentinel, "But I must see de block-house, I tell you, sair, it be part of my duttee to see de block-house, and here be de wordy Capitaine Jenkin, one man of de big respectability, who tell you de same ting."

Captain Jenkins grumbled a word or two in confirmation of Barecolt's assertion; but the sentinel adhered steadfastly to his point, and said that the mounseer might do what he pleased with the outside of the place, but should not set his foot within the doors without a special order from the governor, under his own hand.

(Of this permission, limited as it was, Barecolt hastened to take advantage; and having previously ascer-

tained that his companion, Jenkins, did not understand one word of the French language, he approached the window, at which he had caught sight of the face of Lord Beverley, and which was open, declaring that he must look into the inside at all events.

The moment he was near, however, he said to the prisoner, rapidly, but in a low tone, "What can be done to get you out?"

He spoke in French, and the earl answered in the same tongue, "Nothing that I know; but be ready to help me at a moment's notice. Where are you to be found?"

"At the Swan Inn," replied Barecolt, "but I will be with you in the course of this night—I have a plan in my head;" and seeing that Captain Jenkins, who had been speaking a word or two to the sentinel, was now approaching, he walked on, and busied himself with examining the rest of the building.

Not long after he was gone, the earl was summoned before the governor; and with one of the train-bands on each side—for, at this time, Hull could boast of no other garrison—he

was led from the block-house to Sir John Hotham's residence. After being conducted up a wide flight of stairs, he was shown into the same large room in which the examination of Barecolt had taken place. On the present occasion, however, to the surprise, and somewhat to the dismay of the earl, he found the room half filled with people, many of whom he knew—and for an instant forgetting how completely he was disguised, he thought that all his scheme must now fall to the ground, and his immediate discovery take place.

The cold and strange looks, however, that were turned upon him, both by Hotham himself, and several of the officers, to whom the earl was personally known, soon restored his confidence, and showed him that he was far better disguised than he had imagined. Never losing his presence of mind for a single instant, he advanced at once to Sir John Hotham, and made him a low bow, asking if he were the governor? The answer, of course, was in the affirmative, and Hotham proceeded to question him in French, which he spoke with tolerable fluency. With never-failing readiness the earl answered all his questions, giving a most probable account of himself, and stating that he had come over from France with recommendations for the king, in the hope of getting some important command, as it was expected every day at the French court that Charles would be obliged to have recourse to arms against his parliament.

Several of the gentlemen present, who had either been really at the court of France very lately, or pretended to have been so, stepped forward to ask a good number of questions of the prisoner, which were not very convenient for him to answer. He continued to parry them, however, with great dexterity for some time; but at length finding that this sort of cross-examination could not go on much longer, without leading to his detection, he turned suddenly to Sir John Hotham, and asked him in a low voice if the guard had given him the message which he had sent.

"Yes," replied the governor, "I received the message; what is it you have to communicate?"

"Something, sir, for your private ear," continued the earl, still speaking in French; "a matter which you will

find of much importance, and which you will not regret to have known; but I can only discover it to you if you grant me an interview with you alone."

"Faith, I must hear more about you, sir, before I can do that," replied Hotham. "Come hither with me, and I will speak to you for a moment in the window."

Thus saying, he led the way to the further end of the room, where a deep bay-window looked out over the town. The distance from the rest of the company was considerable, and the angle of the wall insured that no distinct sound could reach the other part of the hall; but still Lord Beverley determined, if possible, to obtain a greater degree of privacy, for he knew not what might be the effect of the sudden disclosure he was about to make upon Sir John Hotham.

"Can I not speak with you in another room, sir?" he asked, still using the French tongue.

"That is quite impossible," answered Sir John Hotham; "you can say what you have to say here. Speak low, and no ears but mine will hear you."

The earl looked down, and then raising his eyes suddenly to the governor's face, he said in English—

"Do you know me, Sir John Hotham?"

The governor started, and looked at him attentively for a moment or two, but then replied in a decided tone—

"No, I do not."

"Well, then," replied the earl, "I will try whether I know Sir John Hotham; and whether he be the same man of honour I have always taken him to be. You see before you, sir, the Earl of Beverley, and you are well aware that the activity I have displayed in the service of the king, and the number of persons whom I have brought over to his interest, by showing them that, whatever might be the case in times past, their duty to their king and their country is now the same—you are aware, I say, that these causes have rendered the parliament my implacable enemies; and I do believe, that in confiding, as I do this day to you, instead of keeping up the disguise that I have maintained hitherto, I place myself in the hands of one who is too much a gentleman to

give me up to the fury of my adversaries."

The astonishment which appeared on Sir John Hotham's face, while the earl was making this communication, might have attracted the attention of his son, and the rest of the company, had not his back been fortunately turned towards them. He gazed earnestly on the earl's countenance, however, and at once recollecting his features, wondered that he had not discovered him at once. So transparent did the disguise seem as soon as he had the secret, that he could scarcely persuade himself that the other gentlemen present would be long deceived, and he was only anxious to get the earl out of the room as soon as possible, as he was determined to justify the honourable character attributed to him.

"Say no more, say no more, sir," he replied, smoothing down his countenance as best he might; "we cannot talk upon this subject now. Rest satisfied, however, that you will not be sorry for the trust you have reposed in me, and will find me the same man as you supposed. I will see you again in private whenever I may meet with a convenient opportunity; but in the mean time I am afraid you must content yourself with the poor accommodation which you have, for any change in it would beget suspicion; and I have shrewd and evil eyes upon me here, so I must now send you away at once. Here, guard," he continued, "take the prisoner back. Let him be well used, and provided with all things necessary, but at the same time have a strict eye upon him, and suffer no one to communicate with him but myself."

Lord Beverley bowed and withdrew, and Hotham, with strong signs of agitation still in his countenance, returned to his companions, saying—

"That Frenchman is a shrewd fellow, and knows more of the queen's councils than I could have imagined: but I must go and write a despatch to the parliament, for he has told me things that they will be glad to know; and I trust that in a few days I shall learn more from him still."

Thus speaking, he retired from the hall, and one of the gentlemen present inquired of another who was standing near—

"Did you not think that what they

were saying just now in the window, sounded very like English?"

"Oh," replied Colonel Hotham, "my father's French has quite an English tone. He changes the words, it is true, but not the accent."

In the mean while the earl was carried back to the block-house, and towards evening he received a few words, written on a scrap of paper, telling him that the governor would be with him about ten o'clock that night.

This was a mark of favour and consideration which Lord Beverley scarcely expected, notwithstanding the difference of rank between himself and Sir John Hotham, and the promises of honourable dealing which the latter had made. There were also signs of a willingness to attend to his comfort, which were even more consolatory, in the conclusions he drew from them, than in the acts themselves. Poor Sinbad the sailor, when he fell into the hands of the cannibal blacks, looked upon all the good cheer that they placed before him, as merely the means employed to fatten him, previous to killing and eating him; but as we have never had such anthropophagous habits in Great Britain, even during the great rebellion itself, when the earl saw sundry much more savoury dishes provided for his dinner than he had hitherto been favoured with, and a bottle of very good wine to wash them down withal, he received them as a mark of the governor's good intentions, and an indication that there was some probability of his imprisonment coming to an end by a more pleasant process than a walk to the scaffold.

He eat and drank then with renewed hope, and saw the sun go down with pleasure, totally forgetting Captain Barecolt's promise to see him at night, which, if he had remembered it might have somewhat disturbed his serenity.

I know not whether the people of Hull are still a tribe early in their habits; but certainly such was the case in those days; and towards nine o'clock, or a little after, the noises of a great town began to die away, and silence to resume her reign through the place. The watch, who had a puritanical horror of every thing like merriment, as the reader may have in some degree perceived, took care to

suffer neither shouting nor brawling in the streets of the good city after dark; and though from the windows of the room in which he was confined, the noble earl saw many a lantern pass along, it was still with a sober and steady pace; and with his usual imaginative activity of mind, he amused himself with fancying the character and occupation of the various persons who thus flitted before his eyes, with many a comment and meditative reflection upon every thing in man's fate and nature. The lanterns, however, like the sounds, grew less and less frequent, and near a quarter of an hour had passed, without his seeing one, when at length the clock of the neighbouring church slowly struck the hour of ten, pausing long upon every dull tone which seemed like the voice of Time regretting the minutes that had flown.

In about ten minutes more, the sentry before the block-house challenged some one who approached rather nearer than he thought proper to his post. A signal word was given in reply, and the next moment the sounds of bolts being withdrawn, and keys turned in the lock were heard, announcing the approach of a visitor. The opening door, as the earl expected, showed the stout and somewhat heavy person of Sir John Hotham, who entered with a sort of furtive look behind him, as if he were afraid of being watched.

"Keep at some distance in front," he said, turning to the guard; "and do not let any one, coming from the side of my house, approach within a hundred yards." Thus saying, he shut the door of the room, locked it, and put the key in his pocket; then turning to the prisoner he observed—"It is a terrible thing, my lord, to have nothing but spies about one, and yet such is my case. I do not know what I have done to deserve this."

"It is the most natural thing in the world, Sir John," said the earl, shaking him warmly by the hand; "when perverse, rash, and rebellious men know that they have to deal with a gentleman of honour, who, however much he may be attached to liberty, is well disposed towards his sovereign, they naturally suspect, and spy upon him."

"You judge me rightly, my lord—you judge me rightly," replied Sir

John Hotham; "I have always been a friend equally to my country and my king; and deeply do I lament the discord which has arisen between his majesty and the parliament. But I see you understand my conduct well, my lord, and need not be told that I entertain very different principles from the men who have driven things into this strait. I vow to God I have always entertained the highest affection and sense of duty towards his majesty, and lament deeply to think that my refusing to open the gates of Hull, when the king demanded entrance, will always be considered as the beginning, and perhaps the cause of this civil war, whereas I did it in my own defence.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the earl. "The king is not aware that such is the case; for when many people assured his majesty, that there must have been some error in the business, he has replied often, 'God grant it be so; for I always held Sir John Hotham to be a man of singular uprightness, and well-affected towards myself, until he ventured to shut his gates in his king's face.'"

"Ay, sir," exclaimed the governor, "both the king and I have been greatly deceived; and I will now tell you what I never told to any one, which I will beseech you, when we find means to set you free, to report to his majesty, that he may judge favourably of me. There were certain men, whom I have since discovered to be arrant knaves, and employed by the more furious persons of the parliament to deceive me, who assured me, with every protestation of concern for my safety, that it was the king's intention, as soon as he got into Hull, to hang me without form of trial, farther than a mere summary court-martial."

"It was false, sir; it was false altogether, I assure you," replied the earl. "Nothing was ever further from the king's intention."

"I know it—I know it now," answered Sir John Hotham; "but I believed it at the time. However, to speak of what more nearly concerns you, my lord, I came hither to tell you, that as you have so frankly put yourself in my hands, I will in no degree betray your trust; and I much wish you to consider in what way, and upon what pretext, I can set you at liberty,



so that you may safely go whithersoever you will. But there is one thing you must remember, that the secret of who and what you are, and of my wish to treat you kindly, must be kept inviolably between you and me; for there is not a man here whom I can trust; and especially not my own son, who is one of the worst and most evil-intentioned men, towards the king and his own father, in all the realm."

"The only way that I can see," replied the earl, "will be for me to pass for a Frenchman still; and for you to make it appear, that I am willing to purchase my liberty by giving you, at once, some information regarding his majesty's designs, and obtaining more for you hereafter. But so sure am I of your good intentions towards me, that I fear not to remain here several days, if I may but hope that through my poor mediation, you and the king may be reconciled to each other. It is, indeed, a sad and terrible thing, that a handful of ill-disposed men, such as those who now rule in the parliament, should be able to overwhelm this country with bloodshed and devastation, when the king himself is willing to grant his people every thing that they can rightly and justly demand; and moreover, that they should have the power, when their intention is clearly, not alone to overthrow this or that monarch, but to destroy and abolish monarchy itself, to involve gentlemen of high esteem, such as yourself, in acts which they abhor, and which must first prove disastrous to the country, and ultimately destructive to themselves. Do not let them deceive you, Sir John," he continued: "this struggle can have but one termination, as you will plainly see if you consider a few points. You cannot for a moment doubt, that the turbulence and exactions of these men have already alienated from them the affections of the great body of the people. The king is now at the head of a powerful force, which is daily increasing. A great supply of ammunition and arms has just been received. The fleet is entirely at his disposal, and ready to appear before any place against which he may direct it. And, although he is unwilling to employ foreign troops against his rebellious subjects till the last extremity, yet you must evidently perceive that

every prince in Christendom is personally interested in supporting his majesty, and will do it as soon as asked. Nay, more: I will tell you what is not generally known, that the Prince of Orange is now preparing to come over, at the head of his army; and you may well suppose that his first stroke will be at Hull, which cannot resist him three days."

Sir John Hotham looked somewhat bewildered and confounded by all these arguments, and exclaimed in a musing tone, "How is it to be done?—that is the only question, How is it to be done?"

"If you mean, Sir John," continued Lord Beverley, "how is peace to be restored to the country, methinks it may be easily done; but first I would have you consider, what glory and renown would accrue to that man who should ward off all these terrible events; who, by his sole power and authority, and by setting a noble example to his countrymen, should pave the way to a reconciliation between King Charles and his parliament; and at the same time secure the rights and liberties of the people and the stability of the throne. I will ask you if you are not sure, that both monarch and people, seeing themselves delivered from the horrors of a civil war, would not join in overwhelming him with honours and rewards of all kinds, and whether his name would not descend to posterity as the preserver of his country. You are the man, Sir John Hotham, who can do all this. You are the man who can obtain this glorious name. The surrender of Hull to the king would at once remedy the mistakes committed on both parts, would crush the civil war in the egg, would strengthen the good intentions of all the wise and better men in the parliament, would make the whole country rise as one man, to cast off the treason in which it has unwillingly taken part; and for my own self I can only say, that men attribute to me some influence, both with the king and queen, and that all which I do possess should be employed to obtain for you due recompense for the services you have rendered your country."

Hotham was evidently touched and moved; for so skilfully had the earl introduced every subject that could affect the various passions of which he



was susceptible, that at every word some new pleader had risen up in the bosom of the governor, to advocate the same course that Lord Beverley was urging. Now it was fear that spoke; now hope; now anger at the suspicions entertained by the parliament; now expectations from the king. Pride, vanity, ambition, all had their word; and good Sir John's face betrayed the agitation and wavering of his mind, so that the earl was in no slight hope of speedily gaining one of the most important converts that could be made to the royal cause, when to the surprise of both, the door of the chamber in which they were was violently shaken from without, and a voice was heard muttering, with a tremendous oath:—

"They have taken the key out: curse me if I don't force the lock off with my dagger."

Sir John Hotham started and looked toward the door with fear and trepidation, for he expected nothing less than to see the face of his son, or some other of the violent men, who had been sent down by the parliament; and to say truth, not the countenance of a personage, whose appearance in his own proper person is generally deprecated by even those who have the closest connection with him "sub

rosa," could have been more unpleasant to the governor of Hull. The Earl of Beverley started too, with no very comfortable feelings; for, not only was he unwilling to have his conversation at that moment interrupted, but moreover, dear reader, he recognised at once the tones of the magnanimous Captain Barecolt.

"It is my son, on my life!" cried Hotham, in a low tone. "What, in the fiend's name, is to be done? This insolence is insufferable; and yet I would give my right hand not to be found here! Hark, on my life, he is forcing the lock!"

"Stay, stay!" whispered the earl. "Get behind the bed; but first give me the key. I pledge you my word, Sir John, not even to attempt an escape; and moreover, to send this person away without discovering you. Leave him to me—leave him to me. You may trust me!"

"Oh, willingly — willingly," cried Sir John, giving him the key, and drawing back behind the bed. "For heaven's sake, do not let him find me!"

The earl took the key, and approached the door; but before we relate what followed, we must turn for a moment to explain the sudden appearance of Captain Barecolt.

## CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN BARECOLT was not, according to the old proverb, like a garden full of weeds—for, although he was undoubtedly a man of words, he was also a man of deeds, as the reader may have already remarked, and the deeds which he had performed since we last left him sitting in the parlour of Mrs. White, were manifold and various. His first expedition was to the chamber of Arrah Neil, where the worthy landlady's sense of decorum, as well as her privilege of curiosity, kept her present during the conference.

Poor Arrah, although at one time she certainly had not been impressed with the deepest sense of the personal merits of Captain Deciduous Barecolt, had seen enough of his conduct in the skirmish, which took place at the bridge, to entertain a much higher respect for him than before, and even

had not such been the case, there is something in the very sight of persons whom we have beheld in companionship with those we love, which, by awakening sweet associations—those pleasant door-keepers of the heart—renders their presence cheering to us in the hour of misfortune and distress. Mrs. White, too, upon Captain Barecolt's own statement, had assured Arrah, that he came expressly to deliver her; and she looked upon her escape from the clutches of Mr. Dry, as now quite certain, with the aid of the good landlady, and the more vigorous assistance of Barecolt's long arm, and long sword. She greeted him gladly, then, and with a bright smile; but Barecolt, when he now saw her, could scarcely believe that she was the same person with whom he had marched two days during the advance

from Bishop's Merton, not alone from the change of her dress, though that of course made a very great difference; but from the look of intelligence and mind, which her whole countenance displayed, and from the total absence of that lost and bewildered expression, which had been before so frequently present on her face. Her great beauty, which had then been often clouded by that strange shadow that we have so frequently mentioned, was now lighted up like a fair landscape, first seen in the dim twilight of the morning, when the sun rises upon it in all the majesty of light.

"Do not be the least afraid, my dear young lady," said Captain Barecolt, after the first congratulations of their meeting were over, and he had quieted down his surprise and admiration. "Do not be at all afraid. I will deliver you, if the gates should be guarded by fiery dragons. Not only have I a thousand times accomplished enterprizes to which this of circumventing the dull burgessees of Hull is no more than eating the mites of a cheese off the point of a knife; but here we have to assist us good Mrs. White, one of the most excellent women that ever lived upon the face of this earth. It is true, I have but had the pleasure and honour of her acquaintance for the space of one hour and three quarters; but when you come to consider that I have been called upon to converse, and deal with, and investigate, and examine, in the most perilous circumstances, and in the most awful situations, many millions of my fellow-creatures of every different shade, variety, and complexion of mind, you will easily understand that it needs but a glance for me to estimate and appreciate the excellence of a person so well disposed as Mrs. White."

"Oh, yes!" cried Arrah, interrupting him, "I know that she is kind and good, and will do every thing on earth to help and deliver me. She was kind to me long ago, and one can never forget kindness. But, when shall we go, Captain Barecolt? Cannot we go to-night?"

"That is impossible, my dear young lady," replied Barecolt, "for there are many things to be done in the first instance. These papers, which Mrs. White talks of, they must be obtained

if possible. Has this man got them about him, do you think?"

"I cannot tell," replied Arrah, "I do not even know that he has got them at all. I only know that the cottage was stripped, when I came back, and that they, with every thing else, were gone."

"Oh, he has got them!—He has got them, my dear child!"—cried Mrs. White; "for depend upon it, that if he did not know you were a very different person from Sargeant Neil's grand-daughter, just as well as I do, he would never be so anxious about marrying you—a wizened old red-herring. I dare say, he has got them safe in his trunk mail."

"I will go," said Barecolt, "and cut them out of his heart," and at the same moment he rose, laid his hand upon his dagger, and strode towards the door.

"Don't do him any mischief—don't do him any mischief in my house," cried Mrs. White, laying her hand upon the captain's arm. "Pray, remember, captain, there will be inquiry made, as sure as you are alive. You had better not take them, till you are quite ready to go."

"Thou art a wise woman, Mrs. White," replied Captain Barecolt—"thou art a wise woman, and I will forbear. I will but ascertain whether he have these papers, while he yet lies in the mud of drunkenness, and leave the appropriation of them till an after period."

Thus saying, he quitted the room, and having marked with all his shrewd perception the door which had opened and shut, when the reverend and respectable Mr. Dry, of Longsoaken, was carried tipsy to his bed, he walked straight into his room with a candle in his hand, and approaching the drunken man, gazed on his face, to see that he was still in that state of insensibility to what was passing round him, which was necessary to his present purposes. Mr. Dry was happily snoring unconsciously almost in a state of apoplexy; and approaching a large pair of saddle bags, Barecolt took them up, laid them on a chair, and opened them without either ceremony or scruple. The wardrobe of Mr. Dry was soon exposed to view: a short cloak, a black coat, a clean stiff band, well starched and ironed in

case he should be called upon to hold forth ; a pair of brown breeches and grey stockings ; three shirts of delicately fine linen, and sundry other articles were soon cast upon the ground, and the arm of the valorous captain, plunged up to the elbow in the heart of the bags, searching about for anything having the feel of paper. For some minutes his perquisition was vain, but at length in drawing out his hand suddenly, the knuckles struck against the lining of the bag at a spot where something like a button made itself apparent, and feeling more closely, the worthy captain discovered an inside pocket.

Into that his fingers were soon dipped, and with an air of triumph he drew forth some three sheets of written paper, and carrying them to the candle, examined them minutely. What was his disappointment, however, when the first words that struck his eyes, were : "Habakkuk, ii. 5 ; Chronicles, ii. vii. 9 ; Micah, 6 ; Lamentations, iii. 7 ; Amos, ii. 4.—For three transgressions of Judah, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof."

"The hypocritical old swine," cried Barecolt, "what have we got next, and turning over the page, he looked at the paper which was enclosed in the other, which he found to be something a little more important, namely, a letter from the parliamentary Colonel Thistleton to Mr. Dry, informing him that he would be at Bishop's Merton, on the day after the date thereof, and begging him to keep a watchful eye upon the malignant lord, that no changes might take place till he arrived, thus establishing beyond all manner of doubt worthy Mr. Dry's accessoryship in the visit of the parliamentary commissioners to the house of Lord Walton.

The next paper, which was the only one now remaining, seemed to puzzle Captain Barecolt more than even Mr. Dry's list of texts. It was evidently a paper of memoranda, in his own hand-writing, but so brief that, without some clue, little could be made of it. At the top stood the name of Hugh O'Donnell ; then came the words, "Whose daughter was her mother?" Below that was written—"Are there any of them living? What's the county? Ulster, it would

seem. Sequestered? or attainted? Where did the money come from? How much a year? What will he take?"

Bearing this away, after having made another search in the bag, and thrown it down upon the scattered articles of clothing, which remained upon the floor, worthy Captain Barecolt retraced his steps to the room of Arrah Neil, and there, with the fair girl herself, and the worthy landlady, he pored over the paper, and endeavoured to gain some farther insight into its meaning.

Conjectures enough were formed ; but with them we will not trouble the reader—suffice it, that Captain Barecolt determined to copy the paper, which being done, he replaced it with Mr. Dry's apparel in that worthy gentleman's bags, and then left him to sleep off his drunkenness, wishing him heartily that sort of sickening headache, which is the usual consequence of such intemperance as he had indulged in that night.

To Arrah Neil he subsequently explained that his various avocations in the town of Hull would give him enough to do during the following day, but that he did hope and trust, about midnight, or very early the next morning, to be able to guide her safely forth from the gates of Hull, together with a friend of his who, he explained to her, was still a captive in the hands of the governor.

After bidding her adieu, he descended once more to the little parlour of Mrs. White, and there held a long and confidential conference with her regarding his proceedings on the following day. He found the good lady all that he could have desired, a stanch royalist at heart, and thoroughly acquainted with the character, views, and principles, of a multitude of the officers and soldiers of the train-bands. She told him whom he could depend upon, and whom he could not ; where, when, and how they were to be found, and what were the best means of rendering them accessible to his solicitations. She also furnished him with the address of Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, and having gained all this information, the worthy captain retired to bed to rise prepared for action on the following day.

Profound were his slumbers. No

dream shook the long and cumbrous body that lay there like some colossal column fallen on the sands of the desert, and he scarcely moved or stirred a finger till the morning light peeped with her grey eye in at the window, when up he started, rubbing his head and exclaiming, "There's the trumpet, by —."

It was the first vision he had had, but in a moment or two he was wide awake again, and remembering his appointment with the governor of Hull, he plunged his head into cold water, wiped it with the towels provided, drew his beard into a neat point, and putting on his clothes, again descended to seek for some breakfast before he set out.

He had not got through half the flagon of beer however, nor demolished above a pound of beef, when Captain Jenkins arrived, and found him speaking execrable English to Nancy, in order to hurry her with some fried eggs, which she was preparing as an addition to the meal.

"Begar, I never was see such woman as de English cooks. Dem can no more make de omlet dan dey can fly. Vait but von leetle meenute, my dear Captain Jenkin, and I go wid you."

"I can't wait," said Captain Jenkins, in a rough tone, "it's time to be there now. If you had lodged at the Rose, we should not have had half so far to go."

"Ah, dat is very true, dat is very true," cried Barecolt, "I lodge dere anoder time, but if we must go, why den here goes," and putting the tankard to his mouth, with one long and prodigious draught he brought the liquor within to the bottom. Being then once more conducted to the presence of the governor, he was detained some little time while Sir John gave various orders and directions, and then set out with him upon a tour of the fortifications, followed, as we have represented the party, by three stout soldiers, Captain Jenkins having been dismissed for the time. If Barecolt, however, had won upon the governor during their first interview, on this second occasion he ingratiated himself still further with the worthy officer. Nor, indeed, was it without cause, that Barecolt rose high in the opinion of Sir John, for he had his

own sense of what was honest and right, though it was a somewhat twisted and perverted one, and he would not, on any account, so long as his advice was asked, and likely to be taken, have given wrong and dangerous counsel upon the pretence of friendship and service.

He pointed out then to the governor, with great shrewdness and discrimination, numerous weak points in the defences, gave him various hints for strengthening them without the loss of much time, and while pausing before the block-house, in which he knew Lord Beverley was confined, he drew upon the ground the plan of a small fort, which he showed the governor might be very serviceable in the defence of the town upon the river side.

Having now gone nearly half round the walls, and being pressed by hunger as much as business, Sir John returned to break his fast, and once more placed Captain Barecolt under the guidance of Jenkins, adding a hint, however, to the latter, that his suspicions of the Frenchman were removed, and that every assistance was to be given him in carrying into execution the suggestions he had made.

Barecolt's difficulty now was, how to get rid of his companion, but as the citizen-soldier was somewhat pursy and heavy in his temperament, our worthy friend contrived, in the space of a few hours, to cast him in such a state of perspiration and fatigue by rapid motion from one part of the town to the other, that he was ready to drop. In the course of these perambulations, he led him, as we have seen, once more past the block-house, in order to confer for a moment with Lord Beverley, after which he brought him dexterously into the neighbourhood of his own dwelling, and then telling him if he would go and get his dinner, while he did the same, they would meet again in two hours at a spot which he named.

The proposal was a blessed relief to the captain of the trainbands, who internally promised himself to take very good care to give the long-legged Frenchman as little of his company as possible.

Barecolt, however, though his appetite, as the reader knows, was of a capacious and ever-ready kind, sacri-

ficed inclination to what he considered duty, and hastened, without breaking bread, to seek two of those persons, whom Mrs. White had pointed out to him as worthy of all confidence, and likely to engage in the adventure which he had in hand.

He had some difficulty, however, in making the first of these, who was an Ancient of the trainbands, and well-affected to the king, repose any trust in him—for the man was prudent and somewhat suspicious by nature, and he entertained shrewd doubts as to the honesty of Captain Barecolt's purpose towards him. He shook his head, assumed a blank and somewhat unmeaning countenance, vowed he did not understand, and when the worthy captain spoke more plainly, told him that he had better take care how he talked such stuff in Hull.

On this hint Barecolt withdrew, suspecting that the information he had received from his landlady was not the most accurate in the world. He resolved, however, to make another effort, and try to gain assistance from the second person she had mentioned, though he, having displayed his loyalty somewhat too openly, was not one to be placed in a situation of confidence by the officers of the parliament.

This man, who was a sign-painter by trade named, Falgate, was found, with much difficulty, living up two pair of stairs in a back street; but when Captain Barecolt had climbed to his high abode, he found a personage of a frank and joyful countenance hewing away at the remains of a leg of mutton in the midst of a large wooden trencher, and washing his food down with copious draughts of what seemed very good beer. His propensity towards these creature-comforts was a favourable omen in the eyes of our worthy captain; but he was joyfully surprised when good Diggory Falgate started up, with his mouth all shining with mutton fat, and embraced him heartily, exclaiming "Welcome, my noble captain. I have been expecting you this last hour."

He proceeded, however, speedily, to explain, that he had looked in at the Swan a short time before, to take his morning draught, and that the good landlady had given him information of Captain Barecolt's character and objects.

With him all arrangements were very easy. Diggory Falgate was ready for any enterprize that might present itself, and with the gay and dashing spirit which reigned amongst cavaliers of high and low degree, he was just as willing to walk up to a cannon's mouth in the service of the king, as to a tankard of strong waters on his own behalf—to cut down a roundhead, to make love to a pretty maiden, to spend his money, or to sing his song.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he exclaimed, as Barecolt intimated to him the rebuff that he met with from the ancient of the trainbands, "Billy Hazard is a cunning rogue. I'll bet you a pint of sack that he thought you some round-head come to take him in. Stay here, stay here, and finish my tankard for me. I'll run and fetch him, and you will soon see a difference."

Barecolt willingly agreed to play the part he proposed, and before he had made free more than twice with the large black jug which graced his new friend's table, Falgate had himself returned followed by his more sedate and cautious acquaintance.

"Here he is, here he is, as wise as a whipping-post," exclaimed the sign-painter, "which receives all the lashes and never says a word. There sits Captain Barecolt, ancient Hazard; so to him, and tell him what you will do to serve the king."

"A great deal," replied Hazard. "I beg your pardon, sir, for giving you such a rough answer just now, but I did not know you."

"Always be cautious, always be cautious, mine ancient," replied Barecolt; "so will you be a general in time, and a good one; but now let us to business as fast as possible. You must know that there's a prisoner——"

"Ay, I know, in the block-house," cried Diggory Falgate, "and he is to be taken out to-night. Isn't it so, noble captain? Now I'll bet you three radishes to a dozen of crowns that this is some man of great consequence."

Barecolt nodded his head.

"Is it the king?" asked Falgate in a whisper.

"Phoo, nonsense," cried Barecolt. "The king's at the head of his army, and, before ten days are over, will march into Hull with drum and co-



lours, will hang the governor, disband the garrison, and overthrow the walls. Why the place can no more hold out against the power that the king has, than a fresh egg can resist the side of a frying-pan. No, this gentleman is a man of the greatest consequence, in whom the king places the greatest reliance, and he must be got out at all risks. If you can but get rid of that cursed guard, if it be but for ten minutes, I will do all the rest."

"That will be no difficult matter," replied Hazard, after thinking for a moment. "Here, Diggory and I will manage all that, but how will you get him out of the town when you've done?"

"That's all arranged already," replied Barecolt, "I have a pass for visiting the walls and gates at any hour between sunrise and sunset, to inspect and repair the fortifications, forsooth. I will manage the whole of that matter, but how will you contrive to get away the guard?"

Diggory and his companion consulted for a moment together, and at

length the former clapped his hands, exclaiming "That will do! that will do! Hark ye, Captain Barecolt, we are not particularly strict soldiers here, and I will get the fellow away to drink with me."

"He won't do it," exclaimed Barecolt. "It's death by the law."

"Then I'll quarrel with him," replied Diggory, "and, in either case, up comes mine ancient here, rates him soundly, and relieves him of his guard, sends him back to the guard-house, and bids him send down the next upon the roll. In the mean while you get your man out, and away with him, locking the door behind you; and no one knows any thing of the matter."

"It will do, it will do," cried Barecolt, and, after some further conversation, in which all the particulars of their plan were arranged, Barecolt took his leave, appointing them to meet him at the Swan that night towards ten o'clock, and proceeded on his way to seek out the house of Mr. Hugh O'Donnell.

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## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. XXXIV.

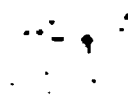
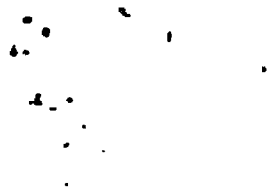
WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

THE man who in some golden eventide has walked along the shores of the Great Deep, and watched the sun, after a day of darkness and tempest, gradually sinking in the horizon, until at length its bright disc is hidden altogether in the blue caverns of the ocean, must possess a bosom indeed cold, if he muses not a while on the scene which he has just witnessed. Around him roll the waves, no longer crested with the sunshine, but bearing on their brows the dark shadow of the coming night ; before his eyes is spread a vast expanse of water, mingling far off in the distance with the heavens, and offering to the contemplative heart a type of the wide waters of eternity. Silence is in the sky, and by the sandy beach ; the ripple of the billow is the only sound that breaks at intervals upon his ear. Slowly and solemnly he paces there, wrapt in reflection, and worshipping in thought the majesty of nature. Anon the sky becomes darker, and the stars walk forth like young brides, all beautiful and gay ; and lastly, comes the moon, shining as an angel of poetry, wakening up all the fair and celestial feelings of his soul, making him in love with all creation and created beings, and bringing him, for an interval, under that seraph-like and virtuous spell which every spirit has sometimes felt, and which exalts it for a moment to a kindred with things of ethereal essence. And thereupon the man rests and ponders long.

Like the imaginary picture we have drawn, is the course of genius. Like that sun it speeds onward in majesty and splendour ; the hurricane and cloud may wrap it from our eyes, but it shines not the less magnificently in its own place ; brightness is in its starry path, and power in its footsteps ; like that sun again it performs its course, and fades away into the Abyss of Space ; like it is followed by the bright moon, a symbol of the fame which survives its departure. For as the moon is the reflection of the sun's glory, so is fame the reflection of Genius, and both are immortal.

It would be difficult to find any one to whom the foregoing similitude would better apply, than to the late William Maginn, so long the leading periodical writer of his day—the kind friend, the affectionate and delightful companion—the *man*, in all the noblest senses of the word. Crossed, and darkened, and embittered by clouds, as many a sunny day has been, was his career while he lived ; sorrow had cast her shadow over his soul ; poverty and neglect lay upon him like an eclipse ; the Hope, which in the morning of his manhood rose resplendently in the distance, and cast around his path imaginary triumphs, trophies, and applause, had disappeared as he proceeded, and like the mirage of the desert, left only wretchedness and disappointment ; one by one he had observed those who commenced life with knowledge and intellect far inferior to his own, with prospects less brilliant, and recommendations less powerful, outstrip him in the race, and bear away the honours and rewards, while to him there fell but a scanty apportionment of either ; calumny had added materially to the list of his errors, exaggerating those that were but ordinary, and inventing where she could not find a sin, and sneer and sarcasm from the meanest quarters, had done their worst against his character ; his heart had begun to grow old and a-weary of the world, and that innate sunshine of the mind which never deserted him, but was present even in the gloomiest circumstances, scarcely supported him amid the many troubles that sprang up like tempests in his path ;—but immediately he was dead, his loss was lamented by universal assent, as if it had been some national calamity ; the many who had been politically opposed to him during his whole life, deplored his decease as if one of their own kindred had fallen ; Genius came and wept over his bier ; Envy masked her bitterness, and followed among his mourners ; even those who had pursued him while living, with slander, did not dare to utter one word of detraction over his grave, and his fame at length arose and hovered about his tomb like the silver





moonlight, there to remain while his country has a name, and her language and literature are appreciated. And it might be said of him as truly as it was of the illustrious Agrippa, *ὅς τις τοῦτο εἰς πᾶσι τοῖς Ἀγριππῶν ὁμίᾳ ἀλλὰ καὶ παντὶ τῶν τοῦ Ρωμαίου ὅμιλῳ*—"his death appeared not the private loss of his own family, but the public affliction of the entire realm."<sup>•</sup> Let the fact live, and go down to all posterity. It does more honour to the literary men of the present day than any thing that has fallen within our knowledge for a considerable period.

In our present paper it is our intention to inweave a few biographical memoranda of Maginn, with some critical observations which have been suggested by a perusal of his writings. These are many and diversified, scattered through numerous magazines and reviews, some of which are still flourishing, some extinct, some in the last stage of decomposition, and are, from peculiar circumstances, better known to ourselves than most other readers or writers of periodical literature. Their variety proves the amazing versatility of his mind—their excellence is an emblem of its wealth and beauty. Poetry, romance, and criticism, parody, translation, and burlesque—of these there are enshrined amid the vast collection of his compositions, examples as perfect and splendid as any in the language, and such as if presented to the world at one view could not fail to astonish, to gratify, and to instruct it. With this conviction indeed, it was at one period our wish to draw up a complete memoir for the purpose of being prefixed to a collected edition of his works, and in which might be preserved a picture for posterity of the man as he really was, and some relation of those transcendent stores of knowledge that he possessed; of the illumination of genius which he brought to bear upon every subject, grave or gay, that presented itself to his notice; of the structure of his mind, and the circumstances of his career. Our expectations on this point were sanguine, and seemed likely to be fulfilled. Already did we behold far off in the distance, the works of Maginn (a goodly collection of octavos) taking their place beside those of Swift and Lucian, and referred to as authorities in the canons of criticism, and translation, and historical anecdote, or consulted for their attractions of wit and humour. But on further experience it was found that this wish was of too Elysian a nature to be gratified. Our own avocations in a profession more splendid, stately, and exalted than that of literature, formed the first obstacle to an undertaking which, on examination, it was discovered, would take a considerable time to complete, and interfere more materially than was desirable with severe studies. Booksellers also were inexorable, and were unwilling to enter on a speculation so extensive and so hazardous as a republication of all Maginn's writings. Selections from the great mass were suggested, but it was felt that to engage in such would be, considering the excellence of the entire, thoroughly disgraceful, and dishonourable to the memory of so distinguished a man, and that no one who cared for his reputation with the future age would either counsel such a project, or lend his hand to its support. Other matters also intervened. In biography, as in all other matters, *truth* should be the guiding star; and to present to the world a portrait of a man's actions, without at the same time showing the rocks upon which he was wrecked, or the errors he committed, is to be a panegyrist, not the writer of a life. It is like the delicacy of Apelles, who painted Antigonus in profile, that he might hide the loss of one of his eyes,† and to our mind appears not only an omission but even a crime. It was not in this way the ancients acted, and as they are in all things models of perfection, so ought they to be in this. Throughout the entire range of antique treasures there is but one (the *Cyropædia*) which exhibits the hero without a stain; and this, we are told by Cicero, was intended to be the effigy of a just emperor, not the reality of sober truth.‡ For these reasons, therefore, the composition of such a work must be

• Dio Cassius, lib. 54.

† Habet in picturâ speciem tota facies. Apelles tamen imaginem Antigoni latere tantum altero ostendit, ut amissi oculi deformitas lateret.—QUINTIL. lib. II. cap. 13.

‡ Cyrus ille a Xenophonte non ad historię fidem scriptus, sed ad effigiem justı imperiı.—CIC. Epist. ad QUINT.

deferred until circumstances more favourable occur for its completion, until the whole truth can be disclosed, and the failings of Maginn traced to their full and foul source ; and in the meantime, as some memorial to the man, the following little sketch is offered to supply a chasm in our literary history, and to gratify the curiosity of the many who admire the writings of the Doctor, and still fondly venerate his memory.

There is scarcely a single point of view in which we contemplate the intellectual character of Maginn, that we are not struck with admiration, with reverence, and with regard. As a poet, he has left behind him writings that breathe of the divinity of genius, and would be sure to immortalise his name, had he bequeathed no other memorials of his intellect, realising as they do, almost to the letter, the praise of Proclus† in his dissertation on Plato, *Πατρὶν Ποιητικῆς ἔξιν διάλαμπόυσαν*, *the lineaments of poetry in all their lustre!* As a scholar he was perhaps the most universal of his time, no subject being unknown to him, or beyond the reach of his reading ; far more various in his learning than Voltaire, far more profound and elegant than Johnson ; rivalled, perhaps, only by Peter Bayle, or that erudite old man, James Roche of Cork, whose wonderful memory and riches of scholarship, now comparatively unknown, will be the delight of some future time. As a political writer he was once pronounced, by no mean authority, to be "the greatest in the world," and although perfection in that attainment is scarcely worth the ambition of a lofty mind, it would be hard to name any other author of the present time, except Sydney Smith, who was at once so witty, so philosophical, so elegant and earnest in political discourses.

As a conversationist he was known for the liveliness of his fancy, the diversity of his anecdotes, the richness and felicity of his illustrations, the depth and shrewdness of his truths, the readiness of his repartee, and the utter absence of any thing like dictation to those who came to listen and be instructed ; *idem lætus et præsens, jucundus et gravis tum copia, tum brevitate mirabilis.*‡ Lastly, as a man, he possessed the most child-like gentleness and simplicity, the greatest modesty, the warmest heart, the most benevolent hand, with the most scanty means. From faults he was not free, from wild irregularities he was not exempt. But great genius is seldom perfect ; its excesses must be forgiven when they are counterbalanced by fine qualities. "*Summi enim*," says Quintilian, "*sunt homines tantum.*" The rock upon which Steel and Burns split, the sole blot upon Addison, the only stigma upon Charles Lamb, that which exiled Fox from the cabinet of England, and reduced Sheridan to poverty and shame, was the ruin too of the late William Maginn. But let us draw over it the veil of charity, and remember that he was a man. Let us remember also that he had the misfortune to render applicable to him the bitterest part of the Epigram of Philpides, *δαίμον γυναικ' ἐγάμας.*§

Originality, the distinctive attribute of genius, he possessed in no ordinary degree ; and whether we examine his criticisms or his maxims, grave or gay, his translations or his songs, his tales or his humorous compositions, we shall find that to no one preceding writer is he much indebted for his mode of thought and style. He resembles Aristophanes, or Lucian, or Rabelais, more perhaps than any modern author ; he has the same keen and delicate raillery, the withering sarcasm, the strange and humorous incident, the quaint learning, the bitter scorn of quackery and imposture, the grave and laughable irony, the profound and condensed philosophy of this illustrious triad ; but the grossness and obscenity, the loose and depraved sentiments, the utter defiance of modesty

\* Dissert on the Πολιτεία. (p. 403.) "Lineaments" is scarcely a true translation, of ἔξιν, but it comes nearest to our meaning.

† Quintil. lib. x. c. i.

‡ We insert the entire here. Unfortunately the sole-redeeming quality, money, with which the sly old Greek consoles his friend, was not to be found in poor Maginn's case.

*Λιχραὶ γυναῖκα ἱγάμας, ἀλλὰ πλοῦσιαι.  
Καθὼδ' ἀφ᾽ αὐτοῦ, ἡδὼς μασσωμένοις.*

and decorum, which their ordinary imitators substitute for wit and wisdom, he does not possess in the slightest degree. Nothing can be more sly than his satire—nothing, when he wishes it, more terrific or more scathing; but it is always clothed in the robe of decency, and does not ever disgust. Even Swift has not equalled him in sarcasm, though in the power of irony he may be entitled to more praise, as having preceded Maginn. Read any subject on which the Doctor has written, and afterwards examine how it is treated by other men; then will be seen the superiority of his intellect. For although his view of it be different from that of any other person—an eccentric or a satirical one for instance—he still clothes it with such new light, he illuminates it so brilliantly from the golden lamp of his own intellect, and displays withal such admirable common sense in all he says, that the reader will derive from his odd, hasty, but masterly delineations, a more perfect idea of the matter in question, than from the most profound and laboured, and even learned disquisitions of others. As instances of this quality, may be cited his famous Essay on Dr. Farmer's *Learning of Shakspeare*, and his still more famous papers on Southey's strange performance, *The Doctor*. Contrast either of these with any other compositions on the same theme, and then indeed you will be convinced of what we have advanced. For his refutation of Farmer's Essay, which in most peoples' hands would be little better than a dry piece of criticism and archæological investigation, is as enchanting as a romance; and his Essay on *The Doctor*, displays more learning, more fun, more philosophy, and more beauty, in a small compass, than the Laureate's five volumes:—

“Duplex libelli dos est quod risum movet,  
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.”—PÆDRUS.

So that if ever any man after Rousseau was entitled to Sir William Jones's elegant summary of that fine genius, “whose pen, formed to elucidate all the arts, had the property of spreading light before it on the darkest subject, as if he had written with phosphorus on the sides of a cavern,”\* most assuredly that man was William Maginn.

As a scholar he has been compared to Porson, but, extensive as were his acquirements and deep his knowledge of the dead languages, he did not equal, or indeed approach, that renowned critic. Neither could he have hoped to do so, without devoting a life to the study and his whole heart to the single object—a thing, it need not be added, to be expected from any man in the world sooner than Maginn; for his genius was too noble, his mind too volatile, to chain itself down to such miserable drudgery; and the most dazzling prospects would scarcely have kept him steady in one pursuit for a twelvemonth. But few men, apart from those who are cloistered from year to year in the learned solitude of colleges, and whose especial profession is scholastic literature, possessed a more deeply-founded acquaintance with the standard writers of Greece and Rome, or a more extensive knowledge of the best authors in the modern continental languages; and this wealth of erudition it was which enabled him so beautifully to decorate those papers which he composed the quickest, and make them, in the words of Thucydides,† *Κρίματα ἰς ἀπὸ μᾶλλον ἢ ἀγωνίσματα ἰς τὸ παραχρῆμα ἀνοῖν*—“treasures for all posterity, rather than exercises for present and temporary perusal.” His fine knowledge of the Greek is best demonstrated by his admirable and witty translations from Lucian and his *Homeric Ballads*, which for antique dignity and faithfulness are unsurpassed by any versions in our language, and will carry his name down to all time with that of Pope; the one being like a sculptor who relies solely on the simple and unstudied grandeur of the naked figure; the other resembling a statuary who enchants every eye by the gorgeous drapery in which he invests the marble, and the picturesque adjuncts with which he surrounds it. Both are entirely distinct, and both inimitable in their way. One is a translation—the other a paraphrase. Those who wish to know what and how Homer wrote, must read Maginn—those who seek to be delighted

\* On the musical modes of the Hindoos.

† Thucydides, A. 27 56.



with *the Iliad*, must peruse Pope. The first may be illustrated by the Parthenon of Athens, a model of severe beauty, standing alone upon its classic hill, amid the wild olives, and under the crystal skies of Hellas; the second by the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, where every extraneous ornament of price or brilliancy—painting, sculpture, cameos of gems and gold, perfume and stately arras—is added to give lustre to the temple. No one but a scholar could have completed the former—Pope was able to accomplish the latter.

Of Latin translations we do not know that he has left any specimens except some humorous paraphrases of the Odes of Horace, in the style of Swift and Pope; but he has composed several songs in that language, on the humour and excellence of which we need not dilate, as we mean to offer one or two examples before we close. He was versed in Hebrew, he was a master of Italian, French, and German; and so well acquainted was he with the leading writers of these countries, that he could tell you in a moment, and with unerring correctness, the characteristics for which each was distinguished. He was more attached to scholia and scholiasts than might have been expected, and was a most excellent judge of meters. We never found him wrong but once, and our discussions with him on subjects of classic lore were neither short nor unfrequent. He possessed an almost inexhaustible fund of quotation from old writers; but of late years, when his fame and reputation for knowledge were fully established, he drew upon it sparingly; yet the allusions in which he indulges, as if inadvertently, betray the wonderful research of his studies, and render his works worthy of the praise which Fabricius passed upon the *Bibliotheca* of Photius. *Non liber, sed insignis thesaurus*—"not a book, but an immortal treasury."

His poetical compositions are of the sparkling order of Swift, and possess much of the sprightliness of Lafontaine, without any of the immodesty which tarnishes it. No writing did he ever publish which might make a mother curse his memory for the errors of her child, or husband attribute to him the destruction of a once virtuous wife. All his songs are modest and decorous, flashing with radiant fun, insphering, as it were, the very spirit of jest and humour; and though many are marked by that vein of exquisite libel in which the Dean of St. Patrick's so gloriously shone, we believe the very first to laugh at their prodigality of wit would be the persons who are themselves made the objects of his arrows. But he has occasionally written in a higher spirit, and for grander ends; and several of his more serious lyrics are worthy of a Tyrtaeus, or Burns, or Proctor, the greatest of all living song writers. To one of these we may refer; it is entitled "The Soldier Boy," and runs as follows:—

"I give my soldier-boy a blade,  
In fair Damascus fashioned well;  
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,  
Who first beneath its fury fell,  
I know not, but I hope to know  
That for no mean or hireling trade,  
To guard no feeling base or low,  
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm, and clear, the lucid flood  
In which its tempering work was done,  
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,  
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun;  
For country's claim, at honour's call,  
For outraged friend, insulted maid,  
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,  
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,  
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,  
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,  
Are gone with all their flame and noise—  
And still the gleaming sword remains;  
So, when in dust I low am laid,  
Remember, by those heart-felt strains,  
I gave my soldier-boy a blade."

Perhaps the English language does not contain any thing more terse or noble : it is worth a hundred Irish melodies, and a thousand Oriental Romances. To this may be added his third part of *Christabel*, which is a more spirited and weird-like conclusion than the author himself might have drawn, and perhaps it was a consciousness that he could not exceed this finale of the Doctor, which prevented Coleridge from attempting the completion. As a parodist he was inimitable—perhaps the greatest that ever lived.

His manners, devoid of all affectation, simple and unstudied, were singularly engaging. No robe of reserve did he draw round him, like too many men of celebrity, whose silence is perhaps the best safeguard of their fame. None of these absurd misanthropic monkey airs, which almost established the reputation of Byron, and certainly veiled the poverty of his mind, did he ever display. He maintained a certain boyishness of heart and character to the very last, and though his knowledge of mankind was extensive and accurate, he could be as easily deceived, as if he were only a raw youth. There was a snowy candour in his manner, which lent a perfect charm to all he said and did, and the most unlettered person felt as much at ease in his company as the most learned. He was, indeed, as Burke said of Fox, “a man made to be loved;” and seldom has any one passed through such a life as his, without leaving foes to his memory, and enemies to his fame. The real character of the man, so different from the fanciful pictures drawn of him by those who had never seen him, often led people into amusing mistakes, at which Maginn himself was the first to laugh. Well does the writer of this notice recollect the feelings with which he first wended to the residence of his late friend. He was then but a mere boy, fresh from the university, (thee, dear old Trinity College!) with scarcely any knowledge of the world, but with a plentiful store of notions about men and books, which were as inaccurate as those of George Primrose, when he set out on his expedition after fame and wealth, and travelled to London in search of a patron. He had received, from a relative of the doctor, a note of introduction, which he sent with no unthrobbing heart to the celebrated man. In a day or two after, Maginn called at his chambers in the Temple, but the writer was, unluckily, absent on one of those boating excursions on the silver Thames, which he preferred, at that time, to all the enchantments of Coke and Blackstone. He, however, sent a brief note to the doctor, stating that he would visit him on such a day. He went, and was shown up stairs; the doctor was not at home, but was momentarily expected. Many a dreadful picture of the literary lion did he form. He imagined to himself, a tall, reserved, pedantic-looking man, with the grimness of an Irish fire-eater about him, a cold and grave eye, a stoical demeanour, and an artificial stiffness, such as we see in the pictures of those erudite critics, the Scaligers, or Barthius, or Erasmus. He almost feared to remain, so apprehensive was he of the scathing glance with which he was persuaded Maginn would look through his very soul. He wondered what he should say, or how look, in the presence of the celebrated Sir Morgan O'Doherty, whose prowess was acknowledged, not only in the highest walks of literature, but also in the field of honour and of blood. Suddenly, when his heart almost sunk within him, a light step was heard ascending the stairs—it could not be a man's foot—no, it was too delicate for that—it must, certainly be the nursery-maid. The step was arrested at the door, a brief interval, and Maginn entered. The spell vanished like lightning, and the visitor took heart in a moment. No formal-looking personage, in customary suit of solemn black, stood before him—but a slight, boyish, careless figure, with a blue eye, the mildest ever seen—hair, not exactly white, but of a sunned snow colour—an easy, familiar smile—and a countenance, that you would be more inclined to laugh with, than feel terror from. He bounded across the room with a most unscholar-like eagerness, and warmly welcomed the visitor, asking him a thousand questions, and putting him at ease with himself in a moment. Then, taking his arm, both sallied forth into the street, where, for a long time, the visitor was in doubt whether it was Maginn, to whom he was really talking as familiarly as if he were his brother—or whether the whole was a dream. And such, indeed, was the impression generally made on the minds of all strangers—but, as in the present case, it was dispelled instantly the living original appeared. Then was to be seen the kindness and gentleness

of heart which tinged every word and gesture with sweetness ; the suavity and mildness, so strongly the reverse of what was to be expected from the most galling satirist of the day ; the openness of soul and countenance, that disarmed even the bitterest of his opponents ; the utter absence of any thing like prejudice or bigotry from him, the ablest and most devoted champion of the church and state. No pedantry in his language—no stateliness of style—no forced metaphors—no inappropriate anecdote—no overweening confidence ; all easy, simple, agreeable, and unzoned. Those who had the benefit of his society, know that the likeness here presented is faithful, and limned with truth ; but, to those who must take the true character of Maginn from others, and not from their own observation—his towering genius and genial heart—but who still admire him, even though the image be but faint—it must only be said, in the words of Æschines to the Rhodians, when they were enraptured by the mere perusal of one of the speeches of Demosthenes, "*Quid si ipsum audiissetis ?*"

His conversation was an outpouring of the gorgeous stores wherewith his mind was laden, and flowed on, like the storied Pactolus, all golden. Whether the subject was grave or gay, lively or severe—profound, or merely elegant—he infused into it such ambrosial ichor—he sprinkled it with such sun-bright wit, as if the Muse of Comedy stood invisibly by, and whispered into his ear—he illumined it with so many iris-like beams of learning, originality, wisdom, and poetry, that to listen to him was like the case of one who is spell-bound by an enchanter. And yet, all was so artless, so simple, so unconcernedly delivered, that it evidently required no *effort* of mind to enable him thus to flash forth—but that which you beheld was the ordinary lustre of his understanding. Many a happy hour has the writer of this sketch listened to Maginn, as with head leaning back in a huge arm-chair, and eye lighted up beneath his eloquent forehead and white flowing hair, he spoke the words of brightness and wisdom—

"*Quidquid comè loquens, et omnia dulcia dicens.*"—CIC. AD LIBON.

recapitulating the many anecdotes of Scott and Hogg, and Coleridge and Hook, with which his memory was thickly enamelled ; now beaming forth with some witty anecdote, anon with some noble and philosophic saying ; and yet never for a moment exhibiting, either by manner, or look, or tone, the consciousness of superiority to other men, but listening with respectful attention to what even boys advanced ; the first to hail their remarks with greeting, when they glittered with either sense or humour ; most willing to suggest, but never presuming to criticise, or to correct. So that the writer may say of Maginn, as the truly divine Plato said of Socrates : 'Εν ἱμῶν αὐτῇ ἡ ἄχρῃ τῶν λόγων βαμβῦ καὶ πυλὶ μὴ δύνασθαι τοὺς ἄλλους ἀκούειν\*—"The echo of his words still resounds like music in my ears, and renders me deaf to the melody of other men's conversation." Far unlike the tedious lectures of Coleridge, or the self-sufficient dictations of Johnson, were the conversations of Maginn. Nothing did he ever say for effect, but all for truth, or to give pleasure ; for to delight and to profit.—*delectare et prodesse*, appeared to be the leading motto of his mind, and he had so profound a contempt for any thing like display, that he shunned talk, when he perceived that it was started for the purpose of drawing forth the loveliness of his discourse. It was not to every one that he opened the portals of his mind ; not to mere chance visitors did he reveal his glories. But immediately he *did* begin, he proved to even the dullest, that no ordinary man was present ; he arrested profound attention by his gesture and his earnestness ; he charmed every one by his modesty and simplicity ; he burst forth, the planet of the assembly, and, like the morning star of the poet, scattered light profusely around him :—

"*Qualis ubi oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ,  
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,  
Extulit os sacrum cœlo, tenebrasque resolvit.*"—*Æneid*, viii. 589.

When the elegant Aristophanes sought to express, by metaphor, the rapture with which he listened to one of the most eloquent speakers of old, he declared to him that he had *spoken roses*, *ῥόδον μ' ἔειπεν*. Perhaps this image was intended to apply to the ornament of his language, and its outward blossomings, rather than to the depth and real value, which, after all, is the truest and best test of conversation. But the words of Maginn were of a higher mould, of a richer texture, of a greater worth; for all he said was distinguished more for value than for tinsel, and he thought with Burke, that the real jewel of conversation is its tendency to the useful, and carelessness of the gaudy. And we do not know any other famous conversationist, to whom the beautiful passage, in which Wilberforce alludes to Burke's discourse, applies with more perfect justness: "Like the fated object of the fairy's favours, whenever he opened his mouth, pearls and diamonds dropped from him." Alas, that we shall listen to him never, never again!

His habits of composition were such as only would suit a man of real mind, and that a granary of thought and learning. For he wrote with rapidity, never pausing over his paper for words or ideas—never resorting to those thought-provoking scratches of the head, in doing which Hogarth (the Fielding of the pencil) has depicted his poor poet; seldom revising or altering what he had once penned, but finishing the subject in an off-hand way, and with a *negligentia non ingrata*,\* infinitely more pleasing than belongs to the most elaborate and polished style. Not of him, indeed, could be said, as it was by Pythias of Demosthenes†—*ἰλλυχνίον ὄζον αὐτοῦ τὰ ἰσχυρήματα*—that his discourses smelled of the lamp. We doubt if he ever transcribed a paper, in his life, from the original rough copy: and Gibbon could not have boasted with more truth, that to his printer were committed the first and only manuscript sheets of his history, than could Maginn, that he never copied the rude draughts of his works. Occasionally, he would sit back in his chair, in the middle of a sentence, and tell a humorous story to whoever was near him, (for he seldom wrote, except in company, and generally with all kinds of noises about him)—or commence a criticism on whatever book lay within his reach, or discuss some topic of the day; but his mind was evidently at work on the subject of his paper, and he would break off suddenly from his talk, resuming his pen, and writing away with the greatest haste. Nor was his mind abstracted with his subject while composing, for he would often hold a conversation with some of his friends, while in the bosom of his task, as fluently, as wittily, and connectedly, as if he were only scribbling, or mechanically twirling his pen up and down. Reference to books he never needed; and when he required a quotation, prose or verse, he had it ready in his memory, without trouble or delay. But his writings, though struck off thus at a heat, lose little of beauty or nervousness thereby, but derive even a new charm from this characteristic—because they plainly appear to be the unstudied efforts of his genius; and the merest reader will at once discover, that it is nature, not art, which speaks. Quintilian, when criticising the philosophic works of Brutus, thinks it a high panegyric to say, "*Scias eum sentire quæ dicit*"—and to speak as he felt was the practice of Maginn; carried, perhaps, in some instances, to a fault. Yet, from his candour, much of his excellence was derived. The leaders which he wrote for the newspapers were usually finished in half an hour, or perhaps less; but the masculine understanding that dictated them, the terseness and vehemence, darting, like sturdy oak trees, in every sentence, the sparks of wit, or the thrust of sarcasm—these give value to the article, and atone for its haste. The writings on which he appears to have bestowed most care, were the *Homeric Ballads*; and for the last few years, he was seldom without a copy of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, in his room, or on his bed. For those translations, indeed, he felt almost an enthusiasm—and always referred to them with satisfaction. As we have mentioned Homer, it may be added that he was a constant student of the Bible, and would pore over its sublime pages for hours. He preferred the Old Testament to the New, and was most partial to Isaiah, whom he called one of the grandest of poets.

\* Cic. in Orat. 77.

† Lib. x. cap. 1.

Such is a brief character of Maginn. Let us now follow it with a few anecdotes of his life.

William Maginn was born in July, 1794, in Cork. His father was a school-master of some repute, and was the proprietor of an academy, in Marlborough-street, in that city, which was then considered the principal one in the south of Ireland, and liberally patronized by the families of the county. The abilities of young Maginn displayed themselves at a very early age, and were so successfully cultivated, that in his tenth year he was advanced enough to enter Trinity College, his tutor there being Dr. Kyle, afterwards Provost of the university, and subsequently Bishop of Cork. In college he passed through the classes with distinction, gained several prizes and gave rich promise of his future years; and was the reputed author of a poem, entitled "*Æneas Eunuchus*," which caused no little excitement, by the eccentricity of its fancy, and the boldness of its thoughts. Returning to Cork, he assisted for some time in the management of the school, and on his father's death, which took place, we believe, when Maginn was little more than twenty; he took on himself the burthen of the entire establishment, and conducted it with singular success. The degree of doctor of law was conferred on him in his twenty-fourth year, an unusually early period, and one which we believe is without parallel in Ireland.

Cork was, at that time, in the dawning of that taste for literature, and scientific inquiry, which has since rendered it so celebrated, and conferred on it the name of the Athens of Ireland. A number of ingenuous young men had formed themselves into a society for the diffusion of knowledge, and of this club Maginn became a member, and soon distinguished himself above all the others for the depth and universality of his reading. To one of his satirical turn, the opportunity for exercising his wit, which the foibles of the various members presented to him, was too tempting to be overlooked—and accordingly we find him, at this early period, levelling his shafts at such of his associates as were the most prominent in absurdity, priggishness, or pretension—and flinging about him epigrams and jests, as wildly and liberally on the small people of the beautiful city, as in after years on the chancellors and ministers of the British empire. But none of these trifles will bear transcription. They are as ephemeral as the boobies who provoked them.

The publication of Blackwood's Magazine, which was commenced in 1817, opened a field favourable to the display of Maginn's talents, and he lost no time in availing himself of so popular a medium for the insertion of his lucubrations. In a communication with which we have been favoured by Dr. Moir of Musselburgh, the far-famed Delta, whose celebrity as a poet is not more widely diffused than his reputation as an amiable and good man, we find the following amid other interesting memoranda. "Dr. Maginn commenced his correspondence with Mr. Blackwood in November, 1819, and his first contributions to the Magazine—his very extraordinary translation into Latin of the ballad of Chevy Chase—appeared in the number for that month. It was sent with a fictitious signature, as were also his other contributions to the sixth volume of that work,—‘An Epistle to Thomas Campbell’—‘Ode to Mrs. Flanagan by an Irish Gentleman’—and ‘Leslie *versus* Hebrew.’ In the seventh volume of Blackwood appeared ‘Luctus on the Death of Sir Daniel Donnelly’—the latter part of which from ‘Letter from O'Doherty’—and comprehending the ‘Ode’ by him, ‘Letter from Seward,’ ‘Ulaloo Gol’—Greek and Latin—‘Hebrew Dirge’—letter from Jennings with ‘Dirge,’ and from Dowden with ‘Song,’ as well as ‘Speech delivered at the Cork Institution,’ I have always believed to be all written by him. To the same volume he contributed the Latin version of ‘Fytte Second of Chevy Chase’—‘Ode to Marshal——on his Return’—and I rather think ‘Daniel O'Rourke!’ Of the last I am not quite positive, nor of the ‘Semihoræ Biographicæ.’ (p. 610.) In volume eighth the Doctor contributed ‘Semihoræ Biographicæ,’ Nos. 2 and 3, and several parts of Daniel (if that was really his.) The ‘Remarks on the present State of Ireland, (p. 190,) were also by him.”

To this list we believe we may add “Letter from Dr. Olinthus Petre.” (p. 207.)—“Epistle from O'Doherty,” (p. 536,) and “Extracts from a Lost (and found) Memorandum Book,” (p. 605,) in which there is an ironical remedy



for the Poor Laws, almost worthy of standing beside Swift's "*Project for eating Children*." This remedy is no other than a decoction of cayenne pepper, which is administered to all craving mendicants in a bumper, by a rogue of a French cook, and has such an effect on them that they never again solicit alms or victuals at his door. The plan is put forth with inimitable gravity, and it is added that a patent for the invention is to be taken out by the French cook.

In all these contributions there was a profusion of wit and learning which flashed on the public with a splendour to which they were unused. Scarcely one appeared in which there was not something libellous; but the sting was so beautifully applied, and so mitigated by the surrounding fun, that it was difficult seriously to quarrel with the author; and Mr. Blackwood seemed to take as strong a delight in publishing the sarcasms, as Maginn in writing them. The following extracts from Mr. Blackwood's Letters to the Doctor, in 1820, show how heartily the old man enjoyed a scourging article:—

" Edinburgh, 23 November, 1820.

" MY DEAR SIR—It has been so far fortunate, that this month's has been kept back for the article on Captain Parry's Expedition, as it has enabled us to insert your admirable attack on Professor John, which you will see has not lost any of its points by the hands it has passed through. It was his doctrine and discoveries with regard to freezing, and not heat, which Brewster's Journal proved to be stolen from the Philosophical Transactions, and therefore your notice of his book on heat was altered. The other alterations, I have no doubt, you will approve of, and, to add to the joke, O. P. is baptised Olinthus Petre, D.D., of T.C.D.

" I fear that you will think that too great liberties have been taken with Holt's letter, but really we felt that they were necessary. I am sure you will not object to such a puppy charlatan as Brande being substituted for Tommy Thomson."

It would seem from the following, that Barry Cornwall was not much in Blackwood's favour:—

" Nothing but your articles would have tempted us to notice, in any direct way, 'the beasts of John Scott's Magazine.' I have no doubt that they will have more attacks on this next number, their object undoubtedly being to tempt us to a warfare, which might bring them into a little notoriety. I see, too, in this week's '*Literary Gazette*,' there is a miserable attempt made to attack us. Proctor, as I think I mentioned to you, is now one of Baldwin's set, and he is quite hand and glove with Jerdan, so that I have no doubt this is from the same quarter, and preparatory to something that will appear in Baldwin's next number. Proctor has received a great deal more praise in the magazine than he deserves, and I would not be sorry to see a little which would put him in his proper rank, as a person of an elegant enough taste, but no very great strength or original powers, and more an imitator than an inventor. I saw a good deal of him the two last times I was in London, and I formed a very different idea of his talent from what I expected of the author of *Dramatic Scenes*."

The Doctor had not at this time communicated his name to Blackwood, nor had he, what is much more singular, demanded payment for his writings. The following extract will show that, whatever was the Doctor's delicacy, Blackwood, with his accustomed liberality, acted as became him:—

" I hope you will like this number of *Maga.* which I think one of our standard ones. I need not say how much it owes to you, and I cannot say how much I owe you for your most effectual assistance. Your contributions have now been so numerous and so valuable, in the truest sense of the word, that I trust you will allow me to return you some acknowledgment, for I cannot repay you for the kind and valuable aid you have given me. If you will not accept money, I trust you will allow me to send you books, and you would do me a singular favour if you would send me a list of those that would be acceptable to you. It is very awkward of me to ask you to do this; but ignorant as I am of what passes, or what you would not prize, I would not like to send you works you did not want, and I must therefore beg of you to send me a good long list."

\* For a considerable time Dr. Maginn corresponded with Mr. Blackwood under the signature of R. T. S., and he gradually withdrew the incognito so far as to



In the ninth volume appeared the "Hymn to Christopher North," some more cantos of "Daniel O'Rourke"—"A familiar Letter from the Adjutant"—"A Letter from Dr. Petre"—and "Bacchus or the Pirates," a Homeric hymn, translated into the metre of Sir Walter Scott. "In this month," says Dr. Moir, "Doctor Maginn appeared in Edinburgh in *propria persona*. From the following extract from a letter of Mr. Blackwood to me at that time, you will see how nearly Dr. Maginn and I were in meeting."

"I have living with me just now, my celebrated Cork correspondent, who pumelled Professor Leslie in such a grand style. He has come over quite on purpose to see me, and, till he introduced himself to me on Monday, I did not know his name, or any thing of him, except by his letters under an assumed signature like yourself. I wish now, my dear sir, you would also call on me, for I should rejoice exceedingly to have the pleasure of seeing you at my house with this very singular man, and some of my other friends, whom I am sure you would like to know. At the same time, I beg to assure you that, I would not for the world press this on you, unless you find it entirely accordant with your own views and wishes. I would not wish you to go the least out of your own way; and so anxious am I that I should owe the pleasure of knowing you entirely to yourself, I have never since you expressed your feelings on this head, made the slightest inquiry either directly or indirectly."

"I have quoted the continuation of the paragraph," adds Dr. Moir, "to show that at this time I was not personally acquainted with Mr. Blackwood, and also that from the admiration of Dr. Maginn's talents, which I had occasionally expressed in my letters to him, Mr. Blackwood held out the opportunity of my then meeting the Doctor, as an additional temptation to my revealing myself. I was then very young—only twenty-two—and diffident to a degree, and it was not for a year after that time that I ventured a flesh-and-blood presentation in the sanctum of Maga.

"I remember having afterwards been informed by Mr. Blackwood, that the Doctor arrived in Edinburgh on Sunday evening, and found his way out to Newington, where he then resided. It so happened that the whole family had gone to the country a few days before, and in fact, the premises, except the front gate, were locked up. This the Doctor managed, after vainly ringing and knocking, to open, and made a circuit of the building, peeping first into one window, and then another, where every thing looked snug and comfortable, though tenantless. He took occasion afterwards to remark that no such temptations were allowed to prowlers in Ireland.

"On the forenoon of Monday he presented himself in Prince's-street—at that time Mr. Blackwood's place of business—and formally asked for an interview with that gentleman. The Doctor was previously well aware that his quizzes on Dowden, Jennings, and Cody of Cork, (perfectly harmless as they were,) had produced a ferment in that quarter, which now exploded in sending fierce and fiery letters to the proprietor of the magazine, demanding the name of the writer, as he had received sundry notes from Mr. Blackwood, telling him the circumstances; and on Mr. Blackwood appearing, the stranger apprised him of his wish to have a private conversation with him, and this in the strongest Irish accent he could assume.

"On being closetted together, Mr. Blackwood thought to himself, as Mr. Blackwood afterwards informed me,—'Here at last is one of the wild Irishmen—and come for no good purpose, doubtless.'

"'You are Mr. Blackwood, I presume,' said the stranger.

"'I am,' answered that gentleman.

"'I have rather an unpleasant business then with you,' he added, 'regarding some things which appeared in your magazine. They are so and so—would you be so kind as to give me the name of the author?'

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subscribe himself Ralph Tuckett Scott, and Mr. Blackwood sent him a cheque, payable to that gentleman. Dr. Maginn wrote a very humorous letter, quizzing Mr. B. for being gulled, and exaggerating the difficulty he had in getting the cheque cashed, with the endorsement of an imaginary person.

“ ‘That requires consideration,’ said Mr. Blackwood; ‘and I must first be satisfied that——’

“ ‘Your correspondent resides in Cork, doesn’t he? You need not make any mystery about that.’

“ ‘I decline at present,’ said Mr. B. ‘giving any information on that head, before I know more of this business—of your purpose—and who you are.’

“ ‘You are very shy, sir,’ said the stranger; ‘I thought you corresponded with Mr. Scott, of Cork,’ mentioning the assumed name under which the doctor had hitherto communicated with the magazine.

“ ‘I beg to decline giving any information on that subject,’ was the response of Mr. Blackwood.

“ ‘If you don’t know him, then,’ sputtered out the stranger; ‘perhaps—perhaps you *could* know your own handwriting,’ at the same moment producing a packet of letters from his side pocket. ‘You need not deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman.’

“Such was the whimsical introduction of Dr. Maginn to Mr. Blackwood; and after a cordial shake of the hand, and a hearty laugh, the pair were in a few minutes up to the elbows in friendship. The doctor remained at this time in Edinburgh, at Mr. B.’s house, for several weeks; and was introduced to Professor Wilson, Mr. Lockhart, R. P. Gillies, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Howison, and other prominent literary characters, as well as several leading and influential members of the Scottish bar. The doctor remained in Edinburgh until the middle of July, when he returned home.”

The coronation, and the king’s visit to Ireland, in 1821, seemed well worthy of commemoration in the pages of Blackwood; and the publisher spared no exertions to make his numbers for August and September worthy of the occasion. In the first-named of these months, we find him writing to Maginn thus:—

“I feel prodigious anxiety about my next number; it is so much consequence that it should be very good as well as very lively. I entreat of you, as the greatest favour you can ever do me, to make the utmost exertions that your limited leisure will permit you. It would have an admirable effect if you could send me an article full of the true loyal Irish feeling which is at present sweeping all before it in your Green Isle. None but an Irishman can do this. At the same time, this is not to prevent there being plenty of the humorous and droll turn of communication, in the *Luctus* style, as you proposed. The ode and the song every one is delighted with; and a great deal more of the same kind is expected in our next number. A writes me that he never almost read anything so good; and Wilson and Hamilton were quite delighted with them.”

The ode and Song here alluded to appeared in the August number, (p. 94, vol. x.), and well deserve the laughter which they provoked. In the same volume is “Sylvanus Urban and Christopher North,” “Expostulation with Mr. Barker,” “*Adventus in Hiberniam Regis*,” “The Man in the Bell”—a paper worthy of Victor Hugo,—“Latin Prosody from England,” “Treason,” “The Sixth Canto of Daniel O’Rourke,” “Translation of the *Adventus*,” “On the Scholastic Doctors,” “Specimens of Free and Easy Translations,” “Ancient National Melodies,” “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” “A Bitter Quiz on Lord Byron’s Poem of Darkness,” “The Irish Melodies,” “Remarks on Shelley’s *Adonais*,” with several other short papers, which, according to custom, we do not think worth particularising, as to do so would swell this paper beyond all reasonable limits. In reference to two articles among the foregoing, of remarkable merit, we read the following observations in Mr. Blackwood’s letters:—

“On Saturday and yesterday I received all your parcels of the 8th, 9th, and 10th. Both your songs are capital; and I weary excessively for the introduction which you are to prefix. Captain Hamilton was like to die of laughing when he read them; particularly St. Patrick. Any one but yourself, he says, would mar the melodies. We stand so much in need of them for this number, and they stand so little in need of any introduction, that I really must print them now; and the

notice of Tommy Moore will do as well with the next number as with this, should it not come in time.

"The Sixth Canto of Daniel is, I think, the very best we have had. It will be a most grievous disappointment, likewise, to me, if I do not receive the introduction and Latin verses by to-morrow evening's post. It is a happy thought to put the conclusion in Latin, as it would be a pity to lose it: and it will, besides, gratify so much all our learned friends."

In the following year appeared, among other papers, in Blackwood, his "Wine Bibber's Glory," of which, as a specimen of his Latinity, we insert a copy here, and when we say that it is fully equal to any thing that Vincent Bourne ever wrote, we do it only the justice to which its merits are entitled:—

**THE WINE-BIBBER'S GLORY—A NEW SONG.**

TUNE—"The Jolly Miller."

Quo me Bacche rapis tui  
Plenum?

HOR.

I.

If Horatius Flaccus made jolly old  
Bacchus  
So often his favourite theme;  
If in him it was classic to praise his old  
Massic,  
And Falernian to gulp in a stream;  
If Falstaff's vagaries 'bout Sack and  
Canaries  
Have pleased us again and again;  
Shall we not make merry, on Port,  
Claret, or Sherry,  
Madeira, and sparkling Champagne?

2.

First Port, that potation preferred by  
our nation  
To all the small drink of the French;  
'Tis the best standing liquor for layman  
or vicar,  
The army, the navy, the bench;  
'Tis strong and substantial, believe me,  
no man shall  
Good Port from my dining-room send;  
In your soup—after cheese—every way  
it will please,  
But most, tête-à-tête with a friend.

3.

Fair Sherry, Port's sister, for years they  
dismissed her  
To the kitchen to flavour the jellies—  
There long she was banish'd, and well  
nigh had vanish'd  
To comfort the kitchen maids' bellies;  
Till his Majesty fixt, he thought Sherry  
when sixty  
Years old like himself quite the thing;  
So I think it but proper, to fill a tip-  
topper  
Of Sherry to drink to the king.

4.

Though your delicate Claret, by no  
means goes far, it  
Is famed for its exquisite flavour;  
'Tis a nice provocation to wise conver-  
sation,  
Queer blarney, or harmless palaver;

**TOPORIS GLORIA—A LATIN MELODY.**

To a tune for itself, lately discovered in Hercu-  
laneum—being an ancient Roman air—or, if  
not, quite as good.

Cum jollificatione bolsterosa: i.e. with bolsterous  
jollification.

I.

Si Horatio Flacco de hilari Baccho  
Mos carmina esset cantare,  
Si Massica vina vocaret divina,  
Falernaque sciret potare;  
Si nos juvat mîrè Falstaffium audire  
Laudentum Hispanicum merum,  
Cor nostrum sit lætum, ob Portum,  
Claretum,  
Xerense, Campanum, Maderum.

II.

Est Portum potatio quam Anglica natio  
Vinis Gallicæ prætulit lautis:—  
Sacerdote amatur—et laicis potatur  
Consultis, militibus, nautis.  
Si meum conclave hoc forte et suave  
Vitaverit, essem iniquus,  
Post caseum—in jure—placebit securo  
Præsertim cum adsit amicus.

III.

Huic quamvis cognatum, Xerense dām-  
natum,  
Gelata culinā tingebat,  
Vinum exul ibique dum coquo cuique  
Generosum liquorem præbebat.  
Sed a rege probatum est valde pergra-  
tum  
Cum (ut ipse) sexagenarium—  
Large ergo implendum, regique biben-  
dum  
Opinor est nunc necessarium.

IV.

Claretum, oh! quamvis hand forte  
(deest nam vis)  
Divina sapore notatur;  
Hinc dulcia dicuntur—faceta nascun-  
tur—  
Leniterque phillio

12.

'Tis the bond of society—no inebriety  
Follows a swig of the Blue ;  
One may drink a whole ocean, but ne'er  
feel commotion  
Or headache from Chateau Margoux.

## 5.

But though Claret is pleasant, to taste  
for the present  
On the stomach it sometimes feels cold ;  
So to keep it all clever, and comfort  
your liver,  
Take a glass of Madeira that's old ;  
When 't has sailed for the Indies, a cure  
for all wind 'tis,  
And cholic 'twill put to the rout ;  
All doctors declare a good glass of Ma-  
deira  
The best of all things for the gout.

## 6.

Then Champagne! dear Champagne!  
ah! how gladly I drain a  
Whole bottle of Oeil de Perdrix ;  
To the eye of my charmer, to make my  
love warmer,  
If cool that love ever could be.  
I could toast her for ever—but never,  
oh, never  
Would I her dear name so profane ;  
So, if e'er when I'm tipsy, it slips to my  
lips. I  
Wash it back to my heart with Cham-  
pagne!

From this time until 1828, the doctor constantly contributed to "Blackwood," and the list of his works now lying before us is such as probably no other literary man in the empire could have equalled. In the year 1823, he married ; and having given up his school, went to London, with the intention of seeking his fortune in the wide ocean of literature, dreaming, no doubt, like most young men, of the golden isles of Atalantis, to be found in those watery wilds, and like them doomed to disappointment. His celebrity soon procured him literary employment ; and from Murray, "the Anax of book-sellers," as Lord Byron called him, he received overtures for the composition of a life of that poet, who had just died. Nothing can more clearly show the high opinion entertained by those best qualified to judge of his abilities than this fact. A young man from an Irish provincial town, who had never written a book, and whose name was little known, entrusted with the biography of one of the greatest of England's poets, by one of the shrewdest booksellers that ever lived, is a spectacle not often seen, and Maginn used to speak of it with no little satisfaction. The papers and letters of his lordship were accordingly placed in the doctor's hands, and remained in his possession for some time, but no steps were taken in the biography, and it was finally entrusted to Mr. Moore. It is fortunate for the memory of Lord Byron that Maginn did not write his life ; as, instead of the romantic fictions to which Mr. Moore has treated us, in which the author of Childe Harold is represented as a demi-god, or something just less, we should have a picture of the man, unvizored and unrobed, in his true and natural colours ; his whole heart and life laid bare, as he himself wished them to be, and a record of a career more singular than even the *Confessions* of Rousseau, and only less profligate than the *Memoirs* of De Faublas. In the papers submitted to the doctor, there were, as he assured us, in every page, proofs of the utter falseness and insincerity of his lordship, to an extent scarcely credible ; and he had gleaned besides, from the most authentic sources, such general information of the life and habits of the poet, as to be better acquainted with his career than any other man in England.

Socialis potatio! te haud fregit ratio  
Purpureo decoram colore!  
Tui maximum mare liceret potare  
Sine mentis frontisvé dolore.

## v.

Etsi vero in præsentî Claretum bibenti  
Videatur imprimis jucundum,  
Cito venter frigescat—quod ut statim  
decreseat  
Vetus vinum Maderum adeundum.  
Indos si navigârit, vento corpus levârit,  
Coliccamque fugârit hoc merum ;  
Podâgrâ cruciato " Vinum optimum  
dato  
Clamant medici docti Maderum,"

## vL

Campanum! Campanum! quo gaudie  
lagenam  
Ocelli *Perdricis* sorberem!  
Ad dominæ oculum exhaustiam poculum  
Tali philtro si unquam egerem—  
Propinarem divinam—sed peream si si-  
nam  
Nomen carum ut sic profanatur,  
Et si cum Bacchus urget, ad labia sur-  
git  
Campano ad eor revoletur.

"Although," said he, "I never read the autobiography of which so much has been said, so much of it has been repeated to me, that I know almost the entire of its contents. It contained scarcely anything more than what we already know. The whole object seemed to be to puff himself and run down every body else. Moore's disinterestedness in burning the manuscript has been talked of absurdly. There never was such a humbug. Murray lost two thousand pounds by it."

In the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, No. XV. we find the doctor expressing his opinion of the papers thus: with a slight variation it is what we have often heard him say:—"One volume of his memoirs, in short, consists of a dictionary of all his friends and acquaintances, alphabetically arranged, with proper definitions of their characters—criticisms on their works (when they had any) and generally a few specimens of their correspondence. To me this volume seemed on the whole the most amusing of the three. The fact is, that Byron never could versify, and that his memoirs and his private letters are the only things of his that I have ever seen, that give me, in the least degree, the notion of a fine creature, enjoying the full and unrestrained swing of his faculties. Hang it, if you had ever seen that attack of his on 'Blackwood'—or, better still, that attack of his on Jeffrey, for puffing Johnny Keats—or, best of all, perhaps, that letter on Hobhouse—or that glorious, now I think of it, inimitable letter to Tom Moore, giving an account of the blow-up with Murray about the Don Juan concern—oh, dear, if you had seen these, you would never have thought of mentioning any rhymed thing of Byron's; no, not even his Epigrams on Sam Rogers, which are well worth five dozen *Parasinas* and *Prisoners of Chillon*."

With these sentiments, which clearly show how little enthusiasm he felt for either his lordship or his poetry, the doctor recommended Murray to publish the letters entire with libels, sneers, satires, sarcasms, epigrams, confessions, and intrigues, unmutilated and unasterisked, and merely prefix to the work such information as was absolutely indispensable. Had this been done, the world would now be in possession of the most extraordinary compilation that ever appeared; but Murray got frightened—his great friends came about him, and advised, and wept, and entreated and implored; and the task of drawing up the "Memoirs," taken from Maginn, was consigned to one who, having been a whig all his life, knew best what would please his employers, and expunged all those parts in which they were mercilessly shown up. In a moral point of view, perhaps, we have no reason to regret our loss.

In 1824, the Doctor having been appointed by Mr. Murray, foreign editor of "The Representative," a daily paper, then newly established, went to reside in Paris. That publication did not, however, flourish long, and on its death, the doctor returned to London, where, for a time, he earned a scanty livelihood, by writing for magazines, annuals, and newspapers. In the "Literary Souvenir" for 1829, appeared one of his most beautiful tales, "The City of the Demons." In the volume which preceded it, is another, entitled, "A Vision of Purgatory;" and in the *Fairy Legends* of Mr. Crofton Croker, was the exquisitely humorous story of "Daniel O'Rourke,"\* and three others, whose names we have forgotten. He contributed principally to the "John Bull," then in its glory, and had obtained so great a reputation as a political writer, that on the establishment of "The Standard," by Mr. Baldwin, he was appointed joint editor with Dr. Gifford. In the same year he published "Whitehall," one of the most wild and extraordinary productions of the day; overflowing with madcap wit and quaint learning, and containing sketches of all the leading characters of the time, from George IV., down to Jack Ketch the hangman. To the last-named office, by an inimitable stroke of humour, he appoints Mr. Tierney, who, having come up to town with an earnest desire to be made prime minister, and having in vain solicited that or some

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\* [We have seen a copy of "Daniel O'Rourke," printed before either Crofton Croker or Dr. Maginn was born, so our correspondent must be in error in attributing this composition to Maginn.—ED.]



other place, finally, in despair, accepts the office of executioner, and performs the last ceremonies of the law on Mr. Huskisson, who, he tells us, "amid the acclamations of surrounding thousands, died easily and instantaneously." This work is very rare, but it will well repay any one who takes the trouble of searching for it through the old book-shops of London.

This appears to have been a busy period of the doctor's life. From the interesting memoranda of Dr. Moir, we extract the following account of another work of fiction which has been lost:—"Another thing of the doctor's, I remember being particularly struck with; and I am almost certain that it has never been published. I think it was written when he was in Paris, in connection with 'The Representative,' the newspaper which Mr. Murray started in London. You must, of course, be aware, that the doctor was the foreign editor, and, it is said, with a very handsome salary, during the short time that it continued to be published. The manuscript referred to was sent to Mr. Blackwood towards the end of 1827, as I find from the following extract from a letter to me:—

"I believe I mentioned to you that I had got some chapters of a very queer work by Dr. Maginn. He is such a singular person, that I don't know if he will ever finish it; and perhaps I shall have to return the manuscript one of these days. I should therefore be sorry you did not read it, and I send you the whole I have got, with his contents of the intended chapters. How do you think they would do for *Maga*, should he not finish the book, and be willing to allow them to appear in it?"

What answer I returned to these queries I do not now remember; but have a distinct recollection of setting down the production as a very extraordinary one—full of power, originality, and interest. The scene was laid in Paris, and some of the scenes were very striking, more especially one, where an only and spoiled son, having dissipated his substance in all kinds of riotous living, and descended to all the meannesses of vice, has not yet the moral courage to reveal his lost condition to his doting parents, who resided in one of the provinces, and who believed him to be an industrious and ardent student; and at length throws himself into the Seine, his body being afterwards claimed by them at the Morgue. It would appear that I had kept the manuscript for some time, and that it had been mislaid, although afterwards recovered, as I find allusion to the subject in another letter from Mr. Blackwood:—

"It is most fortunate that you discovered the doctor's chapters, and all in good time. Some weeks ago he wrote me to return them, but in the hurry of one thing or another, I neglected to do so. Last night I had another letter from him, and intended to have sent it off this very day."

In 1830, "Fraser's Magazine" was established, and with the foundation and chief management of that brilliant periodical, Maginn was most intimately connected. Some disagreement with Blackwood, we believe, led to the birth of this new and powerful rival, which soon attained a circulation the most extensive and respectable of any of the London published periodicals. The first three or four numbers were almost entirely written by the doctor and his friend, Mr. Hugh Fraser, one of those clever, well-bred men of wit and honour about town, whom London produces in greater perfection and greater numbers than any other metropolis in the world. The articles being completed, they both sallied forth with the manuscript in their pockets, and proceeded down Regent-street, in search of a publisher. Passing No. 215, the doctor said, "Fraser! here is a namesake of yours—let us try him." They entered the shop—some bright star of fortune that presided over Mr. James Fraser, then conducting them. The terms were arranged, and thus was laid the basis of "Fraser's Magazine." Many persons thought it was so called after the publisher. This was a mistake. Mr. James Fraser, so far from taking pride in the journal which bore his name, never permitted any one in his establishment to call it "Fraser's Magazine." In his books and correspondence, which we have seen, we find it always called "The Town and Country," and it



was after Mr. Hugh Fraser the Magazine was designated by the title by which it is known.

A highly popular and delightful feature in this Magazine, was the *Gallery of Literary Portraits*—the letter-press for nearly all of which was written by Maginn. These were entirely original in plan and execution, and created a sensation in literary circles, not often paralleled. The exquisite sketches by Maclise added not a little to their attraction. As a whole, they are, we think, the most original and sparkling of the doctor's productions; and when we remember that they were hit off at a moment's notice, we shall be easily able to fancy how meteoric was the intellect from which they emanated. Wit was their principal recommendation. "This," as Sir William Jones said of Dunning, "relieved the weary, calmed the resentful, and animated the drowsy; this drew smiles even from such as were the objects of it; scattered flowers over a desert; and, like sunbeams sparkling on a lake, gave vivacity to the dullest and least interesting theme." And we never read them, without involuntarily thinking we hear the doctor speak, for they are perfect resemblances of what his conversation was.

Maginn was now in the zenith of his reputation and circumstances. He mixed in good society—was courted by lords and ladies of rank and fashion, and moved in the glittering circle of the aristocracy. By Lord Lowther, Lord Francis Egerton, Mr. Wilson Croker, and Lady Stepney, he was received with friendship and consideration; and though he lived, bitterly to experience the truth of Dr. Burney's remark\*—"what Pliny has said of the cinnamon tree, seems applicable to the great in general, *corticis in quo summa gratia*—nothing but the mere outside is of value"—still the warmest of his admirers must admit, that their subsequent desertion of him may be attributed not a little to his own want of prudence. By Mr. Croker he is thus described in a letter, which we have had an opportunity of seeing:—"On the few occasions of my having the pleasure of being in his society, his conversation was very lively and original—a singular mixture of classical erudition, and *Irish fun*. There was a good deal of wit, and still more of drollery, and certainly no deficiency of what is called conviviality and animal spirits. I remember on one occasion having heard from some common friend, that he seemed to be throwing away a great deal of talent on ephemeral productions. I took the liberty of advising him to direct his great powers to some more permanent objects, and he told me that he contemplated some serious work, I think on the *Greek drama*, but of this I am not quite sure. It might have been the *Greek orators*. I had a high opinion of his power to illustrate either."

By our illustrious countryman, Maclise, he is thus described at the period of which we now write:—"With every desire to do what you request, I find myself embarrassed in contributing the slightest memorandum of my acquaintance with the late Dr. Maginn. Does he not strike you to have been precisely the person, of whom it would be most difficult to convey (to one who had not known him) a true impression? I cannot boast of having seen as much of the doctor, as I was ambitious of seeing; for, although known to him from my first arrival in London, yet, whether from his own, and perhaps my active occupation, the usual separating tendencies and distractions of town, differences of pursuit, &c., our interviews were not after all so frequent as I could have wished; and when we consider over how many years they were spread, any thing I could say of him must, of necessity, assume a tone of the highest panegyric, and I find it difficult to satisfy myself in the choice of any expression sufficiently powerful to convey my idea of his great abilities as a writer, and conversationist, and of his excellent nature as a man. He comes upon my general recollection always crowded round by the most pleasant associations, and I can conjure him up in particular situations. The morning walk of my early acquaintance, and more recently the morning visit, when I had but to listen and be delighted. Indeed his various gifts and brilliant qualities were ever met with prompt acknowledgment, and where wit and wits abounded, one always had the

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\* Life of Metastasio.

satisfaction of seeing him commanding attention." These were the rosy days of his existence. How full of stern philosophy do they appear, when we contrast them with subsequent scenes, and find him, who, but a brief period before was a visitor in lordly palaces and drawing-rooms, pining away in the gloomy cells and garrets of the Fleet.

Let us resume the thread of our narrative:—We have been favoured by our friend, Mr. Nickisson, the present proprietor of "*Fraser*," with a list of Maginn's contributions to that periodical; but it is so extensive as to preclude the possibility of printing it. We shall, therefore, only notice a few of the most prominent papers, merely premising that the doctor contributed to almost every number of the Magazine from the commencement down to No. 133, one or two papers at an average.

In the 37th Number appeared the memorable satire of Lord Byron on his friend Sam Rogers; and in the following month, Coleridge's Epitaph on his enemy, Sir James Mackintosh. Both these created much talk, and are among the most interesting literary curiosities we possess. The satire is the very best and bitterest that has appeared since Swift, and fully corroborates the opinion which the doctor expressed in the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," before quoted. "I would give a trifle to have seen Sam's face the morning that satire was published," said Maginn. It is reported that Rogers attempted to buy up all the copies of the magazine, but yielded to the advice of a friend, who remonstrated with him on the inutility of such a step. Of that great poet and his compositions Doctor Maginn thought but little, and said that he owed much of his fame to a right appreciation of that glorious line—

"The road through the stomach's the way to the heart."

"I do not think Sam Rogers any great poet, notwithstanding all the puffs about him," said a friend, one day, to the doctor.

"That is," he replied, "because you never ate any of his dinners."

The "*Fraser Papers*" form the next feature of interest and importance in the magazine. Though written on subjects generally of a temporary nature, and every one of them hastily struck off in Fraser's back parlour, over such supplies of liquid as would totally incapacitate all other men from work, realising too often in Regent-street the picture which the classic poet of antiquity beheld in the rosy mornings of Ausonia:—

"Sic noctem patera, sic ducam carmine donec  
Injiciat radios in mea vina dies,"

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the doctor and his associate in the task, Mr. C——, (a writer of no mean ability,) have flung into the essays such radiant fun, blended with such sound reasoning, that they seem destined to avoid the fate which overtakes most political writings, and has consigned those of Swift and Addison already to oblivion. They do not, it is true, contain much of what is called "the philosophy of history;" they do not aspire to such august thought as invests the pamphlets of Burke, and will convey them in triumph down to all posterity; for such ends they were not designed or written; but as speculations flung off to win some temporary advantage—to gall some political adversary, or celebrate some triumph of party, they are inimitable, and are impregnated with as much of the true Rabelaisian fire as will keep them vigorous for ever.

In the sixty-first number appeared one of his most admirable things, "*The Fraserians*," which was soon followed by a paper in the sixty-fourth, entitled "*April Fools*," into which, as in a net, by an advertisement in a newspaper from a sentimental young Indian lady, possessed of a fortune, and in want of a husband, he drew no less than eighteen fools, all of whom felt so extremely anxious about the fair unknown as to produce no less than one hundred epistles, every one of which the doctor published. We believe Theodore Hook had something to do with this hoax. It was certainly worthy of him.

In the seventy-third number appeared the "*Report on Fraser's Magazine*,"—a paper full of talent and learning, but tiresome from its great length; and in the eightieth number his famous review of "*Berkeley Castle*." This was

"I expressed my opinion of Shakspeare to him very glowingly, and preferred him to Homer, adding :—

" 'I was certain his edition would have a great sale, as Shakspeare was the greatest man the world ever saw, greater even than Homer.'

"To this he merely replied, 'Homer, too, was a master genius.'

"Seeing me take up my hat, he asked me whether I was going in the direction of the Strand, I replied—

" 'Yes.'

"And he answered, 'Well, I am going in the same direction.'

"We then got into the street, when he took my arm, and we proceeded onwards. He told me that he was to dine with Sheridan Knowles, on Friday; and said that having once asked Knowles where he was born and lived, in Cork, he told him—

" 'In the narrow passage, round by the Exchange, leading from the North Main Street into the South, near Fishamble-lane.'

"He then began to criticise his works. He gave him great praise. He said that—

" 'Knowles's real Irish blunders often gave rise to little pleasantries among his friends. Like Goldsmith, all he says has a tinge of the 'bull.' Take two instances. There are two actors here who always play in the same line of character—the melo-dramatic—and their names are constantly in the bills assigned to the personation of brigands, bravos, pirates, &c. &c., so that there is almost an identity between them in that respect. They are T. P. Cooke and O. Smith. A friend was with Knowles when Smith entered the room—

" 'Do you know Mr. Smith?' says he.

" 'No,' replies Knowles. They were introduced. Knowles says to Smith :

" 'Mr. Smith, I feel great pleasure in being introduced to you. I often meet a *namesake of yours*—Mr. T. P. Cooke—pray, how is he?'

"The other story the doctor told me he had from Power, the actor. Knowles and Power were together. Knowles says :—

" 'Power, have you any commands for Ireland? I'm just going over.'

"Power replied :—

" 'No—but to what part are you going?'

" 'Oh,' answers Sheridan, '*I haven't made up my mind yet.*'

" 'Think,' says the doctor, 'of a man asking another for commands, when he didn't know to what part he was going.'

"Another story he told me of Ude, the French cook. The soup was brought in; Ude tasted it, and turning to the unfortunate cook, who was standing by, said :—

" 'Too salt—too salt! Ah, Rishard, Rishard, *I vill put you under a course of physic until you recover the true taste of your palate.*'

" 'God knows,' added the doctor, 'I pitied the poor devil, who, I suppose, was calomelized until his livers and lights were driven out of him.'

"I told him a story of Ude. He was the head cook of the Duke of York. When the duke died, Ude said :—

" 'Ah, my poor master—he vill miss me veray much where he is gone.'

"The doctor laughed heartily at this. He talked of Feargus O'Connor, and stated that he had just written a letter to him, condoling with him on the horrible treatment to which he is subjected in York Castle. We came on towards St. Giles' Church, and on passing it I casually remarked, that—

" 'Now I knew where I was; as before I was quite ignorant of what part of London I was in.'

"He asked me, 'Have you ever been in St. Giles's, and seen the Irish?'

"I said 'No.'

" 'What!' he says, 'I am ashamed of you. You shan't be in London without visiting your countrymen.'

"He then turned about, and conducted me through every part of this celebrated *locale*, pointing out its filthiest purlieus, and under-ground cellars.

" 'Look there,' said he, as he pointed out one of the latter, which was open. I looked in: there were heaps of potatoes and all sorts of filth lying about.

'In that cellar, at least two hundred and fifty men, women, and children sleep

every night. The best way to give you an idea of what St. Giles's is, that in this little parish there is a double police force.'

"I expressed to him my astonishment at the scene I witnessed, and said:—

" 'I had no notion that the first visit I should pay to St. Giles's would be with Doctor Maginn.'

"He laughed at this. I asked, him—

" 'Was it the worst part of London?'

" 'No,' said he, 'Bermondsey is worse; but we'll soon root it out altogether. By next year we hope to get rid of it:—it is a disgrace to London, and it is exactly in the centre of it.'

"We talked of London.

" 'It is,' said the doctor, 'not a city, but what a Frenchman called it, *pays de villes*,—a country of cities.'

"He talked of going to the British Museum. I said I had seen the library once.

" 'What!' he says, 'are you not free of it?'

"I replied in the negative, but that I should have great pleasure in being so. He answered—

" 'Make your mind easy; I shall do it for you in three hours.'

"He told me another story, about Dan O'Connell, with which I was much pleased. When he was placing his son Maurice under Doctor Sandes, his tutor, in Trinity College, Sandes asked him what he intended to make of Maurice? Dan replied:—

" 'Sir, I intend to make him a *barrister*; it depends upon himself to become a *lawyer*.'

"This, you will see, is very smart and terse of Master Dan. Notwithstanding all the bitter songs, jests, epigrams, &c., which Maginn has written about the Liberator, he talks of him very favourably, and even with a liking. He said that he once called him 'that hoary-headed libeller, Doctor Maginn.' The doctor laughed a good deal at this reminiscence.

"One thing I like very much in the doctor, and that is, he appears the very soul of good-nature; the least look at him will show this. Indeed he seems one of the best-natured men I ever saw.

"I sat, on last Friday, two hours with Doctor Maginn in his bed-room. The doctor has been raking, I believe, since his family went to France: he was quite ill when I saw him. However, he managed to write a leader for the 'Argus' newspaper, in his shirt, and that completed, he jumped into bed, and we had a long talk. The more I see of him, the more I admire his talent. He is really a splendid fellow. He knows every thing. He will teach you as much in one hour as the best book will in ten. His conversation is the most extraordinary thing possible. He jumbles together fun, philosophy, and polemics; and in these (so incongruous) he is pre-eminent. At first you would say that he spent all his life reading jest-books; but then there is such admirable philosophy and common-sense in his reflections, that you get rid of your first notion as quickly as possible. But just as you are on the point of averring that this man reads nothing but works of thought and reasoning, you are forced to gulp down the exclamation, for he jumps into theology, and will argue on it like a bishop. Then you declare that he has studied nothing but polemics all his life. Such a man is Maginn. He is a ruin, but a glorious ruin, nevertheless. He takes no care of himself. Could he be induced to do so, he would be the first man of the day in literature, or any thing else. But he lives a rollicking life; and will write you one of his ablest articles while standing in his shirt, or sipping brandy—so naturally do the best and wittiest thoughts flow from his pen. His reading is immense; his memory powerful, and his knowledge of the world is perhaps equal to that of any man that ever lived. In fact, I say he knows every thing, and so he does. We talked about a war with France, about which all the John and Jenny Bulls are getting anxious. The doctor asserted stoutly that there would be none, and quoted Lord Brougham, who said, in allusion to the national debt, that England was bound in eight hundred millions to keep the peace.

"He told me a story about a sermon preached during the last war with

France. The reverend preacher took for his text, Ezekiel xxxv. 3, 4. 'Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, O Mount Seir (a pun on the French monsieur) I am against thee, and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate, and then thou shalt know that I am the Lord.' This text was well applied.

"He told me another, which caused the preacher to be exalted in the church. James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland was very partial to puns of this kind. He was also, as you know, a fickle, wavering weathercock, who scarcely knew his own mind a moment, and was therefore called by Sully, the great minister of Henry the Fourth, 'the wisest fool in Christendom;' for with all his folly he had both cunning and knowledge. The text, in allusion to himself, was James first and sixth:—'For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.' After this he read the following passage from the Bible, and said that it was the true style in which English composition should be written. It is part of the dedication to the king:—

"Great and manifold were the blessings, most dread sovereign, which Almighty God, the Father of all Mercies, bestowed upon us, the people of England, when first he sent your majesty's royal person to rule and reign over us. For whereas it was the expectation of many, who wished not well to our Sion, that upon the setting of that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory, some thick and palpable clouds of darkness would so have overshadowed this land, that men should have been in doubt which way they were to walk, and that it should hardly be known who was to direct the unsettled state; the appearance of your majesty, as of the sun in his strength, instantly dispelled those supposed and surmised mists, and gave unto all that were well-affected exceeding cause of comfort; especially when we beheld the government established in your highness, and from the lawful seed of an undoubted title, and this also accompanied by peace and tranquillity at home and abroad."

"I was rather surprised to hear Maginn, whose own style of composition was directly the opposite to this, speak so highly of it. After this he commenced a long discourse, in which he drew one of the most perfect parallels possible between the state of France and England, commencing with Louis the Fourteenth of France and Elizabeth of England, and drawing it down to the present time. It struck me very much. Never was so complete a parallel as that presented by the two countries. That of England ended with William the Third, to whom he likened Louis Philippe. It is impossible to describe this without entering into a long detail, but it appeared to me wonderfully clear and clever, and an admirable ground for an historical essay, if he would only set about it. But he is such a careless child of nature that he will never set about a long work. Shakspeare is a great idol of his. He is thinking of bringing out a new edition of his works, and he has read extensively and thought deeply on the subject, but I fear that laziness will get the better of him. In fact he is always running about town, and his most intimate friends have never seen him yet studying, and only very seldom composing. The sight I got of him at the latter was merely accidental."

The custom of the doctor here alluded to, of commencing long dissertations on whatever subject was uppermost in his thoughts, was a favourite one with him. Nothing was more common than for him to narrate to whoever was with him some romantic story, or ballad, which he had just composed—some scenes of a novel that he hoped to finish—or some dissertation on Fielding, Rabelais, or Lucian. He also practised the art of improvising, and succeeded in it. The *ottava rima*, or stanza of Pulci and Lord Byron, was that to which he was most partial. Of contemplated works, which he used thus to recite in *disjecta membra* to his friends, was one on the subject of "Jason," which promised well, and another was a tragedy entitled "Queen Anne." His notion of the queen was, that she should be introduced on the stage always in a state of melancholy, and lamenting the loss of her children—a notion which, however, would but badly accord with our historical knowledge of Brandy Nan.

In the latter part of this year the doctor issued a prospectus of a work to be published weekly, in numbers, at three-pence, and to be entitled "Magazine



*Miscellanies*, by Doctor Maginn." This was intended to contain the flower of all his compositions in the different magazines to which he had contributed, and though well deserving of public support, proved a failure; and it was for the expenses incurred by this publication that he was subsequently thrown into prison. He was now rapidly sinking in the world. He had an engagement on the "*Age*," at a few pounds a week, which barely supported him; and his quarrel with Fraser had entirely excluded him from the magazine until the death of that gentleman, in 1841, opened its pages once again to his contributions. An incident which occurred at Mr. Fraser's funeral deserves preservation. It was but rarely that Maginn was betrayed into anything like romance. The funeral took place at Bunhill Fields. As soon as the ceremony was over, the doctor said to the grave-digger:—

"Grave-digger, show me the tomb of John Bunyan."

The grave-digger led the way, and was followed by Maginn, who appeared particularly thoughtful. As they approached the place, the doctor turned to the person who accompanied him, and tapping him on the shoulder, said quietly—"Tread lightly."

So unusual a remark, coming from one who never exhibited any particle of the pathetic, either in his manner or conversation, attracted the attention of his companion. Maginn bent over the grave for some time in melancholy mood, and seemed unconscious of any one's presence. The bright sunshine poured around him. No more illustrious mourner ever stood beside that solitary grave. At length he seemed moved, and turning away exclaimed in deep and solemn tones, "Sleep on, thou Prince of Dreamers." He little thought then that ere another twelvemonth should have rolled over his head, he, too, should be a dweller in the land of shadows.

In the early part of the next year (1842) Maginn was thrown into prison. From Mr. Richard Oastler, "the king of the labourer's question," and the able author of the "*Fleet Papers*," we have received the following account of his sojourn there:—

"I wish I could comply with your request, and furnish you with a few anecdotes respecting my lamented friend Dr. Maginn; but I fear if I were to tell all I know, I should wound the feelings of many of those who hold his memory dear. The doctor died a martyr to imprisonment for debt.

"Our acquaintance commenced and ripened into friendship in a debtor's gaol—there I witnessed the ravages which that murderous spirit of covetousness is allowed to satiate itself with, even when its victim is the brightest star of intellectual light—there I saw Maginn succumb to the powerful malice of a wretch to whom he was indebted a few pounds!

"Certain and speedy death awaited him had he remained in prison—the horror of submitting to the degradation of the Insolvent Debtors' Court, which was the only avenue for his escape, preyed like a viper on his heart. Daily and nightly I witnessed the sad effects, as the day of liberation through that court approached.

"It required all the influence his family and friends could muster, to make him resolve thus to degrade and deliver himself. I urged the situation of his children, and succeeded. Still, as the day approached, it blackened all his horizon:—

"'It will kill me Oastler; I shall never survive it,' he has often said.

"He was liberated. The only remaining chance was a visit to a warmer climate. I attempted, from the 'party' which owed so much to Dr. Maginn's pen, to obtain the small sum of thirty pounds, to enable him to cross the channel. The ungrateful, nay the sordid and unfeeling Conservatives refused. Poor Maginn dragged on a few weeks and died!

"The last time I saw him was a short while before his death. He called at the Fleet,—he was skin and bone,—still his eye betokened love. He remained some time in my cell. I felt that I should see him no more. 'Twas there we first met—there we parted. When again we meet, it will be where malice will have lost its power—where charity is no longer needed.

"Poor Maginn! I never think of him but I am thankful that I was consigned to prison—else I never should have known him.

"How often have we beguiled the weary prison-hours, and robbed them of their sting.

"He would tap at the door—look in—and if I was alone, he would enter, sit down, chat, read or write, just as our convenience required



"There he has sat, telling me one of his embryo 'tales,'—criticising a book; enlightening me on many most interesting and important matters; in fact, pouring from his rich stores of knowledge, streams of information for my use. Then he would refresh my memory and delight my imagination on old English times, and describe what England was, what Englishmen were, before the 'new lights' had darkened her horizon.

"Often has he sat with me at this table; he writing his 'leader,' and I my 'Fleeter,' when we passed our slips for mutual examination. How seldom would he alter a word of mine. 'You have your own 'Oastlerian' style; I cannot mend it. Perhaps you have repeated such a word too often; so and so would be as well;' and when, as it sometimes happened, I suggested the alteration of a word in his, he would instantly adopt it; and reading the passage would lay strong emphasis on that word; adding, 'I thank you, Oastler; it's a great improvement.' I mention this to show his great humility. I am a mere babe in literature—he was a giant.

"When he was writing on questions peculiarly relating to the working classes, he would say, 'Oastler, I want you to help me; I want an article on your subject; you are the 'king of the labourer's question.' Then he would listen with such attention and humility, that I was literally ashamed when I remembered who he was.

"But the most delightful times were, when he would say, 'where is your Bible?' and then request me to read the Epistle to the Hebrews, or Romans; he would paraphrase as I read, and ask my opinion with such humility as his great friendship for me could only account for.

"Sometimes we would walk together in the dark Coffee Gallery, and then he would amuse me with an ideal romance. Thus did we spend our prison-hours; not, however, without many a time laughing at the world which had used us so badly.

"About Maginn's talents it is not for me to judge. Of his disposition, his heart, none can judge better.

"He was kind and beneficent, sincere and grateful. He was affectionate and sympathising: he was passionately attached to his children; he felt —. What I was about to write would not be appreciated in this unvirtuous age; had the age been virtuous, the doctor's feelings would have been spared."

What a deep moral is in all this! How clearly does it show that sooner or later imprudence will meet with its reward. What Maginn might have been, his writings will enable us to judge; what he was, the foregoing extract strikingly portrays.

Before we close the account of this period of his life, we think it advisable to insert here a few reminiscences which have been supplied to us by one who was a constant companion of the doctor, and knew his mind well. They are but, it is true, a faint specimen of what his conversation was—but, in the absence of anecdotes relative to the doctor, we think they are not uninteresting—and they are certainly just as readable, and as good as Swift and Pope's *Thoughts on Various Subjects*. We have added to them one or two recollections of our own, which we had not an opportunity to interweave with our memoranda as we proceeded.

#### I.

Talking one day about Hogg, whom he greatly admired, he said: "In his simplicity consisted his excellence. Had he attempted anything great, he would have made himself ridiculous. He was every inch a man, full of fun and feeling, without the heaviness of Scott."

#### II.

The subject turning one evening upon Coleridge, I asked him whether his conversational powers were as great as they were reported to be. He replied, "I thought him tedious at times; his discourse was a lecture; there was not any of the ease of conversation about it. What he did say never failed to be entertaining."

#### III.

Talking on one occasion about his "Shakspeare Papers," I asked him why he did not write the character of Hamlet? "I have often thought of it," he said, "but never could make up my mind to it. I'm afraid of him."

## IV.

The mornings he spent reading Rabelais, who was an especial favourite of his. Once laying down the book, he said, "I think the stories he tells here were repeated during the early part of his life to a set of jovial companions. Finding little to amuse him in his old age, he wrote them more for pleasure, than for fame. It is very strange, that, in a fiction such as his, all the authorities cited in the trial chapter are genuine and correct. I once took a great deal of pains to find them out, and with few exceptions, discovered them all. I think Shakspeare studied him much. The first scene in 'the Tempest' proves it beyond a doubt. Friar John, I think, was a character that delighted him much, and one that Rabelais took the greatest pains with. There is no imitating Rabelais.

## V.

Speaking of Macnish, the modern Pythagorean, and the flattering manner in which he had spoken of the doctor, he said, "I was never in his company but once, and then he got blind drunk."

## VI.

"Of all the Roman poets, Horace is the fellow for me. His recommendation is what generally spoils all other poets—the real common sense he displays in all his poems."

## VII.

"Take the best novels of any of the living novelists of the day, and you will find that all their after works have the same traits of composition and plot as the first. There is not one that can be compared with Fielding or Smollett. Filling three volumes appears their principal object."

## VIII.

After going with his family to see Sheridan Knowles' play of *Virginus*, I asked him what he thought of it? "Very clever; but it is not a Roman play. With all respect for Knowles, whom I like very much, I do not think he will ever be able to produce a classical play. The poetry is pretty, but there is nothing Shakspearian about it. I have a great contempt for most actors. There is something *confident* about them that I dislike. The decenter of the fraternity that I ever met with, is Knowles."

## IX.

I give a vote to every sane man, whose age exceeds one-and-twenty—but no ballot.

## X.

There is something so like life about the inn-keepers of Fielding, that I never can sufficiently admire them. I suppose they formed no inconsiderable majority of his acquaintance, and there is no doubt he was deep in the memory of some.

## XI.

The finest piece of prose-writing that ever I read is Dr. Johnson's concluding paragraph of the preface to his dictionary.

## XII.

I think Shakspeare intended the *Tempest* to be nothing more than a grand pantomime, in which he could lay aside all rules of composition, and allow his imagination to revel at will, without the fear of criticism; inserting in it many speeches and ideas that had long been floating in his fancy: and I think it was the last play he wrote.

## XIII.

The reason why we know so little of Shakspeare is, that when his business was over at the theatre, he did not mix with his fellow-actors, but stepped into his boat, and rowed up to Whitehall, there to spend his time with the Earl of Southampton, and the other gentlemen about the court.

## XIV.

Whenever I have time, I will write a paper on Falstaff's Page. Many a one like him have I met in my time, in the shape of a printer's devil. He is the prince of all boys.

## XV.

Once at a party, where Dr. Gifford and others were present, somebody said it would be impossible to translate, in a couplet, the witty French lines written on the death of the Jansenist, Paris, in 1740—at whose grave it was supposed miracles were performed.

“De parle Roi—defense à Dieu,  
De faire miracles en ce lieu.”

“Pooh,” said the doctor, “nothing is easier.”

“God save the King—but God shall not  
Work any miracles in this spot.”

There seems nothing very singular in this impromptu, but as it was reported to us as a very clever thing, by one of the cleverest persons we ever saw, we repeat it. We may add that, on mentioning it to Mr. James Roche, of Cork, without, at the same time, informing him of the version of Maginn, he burst out into an extempore translation, more literal than the doctor's—though the latter has introduced a smart point into his, which implies the incompatibility of God saving the King, and working a miracle. The following is Mr. Roche's version:—

“The King ordains that God shall not  
Work more miracles in this spot.”]

In the early part of 1842, Maginn was liberated from gaol. He had passed through the ordeal, from whose effects his spirits never again recovered. “I will never again raise my head in society,” said he. Alas, there was but little time left for him to do so. Disease now rapidly approached, and its effects on his frame grew every day more apparent. He was ordered to Reading, but his restless spirit could not find content away from London. He seemed now to have utterly lost all care of himself. He got disgusted with life: he beheld the ingratitude of his party. On more than one occasion, he expressed to the writer of this paper the bitterness with which he felt the desertion of the Tory party—and the conviction that, had they before given him the situation of which he had long entertained hopes, he would not now be sinking rapidly into wretchedness and death. This was, he told us, a diplomatic office of some kind in Vienna. Where now were his noble friends? Where the lords, and ladies, and hollow praters, who once buzzed around him? Many of them had often expended on a dinner, or a pic-nic, ten times as much as would have saved this brilliant ornament of literature from the misery of a gaol, and the degradation of insolvency. But they were not there to succour, when succour was needed. One only exception was found—one bright example, in Sir Robert Peel—that great and splendid minister, who, having taken glory for his ambition—and who, filled with that love of renown, which an old author tells us is the spur to lofty souls, (φιλονίμια γὰρ τὰς λαμπράς φέρει ἰγυρεῖ),\* generously came forward, and did all he could to alleviate the dying moments of the poet, the critic, and the scholar. But this solitary instance does not, nevertheless, veil the unthankfulness of Maginn's party—and they have given their enemies the consolation, of being enabled to parallel, by one example, at least, the death-bed of Maginn—that disgraceful blot, which ought for ever to disgrace the Whigs, and which we once hoped would stand alone—the death-bed of Sheridan.

Towards the latter part of July, a letter reached us, hastily summoning us to

Walton-on-Thames, where the doctor then was, as he had expressed an ardent wish to see the writer. From the letters and memoranda written at that period, the following extracts are made:—

“ I went down to Walton-on-Thames to see Dr. Maginn, about eighteen days before he died. I was prepared to find him infirm, but by no means dangerously ill. When I was ushered up stairs, the first glance I gave towards him did indeed surprise me. He was in bed, with a blue striped worsted shirt drawn tightly around him, and was supported by pillows. An old Greek Homer, on which he appeared to have been meditating, was on the bed by his side. He was quite emaciated and worn away; his hands thin, and very little flesh on his face; his eyes appeared brighter and larger than usual; and his hair was wild and disordered. He stretched out his hand and saluted me. We talked on Seneca, Homer, Socrates, Christ, Plato, and Virgil. He said that in his judgment Hardinus had settled the question that Virgil did not write the *Æneid*; and that Homer meant to represent himself in the character of Ulysses. We talked of Athenæus, Apollonius Tyanens, and Tiberius. He mentioned the latter with respect, as a man of supreme genius, the master-genius of the Roman Emperors; and remarked what a sagacious plan he had adopted to bring Christ and Christianity into contempt, by deifying the former, and putting him in the same category with Julius Cæsar and himself. This he regarded as a master-stroke of policy and cunning. We talked for two hours; I then left the room and walked about Walton. When I returned, he was up and dressed, and lying on the sofa in the dining-room. He spoke little, and did not seem in spirits. We talked a good deal at dinner: he contented himself with potatoes and butter, and partook of but a small quantity. After dinner he drank a glass of gin and water. About seven, I got up with the intention of returning home, but he pressed me to stay the night. I remained: he went to bed about nine o'clock. This was the last day he ever came down stairs or dressed. I felt the compliment that he paid me; from Maginn it was a high one. The forenoon of the next day I spent entirely with him, and returned to town about two o'clock.

“ On these two occasions he told me that there was no money in the house; that he was extremely anxious to get to town to have medical advice, as he could not bring a physician down from London; that he was quite lonesome in Walton, having no one to come and speak with him. He requested me to look out for a lodging in Kensington; expressed a strong desire to go to Cove, saying he was sure a sea-voyage would serve him considerably, and told me that Dr. Ferguson had written him a letter, which recommended him to go to Cheltenham, and that he would be as well as ever in a few months; ‘but,’ said the doctor, ‘what can I do—I have not a farthing to bless myself with.’ He did not seem any way apprehensive of death. We talked of the Queen Dowager’s (then) recent marvellous recovery, and it seemed to have made a strong impression on him. Judging from the state in which her Majesty was I am confident that even at that moment if the same means had been adopted with him the doctor might have been saved from death. His spirits were high and buoyant; he laughed and told stories, with as much fun and wit as ever.

“ I received an invitation to come frequently; this I think was on the 2d or 3d of August. I went down again on that day week. The doctor repeated to me the deplorable way in which he was, and wished me to buy and bring him down the *Anti-Homeric Poems*, just published by Didot. He said they would cost me eighteen shillings: ‘they will bring me in four or five guineas,’ says he, ‘which will be good profit.’

“ (On the 11th of August, I wrote to Sir Robert Peel:\*) on the following

\* We insert our correspondent’s letter here, as we think it well merits preservation:—

“ *Furnival’s Inn, August 11, 1842.*

“ Sir—I do not suppose that any apology will be necessary for troubling you with this letter. I write, I may say, on a matter of life and death; and I believe you are too good a man not to forgive the intrusion when you consider the motive.

“ Within the last few days I have been with Dr. Maginn. He lies at Walton, I

Saturday I went down to Walton, and remained there till Sunday night. He asked me to lend him fifteen pounds, as he was in utter want. 'I have not money enough,' said he, 'to buy a leg of mutton.' I told him I should bring it to him.

In a letter written home that night I find the following passages:—

"Sunday Night, August 15, 1842.

" 'I have just come up from Walton in company with ——. I do not suppose that the poor doctor will survive the week. When I was down with him last week he was able to stir about, and used to dress himself, but now all is changed. He cannot even lift himself in the bed without help, and death is already pictured in his countenance. To give you an idea of his weakness: I sat with him this evening after dinner for a considerable time. He was then sitting up in his arm chair with blankets and flannels about him. He got tired, and requested me to put him to bed. You know that I am not the stoutest person in the world, and the doctor was always twice my size; yet I was strong enough to carry him across the room, and put him into bed just as if he were a little child. He is reduced to a mere skeleton, skin and bone; and whatever he drinks must be lifted to his mouth, so weak and quivering is his hand. He told me a number of amusing things, for he has scarcely any idea of death—I say *scarcely*, for he sometimes alludes to it, but in his own humorous, simple, careless way.

"As soon as the doctor had concluded, he dictated some lines of a *Homeric Ballad* to me. I suppose they are the last he will ever write on this earth, for he is sinking away like the flame of a dying lamp, and a puff would extinguish him. His eyes retain all their softness. (I think I mentioned to you some years ago, that they were the mildest I ever saw,) but are larger and brighter than before, and his intellect has not lost one atom of its clearness, wisdom, and beauty. His voice is a mere whisper; he cannot speak a word with any loudness, but all in a low subdued whisper, and he coughs dreadfully. His breathing is quick, and you can hear the rattling of his lungs as he inhales the air. He is subject to most strange fancies. Sometimes he thinks himself sinking in the bed, and grasps the clothes to support himself. There is a little closet in the room; the door of it was open, and he said he saw a man there with a drawn sword. He got it shut up. 'I've just been talking to Letitia—she has been here an hour,' said he the other day to Mrs. R——, 'she sat there, just opposite.' He told me that he saw horrid

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am sorry to say, in a state bordering on death. Consumption has set in, and his physician is of opinion that nothing now can save his life but a voyage to some warmer climate. For such a journey I have reason to believe that he does not possess means; even to support himself in his present condition, he is obliged, from his sick bed to dictate to his daughter, (for he is too weak to hold a pen) articles for the magazines and newspapers; and he must perish if relief be not speedily afforded. Of his danger he is entirely unaware; but though it is known to his wife and family, they shrink from applying to those who might feel proud to relieve him. Under these circumstances I appeal to you on his behalf. I do so without the knowledge of any person connected with him. I do not wish it even to be known that I applied to you, for my only motive is that I love the man. I will not enlarge on the eminent services he has rendered in his literary capacity to that party, and those principles of which you have long been the leader and most eloquent expounder; nor need I remind you that he possessed a virtue too rarely met with in authors, having never written a line which the most modest eye might not see, or the most fastidious lip repeat. I will not appeal to you on any narrow ground; but regarding Dr. Maginn as an individual of exalted genius, the most universal scholar perhaps of the age, and as good, and kind, and gentle-hearted a being as ever breathed, I ask you would it not be a pity and a shame if such a man were abandoned, in this majestic country, and suffered to sink into a premature grave for the want only of those remedies which might restore him to his family and the public? His claims for a literary pension are as high as those of any person who has obtained one within the last twenty years, and certainly no one ever required it more, though he never sought it, or complained that he was forgotten. But I fear that the tardy relief which a pension would afford, would be unsuitable to his present danger. To you, then, I leave the consideration of his case. Add one more jewel to the many which already adorn your character; and bear with me while I remind you that the crisis is imminent, and not a moment to be lost.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your most humble and obedient servant &c. &c."

threatening faces all about him at times. I know,' said he, 'that it is all delusion, but then the fancy is just as bad as if they were real.'

"On Tuesday night, the 17th of August, I got a letter from the secretary of Sir Robert Peel, (the late Mr. Edward Drummond,) stating that the premier had taken measures for the relief of Dr. Maginn. On the following day I went down to Walton with Mr. Drummond's letter; but his family had not seen fit to apprise him of the premier's generosity. On this occasion he again alluded to his poverty, and the ingratitude of his party. In fact, he seemed to have no other trouble on his mind. On Thursday evening I left Walton: I never again saw him alive. He died on the following Saturday; and I firmly believe died in ignorance of the splendid gift of the prime minister of England—a gift that would have afforded him much consolation in his dying moments.

He was buried on Monday, August 29—a day of sunshine, of thunder, and lightning. The church re-echoed peal after peal, of the most appalling thunder during the reading of the service. As the coffin moved to the grave, the flashes and the peals became terrific—no rain or cloud, no mist or shadow was in the beautiful sky. When the coffin was lowered down, the thunder passed away, and left the sunshine over his grave undisturbed and radiant.

The following "Fragment" on his death was published soon after. It partakes of the wild scene it commemorates:—

## I.

The dead bells were tolling,  
The thunders were rolling,  
The big clouds were clashing,  
The fierce lightning flashing  
In mirth—  
But yet from the heaven  
The sun was not driven,  
Its beams glitter'd o'er him,  
As slowly we bore him  
To earth.

## II.

The sunlight so splendid,  
With thunder thus blended,  
The red eyes of lightning,  
The atmosphere bright'ning,  
Made those  
Who wept there and trembled,  
But think it resembled  
The giant mind broken,  
By sorrows unspoken  
And woes.

## III.

For strong as the thunder  
That rends rocks asunder,  
Was he, when God-gifted,  
His bright mind uplifted  
Her crest;  
And gentle and beaming,  
Like sunshine in seeming,  
His spirit was moulded—  
And fondness enfolded  
His breast.

## IV.

The prayers they were mutter'd,  
The answers half stutter'd,  
The parson off started,  
The clerk, too, departed  
To bed;—  
But the Spirit of Thunder  
Stood there in his wonder,  
With Lightning his Brother,  
To guard one and t'other,  
The Dead.

The portrait of Maginn prefixed to this essay is an admirable likeness, and does great credit to the artist, Mr. Samuel Skillin, of Cork.



## PARIS AND ITS PEOPLE.\*

THIS is essentially the age of "*tour de force*" in every thing. The effort is not to be better or wiser than our forefathers, but to be different: to do something which they have done in another way—to accomplish an object with inferior means; in a word, we might characterize the era, by saying, it is "the pursuit of all things under difficulties." Hence the monocord performances of our violinists, the learned pigs, the industrious fleas, the singing mice, and the *hoc genus omne* of those absurd contradictions which amuse far less than they astonish, and are much more calculated to excite surprise than pleasure.

Among the wonders of our time, Holman, the blind traveller, stands pre-eminently forward. The singularity of any one suffering under such a bereavement adventuring upon that career, which, of all others, seems most to demand the faculty of which he was deprived, cannot fail to strike us with astonishment. That a traveller—the observer, *par excellence*—should be blind, seems most preposterous. What can we glean from him to whom the great volume of nature was closed, and whose knowledge of it alone consisted in the retailed opinions of others? Where are we to find those descriptions of places and people, pictured forth as they stood, life-like and striking, which make the page of the traveller so full of interest to the reader—where those observations which reveal the keen observer of this world's changes—detecting, even in the outward semblance of things, the working of those secret impulses which alter the face of nations? Alas! we have none of these. The gloom of night spreads like a pall over the earth, and we grope our way through lands rich in features of picturesque beauty—through cities, whose monuments are the records of great achievements—with

the cold uncheering sense of having for our companion, one whose sorrow it is, to know nought of these things.

But yet, the blind have something hallowed in their affliction. The same will that veiled to them the world without, has turned their orbs to look within. The faculties which, under happier circumstances, had roved free and untrammelled over the objects of this fair world, are concentrated on reflection. The sun-lit skies and darkening clouds, that alternate in their influences on others, produce no effect on them; theirs is an unvarying existence. Thought begetting thought, they build a superstructure for themselves, wherein those they love are presented before them, in the aspects they most desire, and fancy, unchecked, realises to their minds pictures of greatest beauty. The other senses, too, become wonderfully acute in these cases, supplying, by instincts of their own, many of the attributes which sight possesses; hence the remarkable tact blind people display regarding the temper and habits of those with whom they converse for the first time. The indications which tone of voice and utterance suggest, are studied by them with a surpassing skill—and traits of temperament elicited in the slightest inflections of sound. The opinions and thoughts of a blind man are ever interesting, for this reason—they are unlike other men's—the stamp of originality is on them all, they come marked by the peculiar circumstances of his infirmity, but endowed with features which happier organizations never can confer; for this reason, however little suited to his task, the blind traveller will be always an interesting one—less, be it remembered, for the information he can bring us back of distant lands, than for the psychological study his own mind presents to us. You turn from the coun-

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\* Paris and its People, by the author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," "The Great Metropolis," &c. &c. In two Vols. London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street. 1844.

try to the traveller, and you think of every thing only in its relation to him and his sensations.

Let us now turn from this digression—for such, after all, it is—to address ourselves to the more immediate object before us. If there be difficulties innumerable to the man who can not see, in exploring a foreign land, what shall we say of him who cannot speak—who neither can question those he meets with on the singularity of observances and habits, but must let his mere eyesight convey its unconnected impressions to his brain? who, denied of all faculty intercourse, walks, as it were, spell-bound among his fellow-men—his eyes open, but his intellect closed; his body awake, but his intelligence sleeping? What matters it, whether his infirmity be heaven-imposed or self-inflicted? the man with bandaged eyes is, to all intents and purposes, as blind as he who never saw; and in this wise, the stranger, ignorant of the language of those among whom he travels, for all advantages of speech, might as well have been brought up in a deaf and dumb asylum. Such is he who now presents to the world a work on Paris and its people. Its people!—only think for an instant of that most involved web of humanity, that most intricate of all the tangled skeins of human existence, the Parisian, becoming the subject-matter of meditation to a man who cannot converse with him; who, ignorant of that language, which, more than any other in Europe, reveals the class, the tone, the habits, the daily life of the speaker, ventures, on the evidence of his eyesight, to catch the traits, and delineate the features of this ever-changing and versatile population. Conceive, for a second, the hardihood of this attempt, and estimate afterwards the value of those researches into nationality made under this “silent system;” or with the, if possible, more deceitful aid of an interpreter, paid at five francs *per diem*. Penny-a-lining is truly an awful thing; it neither respects gods nor columns. Nothing is too hot or too heavy for its touch. Crude impressions and flat common-places are its stock in trade; and truisms, indited with the practised flippancy of a daily pen, constitutes its resources. So long as its skill is exercised on the every-day objects

before it, so long its information, if not novel or accurate, will at least have a certain relation to fact. It will smack of the reporter. But change the venue, and mark the consequences—observe the tissue of blunders this fatal facility of twaddle suggests, and watch into what egregious ignorance it precipitates its possessor. Mr. Grant might have revelled in his innumerable descriptions of London, under every variety of title the ingenuity of Grub-street could devise, and whether called “Travels in Town,” “Sketches of London,” “Light and Shadows of London Life,” “The Great Metropolis,” or any other synonyme, we never should have thought it necessary to arraign him at the bar of criticism. The thing was at home among ourselves—the habits he pictured, whether true or false, were English—of which, if he thought it worth while to be the historian, it was no affair of ours; his opinion on them was of course open to him—and we neither quarrelled with him for his political leanings, or his party prejudices. But the matter becomes different, when he leaves this safe and well-beaten path, worn smooth and even by his own footsteps. We cannot afford ignorance about France; the reproach has existed too long against us; it is time to throw it off, and for ever. I repeat, we cannot afford to let Frenchmen hear that we mistake and misconceive them to the full as much as we did fifty years ago. The long peace, which has opened the Continent to our tourists, has given us opportunities, which, if neglected or misapplied, would ineffably disgrace us; and we feel that such is not the fact. We are assured that France and Frenchmen are, if not thoroughly understood, at least fairly appreciated by the mass of cultivated English people; and we must not lose this vantage-ground, by suffering the half-formed notions and miserable common-places of a very inferior traveller to damage this high position. It will not do to let Frenchmen, who, in the great majority of cases, are as ignorant of us and our usages, as they are of the Chinese, suppose, that our travellers are made of this metal. Let *them* blunder on about our national debt, and our grinding aristocracy, our insufferable pride, and our coldness of temperament, our wife-selling and

suicidal tastes, and so forth—but let us, at least, gain credit for a nearer approach to truth in our estimation of them. French is spoken by at least fifty natives of our country for one Frenchman who can even read English. Their literature, “*tant pis*,” in some cases, is known to thousands here—while ours, save through translations—many of them poor enough—ours, is comparatively unknown in Paris. Their best critic on English literature, Philarete Chasles himself, to give no other instance, speaks of Crofton Croker as the great critic of England, and editor of the *Quarterly Review*. We may smile at these things—but let us, in heaven’s name, not be laughed at in turn. That Mr. Grant’s book would subject us to this visitation we are fearfully aware—and have only one consolation on the subject, which is, the great probability of its never being read there. Still as it is possible that the “*Revue Britannique*,” which notices the majority of works on France, may chance to advert to it, we cannot forbear entering our protest against the book, as indicating either the opinions or views of cultivated Englishmen on that country.

The volume opens by a very circumstantial detail of the external appearance of the houses in Paris, which had the city been Pekin, would have been, doubtless, interesting enough; but really, when the whole panorama is only, *via* Southampton and Havre, some thirty hours’ journey, it is rather hard to stomach forty pages of such trivialities as the following:—

“The houses in all the leading streets range from five to ten stories in height—The fronts are covered with plaster—The Paris shops are remarkable for the number and the size of their mirrors, no matter what the business is which is followed in the shop—There you are sure to see some young women—The streets in the centre of the city are exceedingly narrow—The entrance to the houses is not as in England, by a small private door, but by a large double door resembling a gateway—The principal streets are lighted with gas—The window-blinds, shutters, &c., of the houses, are very different from those in England—they open and shut from the outside—The windows are unlike ours—instead of drawing up and down, they open and shut like a dou-

ble door.” Why did not our author take as the motto for this remarkable chapter, that line in the “Rejected Addresses”—

“The horses tails hung down behind,  
The shoes were on their feet,”

this startling description would have chimed in so happily with the very singular facts he records.

Our author, in true English taste, finds fault with the absence of names on the doors—a custom which exists in no part of the Continent, and sagely observes, that though there is a porter, called a *concierger*, “yet when the inquirer is a stranger, and cannot speak the language, he finds himself no better off than if there were no such person as the porter!” What! does Mr. Grant expect that this humble menial is to be a polyglott Cerberus, with a language for every visiter? or would it not be more reasonable for the inquirer, being in France, to know something of French? What brought him there if he did not? is the eternal question rising in our minds. “*Que diable! Alloit il faire dans cette galère.*”

“When you get to any apartment,” quoth Grant, “which you wish to enter, you pull a string, which rings a bell.” Really if we were disposed to be critical, we should say that this style had its origin in the entertaining history of Little Red Riding Hood—“pull the bobbin and the latch will rise,” sayeth the wolf, and the result in both cases will be “an immediate response from some of those within.” And this is about Paris and its people!

“You never hear expressions, on the part of omnibus conductors, in Paris, similar to those of ‘hold hard, and all’s right.’” Not knowing the French equivalents for these precise phrases, we are unable to pronounce on the accuracy of this statement; but we accept the information as curious, and indicative of Parisian life, and pass on to some dozen more pages about cabs, carts, cabriolets, and fiacres, till we are as sick of fares and set-downs as ever was a London magistrate at the end of a session.

After some very flat description of public buildings and houses, we come to the following:—

“Between the Rue St. Honoré and

the northern Boulevards, lies the Palais Royale. There is no part of Paris which is so constantly in the thoughts, or so frequently on the lips of the Parisian as this locality. He thinks of it by day, and dreams of it by night. He regards it with all the fervour of affection with which a lover adores his mistress. It is in a sense mixed up with his very existence. Paris with all its attractions would be scarcely tolerable to him, were he denied access to the Palais Royale. Wherever the genuine Parisian is, whether in any other part of the city or in the provinces, whether at home or abroad, his thoughts and affections tend as surely to the Palais Royale as the needle points to the pole. Death may tear an attached friend from his embraces, and he is overwhelmed for a season with sorrow at his loss; but it is only for a season. Time heals the wound which the bereavement has inflicted, and he is himself again. It is otherwise if he be placed in circumstances which debar him from the Palais Royale. It is the heaviest calamity, the severest affliction which can befall him. The exclusion preys on his spirits and wears away his body. To those who have not been in Paris this may appear exaggeration; but it is not so. We all know the ascendancy which the love of country often acquires in the breast of a Scotchman or a Swiss, when circumstances have obliged him to reside in a foreign clime. The feeling at times so powerfully preys upon his mind as to impair his health. I know one instance, and there are many such most amply attested, in which a Scotch Highlandman in South America died from the excess of his love of country. The same ardent affection for the Palais Royale exists in the heart of a Parisian. I cannot say I know any particular case in which a Parisian, doomed to settle in the provinces or abroad, has died of a broken heart, because exiled from his beloved Palais Royale; but I saw and heard enough, when in the French capital, of the Parisian's passionate fondness for that charming locality, to look on such an event as possible."

To have put forward gravely and seriously, such a piece of absurdity as this, is really too bad. Who could have been cruel enough to hoax the unhappy Grant to such an extent, we cannot think. This wanton wickedness to a poor man, who could not speak for himself, is positively excusable.

§ Mr. Grant should have known that

the Palais has nearly entirely lost its vogue. That its Restaurants, to which it owed its greatest celebrity, have greatly deteriorated of late years—the *Trois Freres* alone maintaining a high repute. Véry and "Vefour" have both sadly fallen, and the cafés are now inferior to several of those in the Boulevards. The frequenters of the Palais always were a certain class of the bourgeois, who lived in remote parts of Paris, and came there for a distraction, or a *jour de fete*—the better order of its visitors being foreigners—mostly English—many of them, like Mr. Grant, of the staring and speechless class, who lounged about the colonnades, peering into pipe shops, and gazing with dewy lips on *pate de foie gras* and packets of asparagus. That such people, even with the aid of a five-franc interpreter, may conceive the Palais Royal as the resort of all Paris is possible enough; but it would require a higher reach of imagination to describe the agonies of banishment and separation from it, so pathetically as our author has done.

As to the "immense crowds of persons dressed in the extreme of fashion," we can only say we never have seen them there, and cannot account for their presence to Mr. Grant's eyes, on any other hypothesis, than that we have glanced at in the commencement of this paper—that the deprivation of one sense heightens the perception of all the rest. In this way there is no accounting for the quick-sightedness of the speechless. And as to the "sitting *luxuriously* in chairs," we cannot quarrel with Mr. Grant's ideas of luxury; but of a verity, a rush-bottomed, straight-backed, Palais Royal chair, suggests to us notions as remote from luxury as need be; and how the practice can make you fancy "you are in Eden, only that you see no fruit," is passing strange to us. Not such certainly are our ideas of Paradise, nor are we able, by any stretch of our imagination, aided by our author's eloquence, to convert a set of coffee-drinking, cigar-smoking Parisian shopkeepers, into a scene realising the "most beautiful conceptions to be found in our fairy tales."

Tempted by the title of a chapter—"General remarks on the people"—

we came upon the following very singular piece of intelligence:—"A Frenchman would sooner receive a blow, which would injure his head, than one which would damage his hat. He will pardon an insult offered to himself; but he will never forgive you if you destroy or injure his hat." Now *a quoi bon?* we would ask, to exclaim against the absurd stories French travellers retail of us and of our habits, if such preposterous nonsense as this is to be circulated of them. We are angry, and justly so, that a late tourist in England should assert that boxing is a common termination of a dinner-party in fashionable London society; but why charge the ignorance of such stories on Frenchmen? After all, they may have their Mr. Grant's writing long-winded descriptions of common-places—vamping up volumes of trashy detail—making, as it were, a kind of municipal inventory of Paris, under what the "trade" call "taking titles," and these gentlemen may, for aught we know, take a trip across the sea to describe the manners and customs of a people with whose language they are totally unacquainted.

This remark is followed up by a statistic on the subject of beards and mustaches, contrasted with the smooth-chinned portion of the population, in which he assures us that the latter "have it." And again, as to the greater prevalence of beards or mustaches, where we come to the startling fact, that there are, at least, "three mustaches to every beard." This is a curious, and for aught we know, a very important discovery, illustrating, in a remarkable manner, the tone of thought just now gaining currency in France. Doubtless Mr. Grant has seen that extraordinary tract written during the second year of the empire, entitled "*L'Influence des moustaches, dans l'Etat,*" and is slyly hinting at political changes in embryo, of which, for reasons of state, he declines to speak more openly. We are certain that nothing short of such views could have led him into three pages' disquisition on a topic of this nature. Let no one then hastily cry pshaw! at this rather lengthy detail. Like the writer in the *Spectator*, our author, when most stupid, must be always suspected of having something under it. As we read on—for the

subject is one which he lingers on, and cannot part with—we find:—

"The question whether beards or mustaches be most becoming, is one which often leads to animated discussions in Paris. I have heard opinions expressed on either side of the question, with all the gravity with which a decision is given from the judicial bench. I should feel disposed to give my vote in favour of the beards. I would do so on this intelligible ground—that I dislike compromises of any kind. And mustaches are nothing more than a compromise between nature and the barber,—homage being rendered to nature in allowing her to have her own way on the upper lip, while the interests of the barber are regarded by daily submitting the lower regions of the face to the operations of his razor. Men should be either one thing or another. I should be either for all beard or no beard,—either for a luxuriant crop of hair, or its entire absence. Nor is it the only ground of my dislike of mustaches that I am opposed to all compromises: I think the preference is due to the full-grown beard on the ground of mere appearance. I know that in this as well as in all other matters, tastes, like doctors, will differ,—but that does not shake my faith in the conviction, that luxuriant beards are incomparably more manly than mustaches; which, for the most part are miserable stunted things,—excrescences which disfigure the human face, converting even the most handsome countenance into an object which no one can behold with pleasure.

"It is gratifying to think that my views on this point are spreading with railroad rapidity. Those who have long resided in Paris assure me that the mustaches are every year diminishing in number, and that they promise, ere long, to become altogether extinct. So be it. In the provinces they are already comparatively rare. For one mustached gentleman your eyes encounter there, you meet with a half-dozen in Paris. They are now patronized by very few men of distinction. Louis Philippe has a decided aversion to them. None of his Ministers—none of them at least that I have seen—give them any countenance. On the judicial bench they are disowned, and among the 'counsel at the bar,' there certainly is not one in twenty that cultivates mustaches. Even our own Colonel Sibthorp, the member for Lincoln, has lost all conceit of his mustaches and rid himself of them. For the last two or three years he has caused the razor to make clean work of it, all over the lower part



of his face. I am not aware whether any member of the House of Commons has formally congratulated the gallant colonel on his improved taste, but I am sure they are one and all delighted with the change. The aspect of his countenance has certainly improved full fifty per cent. by the disappearance of his mustaches.

We ask pardon of our readers for this quotation; but we give it less for its own merit, than to point at a very common defect in our author's habits of writing—which is the constant practice of referring all things in Paris to a London standard, and making reference to English habits and institutions when speaking of France and Frenchmen. This piece of cockneyism is most provoking, and we are equally annoyed at it when we find Holborn brought side-by-side with the Boulevards, and Colonel Sibthorpe with “*La jeune France*.” How the gallant colonel comes to figure in a chapter on French beards, would puzzle himself sadly to account for; and no ingenuity indeed, short of our author's, could have achieved the “*metastasis*.” So it is, however, and, to complete the bewilderment, at a little further on we find Mr. Muntz, the M.P. for Birmingham. Why this great leviathan of rolled copper and sheet iron, suggested no little digression of twenty pages on trade and manufactures—the ten-hours bill—cash payments—corn and cotton—we cannot comprehend; for, somewhat later on, we remark with what avidity he seizes on the subject of the soldier in France, to launch forth into a disquisition on the benefit of peace, and the growing prospects of the society established to propagate such doctrines. And this is he who discourseth so learnedly on “*Literary Quackery*.” “Ah, the doctor is a good man, for he knows what wickedness is.”

Mr. Grant theorizes on the walk of French women, and suggests, as the secret of their superiority in this respect, that lightness of heart so marked and characteristic in the French character, and most of all in female character. The explanation which a contemporary critic seems to applaud for its ingenuity, we are disposed to reject, and most ungallantly to ascribe to causes more material. Simply this: French women walk

better than English and Germans, because they are better formed in the leg and instep. The arch of the foot, the great agent in graceful motion, is strongly built, being preserved in early life by means of boots and shoes of more resisting materials. The foot is not, as so commonly with us, flattened out, and the sole brought down to rest flat on the ground. This care in youth secures the arched instep, and the well-turned foot, so essential at once to elasticity and firmness. That “*chaussure*,” in after life, attracts more attention from a French, than an English woman, is natural enough, and has its evidence in that perfection so displayed on this portion of the toilette. But so enamoured is our author of French vivacity and liveliness—the common cant of all your “*slow men*”—that he even detects these characteristics in situations we should certainly not look for them. Even at “*La Morgue*!”—

“When in Paris, I accidentally had an opportunity of seeing the bodies of two persons who had committed suicide; and if before they destroyed themselves their features were as composed, and the entire expression of their countenances was as tranquil, as after they had committed the deed, no one would have discovered in them an exception to that aspect of cheerfulness which is so marked a characteristic of the French.”

We willingly leave these matters, and pass on to something which has the semblance of a reflection; for, although already at the middle of Vol. I. we have culled the sweets of the author, and are in no small apprehension, lest the new copy-right act may lay hands on us for our “*beauties of Grant*.”

“There was nothing I met with during my stay in France that grieved or surprised me more, than the strong prejudices which every where prevail against England and the English. I had been prepared for this among the lower and less informed part of the population, but I certainly did not expect to meet with much of it among the educated classes of society. Strange to say, however, the feeling is almost as general among them as among the most ignorant of the Parisians. It is true that to Englishmen, individually, the French show the very greatest attention, and treat them with the greatest kindness; but the English, as a people, and Eng-



land, as a country, are regarded by them with the most marked dislike. There is something very anomalous—something very difficult to understand in this. It is strange that the French should exhibit so strong an aversion to the English, as a people, and yet evince the utmost partiality to them in their individual capacity. Still the fact is as I have mentioned. I content myself with stating it; it is for others, who have more leisure than I command, to endeavour to account for or explain the seeming paradox. Not only the most unjust, but most ridiculous things imaginable, are said of England, and believed by the better-informed orders of French society. Nothing, indeed, could be so transcendent in absurdity as not to be believed, if alleged against the English. I have sometimes, in fact, thought that the more legibly the supreme absurdity of a charge against this country was written on its face, the greater would be the probability of its being swallowed by the Parisians. I was in Paris during the queen's visit to France; and many of the reports then put gravely into circulation, not only by "*The National*," and other papers, but by private individuals, were really of so superlatively absurd a nature, that one would have thought it impossible for human credulity, however great, to digest them. And yet the French, with all their acuteness and all their intelligence, do swallow these colossal absurdities as readily as if the reports were truth itself. This is most deeply to be regretted on the part of both countries. Both suffer from it in their respective moral influence, and in their commercial interests. It has the effect of keeping up that spirit of jealousy, rivalry, and enmity, which has existed in both countries a great deal too long. Providence has placed England and France in such relative situations, as clearly show that they were meant to be on a friendly footing with each other. They are the two greatest countries on the face of the earth. United and friendly they might bid defiance to the world, and exercise a moral influence over all the nations of the earth, of the mightiest and most beneficial kind. It would be the manifest interest of both to cultivate a perfect community of feeling—to understand each other on all the great questions of the day—and to act in concert whenever the position of public affairs might require their co-operation. I would appeal, on this point, to the editors of the newspaper press in France. They can influence the public mind to an extent far surpassing the influence exercised on public opinion by the newspaper press of this

country. The journalists of France, were they to apply themselves to the task, would be able in a very short time to banish all the existing prejudices against England from the minds of their countrymen. England has no such prejudices against France. England admires many of the traits in the French character, and is most desirous of cultivating a good understanding with France. Past differences, former animosities, should now, by mutual consent, be buried in oblivion. The opinion alluded to by Addison, in the "*Spectator*," as being very generally entertained in his day, that France and England were natural and irreconcilable enemies, has long ceased to be entertained in this country. The conviction now universal amongst us is, that they are natural friends, and ought to be united together in indissoluble bonds. England pants for such a union: all that is wanting to its being formed is the concurrence of France itself.

"But while none can be more sensible than ourselves of the utter groundlessness of those suspicions which the French entertain against us, and while we show that we entertain no unfriendly feelings towards them, we are not sure whether our metropolitan newspapers have, at all times, shown that forbearance, in dealing with their prejudices, with which we ought to regard a generous, though, in this respect, mistaken people. We are too apt to reply in an angry spirit to the charges they prefer against us, without making due allowance for the peculiar circumstances in which France has been so often placed. We ought to remember that the French are an injured people, and that the injuries which have been done to them have been too often aggravated by gratuitous insults. Nor must we conceal from ourselves that we took an active part—indeed, without our aid it could not have been effectual—in that foreign interference, by means of which the obnoxious Bourbons were twice foisted upon the French at the point of the bayonet. With the recollection of this fact yet fresh in their minds, it is no wonder if they still look upon us with a prejudiced eye. We can hardly blame them for their sensitiveness on the subject of our interference in the war which terminated in 1815,—since, if there be any one point, in reference to our past policy, on which Englishmen are now more agreed than another, it is in denouncing that interference as most iniquitous and unjust. And, verily, we have received our reward. We are now reaping the bitter fruits of our folly and our guilt. If the French have suffered in military repu-

tation by the issue of the late war, we are suffering no less severely in our pockets. Look at the hundreds of millions which it has added to our national debt,—the very interest of which at times menaces the country with bankruptcy. The lesson which this has taught us will be a useful one. And it will be beneficial to others as well as to ourselves. There is little danger of England ever again gratuitously taking part in the quarrels of other countries. When they fall out they will be allowed, so far as we are concerned, to adjust their own differences in their own way."

Did it never occur to Mr. Grant, that this wholesale prejudice he speaks of, had its root in the unfounded representations half-informed persons circulate on the two countries—that, what between the intentional falsehoods of party writers, and the more venial blunders of ignorant ones, both France and England, near though they be, are comparatively strangers to each other. Indeed, paradoxical though it seems, the knowledge of either country had been far greater, were they remote from each other.

It is the eternal clashing of party feeling in the two chambers of representation, that sustains much of this spirit of animosity. Each party with us, has its reciprocal one in Paris; and the advent to power of a whig or a tory, has a direct influence on the politics of the French government, and the cause of monarchy or democracy rises or falls by the fitful changes of our own political atmosphere. So much is this the case, that every one at all conversant with France knows how our popularity in that country for some years past has been mainly affected by the individual in power at our foreign office. And if Lord Palmerston was near embroiling us in a fresh war, Lord Aberdeen's fair, but conciliating policy, has restored our relations to a footing, safe, secure, and dignified.

As to the national animosity being really abated on either side, we are by no means sanguine. John Bull is a forgiving animal. It suits the character of his stubborn pride to be so. He likes the self-flattery of shaking hands with his adversary—not the less heartily, that he knows he has had the best of it. But Frenchmen have a different standard to guide them—they feel the insult of 1815. They

remember too vividly the allies bivouacked in the "Champs Elysées, and quartered in their streets. They think of Waterloo—that great disaster, that hangs like an ill-omened cloud aloft, and throws its gloomy shadow over their most brilliant victories. They recall the once greatness of France, and with all her present elements of prosperity and happiness, ten-fold more than ever she possessed in the palmiest days of the empire, they sigh after the period of her glory." "We have not the same extent of territory Louis XIV. left us," said one of their most distinguished writers to ourselves, "why should you expect us to preserve peace?" Let us not calculate too far on the spirit of a people animated by such regrets. The good feeling of individuals—the high sentiments of intelligence and honour, that characterise the few, are but deceptive indications of the temper of the mass. France is at the disposition of an able, but ill-directed press. The writers, however they differ in the shades of partizanship, evince in one respect a feature of similarity. They are, with a miserable exception or two, all anti-English. If this spirit lived not in the people, we should not find it in the press. The newspapers of every country, even where most powerful, are rather the "indices," than the suggestors of public sentiment, and this is remarkably the case in France. Scarcely a day passes, without some allusion to that topic of national jealousy; and never is the sarcasm of a Frenchman more congenially engaged, than when discussing a question of English habits or morals.

These things will bear their fruit in season. The nurtured dislike of a great nation is not to be held lightly; nor is it to be averted by the flip-pant common-places of a book-making tourist.

It is true the French, as Mr. Grant asserts, bear us ill-will for the great wars of the empire; but it is not the case, as he most absurdly assumes, that these wars had for their object the restoration of the Bourbons, and that the national debt of England was incurred in "foisting this family upon France."

The wars were waged, and the debt incurred, because of the aggressive tyranny of the French Emperor. The continental system of Napoleon—a system that threatened utter annihila-

tion to English commerce, and ruin to her colonies—was the source of that war, which at once placed England in the highest position among nations, and elevated the military character of the country, as second to none in Europe. The policy of Mr. Pitt rescued us from the fate of Austria and Prussia; and it ill becomes us, who never saw a foreign soldier within our sea-girt isle, to throw discredit upon his memory, who spared us the humiliation—the greatest that can befall a nation.

Away, and for ever, with this trumped-up charge of our national debt being incurred in the defence of a legitimacy with which we were unconcerned! The question was one of our existence as a people. The tyrannical exactions of Napoleon, his thirst for territory, his hollow faith, and, above all, his hatred to every thing English—these were the causes of our national debt: and while we smart under the pressure of the infliction, let us not be unmindful of the greater evils it averted. Amiens and Luneville attest that England attempted to treat with her enemy. Not her's the fault if the negotiations ended not happily. But Mr. Grant waits, and we return to him:—

“The French have long been proverbial for their politeness; and this national characteristic is still preserved in all its pristine perfection. Wherever you go you are received with a measure of attention, of which you had no experience, and could have had none, before you put your foot on French ground. There is something exceedingly fascinating in the politeness of the higher classes of French society; though for the first few days the Englishman feels rather oppressed than gratified by it. You never meet with a Frenchman who does not take off his hat, and make to you a succession of low bows. When he shakes you by the hand, he does it with both his hands; and if he had all the hands of Briserius, he would put every one of them in requisition in expressing the delight he feels at meeting with you. Politeness is a science with the French, if, indeed, it be not an instinct of their nature. Metaphysicians have wasted reams of paper, and expended gallons of ink, in the discussion of the question, whether or not there be innate ideas. We all know the opinions of Locke, and other celebrated writers, on this point. I ex-

press no opinion either way, because I am no metaphysician; and if I were, it is quite possible that my opinion would be entitled to no more consideration than the opinions of hosts of philosophers who have gone before me. But if there be such a thing as intuitive dispositions, the disposition to be polite must be natural to the French. An Englishman who has not been in France, can have no conception of the extent to which the practice of politeness is carried. A gentleman never meets a lady in any retired place, though a perfect stranger to her, without taking off his hat, and making his most respectful obeisance. When entering the coffee-shops, eating-houses, or other public establishments which gentlemen have occasion to visit, the first thing a Parisian does on crossing the threshold, is to take off his hat to the female who presides in these places as a sort of goddess, at a small, tasteful desk: and, as if once were not sufficient, he repeats his obeisance as he quits the premises.”

This is all very good; and we would have given more than we dare confess to have seen the author himself, with that bland smile we remark in his portrait, performing his salutations to the “goddess at the tasteful desk.” Why was he not represented in the act of this ceremonial? Or better still, as we find a few lines lower down, “seated to be shaved in a shop.” Alas! Mr. Grant, we have been obliged to perform that office for you, with our own hands, and we only hope not to scarify you in the operation.

Mr. Grant assures us that many of the so-called legitimist party in France are nothing but disguised republicans. Where he learned this fact we cannot conceive; but the annexed account of M. Chateaubriand is the climax to the absurdity of the whole passage:—

“Just so is it with several distinguished men in France, who are erroneously supposed to be Legitimists, because from personal friendship they still cling to the fallen family, of whom Henry the Fifth is now the representative. Among these individuals is the celebrated Chateaubriand. His attachment to that unfortunate family has led to the opinion that he is a Legitimist. He is nothing of the kind. One who is on terms of closest intimacy with him, assured me, when in Paris, that in heart he is a thorough-going Republican.”

This, we confess, is new to us, and

we suspect equally so to our friends in France. At least Victor Hugo, in his inaugural address to the "Academie," gives a very different version of this distinguished writer's career. Does Mr. Grant know, that Chateaubriand and Lemercier were among the few whom Napoleon, in the pride of his exalted station, could not seduce from their attachment to the Bourbon cause?

Is he aware that Chateaubriand dared to hand back to Napoleon himself his appointment of ambassador, when the death of the Duc D'Enghien was announced in Paris; and thus, by one act of resolute defiance, to denounce the consul himself as the author of that crime? Has he never seen or heard of the pamphlet, which appeared in the early period of the empire, urging the restoration of the exiled family to France, avowedly his? Is he ignorant of the letter M. Chateaubriand addressed to the Duchess de Berri, during her imprisonment. If ever there was consistency in a political career, it was Chateaubriand's, from his first step to his last—announced a few days since in our papers—when he arrived in England to pay his respectful homage to the Duc de Bordeaux—there was no wavering, no uncertainty. Without approving of his policy, or exalting his views, we would render justice to his character, and save it from a reproach which might be hurtful were it left uncontradicted.

Turning to the legislative chambers, whose title rather attracted us, we forgot for a moment that our author's visit was made in the autumn season, when the theatres are, many of them, closed, the Chamber of Deputies "up," and Paris comparatively empty. However, the imagination of the writer steps in to our aid at this juncture, and he tells us:—

"Having seen M. Guizot at public meetings in London, I could fancy I saw him rise from his seat in the front bench, a little to the left of the president, and ascending the tribune with all the quiet dignity of manner for which

he is remarkable, pour forth a torrent of withering sarcasm on some preceding speaker who had been assailing the government of which he is the head."

If we cannot go the whole way with Mr. Grant in these imaginings, we are the less disposed to deny to him the full measure of enjoyment his inventive faculty supplies—being well assured, from what we know of his French, that M. Guizot's presence in the flesh would not have enhanced the value of the scene by one particle of information.

But we really are weary of our task, and gladly conclude it. A writer on Paris and its people, who, to all seeming, knew no one but his commissioner, is a curiosity of literature, and may attract some future notice from Mr. D'Israeli. To our taste he has few attractions.

Where, we ask, did he discover that Dumas was the most successful dramatic author in France? Or how, in enumerating the writers for the stage, does he omit "Scribe," the most successful of all dramatic authors of the hour? How, Alfred de Vigny, whose "Chatterton" alone would place him among the most distinguished dramatists of any age? Where did he learn that M. Guizot was a mere professing Protestant, without any religion save a political creed? Better far had he limited himself to those pleasant statistics for which his taste inclines him: how many lamps there are in Paris; how much brandy is daily drank in the capital; how many people commit suicide, and from what several causes; and other enlivening topics of the same nature.

His one solitary visit—at least the only one of which we have a record—was paid to Jules Janin. The interview was conducted through the sworn interpreter. Doubtless, before this, Janin has made a *feuilleton* on him in the "Debats;" and we therefore feel absolved from condemning, as we might, this exposure of our unlettered countryman to the most insolent and sarcastic critic of all France.

## LORD BROUGHAM'S HISTORICAL SKETCHES.\*

## THE THIRD SERIES.

CRITICISE him, censure him as we may, there is a great deal to admire about Henry Lord Brougham. Who can regard without wonder the inexhaustible energy which has borne this man fresh and unwearied through the storms of public life these thirty years, or more; the easy vigour with which he still addresses himself to every variety of pursuit; the vast extent of his *real* attainments—even though we should grant him at times superficial and precipitate; the promptitude, brilliancy, and strength of his oratorical powers; the steadiness—even amid every variety of party fortune and connexion, the remarkable steadiness—with which he has, on the whole, adhered to certain great principles of social and political philosophy, which, however easily exaggerated, are abstractedly and in themselves high and generous principles enough;—who can recall these qualities, and combine them with a nature, stern and merciless indeed in the field of fair fight, but in the interchange of daily life, kind, friendly, and unaffected—without acknowledging, that with all that has been said, and often plausibly said, against him in the varied story of his public life, Henry Lord Brougham is a man his country has just reason to be proud of; a great and conspicuous character, whose march across the first eventful half of this century cannot and ought not to be forgotten in his country's history?

These higher qualities which exalt Lord Brougham far above the level of even the ablest and most dexterous party orator or essayist, have become especially prominent in his later life. Like Burke, his powers seem to strengthen and enkindle in the sunset of his day. This is observable both within and without the walls of the House. In Parliament, his detachment from the modern and revolutionary

school of Whig politics (here, too, not altogether unlike the career of that great man to whom we have just alluded), without any defined connexion with the opposite party, though not a position ordinarily coveted by statesmen, really suits his peculiar powers remarkably. There is a fearless love of fair play, a fierce scorn of pretence and presumption of all kinds, which this indecisive position enables him to indulge with prodigious occasional effect. Understanding as he does, to its innermost recesses, every shift and device of the party with which he has quarrelled, he is enabled to expose its subterfuges with far greater power, than if he were regularly articulated and indentured to a Tory apprenticeship. There is an appearance—in this case, we really believe, an honest reality—of equity and sincerity in criticisms extorted from a politician who coincides in the broad principles of the party he criticises, that, however the sufferers may affect to despise it, does impress the public deeply. But more than this—the orator thus unfettered can fulfil his own appropriate function more resolutely; he is enabled to assume a more commanding and impartial position. Having little to gain or to lose, he can afford to address himself to truth and to posterity. He can sympathise with every form of real excellence, and boldly acknowledge it, where party was in duty bound to perceive only deformity; and he can fearlessly detect and expose error and fraud, where it would have been treachery to have whispered a defect. It is a strange and peculiar position, doubtless; but to a restless, energetic intellect it has its attractions; and assuredly it is impossible to study our recent parliamentary history without admitting that to the public it has its advantages.

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\* Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Time of George III.; to which are added, Remarks on the French Revolution. Third Series. By Henry, Lord Brougham, F.R.S., member of the National Institute of France, and of the Royal Academy of Naples. London: Charles Knight and Co., Ludgate-street, 1843.



Outside parliament the diversified talents of Lord Brougham have been manifesting themselves even more conspicuously. Varied accomplishments are perpetually sneered at, as necessarily superficial; the profound men of one idea are merciless to the brilliant proprietor of fifty. The great orator and politician of whom we speak is not, however, to be called a dabbler in science and philosophy, because he has not penetrated into all, or perhaps any of his innumerable objects of investigation, as deeply as the cloistered professor of each. In all he does, he writes thoughtfully, interestingly, clearly, and *from himself*. He brings the genius of the man of business and of the world into all; going straight to his point without obscurities of phrase, or subtleties of involution; and clothing his thoughts in that manly and simple English which shows the muscle of the idea, instead of hiding it in the rounded softness of outline, which enervates most modern styles. We think it, for our part, a fine spectacle to see advanced years thus preserving all the fresh inquisitiveness of youth; and a pleasing and unusual one, to see truth communicated with at once so much simplicity and so much vigour. The Discourses, supplementary or introductory, to Paley, have their defects; but no reader can fail to see in every page of them the genuine product of honest thought. The various miscellaneous essays on science and on eloquence deserve a similar character; and the work now in course of publication, on Political Philosophy, is of unquestionable value, though we will not hazard a more decisive judgment before a more attentive inspection. The book at present before us is the third volume of a very interesting collection of historical sketches, which will probably become of considerable value hereafter, for the history of the last generation. The public are familiar with the former volumes, which have taken their degree as prime favourites on the library table; and we think the present and closing series fairly sustains the character of its predecessors, though the subjects are scarcely equal in point of historical interest.

Lord Brougham opens with the French Revolution and its heroes. On the general question as to the

causes of this great explosion of democracy, he, of course, espouses the popular side; enlarging upon the *taille* and the *corvée*, and the other abominations of modern feudalism, with all the unction of a genuine Foxite. But, perhaps, the most instructive point in his disquisitions upon this great theme, is his perpetual reference to the existing state of things among ourselves; sometimes indirectly indeed, but in a tone which shows how constantly the Ireland of 1843 is present to the student of the France of fifty years before. For example, at the close of a rapid and effective narrative of the stages by which the Jacobin clubs succeeded in establishing their execrable despotism, he thus moralizes his tale—

“Here let us pause, and respectfully giving ear to the warnings of past experience, as whispered by the historic muse, let us calmly revolve in our minds the very important lessons of wisdom and of virtue, applicable to all times, which these memorable details are fitted to teach.

“In the *first* place, they show the danger of neglecting due precautions against the arts and the acts of *violent partisans* working upon the public mind, and of permitting them to obtain an ascendancy, by despising their power, or trusting to their being overwhelmed and lost in the greater multitude of the peaceable and the good. The numbers of the ill-intentioned may be very inconsiderable; yet the tendency of such extreme opinions, when zealously propagated because fanatically entertained, is always to spread; their direction is ever forward; and the tendency of the respectable and peaceable classes is ever to be inactive, sluggish, indifferent, ultimately submissive. When Mr. Burke compared the agitators of his day to the grasshoppers in a summer's sun, and the bulk of the people to the British ox, whose repose under the oak was not broken by the importunate chink rising from the insects of an hour, he painted a picturesque and pleasing image; and one accurate enough for the purpose of showing that the public voice is not spoken by the clamours of the violent. But unhappily the grasshopper fails to represent the agitator in this, that it cannot rouse any one of the minority to the attack; while the ox does represent but too faithfully the respectable majority, in that he is seldom roused from his ruminating half-slumber till it is too late to avert his fate.

“But, *secondly*, it is not merely the

activity of agitators that arms them with force to overpower the bulk of the people—their acts of intimidation are far more effectual than any assiduity and any address. We see how a handful of men leading the Paris mob, overturned the monarchy, and then set up and maintained an oligarchy of the most despotic character that ever was known in the world, all the while ruling the vast majority of a people that utterly loathed them, ruling that people with an iron rod, and scourging them with scorpions. This feat of tyranny they accomplished by terror alone. A rabble of ten or twelve thousand persons, occupying the capital, overawed half a million of men as robust, perhaps as brave, as themselves. But the rabble were infuriated, and they had nothing to lose; the Parisian burghers were calm, and had shops, and wives, and children; and they were fain to be still, in order that no outrage should be committed on their property or their persons. The tendency of great meetings of the people is two-fold—their numbers are always exaggerated both by the representations of their leaders and by the fears of the by-standers; and the spectacle of force which they exhibit, and the certainty of the mischief which they are capable of doing when excited and resisted by any but the force of troops, scares all who do not belong to them. Hence the vast majority of the people, afraid to act, remain quiet, and give the agitators the appearance of having no adversaries. They reverse the maxim, whoso is not against us is with us; and hold all with them whom they may have terrified into silence and repose. That this effect of intimidation is prodigious, no one can doubt. It acts and re-acts; and while fear keeps one portion of the people neutral and quiet, the impression that there is, if not a great assent to the agitators, at least little resistance to them, affects the rest of the people until the great mass is quelled, and large numbers are even induced by their alarms partially to join in the unopposed movement."

Who can doubt that the Jacobin club of Burgh Quay sat for this portrait? But Lord Brougham makes his application more unequivocal in a later passage:—

"Can any thing more strikingly or more frightfully impress upon the mind a sense of the mischiefs which may spring from popular enthusiasm, when bad men obtain sway over a nation little

informed, and unable or unwilling to think and judge for itself; ready to believe whatever it is told by interested informants, to follow whatever is recommended by false advisers, acting for their own selfish ends? That no such scenes could now be renewed in France, we may very safely venture to affirm, though much mischief might still be wrought by undue popular excitement. That in this country such things are wholly impossible needs no proof; the very least of the terrible departures from justice which marked the course of the French mob-tyranny, would at once overthrow whatever person might here attempt to reign by such means, and would probably drive us into some diametrically-opposite extremes to those which had given birth to any outrage of the kind. But this security arises wholly from the people's habit of thinking for themselves, and the impossibility of any one making them act upon grounds which they do not comprehend, or for purposes in which they have no manifest interest, or to suit views carefully concealed from them, and only covered over with vague phrases, which in this country are the source of incurable distrust.

"It is impossible to say the same thing of all parts of our people; it would be most false to assert, for example, that *the Irish people* are safe from such influence. On the contrary, they manifestly *do not think and judge for themselves*; they certainly are in the hands of persons who need not take the trouble to give sound reasons, or any reasons at all, for their advice. The Irish people are excited and moved to action, in the mass, by appeals to matters, of which they do not take the pains to comprehend even the outline, much less to reflect on the import and tendency. They are made, and easily made, to exert themselves for things of which they have formed no distinct idea, and in which they have no real interest whatever. They leave to others, their spiritual and their political guides, the task of forming their opinions for them, if mere cry and clamour, mere running about and shouting, can be called opinions. They never are suspicious of a person's motives, merely because they see he has an interest in deceiving them. They never weigh the probabilities of the tale, nor the credit of him that tells it. *They may be deceived by the same person nine times in succession, and they believe him just as implicitly the tenth*; nay, were he to confess that he had wilfully deceived them to suit a purpose of his own, they would only consider this a proof of his honesty, and lend

an ear if possible more readily to his next imposture. A people thus uninstructed, thus excited, thus guided, are most deeply to be pitied; and the duty is most imperative on their rulers, by all means and without delay, to rescue them from such ignorance, and save them from such guides, by every kindly mode of treatment which a paternal government can devise. But such a people, especially if the natural goodness of their dispositions were not outraged by scenes of a cruel kind, would easily be moved to witness, and to suffer the grossest violations of justice, would let themselves be hallooed on to the attack of their best friends by any wily impostor that might have gained their confidence, and would suffer men as base and as execrable as Marat to usurp the honours of their Pantheon."

And in commenting upon the career of Wilkes, in another of his sketches, he shows how different were the materials that profligate demagogue possessed to work with, from those which are so skilfully moulded by the Wilkes of our time and country:—

"But the fall, the rapid and total declension, of Wilkes' fame—the utter oblivion into which his very name has passed for all purposes save the remembrance of his vices—the very ruins of his reputation no longer existing in our political history—this affords also a salutary lesson to the followers of the multitude,—those who may court the applause of the hour, and regulate their conduct towards the people, not by their own sound and conscientious opinions of what is right, but by the desire to gain fame in doing what is pleasing, and to avoid giving the displeasure that arises from telling wholesome though unpalatable truths. Never man more pandered to the appetites of the mob than Wilkes; never political pimp gave more uniform contentment to his employers. Having the moral and sturdy English, and not the voluble and versatile Irish, to deal with, he durst not do or say as he chose himself; but was compelled to follow, that he might seem to lead, or at least to go two steps with his followers, that he might get them to go three with him. *He dared not deceive them grossly, clumsily, openly, impudently—dared not tell them opposite stories in the same breath—give them one advice to-day, and the contrary to-morrow—pledge himself to a dozen things at one and the same time—then come before them with every one pledge unredemed, and ask their voices, and ask their money, too, on the cre-*

*dit of as many more pledges for the succeeding half year—all this with the obstinate and jealous people of England was out of the question; it could not have passed for six weeks. But he committed as great, if not as gross, frauds upon them; abused their confidence as entirely, if not so shamefully; catered for their depraved appetites in all the base dainties of sedition, and slander, and thoughtless violence, and unreasonable demands; instead of using his influence to guide their judgment, improve their taste, reclaim them from bad courses, and better their condition by providing for their instruction. The means by which he retained their attachment were disgraceful and vile. Like the hypocrite, his whole public life was a lie."*

This is agreeable reading for the gentleman so neatly portrayed. We decidedly recommend the volume as an important acquisition to the department of light reading in the Library at Darrynane.

There is a good deal of the same, or a similar train of thought, in the account given us of the special talent of the bloody and remorseless Robespierre:—

"It would be difficult to point out within the whole range of history, ancient or modern, any person who played so great a part as Robespierre with so little genius. Those who were not brilliant, whose parts were not such as dazzle the vulgar, and thus, by bestowing fame and influence, smooth the way to power, have generally possessed some depth of intellect, some mental force which compensated, and far more than compensated, the want of shining faculties; or, if their intellectual endowments were moderate, they have by a splendid courage, struck awe into the hearts of mankind; or at least, by extraordinary vigour and constitutional firmness of purpose, they have overpowered, though more slowly, all resistance to their will, and with constancy won their way to the head of affairs. Nor are instances wanting, and perhaps Henry IV. of France is most remarkable, of amiable dispositions gaining the affections of men, and making up for the want of any extraordinary gifts either of a moral or an intellectual kind. But in Robespierre we can trace not a vestige of any such kinds of excellence, if it be not that he was unremitting in his pursuit of aggrandisement, and had as much firmness in this regard as was consistent with a feeble and cowardly

nature. Nor is the secret of his rise to be found in the circumstances of the times; these were common to all candidates for power; and he who outstrips all competitors must have some superiority over them, natural or acquired, to account for his success.

"It may be admitted, in all probability, that his vices had in the peculiar crisis a chief part in the mastery which he obtained; and his early possession of a secret, more imperfectly known to others, perhaps only to him in its entirety, was that which, when coupled with those great vices, enabled him to act his extraordinary part. He, from the dawn of the Revolution, saw with perfect clearness and precision the disposition of the multitude to be roused, their power when excited, and the manner in which most surely to excite them. He perceived with unerring certainty the magical effect of *taking extreme courses*, gratifying their disposition to excess, freeing them by removing all restraints, and, above all, avoiding the risk of quenching the flame by any interposition of moderate counsels, any thwarting of the spirit that had been raised. The perfectly unscrupulous nature of his mind, the total want of all kindly or gentle feelings, the destitution of even common humanity when the purpose of gratifying the propensity to violence was to be accomplished, and the superadded excitement of the war to make the mob first his tools, and then his slaves, enabled him to satiate that thirst, first of destruction, then of fame, which swiftly became a fiercer thirst of power, and, while it could hardly be slaked by any draughts of the intoxicating beverage, clothed him with the attributes of a fiend towards all who either would interrupt or would share his infernal debauch."

Such are the beings who are even now existing in germ in our own land, waiting but the unnatural heat of civil convulsions to ripen into rank and horrible luxuriance. Such are the chieftains whose advent the Pindars of *The Nation* invoke; the heroic assertors of "liberty," whose pikes are to recover enslaved Ireland from the insupportable miseries of Saxon civilization back to the ragged glories of her Brehon era.

After clever and interesting sketches of Lords Camden and Ellenborough, and a vindication (not always perfectly clear) of the fourth Duke of Bedford from the assaults of Junius, Lord Brougham comes upon our own late

Chief Justice Bushe. He had not known him as a judge, but speaks highly of the peculiar talent which this eminent man displayed in an examination before the committee on Irish affairs in 1839.

"No one who heard the very remarkable examination of Chief Justice Bushe could avoid forming the most exalted estimate of his judicial talents. Many of the questions to which he necessarily addressed himself were involved in party controversy, exciting on one side and the other great heats; yet never was a more calm or a more fair tone than that which he took and throughout preserved. Some of the points were of great nicety; but the discrimination with which he handled them was such as seemed to remove all difficulty, and dispel whatever obscurity clouded the subject. The choice of his words was most felicitous; it always seemed as if the form of expression was selected, which was the most peculiarly adapted to convey the meaning, with perfect simplicity, and without the least matter of exaggeration or of softening. The manner of giving each sentence, too, betokened an anxiety to give the very truth, and the slowness oftentimes showed that each word was cautiously weighed. There was shed over the whole the grace of a delivery altogether singular from its combined suavity and dignity. All that one had heard of the wonderful fascination of his manner both at the bar and upon the bench, became easily credible to those who heard his evidence."

Of the extraordinary powers of Bushe as an orator, Lord Brougham observes—

"But his merit as a speaker was of the highest description. His power of narration has not, perhaps, been equalled. If any one would see this in its greatest perfection, he has only to read the Trimleston cause; the narrative of Livy himself does not surpass that great effort. Perfect simplicity, but united with elegance; a lucid arrangement and unbroken connexion of all the facts; the constant introduction of the most picturesque expressions, but never as ornaments; these, the great qualities of narration, accomplish its great end and purpose; they place the story and the scene before the hearer, or the reader, as if he witnessed the reality. It is unnecessary to add, that the temperate, and chaste, and even subdued tone of the whole is unvaried and unbroken;

but such praise belongs to every part of this great speaker's oratory. Whether he declaims or argues, moves the feelings or resorts to ridicule and sarcasm, deals in persuasion or invective, he never is, for an instant, extravagant. We have not the condensed and vigorous demonstration of Plunket; we have not those marvellous figures, sparingly introduced, but whensoever used, of an application to the argument absolutely magical;\* but we have an equal display of chastened abstinence, of absolute freedom from all the vices of the Irish school, with, perhaps, a more winning grace of diction; and all who have witnessed it agree in ascribing the greatest power to a manner that none could resist. The utmost that a partial criticism could do to find a fault was to praise the suavity of the orator at the expense of his force. John Kemble described him as 'the greatest actor off the stage;' but he forgot that so great an actor must also have stood highest among his Thespian brethren, had the scene been shifted."

In the course of a long and favourable account of his accomplished friend, Lord Wellesley, our caustic author gives us a new glimpse of the Irish policy of his dear friends, the Whigs—

"In 1825 Lord Wellesley accepted the high office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His government was signalised by persevering attempts to obtain the emancipation of the [Roman] Catholics, and he was of course the object of bitter hatred and unsparing attack from the more violent of the Orange party. His recall took place upon the formation of the Wellington ministry in 1828. When at the end of 1830 the Whigs came into office, he was appointed Lord Steward of the household, and in 1833 he resumed the Viceroyalty of Ireland, which

he held until the change of government in 1834. He then resigned at once his high office, not waiting till he should be pressed to retain it, as in all probability he would have been. He held himself bound in honour to the Whig party to retire upon their very uncereimonious dismissal by King William. Steady to his party, he was actively engaged in preparing the opposition to the Peel ministry; arranged the important measure of the speakership, the first blow which that ministry received; and with his own hand drew the resolution which on the 8th of April brought it to a close. It cannot be affirmed that the Whig party was equally steady to him. On their accession to power, I have heard him say, he received the first intimation that he was not to return to Ireland from one of the door-keepers at the House of Lords, whom he overheard, as he passed, telling another of my friend Lord Mulgrave's appointment.

"The secret history of this transaction is not yet known; and we are bound to disbelieve all reports which the gossip of the idle, or the malice of the spiteful, or the mistaken zeal of friends may propagate. Two things, however, are certain: *first*, Lord Wellesley's removal from among the Whigs—that is, his not being re-appointed in April, 1835—could not by possibility be owing to any the least doubt of his great capacity for affairs continuing as vigorous as ever, because *I have before me a despatch in which the head of the government*, as late as the end of August, 1834, declares 'the solving of the problem of Irish government to be a task every way worthy of Lord Wellesley's powerful and comprehensive understanding;' adding, 'You will not suspect me of flattery when I say that, in my conscience, I believe there is no man alive more equal to such a work, and more capable of effecting it, than your Excellency:' *secondly*, falsehood never

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"Let no one hastily suppose that this is an exaggerated description of Lord Plunket's extraordinary eloquence. Where shall be found such figures as those which follow—each raising a living image before the mind, yet each embodying not merely a principle, but the very argument in hand—each leaving that very argument literally translated into figure? The first relates to the statutes of limitation, or to prescriptive title:—'If time destroys the evidence of title, the laws have wisely and humanely made length of possession a substitute for that which has been destroyed. He comes with his scythe in one hand to mow down the monuments of our rights; but in his other hand the lawgiver has placed an hour-glass, by which he mutes out incessantly those portions of duration which render needless the evidence that he has swept away.'

"Explaining why he had now become a reformer, when he had before opposed the question:—'Circumstances,' said he, 'are wholly changed; formerly reform came to our door like a felon—a robber to be resisted. He now approaches like a creditor; you admit the justice of his demand, and only dispute the time and the instalments by which he shall be paid.'"



assumed a more foul or audacious form than in the eulogies lavished upon the new government at the expense of Lord Wellesley's Irish administration. That government, it was said, never would have passed the coercion act of 1833! Indeed! But that coercion act came from Lord Melbourne's own office, when, as Home Secretary, he presided over the Irish department; the only mitigation of the act having been effected by the government of 1834, on Lord Wellesley's suggestion. The successor of Lord Wellesley, it was also said, for the first time administered the government fairly and favourably towards the Catholics. Indeed! but Lord Wellesley first brought forward Catholics for the higher offices in the law, and continually propounded measures in their favour, which *for some reason or other* were never carried into effect. There are two classes of persons who must be covered with shame upon reading such passages as the following, extracted from his lordship's despatch of September, 1834; the vile calumniators of Lord Wellesley as never having given the Catholics fair play, and those who suffered their supporters to varnish over their weakness by an invidious contrast of their doings with his, profiting by the constantly repeated falsehood that they were the first who ever treated with justice the professors of a religion to which the bulk of the people belonged."

He then cites an unpublished passage from a dispatch of the viceroy, recommending a larger promotion of the Roman Catholic lawyers and others, as an important step towards the "pacification of Ireland," and proceeds—

"In making public this remarkable document, I violate no official confidence; for though I held the great seal at the time when this important correspondence passed, I was not, owing to some accident, made acquainted with any part of it until the present time (1843). I am therefore wholly free from the responsibility of having neglected so material a communication. When the ministers met in cabinet at the end of October, they had hardly time left, before their dismissal, to mature any plan such as that which Lord Wellesley so earnestly recommended; but some of those ministers, aware of that plan, must have felt that they received a strange piece of good fortune, if not of very strict justice, when they found themselves all of a sudden, in May, 1835, zealously supported by the traducers of Lord Wellesley, and upon the express ground of their being just to the Catholics, whom he had never

thought of relieving. I have repeatedly, in my place, while these ministers were present and in power, denounced the gross injustice and the scandalous falsehood of those their supporters, who professed to prefer them to Lord Grey's government and mine, because we had passed a coercion bill *which had the entire concurrence and the cordial support* of the very ministers now declared to be incapable of suffering such a measure; and I have expressed my astonishment *that any class of men could submit to receive support upon such grounds*, without at once declaring that the blame and the praise were alike falsely bestowed; but I was not on these occasions aware of the extreme to which this falsehood was carried, as regarded Lord Wellesley's administration, and I was not till now informed of the extraordinary self-command which my illustrious friend had shown in suffering all such imputations without any attempt to protect himself from their force."

So much for Lord Wellesley's merits and sufferings; the statesman who triumphed in boundless India, to find the diminutive problem of Ireland beyond his solution! That he was ill-treated, is highly probable; but it must be confessed that there is a good deal rather savage in the temper of his vindicator towards the treacherous friends of both; and future historians must learn to balance his statements on this topic carefully. Even in this volume, we must honestly admit that there are passages which could scarcely stand searching analysis; written, palpably, with a pen dipped in the gall of bitter recollections; and, as we could imagine, shouted out to an amanuensis in an ideal House of Lords, and in presence of a phantasmal Melbourne.

But we must not make his lordship provide an undue proportion of our monthly *bouquet* for the pensive public. The book before us forms, certainly, no extraordinary manifestation of genius; but it is, on the whole, not unworthy of its very extraordinary author. It is imbued with a spirit distilled from long, real, and varied experience in public affairs; and it contains the opinions of a man whose judgment, though not altogether clear of inevitable prejudice, it would be wholly idle to attempt to undervalue, on any question connected with the parliamentary history of England for the last and the present generation.

B.

## REPEAL MOVEMENT—THE PROSECUTION.

THE first act of the drama has drawn to a close. The traversers and the crown prosecutors have at length joined issue; and before the close of the present month, the result of the trials must be known. Then will it be seen whether or not the ordinary course of law is sufficient to vindicate an outraged constitution and an insulted empire.

Why the career of the agitator should have been hitherto permitted, without a vigorous effort on the part of the constituted authorities to arrest him in his course of mischief, we are not sufficiently in the confidence of government to understand. Doubtless, there were good, or at least plausible reasons for it. The coming session will disclose much. Ministers will, no doubt, be taxed with having created, by their sufferance, the evils which they affect to deplore, and for the removal of which they may be compelled to ask for extra-constitutional powers. They will, it is to be hoped, be ready with their answer. What that answer may be, it is not for us to divine. But a whig-radical opposition could scarcely find much fault with a tenderness on their part for constitutional rights, and an unwillingness to interfere with the free expression of public opinion, as long as it was at all compatible with the public safety. It is, moreover, manifest, that even while the monster meetings were suffered to go on, precautions were taken against those outbreaks which they seemed calculated to provoke; and although it might be impossible to prevent a massacre, if a simultaneous rising of the repealers took place, the triumph of the blood-thirsty miscreants would be but short-lived, and they would soon yield to British power a sulky and constrained obedience.

There is no doubt that in the war department, the great man who presides has done his duty. We do not believe that there was a single contingency unprovided for, except the one above supposed. It is true the tremendous gatherings by which the peace of the country has been disturbed, could not have taken place as they have, without striking terror into

the hearts of the scattered Protestants and loyalists in those districts where, either from the absence of military force, or of sufficient numbers, they were, comparatively, unprotected. To them it must have appeared that, with ministers, "madness ruled the hour;" or they would not have been thus abandoned to the capricious forbearance of wanton and exulting adversaries, whose very "tender mercies" were cruel; nor is it for us to vindicate the perfect wisdom of a procedure, of which the consequences might have been so awfully calamitous; but this we must aver, that the real nature of the disease under which Ireland has long laboured, could never be so thoroughly known as not to be mistaken for any other, if it were not permitted to manifest its hidden virulence in the manner it has; and that many would remain sceptical as to the causes of that fierce agitation by which society has been convulsed and torn, if any doubt was suffered to remain upon the agency by which it was accomplished, or the views which were uppermost in the minds of its promoters. What was that agency? The Romish priesthood. What are these views? Separation from England, the downfall of Protestantism, and the ascendancy of the Romish superstition in Ireland. Can any man *now* doubt this? Can any man *now* pretend to believe that mere agrarian grievances could have thus stirred up society from its lowest depths, and organised a fierce democracy against Great Britain and its rulers—the Celt against the Saxon—the religion of Loyola against the religion of the Gospel. No. None but the veriest simpletons can *now* deny that the repeal agitation is but one of the forms in which popery wages war against the object of its eternal hate; and that if every grievance, or *quasi* grievance, which merely affected the relation between landlord and tenant were to-morrow completely redressed, all that would not reach the seat of the disease, and there must still remain grounds of discontent and causes of turbulence which must be productive of innumerable evils.

"Pay the priests," say the ready

reckoners in politics, "and all will be well." We have already, and on more than one occasion, too fully exposed the futility of such a notion, to render it necessary to go over the same ground again. Those who desire to see the question of a Romish stipendiary priesthood in Ireland fully discussed, according to the measure of our humble ability, we refer to our number of December, 1834. They will there, if we do not egregiously deceive ourselves, see, that the proposed remedy would only aggravate the disease; and that it is not more objectionable in a moral and religious point of view, than it would be, politically, unadvisable and inexpedient. We, therefore, dismiss *that* as a notion which no sane politician, who is thoroughly acquainted with the state of this country should, for a moment, entertain. In point of fact, the popish, as a *religious* system, is verging in Ireland towards its latter end. Of this, to the discerning observers, there are many unambiguous symptoms; and it would be still more clearly manifest, were it not for the political stimulants, so unsparingly administered, by which it is kept alive. None but those who know the working of it in this country, can understand the financial difficulties with which it has to struggle, or the growing reluctance which prevails to comply with the exactions of its vulgar, insolent, and domineering priesthood. What they are, *in grain*, from their bishops to the very humblest of their body, and through all their ramifications, has been clearly exhibited during the unchecked career of the repeal agitation, which they really deemed, and intended to be, sufficiently formidable to terrify Great Britain into an acquiescence with their views. Never would they have shown themselves in their true colours, if they did not fully believe that the ball was at length at their feet, and that they had only to raise a shout of clamorous defiance to have all their extravagant demands complied with. This they were encouraged to hope for, by the unlooked-for concession of '29. They never could understand the conduct of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, on that occasion, but as a craven surrender of principle, under the influence of base fear. Such, and no

other, is the aspect under which that great concession to justice and reason, as no doubt these eminent statesmen deemed it to be, has been viewed; and they have fondly persuaded themselves that by a repetition of the same violence, similar concessions might be still further extorted. For a clear manifestation of this spirit, so unequivocal as to flash conviction upon the most sceptical, we are indebted to what certainly did appear to us a most culpable supineness on the part of our rulers. Possibly their object was tentative, to sound the depths of the conspiracy, and to ascertain the *real* character and objects of an agitation which, to all outward seeming, was scarcely less irrational than it was wicked. If this be so, the success of the experiment has been complete. No one can *now* misunderstand the end and the motives of the sacerdotal repealers. Talk of satisfying them by *reasoning* with them respecting the mischief and the dangers of repeal, and the unreasonableness of expecting that it could be productive of any advantage! You might as well attempt to reason the monomaniac out of all belief in the most cherished of his hallucinations. The repeal mania is not a matter of opinion; it is an object of faith. It has not been taken up from consideration of profit and loss. Its charms have not consisted, either more or less, in prospective posted and legered advantages. The intense nationality out of which it has arisen, and upon which it depends, utterly laughs to scorn all attempts to put it down by reasonings merely grounded upon a balance of trade. The rooted hatred of Great Britain, and of her laws, *and, above all, of HER RELIGION*, which possesses and actuates the leading demagogues and their priestly allies, would enable them willingly to bear even great loss and misery themselves, if so they might behold their haughty mistress crippled or degraded. All this it might be very difficult to impress upon the minds of an unreflecting public, if recent events had not stripped the popish faction in this country of all the glozing plausibilities behind which their real character had lain concealed. Now, thanks to repeal agitation, they are known. The forbearance of government, which was mistaken for

timidity, has drawn out a manifestation of that hidden virulence, which might otherwise have been concealed. By its unexpected firmness they have been daunted, and feel that they were premature, at least, in the braggadocio attitude which they had assumed. And if some doubt did not as yet rest upon the intentions of government, which still leaves a hope that, by a continuance of their present organization, the repeal agitation may yet prosper, we do not entertain a doubt that it would be universally abandoned. It rests with government to prove, by their conduct, whether or not such a hope is vain. They have now an opportunity, if they avail themselves of it, of putting the most seditious and dangerous form of anti-Anglicanism down, and for ever. But any vacillation on their part would be ruin. Any overture of accommodation, by which they might hope to draw into peaceful courses a priesthood who have made themselves troublesome as agitators, would be universally regarded as a symptom of weakness, from which the very worst consequences might ensue. The seditious, if they took the bribe, would not take it for the purpose for which it would be given. They would take it for a diametrically opposite purpose. They would take it as a contribution levied upon the enemy, by which they would be only the better enabled to carry on the war. They would take it as one of those concessions of infatuation from which they have, heretofore, reaped no small advantage; fully determined that no corresponding concession should be made on their part; but, on the contrary, that the more they were encouraged the less tractable would they become, and that government should find, when any fitting future opportunity arose, that they had only "hired their masters."

While it is morally certain that to take up the Romish priesthood in the manner proposed, would be to cut the stick by which we were to be cudgelled ourselves; it is no less true that by treating them in a very different way, they might be converted into good subjects. And by this we do not mean that any undue severity should be practised against them; but only that such a steady rule of government should be adopted as

would make them, and all others, feel that it was no longer profitable, perhaps not even safe, to be found in a systematic opposition to the law. Let them feel that the day has gone by when the British minister will any longer coquet with treason. Let them be made to feel that the great interests and institutions of the empire must be supported; *with* their help, if they are disposed fairly and honestly to give it, but *without* their help if it should be withheld. The very moment they beheld the government thus firmly resolved to maintain the integrity of the empire, and to uphold, upon their ancient foundations, the church and state—that instant they will regard all the seditious objects upon which they are at present bent, as utterly beyond their attainment. It is only because they have been taught to believe the government either cowardly, or powerless, to resist their importunate demands, that they have been hitherto amongst the foremost in the work of sedition. O'Connell has agitated because he has found agitation a gainful trade. If they have agitated, it is because they hoped it would prove a profitable speculation. But when they plainly see that the thing which they aimed at is not to be accomplished; that rail how, or as long as they may, they will never rail the seal off the bond which has ratified the legislative union; they are not such blinded enthusiasts as to rush madly upon self-destruction; and they will contentedly, and even thankfully, acquiesce in a state of things which all their endeavours cannot change.

This, Sir Robert Peel may rest assured, is the only mode in which he can successfully carry on the government of Ireland. If he attempt to govern it by means of the Romish priests, as did his predecessors, who were entirely dependent upon them, he will find, as they found, that instead of *their* being *his* instruments in the government of the one country, *he* will be *theirs* in the government of the other. But, if the steady rule of law be observed, and if the turbulent man, whether lay or sacerdotal, be held in strict subjection to it—if a demoralizing agitation, which threatens rebellion, and is fruitful in massacre, and for which no constitutional pretext can be found, which might not be

found equally for altering the succession, or even subverting the monarchy—if this be met with the indignant denouncement which it deserves, and if all the energies of government are put forth for its suppression, a very little time will see a rapid subsidence of the troubled waters; and the very individuals who are now most forward to stir up in the people a spirit of revolt, will be the readiest to proffer their aid to a government which no longer needs their help, in keeping an ignorant and disorderly multitude within the bounds of a dutiful allegiance.

We know not how far these views of ours, not now for the first time put forward, will have influence with our rulers. But every day that we have lived has only confirmed us in their truth, and every deviation from them has only served to satisfy us that the contrary courses are fraught with ruin. It would, we know, be an idle thing to endeavour to impress upon a latitudinarian generation the *sinfulness* of adopting and giving permanency to a system of error, in the hope of turning it to some account against the machinations of the demagogue, and in shaping the ends of temporal government, rough hew them how the agitator may. We have confined ourselves, therefore, to the attempt to show that no such ends are to be attained by it; that no solid advantage should be hoped for by the statesman from bribing disloyalty and sedition; that by so doing he will be only adding additional ingredients to the cauldron of discord, and causing the “bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,” to increase, until the elements of strife have obtained a fearful mastery, generating that universal confusion, and that wild uproar,

“Where chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray.”

But we must add, that if a ministry were infatuated enough to persevere in a policy so suicidal, there exists in the mind of moral and enlightened England a feeling which would rise against such an unwise and pernicious course, and convince them that, at any risk, they should not be any longer permitted to peril the security of the altar and the throne, and to compromise the destinies of this great empire.

We have already observed that no

reasoning upon the subject of repeal, founded merely upon considerations of a trading or financial character, can be expected to produce any effect in the way of abating their ardour upon the blinded and enthusiastic mass of repealers. To argue with such men, as though they were the dupes of their own erroneous calculations and reasonings, would be to mistake, entirely, the nature of their case. They are not the votaries of the repeal delusion because of the force of such arguments as are employed in that cause; but such arguments *appear* to them forcible, *because* they are *already* the votaries of the repeal delusion. Those who belong to what has been happily denominated “the Finn Mac-Coul school of Irish politics,” live in a region so far estranged from all the practical realities of life, that they are quite inaccessible to the force of reasonings which would carry full conviction to more rational hearers. But now that, by the vigour of government, a decided check has been given to the movement, there are many who have suffered themselves to be heedlessly drawn, and some who have been coerced into the ranks of repeal, who may be disposed to open their ears to statements which would have met from them but little attention, had the pending prosecutions not been thought of. For their sakes, therefore, and with a view to aid in the laudable endeavour to break the spell by which they have been bound, we proceed to make some extracts from recent publications, from which, we think, it will very clearly appear, that the union with Great Britain is not that monster grievance which Mr. O’Connell represents it to be to his deluded hearers.

And first, we have before us the pamphlet of one who styles himself “an Irish Catholic,” and which we look upon as symptomatic of the reaction which has taken place, as we have no reason to believe it would have appeared, had the career of the agitator not been arrested. This writer presents us with a brief view of the doings of the Irish parliament from the period of the Scottish union down to the stirring events of 1782—and it does, undoubtedly, show how very little such self-government as was then enjoyed accomplished for the improvement of Ireland. This portion of his



subject, however, is not treated either with ability or fairness. Such a parliament as existed then, is not such a one as would exist if repeal were carried now; and a domestic legislature would not, perhaps, be less acceptable to those who at present desire it, because it must consist predominantly of that party, who would be nothing loath to make reprisals for the penal laws.

That a union between Great Britain and Ireland was contemplated by our most enlightened men long and frequently before it actually took place, is very clearly shown by reference to the opinions of Berkeley, Burke, Lord Chatham, and Dr. Franklin, by whom it was spoken of as an event most desirable. Indeed, the last wished to embrace the colonies in one comprehensive union with the parent state; and that before the present facilities of steam communication, which would render such a project comparatively easy.

The following is the opinion of Adam Smith—an authority, surely, above all suspicion—written when composing his great work, “*The Wealth of Nations*.”

“‘By a union with Great Britain,’ said the celebrated Adam Smith, in his ‘*Wealth of Nations*,’ ‘Ireland would gain, besides the freedom of trade, other advantages much more important, and which would much more than compensate any increase of taxes which might accompany that union. By the union with England, the middling and inferior ranks of people in Scotland gained a complete deliverance from the power of an aristocracy which had always oppressed them. By a union with Great Britain, the greater part of the people of all ranks in Ireland would gain an equally complete deliverance from a much more oppressive aristocracy—an aristocracy, not formed like that of Scotland, in the natural and respectable distinctions of birth and fortune, but in the most odious of all distinctions, those of religious and political prejudice—distinctions which, more than any other, made both the insolence of the oppressor, and indignation of the oppressed; and which commonly render the inhabitants of the same country more hostile to one another than those of different countries are. Without a union with Great Britain, the inhabitants of Ireland are not likely, for many ages, to consider themselves as one people.’”

It is curious now to look back to some of the grounds alleged as objections to the union when it was proposed. Mr. Fox objected to it, because he thought it would always give the minister a venal majority of Irish members! Sir Robert Peel, the father of the present premier, at the head of the manufacturing interest, objected to it, because the cheap food and labour in Ireland would give our artizans and manufacturers an advantage over the English which would enable us to undersell them in the foreign market! Alas! how effectually have our agitators prevented such an advantage being realized!

Of Mr. O’Connell’s versatility of sentiment upon the subject, the following, as compared with his recent sayings and doings, will exhibit amusing specimens. Our readers do not require to be told the motives of the enormous mendicant agitator. His friends were then in office, and their convenience was consulted by keeping the foul fiend of repeal down. They are now out of office, and something was to be thought of by which their successors might be disturbed.

“We now turn to an authority which must be wholly incontrovertible, that of Daniel O’Connell!! That authority is conclusive on two points; first, That repeal and separation are synonymous. And, secondly, That separation would be ruinous to the country. His authority is entitled, at the present period, to peculiar weight, for we have this solemn declaration from his lips, as a legislator in the House of Commons, on the 2nd July, 1832:—‘There is no part of my life in which it can be said, that I have been of one opinion one day, and changed it the next.’

“Accordingly, the following is Mr. O’Connell’s deliberate opinion, delivered under the most solemn obligation, before a parliamentary committee, in 1825:—‘I believe the propensity of the Catholic clergy is very much towards an unqualified submission to the law and to the government whatever it may be. . . . As to the question whether the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland would be inclined to accept of a provision from the state, I am sure that if an equalisation of civil rights took place they would accept of it; and that the Catholic gentry would concur with them in a desire that they should, the object being to connect the Catholic

clergy and laity of Ireland with the government itself; to embody them, as it were, as a portion of the state, and to give the government what we would desire, a reasonable and fair influence over the Catholic clergy.

I am thoroughly convinced that the object of the Catholic clergy and laity of Ireland is, sincerely and honestly to concur with the government in every measure that shall increase the strength of the government in Ireland, so as to consolidate Ireland with England completely, and in every beneficial aspect.'

"After Mr. O'Connell had become a member of the legislature, we have the following emphatic declaration from him in parliament, on the 6th of June, 1832:—'I have only to repeat my conviction, that I should regard the separation of Ireland from England as the *greatest evil* that could befall the two countries. The continuance of that connection is a matter of the highest importance, and I look with *horror* and *affright* to an increased tendency, on the part of Ireland, to get out of the hands of this country!'

"The 'Mirror of Parliament,' vol. iii., p. 3,482, displays the following scene, which occurred in the House of Commons on the 21st of June, 1833:—

"Mr. O'Connell.—'I never pledged myself to my constituents to support a measure, and afterwards found it convenient to abandon it.'

"An Honourable Member.—'Did you not pledge yourself to repeal the union?'

"Mr. O'Connell.—'I deny it indignantly!'

"In answer to an address presented to him by the 'Trades' Union in Dublin, on the 29th of September, 1835, Mr. O'Connell said:—'They [the Orangemen] went to the government, and said, that if they would support them, they would prevent repeal; all they want is, that Ireland should agitate for a repeal of the Union; but we know our interest better than to gratify them in that particular.'—(Loud cheering.) In order to satisfy them that the union was complete, he thus described the friendly feelings of the British people towards Ireland:—'I wish I could express to you the enthusiasm and delight with which I was received throughout England and Scotland. (Loud cheers.) I do assure you I never was better received in Ireland, and, God knows, I thought it impossible to be received any where else as I have been received here.'—(Loud cheering.)

"In his speech in the House of Commons, on the address, Thursday, 24th February, 1836, Mr. O'Connell used the

following language:—'Do justice to Ireland, and you have nothing to apprehend from the repeal, but every thing to hope; henceforward separation was at an end! What was it that the people of Ireland wanted? Simply to become a part of England.' The justice to Ireland which was then to terminate all idea of separation, was a municipal bill, to enable Mr. O'Connell to exhibit himself in a cocked hat and gold chain, as Lord Mayor of Dublin.

"In April, 1836, Mr. O'Connell thus addressed the people of Nottingham:—'I have the pleasure of informing you that Irish affairs are now treated in the House of Commons with proper respect and attention.' Again:—'I come here to form the humble but permanent link which is to bind three great nations together—nations which have, alas! been hitherto separated from the basest motives, and with the worst of consequences.' Again:—'I feel assured that I might, with confidence, announce to my fellow-countrymen in Ireland, that the sea which had before divided the two countries was effectually dried up, and that they now formed but one land!'

"In the same month of April, Mr. O'Connell asked the people of Hull:—'The question is, who are to be the repealers, or rather the separatists? If the House of Lords presume to declare for the repeal, or rather the separation, I implore of you to knit more closely the union with Ireland!'

"The following is part of Mr. O'Connell's address to the people of Ipswich, in May, 1836.—'I own at once, that until I had been some time in the British parliament, I did entertain a belief which, though now dispelled, I could not shake off; 'up to that period, I will own to you, I had believed that Ireland ought to have an independent legislature of her own, and that no other would do her justice. It was the conviction on my mind; it has hardly vanished as yet; but powerful influences have come over my mind, and this evening is one of the strongest proofs that *I have been mistaken*.'—(Loud cheering.)

"On the 8th of June, 1836, he thus addressed the people of Middlesex:—'For a considerable portion of my life I had been endeavouring to rend that parchment union! Why? Because I was unable to rouse sufficient English attention to the real nature of Ireland, and the oppression she endured. Did I wish for it now? God forbid!'

"In his address to the electors of Westminster, dated from Darrynane, December 22nd, 1836, Mr. O'Connell declared:—'We have banished the en-

enthusiastic vision of Irish nationality; and he assured them that present prospects 'afford the fairest hope and promise of gradually and safely ameliorating all our institutions; of amending all that is defective; of preserving all that is valuable; of consolidating all the parts of this great empire in one real and practical union of mutual benefits and universal prosperity.'

"At an anti-slavery meeting at Birmingham, on the 28th of January, 1837, Mr. O'Connell made the following announcement:—'I had struggled for the liberty of Ireland only that I might be able to assist in the struggle for England. I would now forget Ireland, and only think of her as incorporated with England. I had scarcely that evening alluded to Ireland, *for there was now no Ireland. She was identified with England; no longer a province, but a part of this mighty empire!*'—(Loud cheering.)

"In November, 1836, Mr. O'Connell pledged himself to the people of Dublin 'that there was nothing which the legislature could bestow, that they could not obtain through the instrumentality of the present government;' and in his address to the people of Ireland, dated the 28th of June, 1837, he thus assured them:—'To make the union real and effective, we have the benevolent wishes of the pure-minded sovereign, we have the full assistance of the ministry, and we have the voice of all that is liberal and enlightened in England and Scotland.'

"On the 31st of February, 1840, he very properly demanded a reply to this question in the House of Commons:—'Is there any difference between an Irish and an English majority? Who is the Repealer but the man that makes the difference?' The union answers there is none!

"In the debate on Irish tithes, on the 15th of May, 1840, Mr. O'Connell indignantly, and justly, arraigned Sir Eardly Wilmot thus:—'He said the Whigs, in 1688, had driven away a Catholic king, and he would assist in driving a Catholic opposition from the senate. If this be the way in which the honorable baronet pleases to talk of the Catholic party in that house, I beg to tell him that we have to the full as good a right to be here as he has.' Whence is that right derived? From the act of union!

"On the 25th of February, 1841, he delivered these memorable words in the House of Commons:—'I am as sincerely, as truly desirous to preserve the connexion between the two countries as

any man who listens to me. I admit to you, that I am convinced that connexion may be eminently useful; that there cannot be a severance without danger; and that if that severance were to take place through violence or blood, it would be a crime too great for execration!'

"Thus is Mr. O'Connell's challenge, over and over again repeated, 'Will any body stand up for the union?' answered from his own lips!

"With these declarations before our eyes—when we remember 'the magnificent assemblages, the majestic displays, the organisation of moral and physical force, the gorgeous gatherings, the mighty movements, the armies of female Repealers, the peaceful arrays of teetotalers, the glorious Repeal wardens, the discipline of the O'Connell police, the marches and musters of the mounted Repeal volunteers, the meetings of fairies, the dinners, the banquets, the bands and the banners,' the harangues, the threats, the defiance, the denunciations, the swaggering, the bullying, the abuse, the songs of triumph, the Ossianic bombast, the boasting rigmarole, and the empty braggadocio of Mr. O'Connell, with which the public have been deluged, through the press, for months; and above all, the vow registered in heaven, to expunge that fatal measure from the statute-book—to the repeal of which—or rather separation—he looks with horror and affright; are we not well warranted in exclaiming, in the words of Mr. Fox, 'Oh, calumniated crusaders, how rational and moderate were your views! . . . Oh, tame and feeble Cervantes, with what a timid hand have you painted the portrait of a disordered imagination!!'

It may, however, be very consistently maintained, that O'Connell's forbearance during the *regime* of the Whigs was amply compensated by the measures of that faction, which would, had they continued in power, have eventuated in the ruin of the empire. *They* did *his* business so well while in office, that he could afford himself to neglect it for a season; fully persuaded that when the time arrived for applying his battering-ram again, it would not be less effectual because directed against dilapidated institutions.

In the debate which took place in the House of Commons in 1834, and into which the agitator was forced by a restive member of the tail, Mr. Fer-

gus O'Connor, such an exposure was made, by the present Lord Monteagle, of the fallacious grounds upon which repeal was advocated, that its great Coryphæus felt himself utterly overthrown in argument, and never ventured to introduce any specific motion on the subject into that assembly again. He complained, indeed, that the tables which were referred to were prepared for the express purpose of defeating him.

“There is, however,” the Irish Catholic observes, “one important document, which does not appear to have been relied on in that debate, and which places so conspicuously before the Irish public the increased and increasing comforts of the people, that it may be in itself almost relied on as a conclusive answer to all Mr. O’Connell’s lamentations. That document is the speech of Mr. Huskisson, the great trade minister, on the 7th of May, 1827, on General Gascoyne’s motion for a committee to inquire into the distressed state of the British commercial shipping interest; when he thus expressed himself:— ‘With regard to the separate trade of Ireland, it is highly gratifying to find, that there has been a considerable increase in her intercourse with all parts of the world, particularly with the Baltic and the British possessions in North America. I rejoice exceedingly at this improvement; I hail the great increase in the consumption of timber in Ireland, not only as it regards the general interest of our maritime relations, but as creating a strong presumption, that an increased proportion of the population of that country possess the means of improving their habitations, and affording themselves those comforts and enjoyments, to which the use of timber is in a great degree conducive.’ This is demonstrated by the following official return, dated the 20th of March, 1827, of the loads of timber imported into Ireland from 1784 to 1826, from the British possessions in America, and

from the Baltic. The return begins with 1785:—

Years.	British Possessions.	Baltic.
1785,	50 Loads.	9,858 Loads.
1795,	0 “	8,699 “
1799,	137 “	7,835 “
1800,	89 “	13,250 “
1805,	119 “	19,576 “
1810,	6,638 “	5,150 “
1815,	7,876 “	24,170 “
1819,	33,461 “	14,939 “
1820,	27,728 “	6,165 “
1825,	60,603 “	14,107 “
1826,	66,049 “	29,458 “

“The above is the official return from the Custom House, and is brought down only to 1826. Mr. O’Connell certainly cannot allege that it was prepared in 1827, before he was eligible to sit in parliament, to defeat his motion for repeal in 1834. It is in the power of the honourable and learned member, when he next visits St. Stephen’s, to move for a continuation of that return to the present day, if he believe that it would be favourable to his arguments for repeal. Here is a tenfold advance from the ‘halcyon days,’ in the consumption of the article which most avails for ameliorating the condition, and improving the face of the country, both civic and rural. As planting has been of late more general in Ireland, than at the period which immediately preceded the union, the use of native timber has also probably increased, although no doubt in a lesser degree; but the advance in the consumption of timber greatly exceeds the increase of population, and indicates a vast improvement in cultivated life.

“‘Every new house,’ said Lord Plunket, ‘is a pledge of tranquillity and English connection.’ Lord Monteagle was only enabled to give the progressive improvement from 1800 to 1831, in the erection of new houses in the following cities and towns. The recent publication of the population census, enables us to pursue that inquiry to 1841. Although framed upon the basis of the new municipal divisions, the census, at page 442, also gives the returns within the ancient precincts.

From Lord Monteagle's Tables.				From the Census of 1841.		
Houses.	In 1800.	In 1831.	Increase to 1831.	In 1841.	Increase from 1831 to 1841.	Increase from 1800 to 1841.
Limerick	2,979	7,820	4,841	8,579	759	5,600
Belfast	3,058	7,750	4,692	11,038	3,288	7,980
Galway	1,212	4,606	3,394	5,212	607	4,001
Kilkenny	1,581	3,759	2,178	4,112	353	2,531
Carrickfergus	475	1,497	1,022	1,681	184	1,206

“The summary of the census of 1821, printed by order of parliament, dated the 22nd of February, 1822, enables us to supply a deficiency in Lord

Monteagle's returns, as to the two principal cities, Dublin and Cork, at least since 1813.

Number of Houses.	From the Census of 1821.			From the Census of 1841.		
	In 1813.	In 1821.	Increase from 1813 to 1821.	No. of houses within the parliamentary precincts in 1841.	Increase between 1821 and 1841.	Increase between 1813 and 1841.
Dublin City .	15,876	18,116	2,240	22,464	4,348	6,588
Cork City .	7,652	12,175	4,523	14,274	2,099	6,622

“It is to be regretted that we have no accurate returns from the date of the union; but the increase in the prior period, in respect of Cork, would seem to justify, in some degree, the anticipations entertained at the time of the passing of that measure. The increase in Dublin, from 1821 to 1841, is very striking; and we cannot forget, that within the same period the new and beautiful town of Kingstown has been erected in its immediate vicinity, containing, according to the same census, (page 28,) 1,049 houses, which may be said to be all new. The rural districts throughout the country have unquestionably kept pace with the civic precincts. Every observant eye must perceive the improved and improving style of building and architecture, in the private houses and public and religious edifices, as well throughout the country as in the towns and cities; the great change for the better in the appearance of the shops; in the displays, as well of the useful necessities as of the ornamental luxuries of life; and the vast increase in private as well as public carriages and vehicles of every description. This improvement is progressive, as the intercourse both inland and with the sister island, increases. That increase must proceed more rapidly as the connection between the countries becomes more close and intimate.”

Now, compare with this the following statement, which we extract from the second part of Mr. Montgomery Martin's “Ireland before and after the Union,” and say whether it does not bespeak considerable social improvement—

“The Rev. Mr. Whitelaw, minister of St. Catherine's parish, Dublin, who,  
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a few years *previous to the Union*, prepared a valuable work on the state of Dublin, while engaged in making his census of the population, affords the following melancholy illustration of the state of Dublin at that period. Mr. Whitelaw's evidence is to the following effect:—

“When he attempted to take the population of a ruinous house in Joseph's-lane, near Castle-market, he was interrupted in his progress by an inundation of putrid blood, alive with maggots, which had, from an adjacent yard, burst the back door, and filled the hall to a depth of several inches. By the help of a plank and some stepping-stones which he procured for the purpose (for the inhabitants, without any concern, waded through it) he reached the staircase. It had rained violently, and from the shattered state of the roof a torrent of water made its way through every floor from the garret to the ground. The sallow looks and filth of the wretches who crowded round him, indicated their situation, though they seemed insensible to the stench, which he could scarcely sustain for a few minutes. In the garret he found the entire family of a poor working shoemaker, seven in number, lying in a fever, without a human being to administer to their wants. On Mr. Whitelaw's observing that his apartment had not a door, he informed him that his landlord, finding him unable to pay the week's rent in consequence of his illness, had the preceding Saturday taken it away, in order to force him to abandon the apartment. Mr. Whitelaw counted in this sty thirty-seven persons, and computed that its humane proprietor received out of an absolute ruin, which should be taken down by the magistrates as a public nuisance, a profit rent of about £30 per annum, which he



exacted every Saturday night with unfeeling severity.

“ It would not be possible to find such a parallel in Dublin at the present moment, although it might not be difficult to do so in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and perhaps in London.”

But there is no topic by which the deluded votaries of repeal have been more grossly abused, than that of the vaunted increase of Irish prosperity between the years 1782 and 1800, the only period during which we enjoyed an independent parliament. Upon this subject the very useful writer last referred to thus observes—

“ The effect of bounties was, doubtless, to augment production; and, previous to the period held up as the commencement of Irish prosperity (1782), the amount expended for this purpose was very great. Newenham says that the bounty paid on corn exported from 1741 to 1750 amounted to £1,514,962, an immense sum in those times. The bounties were for a time discontinued, and the average export of unmanufactured corn of all sorts, during the years 1771, 1772, and 1773, amounted to only 31,423 barrels. Mr. Foster, the Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, revived the system of bounties, and the export again rose in 1787, 1788, and 1789, to 517,383 barrels; and during the year ending March 1791, to 863,047 barrels.

“ By means of Mr. Foster’s measure a momentary stimulus was given to the export of corn. In 1789 the bounty paid thereon was £59,206; in 1788, bounties were enacted for canvas and coarse linen; there was a bounty on the inland carriage of corn to Dublin, amounting in 1780 to £77,800; there was another bounty on corn brought coastways to Dublin, which in 1789 amounted to £20,000; then there were bounties on Irish coals brought to Dublin, on sugar refined, on indigo imported, on silk, on fish, on flax, &c. In fact, the whole nation was taxed for the benefit of the city of Dublin; add to which,

several enormous frauds were proved to have been made use of in obtaining ‘ corn premiums,’ and the standing committee of the House of Commons for the distribution of bounties were, from their immaculate patriotism, complimented with the epithet of the ‘ Scrambling Committee!’

“ The Irish expenditure was annually augmented,” and public and private corruption became the order of the day.

“ It was scarcely to be expected that a system built up artificially, and supported by injustice, should have been productive of general and permanent advantage; and, accordingly, we find that even during the period so much lauded, and notwithstanding the factitious aid of bounties, the trade of Ireland, so far from progressing, actually declined. In illustration of this, let us examine the—

Tonnage belonging to Irish Ports, at two periods of five years each, previous to the Union.

Years.	Tons.	Years.	Tons.	Decrease .
1788 .	60,776	1793 .	67,790	—
1789 .	64,361	1794 .	63,162	1,199
1790 .	68,236	1795 .	58,778	9,458
1791 .	69,233	1796 .	56,575	12,658
1792 .	69,567	1797 .	53,181	16,386
Total	332,173	Total	299,486	32,701

“ Here we see a decrease progressively accelerating, and amounting on three years to upwards of *thirty-eight thousand tons!* The table exhibits the tonnage belonging to Irish merchants, and it evinces a strong proof of declining mercantile prosperity. Another table, of ten years previous to the Union, is fuller and more convincing than the foregoing; its totals are as follow :

Registered Tonnage belonging to Ireland, at two periods of five years each.

Period.	No. of Ships.	Tonnage.
From 1790 to 1794	5,860	339,963
From 1795 to 1799	5,249	267,748
Decrease .	611	72,215

• IRISH EXPENDITURE:—

1791 . . . .	£1,490,624	1796 . . . .	£3,455,671
1792 . . . .	1,448,734	1797 . . . .	3,689,484
1793 . . . .	1,502,767	1798 . . . .	5,476,637
1794 . . . .	2,028,055	1799 . . . .	7,086,635
1795 . . . .	2,635,302	1800 . . . .	7,023,166
Total . . . .	£9,195,482	Total . . . .	£26,731,593

“ The decrease of the two last years on the two first years stands thus :

Years.	Ships.	Tons.
1790-91 . . .	2,310 . . .	137,469
1798-99 . . .	2,024 . . .	99,314
Decrease in two years	286	38,255

“ These statements are yet further corroborated by examining the number and tonnage of vessels built in Ireland during this period.

Number of Vessels, and Tonnage thereof, built in Ireland for ten years preceding the Union at two periods of five years each.

1st Period.	No. of Ships.	Tonnage.	2nd Period.	No. of Ships.	Tonnage.	Decrease on Corresponding Years.	
						No. of Ships.	Tonnage.
1790	50	2,334	1795	33	1,654	17	680
1791	51	2,464	1796	33	1,802	19	662
1792	42	1,629	1797	19	797	23	832
1793	35	1,659	1798	20	1,072	15	587
1794	33	1,441	1799	18	1,105	14	346

“ The totals of the period are—

	Ships.	Tons.
1st . . . . .	210 . . . . .	9,527
2nd . . . . .	122 . . . . .	6,430
Decrease . . . . .	88 . . . . .	3,097

“ This diminution is the more striking, from the fact (as will be shown in the subsequent chapter) that the number of vessels built in Ireland since the Union, and the tonnage thereof, has largely increased, and they are still increasing.

“ We may now proceed to examine the state of the exports from Ireland during the period under consideration. And here let it be observed, that these tabular statements are drawn from the accurate statistics of M. César Moreau, where the parliamentary papers, from which his statistics are derived, are fully acknowledged. The Dublin Library copy is quoted.

Total Official Value of the Exports of the Growth, Produce, and Manufactures of Ireland, at two periods of five years each, previous to the Union.

1st period.	Value.	2nd period.	Value.
1790 . . . . .	£4,826,260	1795 . . . . .	£4,704,732
1791 . . . . .	4,862,426	1796 . . . . .	5,012,283
1792 . . . . .	5,221,250	1797 . . . . .	4,532,692
1793 . . . . .	4,935,406	1798 . . . . .	4,316,392
1794 . . . . .	4,629,201	1799 . . . . .	4,445,329
Total	£24,645,783	Total	£22,012,638
1st period . . . . .	£24,645,783		
2nd do . . . . .	22,012,638		
Decrease . . . . .	£1,632,145		

“ A decrease of considerably more than a million and a half sterling on a period of only five years, is a strange indication of growing prosperity !”

Let this be compared with the following statement of the progressive increase of our shipping interest, and our commercial and manufacturing prosperity since the union ; and, when taken in connection with the judicious observations with which it is introduced, surely nothing can be wanted to demonstrate the frantic absurdity of the repealers—

“ Previous to the Union, every effort was made by the Irish parliament to aggrandise Dublin, at the expense of Belfast, Cork, Waterford, &c. This was so apparent, that the merchants at the outports were among the first to petition the Irish parliament and his Majesty for a legislative junction with Great Britain. Dublin had a monopoly of Ireland, as much as Paris had at one time of France, or London of England previous to the rise of Liverpool, &c. The Union altered this unnatural state of things, and which might be aptly compared to an enlarged viscus, the liver for instance, while the whole frame was weak, and dependent for existence on the repeated administration of stimulants.

“ I commence an examination of the two periods, (prior and subsequent to the Union,) with the amount of tonnage belonging to the several ports of Ireland at the end of the last century, and at the latest period in Moreau’s tables ; and let it be remembered, that by the invention and increase of steam navigation (the greater part of which is owned by English and Scotch ports), one steaming vessel performs the duty of nearly ten sailing ones, and consequently the

amount of tonnage belonging to Irish ports would, were it not for a vast increase of commerce, be materially diminished.

Tonnage belonging to, and Registered at, the several Irish Ports, at periods of three years each, prior and subsequent to the Union.

Names of Port.	Years 1797-98- 99.	Years 1824-25- 26.	Increase.	Years 1833-34- 35.	Years 1840-41 and 42.	Increase be- tween the first and last periods.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
Belfast . . . . .	13,052	48,511	35,449	81,322	149,809	126,747
Londonderry . . . .	2,856	8,628	5,772	17,689	28,153	25,299
Cork . . . . .	13,424	17,101	3,677	86,751	101,349	87,925
Dublin . . . . .	33,463	84,834	50,371	70,405	94,742	61,287
Drogheda . . . . .	2,996	7,354	4,358	9,704	14,607	11,511
Donaghadee . . . . .	2,234	5,168	2,934	In	other	ports.
Baltimore . . . . .	3,063	7,850	4,787	7,274	8,291	4,228
Kinsale . . . . .	4,853	9,442	4,589	In	other	ports.
Wexford . . . . .	6,884	15,280	8,396	19,435	26,098	19,214
Limerick . . . . .	2,350	4,316	1,966	10,000	43,247	33,247
Larne . . . . .	2,877	4,467	1,590	In	Included	
Kilrush . . . . .	none.	974	974	In	other	ports.
Newry . . . . .	12,492	27,402	14,910	22,492	32,720	20,228
Sligo . . . . .	346	1,451	1,105	4,043	13,030	12,684
Trillick . . . . .	540	1,345	805	In	other	ports.
Waterford . . . . .	8,929	12,368	3,439	24,345	60,346	31,417
Other Ports . . . . .	..	..	..	4,323	..	..
Total Irish Tonnage registered during those periods . . . .	112,333	225,866	112,613	337,772	569,294	467,463
Total Tonnage from Great Britain to Ireland . . . . .	1,514,261	1,013,178	499,917	4,354,020	3,499,244	5,014,308

The Tonnage for three years before the Union was . . . 112,333  
 Ditto " " ending 1842 . . . 569,294  
 Increase on three years' tone . . . 456,971

"The foregoing table is a most important one, in refutation of the assertion, that the Union has been a curse to Ireland. Here we find that even the tonnage belonging to the port of Dublin increased by more than sixty-one thousand tons on a period of three years; that Belfast augmented its shipping property by 128,000 tons; and that almost every other outport has more than doubled or trebled its tonnage since the Union, viz., Limerick, Newry, Wexford, Londonderry, Drogheda, and Sligo; in fact, on every point of the Irish coast!"

To the same effect is the following, which we extract from the pamphlet of the "Irish Catholic."

"An unerring document demonstrates the vast increase, within a few years, of the maritime interest in Ireland. A return of the shipping of the United Kingdom, moved for by Mr. Waun and Sir Charles Napier, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 26th April, and 27th June, 1843, furnishes the following decisive information.

"Return of the number and tonnage

of sailing vessels registered in the ports of Ireland on the 31st of December, 1842:—

Ships. 1,946  
 Tonnage. 182,421

"Like return of the number and tonnage of steam vessels registered in the ports of Ireland, on the 31st of December, 1842:—

Ships. 79  
 Tonnage. 18,176

"Both make an aggregate of 201,397 tons. A previous parliamentary paper shows the gross steam and sailing tonnage of Ireland, on the 31st of December, 1838, to have been only 151,528 tons; being an increase, in four years, of 50,069 tons, being only 4,195 tons less than the entire shipping of Ireland, under her domestic legislature, at the time of the union. Taking into consideration the greater number of voyages which steam-vessels, being independent of the winds, and not liable to be affected by calms, as sailing vessels are, are capable of making; their capacity of transit and carriage, in the short voyages between Great Britain and Ire-

land, to which all Irish steamers are confined, may be fairly estimated at a low average of 4 to 1 per ton over sailing vessels. This estimate would entitle us to multiply 18,176, the above steam tonnage, by 4. This would make 72,704 tons, which, being added to the present sailing tonnage, would make an aggregate of 256,125 tons, affording nearly five times as much capacity for trade in Irish bottoms, as at the close of the year 1800. The unprecedented advance within the last five years, induces the most flattering anticipations of rapid progressive improvement in future, when the country shall have become settled and devoted to useful and rational pursuits.

"The same official returns furnish us with the means of ascertaining with accuracy the registered steam tonnage of the several ports in the British islands :

Total steam tonnage of the port of London, } including river steamers	47,263
Do. of the port of Liverpool	5,003
Do. of the port of Bristol	2,174
Do. of Hull—precisely the same	2,174
Do. of the port of Glasgow	10,944
Do. of the port of Dublin	11,040

"The population of London, as compared to Dublin, is supposed to be nearly as 8 to 1; the registered steam tonnage is only about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 1. We have the steam tonnage of Dublin exceeding that of Glasgow; more than doubling that of Liverpool; more than three times that of Bristol, or Hull; and nearly equalling that of Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull combined. We have also the small town of Londonderry, with a steam tonnage of 2,663 tons; more than one-half that of Liverpool, and nearly equalling Bristol or Hull. The same returns supply similar information respecting sailing vessels. In sailing tonnage we have Belfast 49,497 tons, nearly equal to all Ireland at the time of the union, greatly exceeding Bristol, 40,325 tons, which itself but little exceeds the sailing tonnage of Cork, 34,324 tons. We have the united sailing tonnage of Limerick and Waterford, 23,970 tons, exceeding the united sailing tonnage of the three celebrated maritime ports of Falmouth, Southampton, and Portsmouth, which together amount only to 31,828 tons. This is indeed a cheering picture, when we reflect that in this recent and rapid advance, Ireland had to encounter a competition with the greatest maritime country in the world."

But lest it should be said that the amount of tonnage built, belonging to, or entering a port, is a fallacious criterion of progressive advance, Mr.

Montgomery Martin turns to the state of trade, which in value stands thus before and after the union—

TRADE OF IRELAND.

Periods of Ten Years each.	Value of Imports.	Value of Exports.
1790 to 1801	£ 49,296,354	£ 51,322,630
1802 to 1812	74,511,058	63,482,718
Increase on latter period	25,114,804	12,161,098
1830 to 1840	No Returns.	No Returns.

"Thus we find an increase of trade on ten years immediately subsequent to the Union, to the value of upwards of *thirty-seven millions sterling.*"

That a decline has taken place in some branches of our domestic manufacture is very true; but it is to be accounted for by causes which have no reference whatever to a legislative union. They were either what may be called exotic manufactures, which subsisted upon the artificial stimulus of a bounty—thus exhibiting rather a hectic flush of a very diseased state of things, than the genuine glow of natural prosperity, and which perished when the bounty was withdrawn; or they were destroyed by the wicked and frantic combinations of the workmen. The following we take from the official report of the hand-loom weavers' commission in 1840, and it is, the commissioners tell us, generally applicable to the state of the silk manufacture throughout the whole of Ireland—

"Alderman Abbott, for many years one of the most extensive silk manufacturers and mercers in Dublin, states: 'I am acquainted with the state of the silk trade for the last fifty years. When I remember it first it was flourishing, and gave employment to a large number of individuals, consisting of silk throwsters, dyers, winders, warpers, weavers, and dressers; even as far back as I can remember, considerable fluctuations took place in the trade, but were merely temporary, occasioned by the wear of muslins and other fabrics. Up to 1829 I was engaged in the wholesale silk trade, employing a large number of looms; imported my own silk, and had it manufactured here. I left the trade in consequence of the combinations among the workmen. I called my weavers together, and they agreed to make a considerable reduction in the price of weaving; when they got the work out

for the winter's trade, the committee of the combinator took the shuttles from them, and would not allow them to finish their work in the looms until I agreed to give the full London prices; in consequence of which I did not think it safe any longer to continue in the trade, and I retired from business. This occurred in the year 1826. The weavers were accustomed to fix the prices of weaving; and as I stated before, I called them together, and told them, as the facility was so great for getting goods from England, and the protecting duty being taken off, that I could not with safety give them the London prices. I manufactured every thing that could be made, from silk velvets, ribbons, &c. &c. &c. I believe there are very few silk weavers here now, except the tabinet weavers. I attribute the withdrawal of the trade in whole silks to the combinations of the men, who would not work at Manchester prices, but insisted on London prices, which the manufacturer here could not afford to give."

That the internal condition of Ireland has improved, appears, to us Irishmen, such a truism, that it seems ridiculous to make it a matter of formal statement; and yet, the language of the repealers would make it appear that our country was in a galloping consumption from the time of the union. We must refer our readers to Mr. Montgomery Martin's pages for much curious and valuable information on this part of the subject. He has collected the opinions of various well-informed and unbiassed individuals, from whose testimony it clearly appears that our country towns have increased, that our lands are far better cultivated, that our farming produce and live stock have vastly increased, that our houses are better built, and more sumptuously furnished, that our population are not only more numerous, but better clothed and fed, that our roads and our public conveyances are, beyond all comparison, better and more numerous, than at any period before the legislative union. Strange indications these of national decline! "Lord! Mr. Hardcastle," says the mother of that precious youth, Tony Lumpkin, "I am afraid my poor boy is getting into a consumption." "He is," observes her husband, with a choleric dryness, "if getting too fat be one of the symptoms."

In the following, we have a very pleasing picture of what may be done

for a large tract of country by a little judicious improvement—

"Mr. Nimmo states, in 1823, that the fertile plains of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry, are separated from each other by a deserted country, hitherto nearly an impassable barrier between them. This large district comprehends nearly 600 Irish, or 970 squares miles British. In many places it is very populous. As might be expected under such circumstances, the people are turbulent, and their houses being inaccessible for want of roads, it is not surprising that, during the disturbances in 1821 and 1822, this district was the asylum for whiteboys, smugglers, and robbers, and that stolen cattle were drawn into it as to a safe and impenetrable retreat. Notwithstanding its present desolate state, this country contains within itself the seeds of future improvement and industry. Such was the state of things in 1823; subsequently, an engineer of eminence, Mr. Griffith, was employed to execute public works in this district, under the authority of the government. He confirms the former statement of Mr. Nimmo. This tract, he observes, is a wild, neglected, and deserted country, without roads, culture, or civilization; it chiefly belongs to absentee proprietors, and being for the most part inaccessible, has hitherto afforded an asylum for outlaws and culprits of every description. In the year 1829, after the execution of the works, Mr. Griffith reports with respect to the same district, a very considerable improvement has already taken place in the vicinity of the roads, both in the industry of the inhabitants and the appearance of the country. At the commencement of the works the people flocked into them, seeking employment at any rate; their look haggard, their clothing wretched; they rarely possessed any tools or implements beyond a small ill-shaped spade; and nearly the whole face of the country was unimproved; since the completion of the roads, rapid strides have been made; upwards of sixty new lime-kilns have been built; carts, ploughs, harrows, and improved implements have become common; new houses of a better class have been built, new inclosures made, and the country has become perfectly tranquil, and exhibits a scene of industry and exertion at once pleasing and remarkable. A large portion of the money received for labour has been husbanded with care, laid out in building substantial houses, and in the purchase of stock and agricultural implements; and numerous examples might be shown of poor labourers, possessing neither money, houses,



nor land when first employed, who in the past year have been enabled to take farms, build houses, and stock their lands.

"A most interesting account of the effect of these works on the habits of the people will be found in the Minutes of the Parliamentary Report, p. 98.

"At Abbeyseale and Brosna," observes Mr. Kelly, "above half of the congregation at mass on Sundays were barefoot and ragged, with small straw hats of their own manufacture, felt hats being only worn by a few. Hundreds, or even thousands of men, could be got to work at sixpence a-day, if it had been offered. The farmers were mostly in debt; and many of the families went to beg in Tipperary and other parts. The condition of the people is now very different; the congregations at the chapels are now as well clad as in other parts; the demand for labour is increased, and a spirit of industry is getting forward, since the new roads have become available."

The sums of money expended upon our harbours, fisheries, barracks, lunatic asylums, education societies, fever hospitals, and various commissions of inquiry, &c. &c., at the expense of the empire at large, may be seen in detail in Mr. Martin's tables, and must satisfy any mind not steeled against conviction, that Ireland has not been neglected in the imperial parliament.

By reference to the returns of the various savings banks, the growing prosperity of the humbler classes is quite apparent. Both the number of contributors, and the sums contributed, are steadily increasing; and were it not for the pestilential agitation by which the country is cursed, the increase would be still more decisive.

The sums paid into and drawn out of the Irish Savings Banks from 1821 to 1838 are thus shown:—

Years ending January 8th.	Paid in	Drawn out.
	£	£
1821 . . .	46,618	26,300
1822 . . .	62,336	8,030
1823 . . .	122,220	11,723
1824 . . .	175,392	17,538
1825 . . .	207,738	25,047
1826 . . .	156,249	87,045
1827 . . .	129,080	164,939
1828 . . .	234,409	124,608

The population returns bear out the same result. Our people are increasing faster than any other people in the world, with the exception of some of the American states; and the density of the population to the square mile is greater than even that of China! So

much for the assertion of the agitator, that Ireland has been "depopulated" by the union. Upon this Mr. Martin observes—

"It is very desirable that in every consideration affecting Ireland, this most important consideration should be a main object for reflection. We should remember that, even in an agricultural point of view, Ireland is a poor country; that there are nearly one hundred distinct mountains, or mountain ridges, varying in height from 1000 to 3500 feet; that there are more than one hundred lakes or loughs, covering a great extent of surface; together with rivers and bogs almost innumerable; while the land actually under cultivation does not, acre for acre, produce one-third the agricultural produce of England; and this not solely owing to imperfect cultivation, or to want of capital and manure, but owing to the intrinsic poorness of the soil, the exceeding moisture of the climate, and, excepting some rich spots, the stony and boggy nature of the country.

"A population of 389 to each square mile of cultivable surface in a country depending mainly on the productions of an imperfectly tilled and poorly manured soil, would be too much for England, with all her accumulated wealth, trade, and manufactures."

Such are a few of the plain facts of the case, notwithstanding which Mr. O'Connell has been able to persuade the credulous multitude that by the union with Great Britain the country has been impoverished and degraded.

With an increasing revenue, an increasing consumption, an increasing production, an increasing importation, an increasing exportation, an increase in the savings of frugal industry, an increase both in the number and extent of our country towns, an increase in the number of our ships, an increase in the number of our houses, an increase almost unexampled in the population, an increase in the substantial comforts of that population, an increase in both the number and the quality of our roads, an increase in the number of our public conveyances, with, in fact, every imaginable indication of prosperity, both permanent and progressive, before their eyes, the arch-agitator and his unscrupulous coadjutors have deluded the people into the belief that they are the most oppressed and degraded creatures upon the face of the earth—that they are suffering under

evils unexampled since the creation of the world—evils which have been engendered by the selfishness and the cupidity of England, and which can only be redressed by a native parliament!

But, come; the taxation is, perhaps, oppressively burdensome. So, at least, the agitators say—

“Under the protection of the Irish parliament, Ireland was the least taxed country in Europe; whilst under the iron rule of the British legislature it is a universally admitted fact that Ireland is, in proportion to her means, the most heavily taxed country on the face of the globe.”

Now, what will be thought of them by all honest and reasonable men, when the distinct contrary of this appears to be the fact? Ireland is now positively less taxed than she was at the time of the union; and she is both positively and relatively less taxed than either England or Scotland.

“In 1800—£4,387,096; population—4,000,000; taxation per head, 21s. 6d.

“In 1840—£4,102,385; population—8,000,000; taxation per head, 10s.

‘The state taxation levied in England is about “fifty” shillings a-head; in Scotland it is “forty” shillings; in Ireland only “ten” shillings.

“The population at the time of the Union was not more than half the present number, 8,200,000; and yet the amount of taxation levied is positively less than it was forty years ago.

“Let us view England, Scotland and Ireland, as regards the pressure of taxation at the present period, and at the time of the Union, using round numbers for simplification.

	1800.	1840.
England . . .	£35,000,000	£42,000,000
Scotland . . .	2,000,000	5,000,000
Ireland . . .	4,200,000	4,100,000

“Thus, while the pressure on England has been largely increased, and in Scotland more than doubled, in Ireland it has been positively and relatively diminished.”

So far for the statement that Ireland is more heavily taxed than either England or Scotland. “Let us now,” Mr. Montgomery Martin observes, “ascertain the correctness of the allegation, that she is more heavily taxed than other countries.”

“This assertion is at once answered by the following detail of taxation in several foreign countries, merely pre-

suming that in Ireland the imperial taxes are not ‘ten’ shillings a-head per annum; that the local taxes, (namely, 1,200,000*l.* county cess, 500,000*l.* tithes, 300,000*l.* poor rates, and other interior taxes,) amount to about ‘five’ shillings a-head yearly. In England the imperial taxation alone is ‘fifty’ shillings a-head per annum; and the local taxes at least twenty-five shillings a-head per annum. In Scotland, the imperial taxation is nearly ‘forty’ shillings a-head per annum; the local taxation about ‘ten’ shillings a-head per annum.

“In the Statistical Companion to the Pocket-Book for 1843, prepared by Mr. C. R. Weld, Assistant-Secretary to the Statistical Society of London, the following data will be found:—

	Population.	Revenue.	£	s.	d.
France . . .	34,000,000	£40,000,000	1	3	6½
Spain . . .	12,000,000	10,000,000	0	16	8
Papal States . . .	2,700,000	3,000,000	1	2	2½
Holland . . .	2,800,000	5,000,000	1	15	8½
Belgium . . .	4,200,000	4,000,000	0	19	0½
Egypt . . .	2,000,000	3,000,000	1	10	0
Greece . . .	600,000	2,500,000	2	15	6½
Hanover . . .	1,800,000	1,300,000	0	14	5½
Saxony . . .	1,600,000	1,100,000	0	13	9

Enough has now been said to show the monstrous falsehood and absurdity of the statements by which the popular mind in this country has been deluded. To those who would follow out the subject in detail, we earnestly recommend Mr. Martin’s clear and convincing statistical papers, as they positively leave no loop-hole to the adversary to escape from the conclusion that the whole system of agitation has been based upon fraud and imposture. In the chapter before us, he perfectly demonstrates—

“First, that Ireland is now one of the least taxed countries in Europe; second, that the amount of taxes levied per-head in Ireland is now only *one-half* the amount levied at the period of the Union; third, that the taxes levied in Ireland are only one-fifth per head the amount levied in England, and one-third the amount levied in Scotland; fourth, that in thirty-three years the difference of taxation between Great Britain and Ireland is more than *three hundred million sterling* in favour of Ireland; and fifth, that there has been no violation of the Act of Union.”

But well we know that no such demonstration can produce the slightest effect upon those whose rooted antipathy to British rule is at the bottom of all their reasonings for a repeal of the legislative union. They cherish a

hatred of Saxon domination which is not to be propitiated by any amount of national prosperity to be had upon the terms of wearing what they consider the livery of their rulers; and an insane desire of national independence, which spurns every merely financial or mercantile consideration, by which plain common sense might be satisfied that the blessings which we have should not be lightly jeopardised for the imaginary advantages of that untried state of being, upon which we are prompted so perilously to adventure. But, above all, hatred of the church, a hatred which is carefully instilled into the people by their priests, (who, the more they have been fondled by the state, have only the more manifested a bitter and unappeaseable rancour against it), is a predominating ingredient in that hostility to the government by which it is upheld, which gives its most envenomed character to the agitation for the repeal of the union.

To talk, therefore, as if repeal could be charmed down by any exposure of the historical misstatements, or the financial errors, of those by whom it is advocated, would only provoke the mockery of the repealers. Can any one suppose that O'Connell is the dupe of his own lies; that he believes the monstrous fictions which he imposes upon the credulous multitudes who resort to him, as to an oracle, for instruction? Or his principal instruments, that they are deceived by the falsehoods they are commissioned to utter? No. To entertain such a notion would be to rival in gullibility the wretched dupes who are led captive by his devices. Or does any one suppose that he would consent to be the prime actor in such a system of imposture, if large gains did not accrue to himself from courses which are not more mischievous than they are disgraceful? No. He has no love of infamy for its own sake. No man ever lived who has less enjoyment in the society of the vulgar brawlers with whom he is constrained to consort. He positively loathes the fortid breaths upon which are wafted the acclamations by which he is hailed as "the Liberator" at his public meetings. But all this is indispensably necessary for the end which he has in view, namely, the collection of an enormous tribute; and as long as that can be se-

cured, he will be little scrupulous about the means to secure it.

It may, therefore, be laid down as an axiom, that agitation will be continued as long as it is profitable to agitate; and that nothing but a conviction on the part of the great impostor, that sedition can bring him no more gain, and that it may even be attended with a little danger, will cause him to desist from practices by which the prosperity of the country has been so grievously interrupted, and the public peace so much endangered.

Already the belief has been generated that all the objects at which the agitator aims are to be secured by means of money. Give—give—give, is, therefore, the cry; a cry which has, hitherto, been responded to with surprising readiness and marvellous perseverance, by myriads whose poverty is on a level with their credulous ignorance; but whose zeal causes them to forget their sacrifices, while any hope remains that, by any sacrifices, the independence of their country, and the triumph of their religion may be attained.

Emancipation, they are told, was purchased by "the Catholic rent." Well they remember when that cause was deemed well nigh hopeless. But O'Connell agitated; the rent was collected; Peel and Wellington, as they firmly believe, were largely bribed; and not only proved false to their own principles, but forced the obnoxious measure which they had so long resisted, upon a reluctant king, and an almost insurgent people. Thus it was that emancipation was carried, say the priests to their eager and simple-minded hearers—and why not repeal? Only let large contributions be raised, and trust the distribution of them to "the Liberator," and he will engage, without shedding a single drop of blood, to inspire with favourable dispositions towards his favourite measure, the most powerful of those by whom it is at present opposed; so that it is not at all without the limits of possibility, that, before another year elapses, we may see a parliament sitting in College-green!

Such is the delusion which at present prevails, and under which the poor people still continue to pour their contributions into the repeal treasury. Nor will it be dissipated—nor will the

wand of the arch-magician be broken, until they are thoroughly convinced that their efforts are fruitless, and that all O'Connell's boastings are vain. It is therefore that we look with a feverish apprehension at the bare possibility of any compromise on the part of government with the public disturbers. It could answer but one end, that of saving the credit of the impostor who is now, if they are firm, at their mercy ; and preserving, in a state of smouldering ignition, prepared for future mischief, the embers of a sedition which, if promptly and vigorously dealt with, may be put out at once, and for ever.

As yet, we have no fault to find with the course pursued by government. Their attitude has been bold and constitutional, and their tone firm and decisive ; mixed, on the part of her majesty's attorney-general, with every consideration for the feelings and interests of the traversers, which becomes, on such an occasion, an officer of the crown. In all such cases the law presumes innocence until guilt is proved. The crown prosecutor, therefore, did every thing in his power to expedite the trials, in order that the accused, if innocent, might, as speedily as possible, be exculpated from all imputation of criminality. What he would have desired in his own case, had he been charged with offences which he did not commit, he readily, and even earnestly, pressed upon them in theirs ; but, strange to say, his courtesies were declined with a wariness just as remarkable as the generosity with which they were tendered ; and the traversers were, no doubt, well advised, and had their own good reasons for interposing every technical ground of delay which the skill of their most able counsel could devise, for deferring the day of trial to the most distant possible period ; choosing, perhaps, rather to bear the reproach of the crimes with which they were charged, than to lay themselves under any obligation to the attorney-general, by availing themselves of his benevolent intentions ; an instance of spirit and of delicacy which will, of course, be duly appreciated when their cases come on to be heard. And here, for the present, we take leave of this part of the subject, not choosing to hazard a single expression which might prejudice the case of the accused, or be

construed into any departure from the strictest impartiality in its bearing upon the pending prosecutions. Our motto is, "May God defend the right." If the traversers be innocent men, we trust they will be honourably acquitted. If guilty, we only desire that they be made amenable to the law.

And here we would just advert for a moment to an apprehension which seems to be entertained by some of our contemporaries in England, that if the traversers be convicted, there may be some difficulty in carrying into effect the sentence of the court against them. A more unfounded apprehension never was entertained. Supposing (and we only suppose it for argument sake) such a very improbable thing as that Mr. Daniel O'Connell should be convicted of an offence against the law, there is no penalty within the competency of the court to inflict, which could not be carried into force, without exciting the slightest tumult amongst the people. There might have been some doubt—we entertained none—respecting the obedience which would be shown to the proclamation by which the great monster meetings were prohibited ; but as to the course of law respecting any delinquents who may be proved to have been disturbers of the public peace, or movers or seducers of her majesty's subjects to overt acts of sedition or of treason, her majesty's mail coaches do not drive through peaceful England with less apprehension of disturbance, than need be felt that *that* will neither be "let or hindered" by any demonstration of physical force arrayed on the part of the delinquents. Not to talk of the perfect propriety with which they themselves would see that it was only becoming to demean themselves towards the legal tribunals of the country, they know full well that a different course would be certain ruin. They know that ample preparation is at hand to repress and to punish any outrages into which their indiscreet adherents might be betrayed, and that their calamity would only be aggravated by any unseemly and ineffectual resistance. Besides, into any projects of such resistance, the people, as at present advised, are very little disposed to enter. They have been taught to believe that repeal is to be accomplished by a strict obedience to the law. If such should not prove to be the case, they must re-

gard those who so instructed them either as incompetent guides or deliberate deceivers. And when the law has once pronounced that the combinations into which they have been drawn are contrary both to its letter and its spirit, it is our belief that very little persuasion will be necessary to induce them to abstain from an agitation, by which no good or honourable end can be answered ;—that is, if the government really exhibit a proper firmness, and prove themselves in earnest in their determination to maintain the integrity of the empire.

The truth is, that the agitation by which this country has been recently disturbed, is either formidable or insignificant according to the manner in which it is opposed. If it be boldly confronted and resolutely resisted, it will very soon be found to be nothing more than “sound and fury, signifying nothing ;” the ass will be stripped of the lion’s skin, and the noise which was intended to terrify, will only bring derision upon him that made it. If it be timidly or doubtfully dealt with, the very worst consequences may ensue ; and not only an agitated country, but a dismembered empire, may be amongst the evidences of the treachery or the incompetency of those who are entrusted with the administration of affairs.

Amongst the causes of disturbance in this country since the measure of twenty-nine, undoubtedly the most prominent has been the persuasion that that measure was extorted from the fears of ministers. That such was really the case, we are far from believing ; but such a belief has prevailed ; and, accordingly, the measure which was to produce peace, has only promoted discord ; that which was to satisfy every reasonable expectation, to prevent or subdue all unreasonable clamour, has only operated as a bounty upon sedition. From that period to the present violence and intimidation have been at a premium, and all peaceful councils, teaching the people to acquiesce in the large concessions which were obtained, at a discount in Ireland. O’Connell, and not the Duke of Wellington, was “the Liberator.” The people have been taught to fix their hopes for their country upon England’s fears. Her embarrassments are their advantages. History, both ancient and modern, has been ran-

sacked and perverted, in order to furnish instances of oppression and cruelty which might stir the blood of an ardent, reckless, and imaginative people ; with what effect, let the columns of the great repeal journal, “The Nation,” tell—a journal patronised by the priests, finding its ready way into every hamlet, and conducted with a singular force of perverted talent, such as might well cause “the very stones to rise in mutiny.” Now, all this arises from the mistake, which was but too natural, that, to their violence, and to nothing else, the Roman Catholics are indebted for emancipation ; *and this state of things must continue as long as that mistake is suffered to prevail.* We, therefore, look upon the present crisis as one in which ministers have an opportunity, if they properly avail themselves of it, to do justice to themselves, and also to the British parliament, by putting an end to the greatest and the grossest delusion that ever misled a credulous people. Let repeal agitation be resolutely put down—let there be no compromise with agitators ; let every overture from O’Connell, and his wretched serfs, by which they would fain purchase a safe and honourable retreat from their present perilous position, be met with high disdain—with lofty, scornful indignation ; let the law take its course ; let the delinquents, (if there be any such,) meet with the punishment due to their misdeeds, as the disturbers of the country and the perverters of the people ; if, owing to the fearful extent to which the combination has been suffered to extend, the law, as it stands, should not be found sufficient, let ministers apply to parliament for such increased powers as may enable them to cope with gigantic sedition ; and as surely as they thus evince an unflinching determination to uphold the majesty of the British crown, and to rescue Ireland from the domination of lying, reckless, profligate, mendicant incendiaries, they will not only witness a speedy abatement of our present disorders, but be enabled very soon to behold halycon symptoms of peace and prosperity to which this distracted land has long been a stranger.

This, they may depend upon it, is the only true mode of *following up the measure of twenty-nine.* They will thus rectify the popular judgment in a



matter respecting which it has been too long abused. The palm of victory and of triumph, which has been so long worn by seditious demagogues, will be transferred to its legitimate owners. Emancipation will be regarded as a concession to justice, not a surrender to base fear. The people will be constrained to feel that they can gain nothing by threats and terror. The demagogue will feel that his "occupation is gone;" that "the pride, pomp, and circumstance," of the great monster meetings have passed away; and that, like other mountebanks, he has more reason to dread a reaction on the part of his dupes, (who will feel sore at the impostures by which they have been gulled,) than to hope for any profitable returns from a further continuance of agitation.

That the proceedings of government have been directed against *the leaders*, and not the *wretched dupes* of the repeal movement, meets with our unqualified approbation. Too long have these incendiaries been permitted to derive to themselves profit and popular consideration, from courses which have brought upon a deluded peasantry the vengeance of the law. It is now wisely and mercifully resolved that the masters, not the scholars, shall be the first to be called upon to pay the penalties of their offences; and if, when this important duty shall have been well discharged by the crown-prosecutors, a disposition is evinced by government to bestow a large and liberal consideration upon the condition of the humbler classes, and to devise for them means of employment, and secure to them adequate protection in their lawful industry against the atrocious combinator's whose tyranny has been felt in almost every trade, as much will have been done as can be done by human means, to aid in the promotion of tranquillity, and the progress of improvement.

That the labours of the present land commission will be attended with a beneficial result, we do not entertain the least doubt; although we are far from being of opinion that the clamour to which it owes its origin was well-founded. Let the commissioners hold steadily in mind the grounds upon which their inquiry has been called for, namely, the de-

plorable recklessness of the peasantry in the south and west for human life; their readiness to avenge their real or fancied injuries by the shedding of blood; the fearfully formidable combination into which they have entered for mutual support against what they feign or fancy to be agrarian oppression; the sort of law of opinion which prevails amongst them, that murder, when executed by the mandate of their terrible confederacy, ceases to be a crime, and is to be regarded as a sort of wild retributive justice; let the commissioners hold in mind that this is the state of things of which they are called upon to explain the cause, and to devise the remedy; and that if this duty be not performed, the commission will have been issued in vain. For this state of things, that great journal, "The Times," suggests, that the landlords are responsible. If this be so, they should be made to bear the blame; but in order to show that it is so, the commissioners must institute a comparison between the relation of landlord and tenant in the south and west, and the same relation in the north of Ireland, from which it will be made to appear that a degree of oppression in the one case, which is unknown in the other, may be alleged as the probable cause of the remarkable difference between those two portions of the island, as regards the state of crime. The question is,—Why is murder rife in the county of Tipperary; why is that a country in which it is unsafe to live; what is the cause of the demoniac barbarity by which its peasantry are characterised? If this is to be found in the relation between landlord and tenant, let the law, as affecting that relation be, by all means, amended; but then it must be shown, that either in theory or practice, it is different in the north from what it is in the south of Ireland. But should such not appear to be the fact—should the landlords in the one part of the country, which is disgraced by outrage, be found to be as reasonable and as indulgent as those of the other in which no such outrages are to be discovered—it will be clear that the appointment of the commission has been made upon the fallacy of "*non causa pro causa*;" and it will remain for the commissioners to pronounce, according to the best of their judgment, what *other* and *more subtle* causes

may be in operation, which modify essentially the characters of the people, and produce amongst them a brood of murderous miscreants, a disgrace to humanity, and a blot upon civilization.

As soon as the outcry against the Irish landlords was taken up by the powerful journal above alluded to, and met with a sort of passive acquiescence by ministers, it was our opinion that they themselves should have invited this inquiry. Not to do so, appeared to us, and also to the English public, as a plea of guilty to the charges which were made against them; whereas, had they challenged inquiry boldly, they would have evidenced, at least, their own sense of the wrong which was done them, when they were held forth as tyrants and oppressors, who ground the faces of the poor. It only now remains for them to expedite, by every means in their power, the sifting investigation which is going on; and to place, in the clearest light, the relation in which they stand to their tenants; that the commissioners may have no complaint to make of any lack of willingness on their part, to aid them in the performance of their arduous duty. If this be done, (and we have very little doubt that it will be done,) a mass of authentic information will very soon be collected, by which the public mind will be disabused. The Tipperary landlords, with very few exceptions, will be found to be as considerate and as equitable as any other proprietors in the British empire. We would be glad to know where there are to be found *any where* better landlords than the Earl of Donoughmore or Lord Bloomfield. Let any northern proprietor be compared with them, and we are persuaded the comparison cannot be to their disadvantage. There are, we know, lands held under them, upon long leases, over the sub-letting of which they have no control; and respecting these, there may be exorbitant exactions, which may well deserve rebuke; *but we maintain that, to the very same extent, the same complaint may be made in the north of Ireland*; and we cannot fairly allege an evil, which is common to both parts of the island, as the cause of a state of things, by which one is so strongly contrasted with the other. No! This part of the subject must

not be misrepresented or mystified. The commissioners have a duty to perform, from which they must not shrink. They must searchingly inquire, whether the frightful anomaly of the social condition of Tipperary, is to be ascribed to the *moral* or the *physical* circumstances of the people; and if their physical circumstances are not widely different from those of other parts of the country, where the peasantry are remarkable for their tranquillity and obedience to the law, it only remains to ascribe these disorders to the proper cause—the absence of those purifying Christian influences, by which alone the innate depravity of the human heart can be reclaimed, and the whole man, with the passions and the affections, brought under the dominion of the Gospel.

For our parts, when we see the congregations in the north of Ireland assembling on Sunday in the house of prayer; joining in a service which they can understand, in which the word of God is read; and listening to a scriptural discourse, by which all of them, from the highest to the lowest, may be profited; and when we know that the congregations in the south assemble to witness a gaudy ceremonial, and to listen to a service in an unknown tongue, which cannot profit those who hear it; we fancy that, in this one particular, there is a difference between these two classes of people which would account fully for every other difference by which their social condition is distinguished; and that if, by some extraordinary intervention of Providence, the popery of the south and the protestantism of the north should change places, very soon a corresponding change in the characters of the inhabitants would become manifest, and the ferocity of Tipperary would be transplanted into the county of Down, while the peacefulness and the respect for the law which prevails in the county of Down would take up its residence in Tipperary. Whether the subject will or will not be regarded in this point of view by the commissioners, we know not; but well we know that such considerations cannot be fairly considered beside any inquiry which contemplates the evils of our social state, and would fain provide remedies against them. The spurious liberalism which affects to make little of moral causes, is the

shallowest and the most contemptible empiricism by which a nation and its rulers ever were deceived; and to hope to remedy the state of things, by which, to a great extent, the south and west of Ireland are so unhappily characterised, by a mere attention to physical wants or compliance with political demands, would resemble the folly of the physician who should endeavour to cure a patient labouring under insanity, by the administration of stimulants which could only render the delirium of the unhappy maniac more hopelessly uncontrollable.

If the inquiry be limited to the law of landlord and tenant merely, nothing of importance will be done. We are not insensible to the collateral good that may arise from the distinct negative which may be given to the profligate asseveration which represents the Irish proprietors as a race of unfeeling tyrants. This, we hope, may be accomplished. Neither do we undervalue the suggestions which the experience of the commissioners may enable them to offer, and by which the condition of honest and improving tenants, throughout the whole of Ireland, may be rendered more secure and easy. All this may be done, (and it is our belief that it is fully as much required for other parts of the empire as for this,) and the blot will not yet be touched which prompted the present investigation. All this may be done, and murder will still stalk abroad in Tipperary; the tyrannous ascendancy of a miscreant confederacy will still prevail, a terror to magistrates, to witnesses, and to jurors; for twenty crimes perpetrated, not one will be prosecuted; for twenty delinquents who may be prosecuted, not one will be brought to justice. It will be *something*, that, in the prosecution of Sir Robert Peel's favourite mode of argument, the process of exhaustion, it may be made manifest that the landlords are not so deeply culpable as they have been represented. But will the condition of the country be rendered more endurable if the commissioners proceed no farther? We trow not. It is telling us very little, to tell us what is *not* the cause of Ireland's evils. Unless they are authorised to proceed with the investigation, and unless they have the honesty and the courage to lay bare the real causes which darken and

demoralize our peasantry—which leave them with restless dispositions, lively imaginations, and vacant minds, “empty, swept, and garnished,” for the entrance of the unclean spirit by which they are impelled to crime—they will not have even made an approach towards discovering the source of our national disorders; and until that is clearly ascertained, it is perfectly idle to expect that any real remedy for them can be found.

Of this we are perfectly sure, that the first step towards such a remedy must be the establishing the ascendancy of the law. Offenders of every grade must feel that the law is their master, or it will not be respected. Above all, the agitators, by whom the people were counselled to acts of sedition and violence, must be taught that there is a reckoning which they will be called upon to pay, if they persevere in urging their unhappy dupes upon courses which are fraught with guilt and danger. It is our belief, that when once the law clearly vindicates itself upon offenders such as these, it will be easy to deal with minor delinquents. Mercy may then be showed them which could not now be wisely extended, when it would be considered as proceeding from base fear, and only serve to strengthen for evil the hands of the incendiary to whose controlling influence it would be attributed.

Nor should ministers be neglectful of the necessity which at present calls upon them to provide employment for the people. No consideration of mere economy should for a moment be suffered to stand in the way of a large and comprehensive system of railroads. Indeed we believe that if it were not for the present pestilent agitation, such a system would this moment be in operation, giving employment to hundreds of thousands of creatures who are at present without any regular means of subsistence. We know well all the objections to which such a project is liable. We are quite aware that, in the outset at least, it *might not pay*; but it would produce a healthy action upon the morals of the people, and it would, by opening up the country, give an omnipresence to the power of government by which faction would be effectually crushed. If every station-house was the residence of one of

more of the constabulary, who might, upon a signal given, be expedited to any point where their presence was particularly demanded, what a vast amount of service might be performed on critical emergencies by a few judicious combinations, baffling, or anticipating, or circumventing, the wiles and the violence of the disturber! These are objects which far outweigh any consideration of present profit; and the attainment of them would well become a wise government, even at the cost of greater sacrifices than would be required.

The great mass of the people are disposed to tranquillity. They would willingly be at peace. A few desperate incendiaries, by means of a terribly energetic confederacy, are enabled, like the Jacobins in France, to stamp their own impress upon a vast majority of the indolent and the peaceable, who are not combined for self-defence, who dread the vengeance of the ribbon-men, and who have no sufficient reliance upon the protection of the law. They know well that to provoke the hostility, or even to arouse the suspicion, of the midnight legislators, would be to incur the sentence of death; a sentence from which there could be no appeal, and which would be carried into effect with circumstances of revolting barbarity; while the law would be tardy and paralytic in prosecuting the misdeeds of such delinquents. Now to talk of such a state of things as mere agrarian disturbances, arising out of the vicious relation between landlord and tenant, and to be remedied by a more equitable adjustment of the present tenure of the land, is to mistake a malignant and deeply-seated malady for a superficial sore, and to treat by mere topical applications what could never be cured but by remedial measures acting vigorously upon the whole constitution.

To our minds, Mr. O'Connell never in his whole life acted with more consummate prudence and dexterity than he is acting at present. What is his case? He had, by a series of bold and energetic demonstrations, worked an excitable people up to the very point of insurrection. Whether he commenced with any decided determination to carry matters so very far, it is beside our object at present to pronounce; but, undoubtedly, a spirit had been generated, which was rapidly

obtaining a mastery over the popular mind, and which, when the proclamation for preventing the Clontarf meeting was issued, was all but uncontrollable. Against that spirit, evoked by himself, he had to struggle; and he has, as yet, been able to remand it to the place from whence it came. He now found that he had calculated erroneously upon the passiveness of government, and upon the effect of the bullying system upon Sir Robert Peel. The minister, though quiet, was not unwary; and whilst, to most men, he appeared criminally indifferent to the action of the seditious influences which were rending the empire asunder, he was only "biding his time," with a predetermination to come swoop upon the agitator, when that personage had clearly passed all limits of constitutional forbearance, and when the *real* character and objects of the agitation were so manifest that the man who ran might read them.

Well, the proper time at length arrived; the blow was struck; repeal agitation was suddenly brought to a dead lock; and the incendiary found that he must either retreat from his forward position, or advance upon hostile bayonets. Can it be doubted that he wisely resolved to adopt the less heroic alternative; or that it would be an act of phrenetic desperation to confront himself and his tatterdemalions with the power and the energy of an insulted government, now at length aroused to a vindication of its proper authority, and fully supported in its acts of vigour by the acclaiming approval of the empire at large? No sane man can doubt it. Talk of cowardice, talk of poltroonery;—had O'Connell acted otherwise he would have been mad, and gone far to vindicate his memory from the conscious and deliberate wickedness with which he must be at present charged, by proving the disturbed state of his understanding. No. The true play of the great dissembler *now* was, to assume the character of the moderate man; to appear under the guise of an apostle of peace; to deprecate all violence, and wrath, and evil speaking against the government; and to present, as far as it was possible so to do, an aspect of meek and injured innocence to the nation at large, which might beget public sympathy, instead of the blundering ferocity which would only provoke indignation.

It was a right pleasant conceit of the jack-ass, when he got himself ensconced in the lion's skin; and vastly must he have enjoyed the alarm of so many more noble beasts, when he made the forest re-bellow to his terrific braying. But he would have been more stupid than any of his brethren, if, when the spears of the hunters were upon him, he did not cast off his dangerous disguise, and make himself appear to his pursuers,—*in puris naturalibus*,—neither better nor worse than nature had made him. His long ears might not, indeed, be an ornament, but they would be better to him than any ornament, if they could, in such a case, ensure his safety. Even so, a whole skin and a full wallet may well reconcile the agitator to a course of proceeding in which the honour and glory of agitation are, for the present, resigned; nor could he, by any other, have so thoroughly signalized the wily adroitness by which he may, even yet, escape from the meshes of the law. Old fox-hunters will, doubtless, remember cases in which reynard, when closely pursued, has feigned to be dead, and contrived to send such an odour from his body as completely extinguished the zeal of his pursuers, and caused them to recoil from the carrion with even more of alacrity than they had followed the game. A feeling not very dissimilar seems to actuate many at the present moment, who were amongst the loudest in demanding the vindictive prosecution of the agitator, as long as he was affronting the government, trampling upon law, and outraging reason; and if the legal hunters should turn from him with disgust, as from a nuisance, with which they would not offend their noses, or sully their hands, most happy will he be, not to come “betwixt the wind and their nobility.” The sleep of death will soon pass away—a change of circumstances may arise; and although the unsavoury odour may attach to him still; his *old friend*, by whom he has been so often favoured, may yet enable him to be more than a match for all his assailants.

But this is the day of moral and political quackery, and the patient, belike, must prescribe for the physician. Democracy is in the ascendant, and the mountebanks, accordingly, must have the upper hand. If this, indeed, be so, England as a nation is undone. We know, well, what would

have been our fate had the Whigs continued in power. The church would have been sacrificed. Popery would rise up on its ruins. The great demagogue would guide the counsels of government, until every interest and institution in the country was destroyed, by which the integrity of the empire might be guaranteed; and the loyalists, worn out, harassed, and broken in spirit, by neglect and persecution, would either be compelled to take their part with the disturbers, or pass over, from sheer disgust, as too many have already done, and signalize themselves by being amongst the loudest of those who clamour for the repeal of the union. Can it be that we have only had a respite from these calamities, by the advent to power of a conservative administration? We trust not. We know the heart of the empire to be sound. But we cannot help feeling an extreme anxiety respecting the present crisis of our affairs, which may give, even to our conservative journal, the character of an alarmist. The truth is, that the eyes of the empire are fixed on ministers, respecting the approaching trials; and *they* are even more upon their trial than Mr. Daniel O'Connell and his worthy compeers. All, as yet, promises well. We are satisfied with the manner in which the crown prosecutors have discharged their duty. That they have not been as active and as wary as the very able solicitor who conducts the case of the traversers, is only to say that they are not the very ablest by whom their places might be filled; although we confess we do not know at the conservative bar, any, at present, more able. If only an honest and independent jury may be empaneled, all will be right. Justice will be done to Ireland. But whatever may be the result in the Court of Queen's Bench, a case will be made out for parliamentary interference, should the ordinary law of the land not prove of any avail, by which, if Ireland is to be continued as an integral part of the British empire, an end must be put to a profligate agitation, by which a humbugging mendicant is enriched at the expense of a distracted country, and the tears and the blood of a plundered, deluded, and impoverished people.



# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY- MAGAZINE.

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## L'IRLANDE APOCRYPHE.\*

THE French have long maintained a supremacy in literature for singularity and eccentricity. Treating grave matters lightly, and trifles with undue seriousness, they have enjoyed a monopoly of that species of drollery, which consists in striking and ludicrous contrast of style and matter, and by the plastic facility of their language, as well as their enjoyment of high animal spirits, have contrived to invest their writing with a charm of ease and pleasantry, we cold northmen would endeavour in vain to compete with. The satirical spirit of France—partly from the language, partly from the tone of the nation—was rarely tinged with gall; it more resembled the sharp but not unpleasant tartness of lemon-juice, which flavoured rather than smarted. But still, like their own rapiers, the weapon was to the full as deadly, though the wound was a small one.

If we desired to instance this peculiar trait of the people, we could not do so more effectually than by calling attention to the volume whose strange title stands at the head of this paper. “L'Irlande Apocryphe!” What does it mean? Is the man going to show that we never existed at all? that the island is a mere mirage, and “the eight millions” the mere creatures of a disordered imagination? That there are no Tipperary murders—no repeal meetings—no O'Connells and Steeles—

no crown prosecutions—“no nothing?” Would that he could divest our minds of some of these sad realities—would that by any magic he could persuade us, that the fearful period we are passing through, was only a dream, and that our waking visions would be of happier and fairer prospects!

How willingly would we barter the enjoyments we now believe real, for such a conviction as this—how gladly would we accept of a reasoning, that even at the extinction of our own miserable identity, would blot out for ever the blood-stained page of Irish outrage from the volume of history! Alas! his project is far different; he leaves us all our past, while he fills up our future. Taking the meagre sketch of our actual condition, he finishes the picture, throwing in the lights and shadows, deepening the effects, relieving the distances; and then presenting us with a finished tableaux, he says:—“Voilà votre pays!”

“L'Irlande Apocryphe,” is the vision of what is to be the future destiny of this country, when, the dream of her patriotic sons realized, and the Union repealed, she rises “great, glorious, and free,” a nation herself, independent and self-existent; when all the blessings of self-government shall flow over the land, and the spirit of the green island, disenthralled from

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\* “L'Irlande Apocryphe.” 1844. Par Charles Geoffroy de Hausaunne. Chez Paulin éditeur, et Libraire. Paris, Rue de Seine, 332.

Saxon bondage, shall revel freely once more over the hills and valleys of her native soil.

The author represents himself as looking into the vista of long years, following out the working of those principles, whose origin he has studiously examined, tracing the growth of that tree, whose seed he has seen deposited in the earth; and so far has he identified himself with his subject, that he can scarcely persuade himself that his dream is not reality, and, to use his own forcible expression:—  
“J’ai fini par croire à ce livre, après l’avoir achevé. Ainsi, le sculpteur, qui vient de terminer son marbre, y voit un dieu, s’agenouille et adore.”

We must confess, that however willing to surrender ourselves, hand and foot bound, on all common occasions, to those who take the trouble to instruct or amuse us on paper, we have not gone to this extent in the instance before us. In the first place, we shrink from believing what we would not wish to be true. Secondly, we hesitate to concede our convictions to any foreigner, whose knowledge of our country must, necessarily, be imperfect and unsafe. And lastly, the wand of the sleeper has not touched us. We saw not the vision ourselves, nor can we yield our credence where our reason refuses to accompany us.

“*L'Irlande Apocryphe*” is, then, the history of Ireland, dating from the year of our Lord, 1844, and fading away into the dim distance of somewhere about 1868 or '70. It is the finished picture of that political millennium Mr. O'Connell has presented in passing glimpses to his countrymen at various epochs of his career, and of which we catch the shadowy promises, from time to time, in our national newspapers.

It is unfortunate for the truth-like semblance of his volume that the author should have been a Frenchman—no man's nationality adheres to him so closely. It is a moral epidermis, of which there is no divesting him; and the result is, it continually peeps out through every rent of his garment.

Whether he be an artist or an author, a general, a statesman, a diplomate, or a tailor, a Frenchman contrives to invest his character with more traits of nationality than identity; and while you might feel often puzzled to detect

his condition in life, you never could hesitate about his country. This, we repeat, deteriorates a good deal from the “*vraisemblance*” of his book. But we have learned of late to accustom ourselves to these things, and after having seen our “*Robinson Crusoe*” converted, in Parisian hands, into a very smart figure, more like a French hair-dresser than an English seaman, we can reconcile our minds to the equally absurd travesty of Mr. O'Connell into a likeness to Napoleon. But, indeed, this is excusable on other grounds. There are certain types in France, to which persons of all nations are subjected; and a kind of hero-worship has distinguished that country for the last half century, and we, therefore, have little difficulty in accepting an Irish agitator with such a change of dress and decoration; the more so, as the comparison is certainly flattering to ourselves.

The volume opens with a brief sketch of “*L'Irlande d'Aujourd'hui*,”—such he entitles his first chapter. This is, as might be expected, a rifacimento of newspaper grievances against England—woes and wrongs of centuries back, brought to bear, with singular force of reason and logic, on present evils—explanations of the remarkable influence exerted on our now condition by misgovernment in the time of Elizabeth, and incontrovertible evidence that Essex and Strafford were in league with Peel and Stanley, to rivet our chains.

The intellect of the repeal party, their rank, wealth, and importance are dilated upon with considerable force; their high patriotism and grand philosophic views are extolled, and their superiority to the Saxon illustrated in glowing colours; the whole concluding with the ardent hope of better things in store for the green isle, when her “sons shall have their own again.”

In the second chapter, the curtain rises to the “*Repeal of the Union*.” The parliament is once more seated in College-green, where, by the way, with a perhaps pardonable blunder,—occasioned by the ambiguity of Mr. O'Connell himself—our author places the “*Conciliation Hall*,” and the Liberator's progress down to the house, furnishes the material of a very graphic description. The writer's want of knowledge of our country mars, it is

true, much of the point of this scene ; names of people and places are occasionally commingled, and mistaken in a way that injures the truthfulness of the picture, but, on the whole, the thing has a certain air of bold and masterly vigour, we liked much on reading.

"He was carried"—it is of Mr. O'Connell he speaks—"in a triumphal car, over which a figure, emblematic of Hibernia, stood, from whose hand, at every motion of the bearers, laurels fell upon the head of the Liberator. Four crouching figures, representing the Saxon, in attitudes of cowering humility, caught at the wheels of the chariot, which threatened to crush and destroy them. An ancient Irish bard, with a flowing beard, and holding a harp in his hands, performed a national melody, and to every chord of the 'jig,' the tears fell in torrents from the moved bystanders." The "jig" seemed to us somewhat out of place in so august a ceremonial, but the foot-note relieved our scruples.

"The Liberator looked around him on his happy people, with an expression mild, yet triumphant ; his fine *tête de camée*—we really dare not venture on this in English—made him seem more like a Roman emperor, than a man of modern days. He wore the Irish costume, yellow and white, with a large collar of gold around his neck : this, from its exceeding weight, was held up by two priests, of the Order of Mercy, also in their full robes. '*Le digne Prêtre Higgins*' was one of these.

"Never, for centuries past, was Ireland the scene of such tumultuous joy—the hour of her deliverance accomplished—her deliverer present to grace the triumph."

After detailing with great precision, the whole order of the march to the parliament house, our historian presents us with a *coup d'œil* of the interior—where, "on a lone bench, shivering and sad, sit the miserable minority, who represent the feelings of the Saxon ;" the patriotic party are not only distinguishable by their elated looks and triumphant faces, but they all wear the ancient toga of

Ireland, that beautiful heir-loom of their classic origin. The proceedings open with a high mass, by 'Ce Prelat distingué Mac Hale,' who sprinkles the members as they pass with the '*eau benite*'—a ceremony evidently little in unison with the prejudices of the Saxons, who sit suffering spectators of the scene. The speech from the throne is read by a member of the government, but no address is moved in reply ; and after a silence of some minutes, Mr. O'Connell rises and addresses the assembly. His speech, however, contains nothing new, nothing we had not heard before, save an impressive appeal to the people to be patient.

"Wait, my children—(*mes enfans !*) wait—even yet without impatience—but a little, and the island is ours. That miserable fraction, which sits cowering yonder, will soon be thankful for the very permission to escape. There shall not remain one, nay, not one in the land. The name of England shall be a brand of shame, and Englishman shall be as a title of disgrace. This beautiful country, with its verdant valleys—its limpid streams—its delicious bogs!—its inaccessible mountains, was made for the free. Never shall the stamp of slavery defile it. Were you made to pine beneath such a yoke as theirs ? Are you, who conquered every people over the face of the globe, alternately beating English, French, Spaniards, Swiss, and Germans—are you to fall suppliant before the Saxon ?"

"Loud cries of 'Never ! Never !'"

"Long, too long have we borne with this. Our hour of vengeance is come ; forth then to the good work. Away with them."

"The energy of the honourable member at these words produced a scene perfectly indescribable. The entire house, with the exception of the Saxons, springing to their legs, with frantic cries of 'We will!—we will !'"

"Hold"—resumed the speaker ; "not yet ; I did but speak figuratively. I meant, you should not consume their manufactures, nor their produce, neither buy with them, nor sell with them. Remember, if you trade with

\* Le "jig." est le chanson solennel d'Irlande, en usage parmi les ceremonies royales, et surtout, d'une grande antiquité.



them, you are bondsmen—ay, “hereditary bondsmen.” Is not this lovely land sufficient for us? Can we not find here all that the most fastidious luxury could desire? They will endeavour, by treaties, to induce you to deal with them. I repeat it, they will try this; but if—mark me—I only say, if they do’——

“The rest was drowned in a crash of uproarious tumult, in which the voice of Monsieur ‘Tomsteale,’ the member for Tara, was heard exclaiming, ‘We’ll cut their blood-stained hands off who sign the deed!’—a sentiment that met thunders of acclamation.”

The description of the capital at night is well done:—“The streets, blazing with bonfires, around which, ‘great, glorious, and free,’ the populace dance in wild excitement, stimulating their spirits with party songs and violent diatribes on their now vanquished enemies. Some excesses are committed, but these are soon repressed by a general order from the Liberator, that ‘the hour is not come;’ and except the houses of some well-known Saxons, which have been razed to the ground, no great damage is incurred. The military are called out, but by the new constitution cannot act, and are marched back to barracks again, amid the groans and hootings of the mob.”

“Thus passes the first night of freedom. The next morning displays a proclamation from the Liberator, conveying his eternal gratitude to the people for their attitude of peace. ‘Your enemies wished you to break out; they taunted—they reviled you. There were two companies of foot in George’s-street barrack, and we are but eight millions! They did all they could to be butchered, but you would not do it. No, my countrymen, we are a great people. I am sorry that elderly gentleman was killed. I had rather the two small children had not been burned also. But these are predial outrages; robbers exist in every land; and I hear the children had got gooseberries in their pockets. As to the display of the green flag in Capel-street, I am deeply grieved at *that*. This is premature; this is insulting. Why not trust my words? I say—be patient. Capel-street I strike out of the map of Ire-

land. It exists no longer. I know no man who resides there; and unless the sainted and venerable priest Mac Shane interfere, I will order that no man shall traverse that street.’”

Events now press rapidly, one upon another. The parliament deliberate daily on the restoration of the forfeited estates, the only question being to decide upon the real claimants, in the multiplicity which present themselves. A select committee is appointed to examine witnesses, of which we have only space for a short extract:—

“Patrick Muldoon, sworn.—Knows the lands of Knock-Whack-Whulloo; knew them since he was a boy; his father was a tenant on them, and his grandfather also; founds his claim to the property on the fact, that his grandfather was hanged for shooting the landlord, and his father transported for being present and assisting; he himself has since way-laid the present proprietor; but his gun missed fire, and hopes the honourable house would not attribute his failure to any want of good-will and determination; always paid the repeal rent, and contributed to the O’Connell fund, even when distrained for his own holding.—Claim allowed.

“Simon O’Dowell, an old man, living on the lands of Kilmuckcree, was out in ’98; swears, that he murdered two gentlemen of large property in Kildare, and would have killed more, if he had time; but as the troubles concluded suddenly, he turned informer, and hanged his younger brother for the murders; believes he ought to have the lands in question, and would be glad to shoot the present occupant, when the ‘honourable house desires.’ Simon handed in a receipt for the rent and tribute, and a voucher for taking in the repeal newspapers.—Claim allowed.

“Mary Kennedy made the fire to roast her mistress on, and hopes that, as she died without heirs, something will be done for her. Always had a picture of Mr. O’Connell, and another of Father Mac Hale, in her house.—To be considered for compensation.

“Michael Kilroy, a suitor for the lands of Whack-no-breena.—He and his three brothers, two of whom were hanged, and the third transported—swears, that no one had been permitted to reside on the lands in question

for the last thirty years, entirely owing to the exertions of his family; made great sacrifices for the cause; was always a patriot in the most liberal sense of the word. Produces an old musket which, he is ready to prove, shot more respectable people, than any gun in the Queen's County. Paid the repeal and O'Connell rent to the day. Claim allowed.

"Timothy Riley, twice burned the house and offices of his landlord Mr. Weeks, of Scrubs, and finally frightened him out of the country; also, set fire to various hay and corn-stacks in the neighbourhood; never paid tithe, nor wouldn't for any man; but doesn't like to shoot at people, even though they were his enemies.—Claim disallowed."

The work now goes bravely on.—Bishops beg that they may be relieved from their functions as legislators, "the danger of going down to the house being considerable, from the violence of the mob;" and the conduct of the Roman Catholic prelates, so outrageous, as to make their situation as irksome and unpleasant as possible.—An act is passed for "their relief."

The session is indeed an active one: for besides the committee of estates—the confiscation of the church property is carried by a majority of three hundred and forty, to six. Monsieur Tomsteale—we still preserve the French spelling—is called to the upper house, under the title of Lord Skulabout de Skulabogue; and Mr. Rae, also, made a peer, his title being Baron Fag in Rags—his armorial crest, a *purse* proper, with the motto—"Crede in Re."

Thirty-four other agitators are also to be created peers; but their elevation is delayed for want of clothes to appear in. A national grant is, however, in course of passing; which by the sale of the principal houses in Dublin, will, it is hoped, supply their wants.

The extracts from the newspapers of the period all teem with the hilarity and happiness of the land, now reveling in their long-desired freedom. Some Saxons, however, still defile the soil, and their presence is felt as a national disgrace. Their hour is evidently passing, as the following paragraph may show:—

"Considerable laughter was caused yesterday morning at the Liberator's levee, by an account that had just reached town. It seems, that the ex-judge Lefroid was turned out, and hunted by the Loughlin hounds. They met at Clochnahide, and turned the old fox out over a fine sporting country. They gave him twenty minutes law, and then laid on the dogs. He made a splendid run, taking the hill-side by Mr. Fitzsimon's cottage, and crossing the bog at Drumsnag. They ran into him, however, below his own house, and it was only by great exertions he was saved from the dogs. We owe it to Mr. Flattery that he was not eaten, which, as the country is scarce of game, would have been a great pity. The gentlemen talk of the Dean next week; he is fleshy, but, they say, jumps beautifully."

These are the pleasantries of a fine free-hearted people, and they are not amenable to the cold criticisms of the Saxon.

But we pass on to more important events—the arrival of Cardinal O'Shanahan in Ireland, from Rome, with a special message from the sovereign pontiff. He is received in state, and conducted to the House of Commons, where he witnesses a debate on the grand question of the admission of ecclesiastics to a seat in the lower house. The debate is adjourned; but a bill is passed, and receives the assent of both houses, declaring the Protestant religion no longer to exist in Ireland; no person of that persuasion shall hold any place of profit or emolument in the land, neither shall he be admissible as member of either house, nor his evidence received on trials; all bequests to him shall be deemed illegal, and intermarriage with him pronounced outside the pale of law; and children, born after said union, illegitimate. Such as desire to emigrate, will receive a "*permis de depart*," or a letter of leave, at the alien office, on payment of the usual fees.

All applicants for the permission, must make oath that they have not any property in their possession, whether in respect to goods, jewels, precious metals, or securities, and are, *bonâ fide*, in a state of pauperism. Any one detected in an attempt to evade this law

will be punished by carding—a national punishment, just restored, and in high favour with the people.

We must pass over the author's account of the clearance committee, by whose labours all persons, unable to claim Milesian descent, are deprived of their estates, and reduced to the condition of "state labourers." His account, at page 104, of these forçats, is sufficiently amusing, and we recognise, even through the blunders of French spelling, the names of our respected Recorder, the city members, and other well-known individuals, as proceeding with shovel and pick-axe to work on the Donnybrook road.

A passing allusion is made here to the state of Europe, in which our author informs us, all memory of Ireland is lost, or, if preserved, only as of some fearful land of anarchy, bloodshed, and barbarism. "Little know they," exclaims he, "of the happiness of that disenthralled nation. 'The intoxicating bliss of liberty regained.'"

It is in the indulgence of this latter feeling, that they abandon the temperance pledge, and burn Father Mathew, in effigy. Some have even instituted suits at law against that venerable character for injury done to their constitutions, by water-drinking, and a compromise is at last effected, by which it is agreed upon, that his reverence shall present a smoking tumbler of punch to all persons coming to him with a temperance medal—an arrangement that has met with universal satisfaction. "Although," adds the Cork Sledgehammer of freedom, "we are sorry to see his reverence appear sinking under the fatigues of his office—and whether it is the late hours, or the lemon-juice, he appears growing rapidly thinner."

The national newspapers, too, come in for their full share of attention. They are conducted with all the skill, ability, and power, that characterised the early stages of the movement. The leading journal, the "Erin," being edited by one, whose travelled experience has made him familiar with life, in its wildest aspects, even in the "Bush in Australia." Poetry, political essays, and light and graceful criticisms, vary the contents of each number; and we have abundant evidence of what they had so long predicted—that

a national literature needed but national encouragement, to make it worthy of the land. One feature of the press, our author lays great stress on, it is this—all reporting at parliament, or at public meetings, is denounced as an invasion of private right and individual property. Reporters are classed with "informers," and as such, may be carded at will, any five freeholders forming a quorum.

But indeed it were impossible in our brief limits even to convey a catalogue of the changes which are enumerated as taking place. One act of parliament decrees the destruction of all public buildings which may perpetuate the memory of the Saxon: and in this way the Custom-house, the Bank, Post-office, and Four Courts, are razed to the ground, which lies cumbered with the ruins. Trinity College is converted into a nunnery, and presided over by a certain "Père Tom," (can he mean Tom Maguire?) Liberal funds are provided, and to use his own phrase—"on y mène joyeuse rie." Long before, the statue of King William has been converted into an effigy of Monsieur Tomsteale, and a prodigious quantity of carnation expended on the countenance. Nelson's pillar is now the tower of St. Francis Xavier, and the naval hero has been welded into a priest. The names of all the streets are changed, and new ones adopted, more in unison with the taste of the day—such as "Carder's" alley; Whiteboy-row; Terry-alt-terrace; Assassin's-avenue. Some less fashionable localities being called after great political or literary celebrities—such as Purcell's promenade; Gavin's green, &c. Mr. O'Connell's paternal seat remains, however, unchanged, and is still known as Verrymean Abbey—(qu. Darrynane).

We have looked in vain through the volume for any mention of those enlightened individuals, whose liberal views were once in such favour with the party, but no where can we find any allusion to Anthony Blake, Richard Sheil, Sharman Crawford, and a host of other equally distinguished politicians. Alas! our French friend seems never to have even heard of them, or they have been lost in the "gurgite vasto" of the revolution. But we press on. England, long since wearied of

the hopeless task of retaining as a province, what has proved herself a nation, declares *qu'elle se'en passe d'Irlande*—that she has done with it. The declaration excites no feeling whatever in the green isle. They have felt their liberty too long, to care much for any formal recognition of it. Mr. O'Connell is crowned king, it is true, but the ceremony attracts little enthusiasm, and even his presence in the streets, with the ancient Irish cap, is not remarked. The first act of his reign is a revocation of all Saxon law, and return to Brehon usages, which, in criminal cases, simplifies the administration wonderfully. Each man killing his enemy, and being killed by some one else in turn, divests Green-street of much labour and excitement. Coroners are done away with, but a permanent waking establishment, with drink, songs, tobacco, &c., is held at all hours, day and night, in the Upper Castle-yard. This is presided over by Monsieur Roa—who is he?—who is styled grand national “Lachrymist,” and cries daily from twelve to four. The Irish language is declared compulsory in all suits at law, pleadings, &c., the effect of which is to diminish litigation, and also to open the door of the legal profession to several native barristers from Clare and Galway, hitherto, by the tyranny of the Saxon, retained in bondage as herds and husbandmen. English costume is abolished; and while the antiquarians are investigating the details of new national dress, all clothes are forbidden, save such as are of absolute necessity, these being of native material; and so the fashions for the season are seen in corduroy breeches, frieze coats, felt hats, brogues, &c.—the ladies being attired, to use the language of the day, “in Irish manufacture.”

But we really have neither space nor temper for more. This infatuated Frenchman outrages all probability in his extravagance, and ends with a picture of the land, torn by rival faction, with a king in every province,

and a pretender in every county. Morgan John warring against Maurice, and Daniel against Fergus; Clare against Carlow; Kildare opposed to Meath; national bankruptcy, barbarism, and bloodshed, every where; nothing triumphant but *Le Père O'Higgins, et ses freres pieuses*—and even for this, he finds a simile. Humboldt speaks of a tree in the Andes, which flourishes most when it has ruined the soil it springs from.

We have thus skimmiingly presented our readers with the substance of this impertinent “brochure,” which, in the space of something less than two hundred pages, disposes so pleasantly of us and our country. Although many mistakes, both as to names of persons and places—many blundered allusions, bespeak the “squib” as French in execution, we have heard it rumoured that the whole is a translation, and was originally written by a *ci-devant* O'Connellite.

This may, or may not be true. The services of a renegade, if even they took a more argumentative form, are rarely useful to party; and we would look with suspicion on the honesty of purpose of one who deserts from his own ranks “*Timeo Dan aas et dona ferentes*.” The “Romans” may have their “hobby” as the Greeks had theirs. In any case the work is smartly done—the French flippant, well-turned, and epigrammatic, and the allusions to foreign politics which are thrown out carelessly, *en passant*, display a knowledge of European affairs somewhat remarkable.

There are passages here and there, which leave us in doubt whether at times the author was not more disposed to ridicule the extravagant apprehensions of all enemies to repeal, than to display the picture of national happiness and prosperity succeeding that event; but whether intended against Trojans or Tyrians, the thing is smart, caustic, and laughable, and by no means dear at its modest cost of two francs and ten sous.

THE MISHAPS OF MISTER LATITAT NABHIM, DURING A SHORT PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO THE SISTER ISLAND.

CHAPTER I.

Othello's occupation's gone—A little by-play—The last from the steamer—A floorer—A farce after a tragedy—A peculiarity belonging to Corkonians.

A BODY of carmen, disappointed of fares, and a knot of porters, dreaming their "occupation gone" for that day, lingered opposite to one of the Bristol and Cork line of steamers, which, about half an hour before, had put into Cove. The rumbling of the last car that had been hired, and the crack of the carman's whip, as the crazy vehicle made its way towards Cork, were still falling upon the ears of the unemployed.

"Well, now," observed one of the fraternity of porters, who, in his eagerness for employment had transported two gentlemen's baggage from the steamer to the shore, and who, in the hurry, had been paid by neither, "well now, this is the raal thing;—we've nauthin' to do, an' nauthin to pay for it."

"Sure an' isn't it betther than havin' more to do, Paddy, than we can be paid for?" inquired a brother chip, who was cognizant of the boy's over-doing himself.

"Bad luck to ye," retorted Pat; "an' do ye think, Billy Darcy, that ivree wan is as sharp as a discharged polis-man? Ha! Billy, that's the ticket for soup!"

"I'm not sartin, yet, Pat. Two valices here, an' a big box an' three carpet-bags there, an', 'Run, boy, fetch away that other gentleman's baggage, while I get out the price of the backy for ye,' wouldn't make *pay* soup, Patsey!"

"Take that—an' that—ye bosthoon ye!" screamed the enraged Pat, as he made some furious hits at Billy Darcy's head-piece.

"Thank ye," said Billy; and he received the compliments of Patsey with becoming ease and satisfaction.

The enacting of the melo-drama which followed may be easily imagined.

During this scene on shore, some-

thing not very dissimilar was going on on board the steamer.

A lady and gentleman, the former very closely wrapped up in shawls and cloaks, emerged from the companion-door and walked towards the paddle-box. This couple had proceeded but a few yards, when a little, sharp-looking man, with a blue bag under his arm, and a piece of dirty-white paper in his right hand, stole after them. Just as he got close up to them, as ill luck would have it, he stumbled against a coil of ropes, and went, head foremost, into the back of the lady. The fair one's companion instantly obliged the transgressor with a rejoinder, which, being made by the foot, sent the little, sharp-looking man, his blue bag, and his bit of dirty-white paper, sprawling a few yards further off.

"There, you unmannerly cub, you!" courteously remarked the gallant; adding, "I'll teach you, sir;" and he shook his clenched fist at the little man, and at the blue bag, and at the dirty strip of white paper. "Now, Jessie, love," he continued, addressing the fair one, who hung upon his arm with all the appearance of feminine timidity and a sick stomach, "Now, Jessie, love, let us lose no time in taking leave of *your friend* on the ground."

For a sick and fainting lady, it was astonishing how fast she made her way over the paddle-box, and how little fuss she created in settling herself upon the best hack-car on the stand. There seated, and a little carpet bag placed beside her, her stout companion left her for a moment, and walked hastily into the ring in which Patsey and Billy were getting up and knocking each other down as fast as possible.

"Boys, what are ye about?" demanded the gentleman, of every body, in a voice full of authority.



"Nauthin, sir," replied every body.

"Poh! is it want of employment?"

"Belike it is, yer honour," replied every body again; and every body who had a hat on touched it, and every body who had no hat didn't.

"Well, then," said the gentleman, throwing a yellow piece of coin on the ground, "there's a sovereign for you."

Some whistled; some shouted; some screamed.

"Listen to me, now," continued the gentleman. All was silence. "D'see, boys, that little, sharp-looking fellow, gathering himself up from the deck of the steamer?"

"Yes, yer honour," said every body.

"Well, boys,—if I know a bum,—why, he's one."

"Whisht!" melo-dramatised every body; and hats, and eyes, and ears were cocked, all ripe for fun.

"Yes, he's a bum—an English bum!" reiterated the gentleman. "Now, if ye love me, take him the shortest way to Cork, boys!"

Every one laughed, and said "Yis."

The gentleman jumped up by the side of his fair companion; smack went the whip, round went the wheels, and another car, and horse, and fare, were on the road from the Cove of Cork to that celebrated city, where, it is recorded, gentlemen "button their coats behind, to keep their bellies warm."

## CHAPTER II.

On his legs again—Going ashore and running aground—The nearest road to Cork—Charity left behind.

THE little, sharp-looking man, having picked himself up from the deck, picked up his blue bag also, and opening it, slipped the bit of dirty-white paper into a bundle of official-looking documents, tied up with red tape. He then walked to the companion-stairs and called out for a carpet-bag and hat-box to be brought up forthwith. A close observer might have seen his wary eye, every minute, look askance over his shoulder, and take the picture of all that was going on on shore. His kicking didn't seem to discompose him much, he almost seemed used to it!

The little, sharp-looking man, his blue bag, his carpet-bag, and his hat-box, all now most intimately connected together, mounted the paddle-box, with the view of getting on shore as fast as possible. This was no easy matter—a phalanx of porters and carmen stopped the way.

"Porter, yer honour," "Car, yer honour," "Cork, yer honour," "Good horse, yer honour," "Can't trot less nor ten miles an hour," "Porter, yer honour," "Twintee of us, yer honour, all waitin' for ye this two hours!" were dinned into his ears.

The noise, and the cracking of whips, and some oaths, and a thou-

sand jokes,\* and the good-humoured way in which the carpet-bag was snatched by this porter, and the hat-box by another; and the naturalness with which they ran off opposite ways, and the eagerness with which six different carmen endeavoured to pull the little, sharp man to six different cars, contributed to anger, and to annoy, and to distract, and to throw him all of a heap. He soon lost all patience—indeed, that went before his hat-box. He stamped, and kicked, and swore, and bullied, and vowed all kinds of vengeance; but the more he raved and roared, the higher ran the tide of fun, and the better was the acting, and the broader was the farce. At length, by dint of cuffing and coaxing, he got alongside a car. But where were his carpet-bag and his hat-box? Another scene of confusion ensued. Two separate carmen had driven off with the bag and box, under the direction of the little, sharp man, as it was said and sworn to by about fifteen porters.

"Where are they,—the monsters! the villains!—where are they, I say!" screamed the little, sharp man, from the side of the car, which he had mounted.

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\* The description of the jokes among the carmen is taken from real life.

"There,—there, yer honour," replied porters and carmen, all pointing different ways.

"You lie — you lie — you lie!" screeched the little, sharp man. "There, I see them—I see them! Drive after the robbers, jarvey."

"Will I take a car an' be afther thim, yer honour?" asked a very demure-looking porter.

"Will you—you—you——jarvey, don't ye hear? drive after them, I say?"

"Here, yer honour; here we are," simultaneously shouted the remaining boys on the stand, as they drove up to the car on which the little, sharp man was standing, gesticulating most frantically. "Here, yer honour; we'll be afther thim in a jiffy," and away they flew, flogging, and shouting, and stamping, like so many maniacs.

"O Lor! I shall go mad! What shall I do? Nabhim & Do-all, Chancery-lane, what'll become of you? O Lor! O Lor!"—The little bum regularly shed tears.

"Hurra!" shouted out the porters, who had again collected round the car of the little, sharp-looking fellow, "Hurra! yer honour, they've cotched thim. There they come! See, yer honour!" Scarcely had the porters ceased, when up dashed the return-cars, with hat-box and carpet-bag, and the miscreants who had trotted off with them.

"We've got thim, the vag'bones!"

triumphantly exclaimed the successful knights-errant of the whip.

"Give them to me—O do!—do my good men!" obsecrated the little, sharp man, the tears still running down his cheeks.

"Hand them over, Bill," urged the champion Patsey. "There, yer honour; they're all safe."

"Thank you—thank you, my good man."

"All right," said Bill. "Yer honour 'll remimber the porthers." Something bright and yellow-looking was thrown into the midst of porters and carmen; a general scuffle ensued, during which the car with the little, sharp-looking man, and his goods and chattels, *didn't* go the straight road to Cork.

"Tare-an-ouns," muttered Patsey, as he scraped and scuffled with the rest for the bounty of the bum, "tare-an-ouns, did any wan ever see the salt wather on a bum's face afore!"

"Be jaburs, but he stuck tight to that little blue bag!" said Billy Darcy. "I wonder what was in it."

"Oh, latitats, you may be sure!" observed some very knowing one.

"Ha! I've got it; here—here; a raal goolden——"

"Fardin!" interrupted Patsey.

"How like a bum, the cratur!" said Billy Darcy.

"Ay, a crying bum!" said every one.

### CHAPTER III.

A secret-service car—Street beggars—Lady and gentleman from the steamer—Off they go—The arrival—Young travellers—Hotel facetime.

ABOUT an hour after the start of Nabhim and Do-all, from Cove, a long car, with four wheels, and four as compact looking tits of the old Irish breed as could be found in the south, stood opposite to the door of the George Hotel, Cork. Several persons intended, to all appearance, to be passengers, walked up and down the pavement, saying little, but looking a great deal. The eyes of the party were constantly strained in the direction which led to the Cove. Watches

were every now and then pulled out, conned over, and returned in silence to the fob. The only person on the car was the driver, who looked very knowing, and no doubt he was, and who kept his eye upon the ears of his leaders, watching the cattle as they tossed their heads with impatience to be off.

Round the car stood several beggars,\* waiting, with very good grace, for some one to mount it, of whom they might ask charity. Of these re-

\* The beggars here mentioned, and the conversation ensuing, is from real life.

gular traders, two were remarkable: one, an old woman, seamed with the small-pox, and covered up in a cloak patched all over, and filthy to a degree. She appeared very aged. The other was a young, pale-faced, broken-hearted looking creature, with but few rags to cover her, and with a lean and half-fed baby at her breast. These, separating from their companions, walked to the off-side of the wheelers, to ask charity from the man on the box. The old body began to attack.

"Ah! the hivins rain dimonds into yer pockits darlint—but don't forgit the owld woman honey, who has nawthin but the charitee of good christins an the heavenly Lord to look to."

The man on the box shook his head.

"Shure, yer thinkin of me, honey—long life to ye for that same."

The man on the box shook his head again.

The poor woman with the child in her arms, sighed deeply, and half extended her baby towards the driver. She said nothing, but the action excited the wrath of the old beggar.

"What," exclaimed the crone, "an is it to the likes of her, ye'd giv a fardin!—She's big enough and ugly enough to do her day's work, darlint. No, the owld, an the unparticled, wid-out father or mother, thim's what yer thinkin of." "Ah!" she added, sinking her voice into a tone of persuasiveness, "ye'll remimber the owld cratur, won't ye, and the Lord of hivin be your guide!"

The woman with the baby now retorted. "An did I purvint you spakin, ma'am? I didn't interfare wid ye, an why should I be interfared wid?"

"Is it you interfare wid the likes o' me!" indignantly replied the old woman. "No, no! What do you know of my papil?"

"Nawthin at all;" meekly answered the pale woman with the child.

"Nawthin!" echoed the crone,—  
"nawthin! I should think so! *My papil are respectable!* an how could you know them?"

"I never said I did," was the answer.

"You, ye drunken hussey!—where's

thim two black eyes ye were rollin about wid yesterday?"

The meek beggar turned her dark eyes on the man in the box, and lifted up her child. This, necessarily roused the spirit of the old woman more terribly.

"Ha! is it lookin at the gintleman on the box ye are, ye vagabone! You look at gintlemin! cock ye up indade!" and then, in a sort of mock pathos, she drawled out,—  
"Poor cratur, poor cratur, an didn't ye make that same child to a soger, honey?"

The pale woman's lip quivered as she replied;—"It's not the likes o' you should be blamin me. Oughn't ye to think of the child yer own daughter made to the tinker!"

"Me daughter!" screeched the old woman:—"Ah! where's yer brother? Isn't he in Bottinney bay?"—

A loud shout from the gentlemen on the pavement, the rattling of a car, and the clatter of horses' hoofs coming up the street, to where the four-horsed car stood, put an end to the dialogue between the beggars.

"Out of the way ye divils," shouted the driver, who threw a bit of shining coin into the hand of the pale beggar,—"out of the way."

The strange car stopped close to the four-horsed car. Two people, one a lady, the other a gentleman, sprung from the first on to the second. A small carpet bag was jirked into the well of the long car;—the gentlemen from the pavement were in their places in a jiffy. The ribbons were gathered up:—smack, swish,—went the long four-in-hand,—away darted the cattle,—while every one on the car laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks, and shook hands one with the other,—looking much more like a set of madmen, which they might have been, than about fourteen elderly gentlemen, which they decidedly were.

The people near the inn, and many in the street were just about inquiring of every one who knew nothing at all of the matter, what all this meant, when a chariot and four, the sides and flanks of the horses, white with sweat, dashed up to the door of the Hotel

A gentleman's gentleman,\* and a

\* This description, and the interruption to connubial bliss, from real life.

lady's lady, dropt from the dickey behind the chariot. The steps were let down in an instant. First stepped out a real gentleman, with his hair curled, and looking a little tumbled, and then a real lady, with her bonnet certainly out of shape. Scarce had the head waiter got his napkin under his arm, or the words out of his mouth, "Horses on, sir?"—when the new-arrived nearly ran over him.

"No, no," was the hasty reply; and he who made it, nearly went through the glass partition into the bar.

"Private room—number ten," screamed out the lady in the bar.

"This way, this way, sir,—beg pardon,"—urged the waiter, as he turned the steps of a gentleman, on whose arm the lady hung, towards the staircase.

There was no reply. Both gentleman and lady looked very confused. They appeared as if they had escaped from the galleys, or had committed some special act of felony, or had run away from home with other people's clothes on; or, as if that was their

last stage upon their wedding day!—Ah! this, indeed, was the case.

Every body in the hotel laughed. The chamber-maids giggled, and boots and the porter grinned like horses, and the boys in the yard poked each other in the ribs. The lady in the bar straightened down her frock, and tumbled up stairs to receive any commands that might be necessary. Chamber-maids rushed into number ten by two's and three's, and begged pardon for mistaking the room. Waiters were very solicitous about the fire; every rascal in the house, who carried a napkin under his arm, had a poke at it, and a dust at the sideboard!—then came the post-boys to thank his honour, *in person*, for his generosity, and to hope that her ladyship had liked the beautiful views on the road!—This, by the way, was overdoing the thing; because the blinds were down. However it spoke well for the *taste* of the post-boys. In short, the bride and bridegroom found themselves very much like the lion and lioness of the day—we hope they liked it.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The last car from Cove, and the nearest route to Cork.—"That way lies madness"—The discovery—A fact neatly developed—Letter to correspondents.

ABOUT four hours after the arrival of the new-married pair, the first brush of the excitement having worn off, and the talk, and the jokes, and the titter about the thing, being chiefly confined to the coffee-room, where newcomers were dropping in with mouths wide open to receive all that was going, a little sharp-looking man, preceded by a carpet-bag, and carrying under one arm a blue bag, and from the fore-finger of the hand of that arm, holding suspended, a hat-box, walked very coolly into the coffee-room, and asking where the bell was, pulled it, and desired the waiter to call the chambermaid and show him to a bed-room.

"Do you stop here, sir?" asked the waiter, while he looked at the sharp little man from top to toe, evidently thinking he was a queer customer.—

"Do you stop here, sir?"

"Certainly," was the brief reply.

"A bed-room, sir?" again interro-

gated the waiter, perhaps more with the object of seeing something further of the little sharp-looking man, than because he had any doubt about the bed-room.

"Yes,—a bed-room," reiterated the little sharp-looking man; adding, "and tell the porter to get his best brush to relieve my black coat from some of this Irish mud."

"Yes, sir, certainly," and the waiter vanished.

"I perceive, sir," observed the gentleman who had pointed out the bell-rope, "that you are not an Irishman, or you would be better acquainted with the cross-roads of this country. You have evidently been dragged through the dirt."

"O! havn't I, that's all," said the little sharp-looking man, eyeing his bespattered self as well as he could, and certainly not at all to his satisfaction.

"Tho' not born an Irishman, you are now, at least, free of the soil, sir,"

somewhat jocosely continued the good-natured gentleman.

"Free, am I though?" remarked the little sharp-looking man—"more free than welcome, perhaps."

"Not so," rejoined the facetious gent. "A soiled coat costs nothing in this country."

"Don't it though, Mister What's-your-name," replied the bespattered bum. "It cost me some hours' long riding from Cove, on a vile machine like bedsteps set on barrow-wheels, and fifteen shillings to boot."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. What's-his-name, with amazement. "Some hours, and fifteen shillings, sir!"

"Shall I tell it over again, or would you like a bit of a davy on it?" asked the little sharp-looking man.

"I beg pardon," replied Mr. What's-his-name. "There's the waiter, sir, and I see a chamber-light too." Then crossing his legs carelessly, and throwing his feet on the fender, he looked fixedly into the fire, observing to himself—"Well—that man's mad."

"Shall I take yer honour's luggage," observed the porter, who held a bed-light before the little sharp-looking man, to show him the way to his bedroom.

"Thank you, my honest boy,—no. I think I can manage it.—Go on lad, and I'll follow."

So the porter went up stairs, and the little sharp-looking man followed, sticking very tight to his carpet-bag, blue-bag, and hat-box, and breathing, at every step, harder and harder.

"Ah! yer honour, it's tight work, that 'gitting up stairs,' isn't it?" good humouredly remarked the porter, who, for once in his life, found how pleasant it was to walk up stairs with nothing but a bed light in his hand.

"Blow me, your house is very high, mister chambermaid," said the bum,—"and if I don't mistake, you intend me to sleep at the very top of it;—somewhere on the slates!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the porter, adding, as a set-off to his mirth, though he knew what a lie he was telling—"yer not half way up yet, by no means."

"What! this is a kind of a tower of Babel—is it?"

"Yes yer honour; we howld up our heads here, and no mistake. We're

the head inn, where all the quality comes; weddingers too, like thim in No. 10."

"Eh?—What?—New married people in No. 10! excellent! capital!—Ha! here's a shil——. No,—I'll give it to you in the morning. Yes."

The porter's hand, which had been extended to receive the overflowings of the bum's heart, in the shape of a current coin of the realm, suddenly dropt by his side—it was a sad disappointment.

"Didn't you say, porter," repeated the little sharp-looking man, as he pulled off his coat,—“didn't you say,”—and then he emptied his pockets out upon the table, putting a shilling very sily by itself,—“didn't you say that a new-married couple were enjoying their blessedness in No. 10?”

"I did, yer honour," replied the porter, his eyes resting on the lonely shilling, "an' I said what was thrue," and he took another look at the bit of silver.

"Just so,—I thought you did," remarked the bum, and he mixed up the odd shilling with some other shillings, with the greatest apparent ease.

"Well," thought the porter, "if I don't sarve yer stingee sowl out for that same, niver mind honey;"—and then he asked aloud—"Will yer honour have the hot water?" Alas! how easily some men conceal their villainous purposes:—especially porters!

"Hot—water—no; I've been in nothing else since I landed. No, no, mister chambermaid; but I'll tell you what: just take these mud-be-plastered clothes of mine and give them a reg'lar good brushing."

The porter took the outer garments of the bum, as he divested himself of them, and quitted the room to make them more decent.

Being a perfect man of business, and happy to have an opportunity to attend to the grave matter which he had in hand, our hero now sat down, breechless as he was, to a small sham-Russian-leather writing-case, and commenced an epistle to "Nabhim and Do-all." Resting his head partially on his right arm, holding his pen very short, with his left leg thrust out, covered at one end by a very short and very dirty sock, with a large aperture somewhere about the toe, and at the other, being lost under cover of a



shirt, never long, before it was indented by the shears of time and use, and watching every stroke of his pen with a look so sharp, that he appeared every instant as if he were going to bite his own nose off. Thus seated, the little sharp-looking man wrote as follows:—

“Cork, — — —.

“GENTS.—We steamed it from Bristol in good time. A day's delay would have ruined us. I'm certain *he* was aboard: why didn't you take him, you'll say. Very true: why didn't I? Because he was stowed away among the women. I'm blowed! but he was in woman's togs! Arrived at Cove, I kept an *eye* on the women. He didn't show till every one was gone: when, all of a sudden, a gent who remained in the state cabin, rushed to the ladies' cabin, and tucked my friend under his arm, both going it, like a pair of cats, up the cranky steps which lead up on deck. I followed: got my bit of parchment out—just had my hand on him, when over I went across a heap

of ropes, and in I pitched into the back of the gent. He that was with him, lent me a precious kick for my pains. When I got up again, the bird was flown: so, away I flew too. O! it was such a flight! Talk of the civilization of this country! Why, the people are nearly all naked; and the highways dirt heaps. The Thames banks are *clean* to them!

“After a deal of fatigue, I hence arrived in Cork. Only think—my eyes, ain't it good! that's all! I'm in the very inn with the happy couple that cut me in the steamer in such style! Won't I give them leave to cut me again? Ha! don't they wish!

“The next steamer will, I hope, convey back to England one the firm cannot do without. Mind, Do-all, we'll never come to Ireland again.

“I must see the sheriff this evening. So, no more for the present, from—

“Yours,

“LATITAT NABHIM.

“To Messrs. Nabhim and Do-all,  
Chancery-lane, London.”

## LIFE OF GERALD GRIFFIN.\*

A high-souled and enthusiastic genius, deeply-seated sensibility, warm domestic affections, a most tender conscience, were the leading traits of character in the subject of the memoir before us; and very endearing as such qualities are at all times, we are not surprised they are reciprocated by his biographer, and have given their colouring to his work,—especially when that biographer was an attached brother. Without any striking incidents to characterize it, the life of Gerald Griffin was not without its tincturing of romance. Some of his early struggles in London, as a literary man, would remind us of Otway and Savage, and the marvellous boy of Bristol, Chatterton; while his unripe death among the Capuchins of Cork, introduces a new scene and new associations altogether. But let us not anticipate.

GERALD GRIFFIN was born in Limerick, in a part of the city called King's Island, on the 12th of December, 1803. He was the youngest of nine sons. His earliest preceptor was a Mr. M'Eligot, one of those amusing Irish pedagogues whose race is now nearly extinct—a man of great natural abilities, who was in every respect self-taught, and puffed up to the highest inflation of pomposity by reason of his acquirements. M'Eligot, though long since defunct, is still one of the "characters" of Limerick, and his history is too good to be passed over:—

"One day at a large and respectable school in this city (Limerick), when the master was engaged as usual with his scholars, an odd looking, half-clad figure, bare-foot and bare-headed, flung himself into the room, after the manner of a tumbling-boy—moved towards him, walking on his hands—and presently springing to his feet, stood upright before him. It was Richard M'Eligot. 'What do you want?' said the astonished master. 'Employment,' said the stranger—'I don't like my father's trade, and I'm sick of it.'—

'What can you do then?' inquired the master. 'I can write,' said the other. 'Well, then, let us see.' He sat down, took a pen, and wrote a hand so exquisite, that it could scarcely be distinguished from an engraving. He was immediately engaged as writing-master to the school, and was soon induced by one of the more advanced scholars to learn the classics, to which, as well as to other studies necessary to a teacher, he devoted himself with so much energy, and made such progress, that he soon had the proud satisfaction of raising himself from the humble condition I have described, to that of a most respectable classical teacher in the city.

"His success in these pursuits seems to have affected him with a degree of conceit and pedantry, from which few would perhaps be free in the same circumstances. I remember one of his advertisements about opening school after the Christmas vacation, which begun:—'When ponderous polysyllables promulgate professional powers,' &c. &c. Mr. T. M. O'Brien, to whose school my brother was sent at a later period to complete his education, was himself pursuing his studies at the period of the incident above-mentioned, and was present when M'Eligot introduced himself to the master's attention in the extraordinary manner I have described. O'Brien was a man of very refined taste—of superior ability—passionately fond of the classics—an elegant classical scholar, and was the same who, by much persuasion, prevailed on M'Eligot to turn his attention to them. On one occasion, when they were enjoying themselves together with some friends, the latter suddenly called out to him in a very mixed company, to translate a certain passage in Horace. Though O'Brien felt the absurdity of such a proposal, at such a time, yet, either his vanity or his character as a public teacher made him think the challenge was not one that could be safely declined. He accordingly translated the passage in such a manner, as seemed to be faultless. M'Eligot commended the effort with a most amusingly patronizing air. A new sentence was given, of which his interpretation was found equally satisfactory. Upon which M'Eligot said, 'Well done, Tom!—pon my

word, very well done—you have translated these passages very well indeed—but look ! 'Tom !'—he dipped his finger in a tumbler of punch that stood before him, and allowing a drop to remain suspended on the end of it, fixed his eyes on O'Brien, and said, with the utmost gravity—*'You are no more to me, than this drop is to the ocean !'*”

Under the ferule of this Limerick Matt Kavanagh, young Gerald and his brothers were placed, though they had well nigh lost the benefit of his tuition through the inadvertence of their mother :—

“ My mother went to the school with the boys, on the first day of their entrance. ‘ Mr. M’Eligot,’ said she, ‘ you will oblige me very much by paying particular attention to the boys’ pronunciation, and making them perfect in their reading.’ He looked at her with astonishment. ‘ Madam,’ said he abruptly, ‘ you had better take your children home—I can have nothing to do with them.’ She expressed some surprise. ‘ Perhaps, Mrs. Griffin,’ said he, after a pause, ‘ you are not aware that there are only three persons in Ireland, who know how to read.’—‘ Three !’ said she. ‘ Yes, madam, there are only three—the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare, and your humble servant. Reading, madam, is a natural gift, not an acquirement. If you choose to expect impossibilities, you had better take your children home.’ My mother found much difficulty in keeping her countenance, but confessing her ignorance of this important fact, she gave him to understand that she would not look for a degree of perfection so rarely attainable, and the matter was made up.”

In 1810, the family moved to a country place twenty-eight miles from Limerick, situated on the banks of the Shannon, and bearing the fanciful name of Fairy Lawn. Here the boyhood of Gerald Griffin was spent, and the early impressions of Nature which he here received, never departed from his heart, until that heart was cold for ever. Continually in his poems, and tales, and sketches, long after, does he recur to the scenes of these young days, and dwell upon them with undiminished fondness. The following most musical, most melancholy, lines were addressed by him to a sister in America, and show how, amid the de-

sert of London, his memories were faithful to him. We know nothing sweeter in the language :—

## I.

“ Know ye not that lovely river?—  
Know ye not that smiling river?  
Whose gentle flood,  
By cliff and wood,  
With wildering sound goes winding  
ever!  
Oh ! often yet with feeling strong,  
On that dear stream my memory  
ponders,  
And still I prize its murmuring  
song—  
For by my childhood’s home it wanders !

Know ye not, &c.

## II.

“ There’s music in each wind that  
blows  
Within our native valley breathing;  
There’s beauty in each flower that  
grows  
Around our native woodland  
wreathing.  
The memory of the brightest joys  
In childhood’s happy morn that  
found us,  
Is dearer than the richest toys,  
The present vainly sheds around us.  
Know ye not, &c.

## III.

“ Oh, sister ! when ’mid doubts and  
fears,  
That haunt life’s onward journey  
ever,  
I turn to those departed years,  
And that beloved and lovely river ;  
With sinking mind and bosom riven,  
And heart with lonely anguish  
aching ;  
It needs my long-taught hope in  
Heaven,  
To keep that weary heart from  
breaking.  
Know ye not, &c.”

— Under the affectionate care of an excellent mother, the mind of young Griffin grew in strength, and gradually expanded itself. He was besides fortunate at this time to fall into the hands of a teacher infinitely superior to his Limerick one, and from him he received that turn for elegant literature which decided the after-part of his life. He was yet a mere child, but it was even so that his mind was thus permanently influenced :—

"Soon after our arrival at Fairy Lawn, a tutor was engaged to attend us for some hours every day. He was a man of great integrity, of very industrious habits, an excellent English scholar, a good grammarian, and wrote a beautiful hand. He was very fond of quoting Shakspeare, Goldsmith, and Pope; and the first lines of our copies almost always consisted of some striking sentiment from one of these authors. Goldsmith, however, seemed his great favourite, and he frequently repeated long extracts from the 'Deserted Village,' and other poems, which, if it were not for their extraordinary sweetness and truth, would have become very unpopular with us from the flippancy and settled accent with which, from long familiarity, the finest thoughts in them were expressed. Even with all their beauties, this constant iteration was subjecting them to a very severe test. Besides the loss of that novelty and freshness which drives the world eternally to seek for something new, and to prize originality in every production, the most beautiful pictures in them were associated with tones and inflexions of the voice not always agreeable, and which were seldom calculated to convey fully the depth and tenderness of the author's meaning; yet I well remember that even at this early time, and under all these disadvantages, they laid a strong hold on my brother's imagination. This was the case, particularly with many exquisite passages in the 'Traveller,' and those charming scenes and touching delineations of character in the 'Deserted Village,' which when once read, whether in childhood, youth, or age, can never be forgotten. He repeated them frequently to me, and made remarks on them which I now forget; but his favourite part seemed to be the description of the clergyman, and the village schoolmaster, together with that enchanting apostrophe to poetry at the close of the latter poem. On going over his papers lately, I have found among them a manuscript copy of this beautiful poem, which seems, by the date, to have been given him when he was about ten years of age, and is in the hand-writing of that fond parent who cherished his rising love of literature with a mother's warmest aspirations. It begins without any title, but at the foot of the last page is written, in the same hand, the words 'Deserted Village, an invaluable treasure' I mention these matters just to enable the reader to judge how far they may have influenced his subsequent tastes. It is not, perhaps, in every instance easy to determine to what degree true genius

is dependent upon circumstances for its development. Even if we suppose it is to be often independent of them, (and there are facts that show it will sometimes force itself upward, under the accumulated pressure of every disadvantage,) it is still not easy to say how far the application of its efforts to any particular branch of art, or the direction of its taste in the department it selects may be under its control; but I cannot help thinking that such sweet scenes being presented to his mind at this early and susceptible age, may have produced a lasting impression, and may have had something to do in forming that delicacy of thought, and that passion for Truth and Nature, by which his writings were afterwards distinguished, and which were such strong characteristics of that poet, to whom he seems in many respects, in the tone and colouring of his ideas, to have borne a very marked resemblance."

Our author began soon to read, and write, and think for himself; and composing, even at this age, was quite a pastime to him:—

"The circumstances under which Gerald was placed, therefore, though they did not afford opportunities for extensive or varied information, were not, on the whole, unfavourable to the cultivation of literature, and his early love of it was remarkable. It evinced itself at this time by his generally sitting to his breakfast or tea with a book before him, which he was reading, two or three under his arm, and a few more on a chair behind him! This was often a source of amusement to the rest of the family. He had a secret drawer in which he kept his papers, and it was whispered that he wrote scraps and put them there, but he was such a little fellow then that it was thought to be in imitation of one of his elder brothers, who had a strong taste for poetry; and as it did not, on this account, excite the least curiosity, no one ever tried to see, or asked him a question about them. My mother met him one night going to his room with several large octavo volumes of 'Goldsmith's Animated Nature,' under his arm. 'My dear child,' said she, with astonishment, 'do you mean to read all those great books before morning?' He seemed a little puzzled, but looking wistfully at the books, and not knowing which to part with, said he wanted them all, upon which he was allowed to take them. . . . . He made a blank book, and many of

his hours of recreation were occupied in copying pieces of poetry into it. As our library was not large, the poetry it contained was very select in its character, so that any thing he could lay hands on in general, quite satisfied him; but for the most part the pieces he copied consisted of Moore's Melodies, or extracts from his longer poems, which were written out with a care and completeness that showed his high admiration of them, the air being marked at the head of each of the melodies, and even the notes to them being included."

Our readers will not grudge the length of these extracts, when they call to mind that in most cases "the child is father of the man;" and in the instance of Gerald Griffin, these were significant signs of his future destiny. Thenceforward a book was a necessary companion for him; and in his angling excursions to the river referred to in the beautiful poem we have quoted, some favourite volume was uniformly thrust into his coat-pocket, and thence extracted while awaiting his luck. A dreamy child he thus began too soon to walk alone; visions and imaginations gathered about him, and while they turned the living realities into shadows, made of his shadows almost living realities. In short, the schoolboy of eleven was made a poet.

We must glance past his triumphs with the rod and gun, merely mentioning that he showed his ingenuity in manufacturing his own hooks, and on finding in some old volume a recipe for making gunpowder, set about compounding that article, and actually succeeded. We do not say that the last was as good as the produce of the Dartford Mills, or that he excelled his townsman, O'Shaughnessy, in the making of the former; but he certainly displayed a very Robinson Crusoe-ish independence of spirit, and began thus early to do for himself in this work-o'-day world. He was sent back to his native town in 1814, to Mr. O'Brien's school, from whom he imbibed a little Latin, and less Greek, and soon rose to the head of the form, and became the favourite scholar. In a few years after this, the happy establishment at Fairy Lawn was broken up; Gerald's father and mother, with most of their family, emigrated to the United States, chiefly at the solicita-

tion of the eldest son, who had served in the thirty-seventh regiment in Canada, and was now on half-pay. Two sisters, and three of the brothers, including Gerald, remained in Ireland, and fixed themselves in the village of Adare, ten miles from Limerick. Adare is renowned for its monastic ruins and other antiquities, and boasts of three abbeys nearly perfect, and an old castle of the Earl of Desmond, dismantled in 1657 by Cromwell's orders. "Gerald took the greatest delight in wandering with his sister through those sweet scenes, stealing sometimes at dusk or evening through the dim cloisters of the abbey, and calling to mind the time when religion held her undisturbed abode there—when the bell tolled for morning prayer or the vesper-hymn, or the sounds of war or revelry were heard, in startling contrast, from the adjacent castle. All these ruins, particularly the religious ones, affected him with a warm and reverent enthusiasm, and his familiarity with them at this time produced an impression, which was never entirely lost during the highest flights of his literary ambition, and which was awakened, and gathered new strength again, at a later period, when he perceived the hollowness of such an aim." His contiguity to Limerick afforded him literary advantages he had not before possessed, and about this time he made the acquaintance in that city, of the steadiest friend of his life, Banim, the author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family." He now joined a Thespian Society, and acquired a taste for the drama, which began with his writing pieces at this time for private theatricals, and ended in the play of "Gisippus," that took the world by surprise in 1842. We find him next, when barely in his eighteenth year, editor of a Limerick newspaper. The following is a characteristic extract from a letter to his mother, which tells this:—

"I was applied to a short time since by M'Donnell of the *Advertiser*, to manage his paper, and did so for about a month, but could not get him to come to any reasonable settlement. I saw, moreover, that it was a sinking concern. Though a fine, large, well-printed journal, having a dashing appearance, it is only a painted sepulchre. Even if he



had answered my expectations, I should still have considered the editing of such a paper a most disagreeable office, for, although it possessed a little liberality, it is in reality quite dependent upon the government. His manner of considering my ideas would have amused me much, if I was not so heartily sick of his trifling and timidity. When I wrote, he always threw the proclamations into one scale, and the article 'de quoi il s'agitait,' into the other; and if all did not tally, the latter was sure to be exploded. His maxim was to 'please the Castle;' and I, insignificant as my opinions were, wished to tell a little truth, which would not by any means be always pleasing to the Castle. A few days since, after I had ceased going to M'Donnell's, he called to me, and with a very long face told me, that an article which I had inserted 'had pulled the Castle about his ears,' and that he had got by that day's mail a severe 'rap on the knuckles' for it. This 'rap on the knuckles' I afterward learned from himself was nothing less than a peremptory order to withdraw the proclamations, and I felt really uneasy at having been the means of such a ruinous injury to his establishment; although if I had foreseen any such consequence, I should be very sorry through so vain a weakness as an eagerness to display elevated feelings, to do so against the interest of a poor man who could only hope to maintain his place with them by doing as they wished. To make some amends, therefore, I filled two columns of an after publication with a truly editorial sketch of the life and character of our lord lieutenant, the Marquis Wellesley, most charitably blind to all his little foibles, and sharp-sighted as an eagle in displaying his good qualities. It was my first step into that commodious versatility of principle which is so very useful to newspaper writers, but it will be my last also. Indeed, I could hardly call it a compromise, for he is in reality a worthy character. I have since found with much gratification, that the displeasure of the Castle was owing to a very different cause."

Gerald continued a few months more of this scribbling life, and at length one morning handed his elder brother, Dr. Griffin, a finished tragedy, called "Aguire," founded on some Spanish story, and made known to him his resolve to try the field of literature in London. This play was afterwards destroyed by himself, but it appears to have taken his brother, who was a kind of guardian to him, quite by surprise. Mr. Banim also thought

highly of it. We cannot, however, help smiling at the simple declaration of the young aspirant, which was to "revolutionize the dramatic taste of the time by writing for the stage." His brother did not second his idea of a literary life, partly from a desire to see him adopt some more profitable avocation, and principally from remembering that Gerald had been confided to his care by their absent parents, and this was an unmeet way to part with his *protégé*. Gerald's other relations coincided in this view. One of his sisters tried to laugh him out of ambitious flights; but all in vain; neither quizzing nor dissuasion could avail any thing; and in the autumn of 1823, before he had completed his twentieth year, we find him a denizen of the great metropolis.

"I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life, for I knew he would act a good part, whether vanquished or victorious," said good Dr. Primrose, speaking of his son George; and with some such fearlessness the young Irishman seems to have entered upon his arduous calling in the vast city. A few pounds in his pocket, a heart as light as his purse, unbounded confidence in what he could do, swelling expectations, and his two or three tragedies as living evidences of his powers—these were his ready means for catching the world's ear at once. No idea of repulse or defeat ever presented itself to him; victor he would be: and what a glorious thing to have his name handed from mouth to mouth! what so dear as such an immortality! what presents he would send to his beloved home-circle! what pride his old parents would feel, far away across the Atlantic, amidst the prairies of the Susquehanna, on tidings of his success! Alas! how many like him, both before and since, have sought the same struggle with the self same feelings, and have been beaten down, and baffled, and utterly crushed by it. Some wrecks come to shore, and are accounted for; but more go down in the solitude of the ocean waste, and never tidings come to men's ears of their foundering. Those poor proud men!—you may seek for them at the ends of courts, tenanted by washerwomen and slipshod artizans, up high garrets, and by fireless grates—cling-

ing with desperate fidelity to the cause that is starving their bodies, and blanching their cheeks, and breaking their hearts; and who, nevertheless, would not renounce their allegiance to intellect for all the inheritance of the soul-less money-changers in the grand streets around them. These are men, reader, we may well feel for, and there are scores of them in London. And the end, what is it? Sometimes Fame, late, but enduring; sometimes the Thames; sometimes the mad-house; mostly the lonely and unbeheld death, the pauper's funeral, and the thin covering of earth in a city churchyard.

Some of these cases come to light, and are wondered at. The rich man of the squares takes up the morning paper, and reads the "Distressing Occurrence," and lays down the sheet on his luxurious breakfast-table without an interruption in the gay air he was humming the while. The proud beauty reads it, too, and it affects her, and she pronounces it "very shocking!" Why, one of the jewels that sparkles on that taper finger would have been greater treasures than the dead man ever possessed—would have given him months upon months of subsistence—would have saved the life of perhaps a Chatterton!

It was such a life that young Griffin, hardly twenty, now entered on; and with its miseries and disappointments he soon became acquainted. His tragedy of "Aguire," was taken by one of the stage managers, for the purpose of its being read, and its merits examined into; but after three months' patient waiting, he got it back—rejected? No. But "without comment, wrapped in an old paper, and unsealed;"—unnecessary rudeness, one would say. At first he was unable to find out his friend Banim, who was at this time in London, and whose services would have been of great use to him; but when his search was successful, he experienced a heart-warm welcome. Here is a pleasant letter, all about Banim's kindness:—

" London, March 31, 1824.

" Banim's friendship I find every day growing more ardent, more cordial if possible. I dined with him on Sunday last. I told you, in my last, I had left him four acts of a play, for the purpose of leaving it to his option to present

that or Aguire. I anticipated the preference of the new, and have with him succeeded to my wish. He says it is the best I have written yet, and will be, when finished, 'a most effective play!' but what gives me the greatest satisfaction respecting it is the consciousness that I have written an original play. That passion of revenge you know was threadbare. Banim has made some suggestions, which I have adopted. I will finish it immediately, place it in his hands, and abide the result in following other pursuits. He advises me to have it presented at Covent-Garden, for many reasons: *imprimis*, they are more liberal; next, *Gisippus* is a character for Young or Macready; the former I should rather to undertake it, as I have placed the effect of the piece more in pathos than in violent passion. He wishes to speak to Young, who is his intimate friend, before he presents it, in order to learn all the green-room secrets. Young will be in town this week. Banim made me an offer the other day, which will be of more immediate advantage than the tragedy, inasmuch as I need not abide the result. He desired me to write a piece for the English Opera-House. When I have finished it, he will introduce me to Mr. Arnold, of Golden-square, the proprietor, who is his friend, and get me immediate money for it, without awaiting its performance. This was exactly such an offer as I wanted, and you may be sure I will avail myself of it. It is doubly advantageous, as the English Opera-House continues open until next winter; but I must see it first. You are aware that the performances are of a peculiar nature; and the fact is, a tailor might as well seek to fit a man without seeing him, as one might write for a particular theatre, without knowing its performers. I do not speak now of the legitimate drama. If you have ever seen Miss Kelly, you may guess what are the performances of the theatre I speak of. In the mean time, I am pushing on my Spanish speculation. I have made a tolerable progress in the language. We spoke to Colburn, and had the recommendation of Mr. Blacquiere, whom you may have heard of. He told us he had been speaking to Blacquiere two days before, on that subject, and mentioned to him that it was a publication entirely out of his line. This was no rejection, for he saw no specimens. We intend to try the Row; and Colburn said he had no doubt but many booksellers would undertake it. You see our prospects get on slowly, but every day I feel the ground more firm beneath

my foot. Banim offers me many introductions. He is acquainted with Thomas Moore—who was to see him the other day,—Campbell, and others of celebrity. Ugo Foscolo, of course, you have heard of; he asked me if I should wish to be introduced to him; but I do not wish to know any one until I have done something to substantiate my pretensions to such acquaintance, and to preserve it, if I can do so. You must not judge of Shiel's ability from 'Bel-lamira.' (Of those of his pieces which have succeeded, it is, I believe, the worst. The less, I think, that is said about my theatrical views at present, the better. If I should be damned after all this! But no! that will not be the case, I am sure, for I have a presentiment of success. What should I have done if I had not found Banim? I should have instantly despaired on . . . .s treatment of me. I should never be tired of talking about and thinking of Banim. Mark me! he is a man—the only one I have met since I have left Ireland, almost.

"We walked over Hyde Park together on St. Patrick's day, and renewed our home recollections by gathering shamrocks and placing them in our hats, even under the eye of John Bull. I had a great deal more to say, but am cut short.

"My dear William, affectionately yours,  
"GERALD GRIFFIN."

Our young author worked hard, and lived—barely lived—by reporting trials for the newspapers, and contributing to the periodicals. In the latter case he found, what we should hardly have expected, that his anonymous writings received not only attention, but immediate insertion and high praise, from the very editors who had declined his personal communications. But he nobly fought on, sometimes fleeced by dishonest publishers, sometimes receiving the most generous assistance from persons who were unacquainted with him. His pride, while it supported him under all these depressions, at the same time would not brook his making known, even to his friends at home, his privations; and to this feeling of over-sensitive delicacy we may ascribe the following painful anecdote:—

"An incident took place soon after the circumstances I have just mentioned," says his biographer, "which not only showed how deeply the feeling of independence was fixed in his character, but proved that with all the knowledge

of human nature which his writings display, he had on some points but a very slight acquaintance with the world. The friend to whom I have above alluded, and whose name, from motives that will be obvious, I am obliged to suppress, was one who had known him intimately from his childhood, and at whose house he had always, on that account, made himself perfectly at home. It was his custom sometimes to call there in the afternoon, and remain to dinner, and these visits were latterly so regular, that when a day passed by without his making his appearance it was a very unusual circumstance. This gentleman, becoming unfortunate in his affairs, was arrested for debt, but contrived to get himself placed with his family, within the rules of the King's Bench. Here he expected Gerald would renew his customary visits; but three or four days passed away and there was no trace of him. At length, remembering his circumstances, and the nature of the conversation they held the last time he saw him, and filled with good-natured alarm at the probable consequence of leaving him to himself, this kind friend, disregarding the danger to which he exposed himself by such an act, ventured one night to break through the 'rules,' and make for Gerald's quarters. He found him in a wretched room, at the top of the house in which he lived. It was past midnight, and he was still at his desk, writing on with his accustomed energy. On a little inquiry he found, that he had left himself without a single shilling, and he was shocked at the discovery, that he had spent nearly three days without tasting food.

"'Good God!' said he, 'why did you not come to me?'

"'Oh!' said Gerald quietly, 'you would not have me throw myself upon a man who was himself in prison?' 'Then why did you not write to William?' 'Why,' said he, 'I have been a trouble to William so often, and he has always been so kind and so generous to me, that I could not bring myself to be always a burden to him.' His friend immediately insisted on his accompanying him to his house, where he had him paid the attention which his condition required. This midnight visit was a fortunate one, and showed him the existence of feelings, the strength of which he had little expected; giving, at the same time, ample proof that Gerald's disposition was one which required much watching."

As a parliamentary reporter, he now began to breathe more freely, and feel

an honest pride in the conviction that his own exertions would be, after all, successful. *The Literary Gazette*, and other distinguished periodicals, were glad to retain a young writer of such promise, and all looked well.

"I feel that, situated as I am now," he wrote to his brother, in the beginning of 1826, "if no new misfortune occurs, it is not possible for any person to have a fairer course before him; and, notwithstanding my many disappointments in the first instance, I assure you I have enough of my eager confidence remaining, to enter upon the first trial with glorious spirits."

Yet a great deal of what he calls the "dry drudgery" of his work continued, such as arranging indexes, cutting down dictionaries, and making translations.

"You have no idea," he wrote, "what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler, beating about, and endeavouring to make his way in London, is: going into a bookseller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript to induce him to look at it at all; for there is so much competition, that a person without a name will not even get a trial;—while he puts on his spectacles, and answers all your self-commendations with a 'hum—um.' A set of hardened villains! And yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether. That horrid word—failure! No! death first! There is a great tragic actress here, who offered to present my play, and do all in her power to have it acted; but I have been sickened of such matters for a little while."

This tragedy was *Gisippus*, which was all written "in coffee-houses, and on little slips of paper." His own first thoughts on this now celebrated play are interesting.

"Here I give you what I believe you have never had any thing of, a specimen of my tragedy-writing—the drama I have written since I came to London. You'd laugh if you saw how it was got through. I wrote it all in coffee-houses, and on little slips of paper, from which I afterwards copied it out. The story is that Greek one of the friend who gave up his love, who loved him not, to the friend who loved her, and whom she loved; and who afterwards got fame and wealth, and forgot his benefactor. I

have been compelled to introduce many additional circumstances, which I cannot detail; but you must suppose that *Gisippus*, the generous friend, after numberless hardships, arrives in Rome, where he first hears of the wealth and new-sprung pride and pomposity of his college chum, *Fulvius*, to whom he gave up his early love and happiness. Two words on the characters of the friends. *Gisippus* I have made a fellow of exquisite susceptibility, almost touching on weakness; a hero in soul, but plagued with an excessive nervousness of feeling, which induces him to almost anticipate unkindness, and, of course, drives him frantic, when he finds it great and real, at least apparently so. *Fulvius* is a sincere fellow, but an enthusiast for renown, and made insolent by success. This is the fourth act, when *Gisippus* has not appeared for many scenes—when he was the gay, manly student of the Lyceum—and is supposed entirely forgotten, or not thought of, by *Fulvius*. He then comes upon the stage, after being persecuted for giving up *Sophronia* by her relatives, and appears a totally altered being, as you may perceive. The preceding scene has been one of splendour, and clash, and honour to *Fulvius*, who has just been made a prætor. Is it not the play I showed . . . ?" [Here is inserted the fourth act of *Gisippus*.]

"*Fulvius* succeeds in pacifying *Gisippus*, and the scene runs on to much greater length, but I have given you enough in all conscience. Give me all your separate criticisms upon this broken act, by no means the best in the book; but the situation is original. It is, *Banim* says, one of the best acting scenes. I have had the bad taste to suffer three lines of poetry to creep into it, but I let them stand."

Here is a melancholy allusion to poor Keats and his hapless love, in a letter written in June, 1825:—

"I think it possible I may, some of these days, become acquainted with the young sister of poor Keats the poet, as she is coming to spend some time with a friend of mine. If I do, I will send you an account of her. My Spanish friend, *Valentine Llanos*, was intimate with him, and spoke with him three days before he died. I am greatly interested about that family. Keats, you must know, was in love, and the lady whom he was to have married, had he survived *Gifford's* review, attended him to the last. She is a beautiful young creature, but now wasted away to a skeleton, and will follow him shortly, I believe. She

and his sister say they have oft found him, on suddenly entering the room, with that review in his hand, reading as if he would devour it—completely absorbed, absent, and drinking it like mortal poison. The instant he observed any body near him, however, he would throw it by, and begin to talk of some indifferent matter."

In a subsequent letter, he adds to this:—

"Dining the other day at my friend Llano's, I met that Miss B—— of whom I spoke to you some time since, sadly changed and worn, I thought, but still most animated—lively, and even witty in conversation. She quite dazzled me, in spite of her pale looks."

We regret our inability to trace this young creature's history farther; but no doubt she is long since in her rest, and beyond the grave has rejoined him she loved so truly, so tenderly.

During the well-earned intervals of his labours, he encountered some scenes, such as one meets with in London, and no where else. We shall choose out one or two:—

"He used occasionally, in some of his evening rambles, to turn into a coffee-house, somewhere, I think, in Holborn, where some singular characters, unacquainted with each other except through the evening meetings, were accustomed to assemble and carry on a kind of *Noctes*, which were generally very entertaining, sometimes surpassingly so. A few of these were quick-witted spirits, that by the sprightliness of their sallies kept life in the whole company. They were blest with that easy self-possession, and that flippancy of thought and expression, which, though not always associated with much talent, are nevertheless of extreme value in conversation, and, in a debating society, often enable their possessor to take the lead of, and outshine, persons of greater ability and more solid acquirements. Gerald, though he had never cultivated these qualities in himself, enjoyed their exercise very much in others, and generally sat by, a silent spectator, amusing himself with the observations on character which it afforded. The entertainments of the evening were always *extempore*, so that no one had an opportunity of preparing himself beforehand. Sometimes they consisted of discussions arising accidentally out of a

conversation going on at the time; at others, of some regular question in politics or literature, set up for debate on the instant; and occasionally of readings, or criticisms, or both, on the works of the most celebrated authors of the day. On one occasion the question argued was, 'Which of the modern poets gave the most beautiful description of the passion of love?' The favourites seemed to be Moore and Byron, but it was difficult to decide between them. Lalla Rookh, The Loves of the Angels, The Corsair, Lara, The Bride of Abydos, The Siege of Corinth, &c. had each its zealous advocate. When the debate had made some way, a smart-looking dapper little man, with a pack on his back, came in, took a rather prominent position, unstrapped his pack, laid it on the table, and listened. The discussion became loud, animated, and earnest, the speakers being as numerous as the poems they patronized, and each endeavouring to support, with such reason as he thought most convincing, the opinion with which he had started. At last, after a prolonged debate, the newcomer arose. It was not easy to obtain a hearing, from the eagerness of those who were already engaged in the dispute, but he began with such appearance of good sense and fluency, and made some observations so much to the purpose, that he instantly attracted the attention of all, and convinced those who were most interested in the result of the discussion, that whatever his profession might be, he was fully entitled to take a part in it. He expressed much surprise that no allusion had been made from the commencement, to what he considered as one of the most beautiful descriptions of love that was to be found in the whole range of modern literature, that of Don Juan and Haidee, in the poem of Don Juan, which, he said, ought to take precedence of all others. He seemed fully acquainted with the merits and demerits of each of the poems spoken of—descanted with great judgment on their beauties and imperfections—enforced his own position by quotations from the most remarkable passages of the poems he most prized; and, as he advanced, fell into a strain of eloquence regarding it, which excited the admiration of his hearers, and drew down raptures of applause. All present became satisfied that his enthusiasm on the subject was deep and true, and that however humble his condition might be, it had not deprived him of those intellectual pleasures which a highly-cultivated taste affords. Their surprise, however, was extreme, when he concluded a very animated discourse some-



what to the following effect :—‘ I trust that all who have been listening to me are now convinced that the poem I have been speaking of is far beyond all others in the beauty, originality, and force with which the passion of love is delineated. If, however, there are any persons present who have doubts upon the subject, I am happy to have it in my power to remove them completely, *for I have got the whole poem here, published in beautiful type and paper, at a penny a canto !* ’—and he instantly pulled open his wallet, and with the rapidity of lightning distributed a dozen of them. It may be easily conceived how much those who had previously felt much interested in the discussion, were taken aback by such a proceeding. A move so unexpected caused considerable laughter, and rendered it quite impossible to enter seriously upon the subject again.”

This is well told, and the catastrophe strikingly developed. We wonder whether the poetic pedlar were the true hero of the Excursion—who had wandered up from the wilds of Westmoreland to try his hand, perchance, in the streets of London—he of whom Wordsworth spake :— ‘

“ An irksome drudgery seems it to  
plod on,  
Through wet and dirty ways, or pelt-  
ing storm,  
A vagrant merchant, under a heavy  
load,  
Bent as he moves, and needing frequent  
rest ;  
Yet do such travellers find their own  
delight ;  
And their hard service, deemed debasing  
now,  
Gained merited respect in simpler  
times ;  
When squire, and priest, and they who  
round him dwelt  
In rustic sequestration—all dependent  
Upon the peillar's toil—supplied their  
wants,  
Or pleased their fancies with the wares  
he brought.  
Not ignorant was the youth that still no  
few  
Of his adventurous countrymen were  
led,  
By perseverance in this track of life,  
To competence and ease ; for him it  
bore  
Attractions manifold ; and this he  
chose.”

But no ! the trader was too keen for  
he, and was, no doubt, a Brummagem

bagman, come up from that universe  
of smoke, steam, sweltering furnaces,  
and cheap hardware ; and now packing  
about the metropolis of the world with  
his sixpenny books and magic razor-  
strops. There is a touch of mystery,  
and, withal, of the strangeness of  
truth, about the following, so as to  
make it worth extracting :—

“ I remember,” Gerald's biographer  
writes, “ his mentioning a circumstance  
which amused him considerably. Hyde  
Park was a favourite resort of his, and  
during his rambles there in the evening,  
he used frequently to meet a person  
who, like himself, was companionless.  
He was a young man with dark hair  
and eyes, who might be thirty years of  
age, or upwards, with features rather  
pale, very grave in their expression, and  
strongly tinctured with melancholy. He  
met him three or four times accidentally,  
and he was still alone. The sadness of  
his air caught Gerald's attention. Who  
could he be ? Some dyspeptic, perhaps  
some hypochondriac, or some moping,  
hopeless, moon-struck lover. But what  
diverted him most was, he very soon  
perceived that this gloomy solitary had,  
either from their frequent meetings, or  
some cause, taken a most uncommon  
aversion to him. This amused him so  
much, that he was tempted to throw  
himself in his way oftener than mere ac-  
cident would account for ; and the an-  
noyance of the gentleman became at last  
so great, that its expression was scarcely  
at all disguised. On perceiving this,  
Gerald thought any perseverance in such  
a course would be only a cruel persecu-  
tion, and he determined to put an end  
to his distress by avoiding him alto-  
gether in future, when the young man  
suddenly disappeared, and was seen no  
more. Gerald ceased to think of the  
circumstance ; but one night, about a  
fortnight or three weeks afterwards,  
being at the House of Lords, and hear-  
ing some nobleman's carriage called for—  
he could not distinctly hear the name—he  
planted himself close to the door of it, to  
get a good view. After waiting a little,  
to his utter amazement, who should he  
see approach but his sad friend of the  
park, who came within a few feet of him,  
without being at all conscious of his  
presence. On perceiving him he started,  
gave him a look of horror and astonish-  
ment, and darted into the carriage with  
the rapidity of lightning, as if he had  
just escaped from the clutches of some  
wild animal. Gerald heard him mutter  
something like ‘ Good God ! ’ as he  
passed him in this rapid transit.”

Although Mr. Griffin was at this

time fortunate enough to have a drama of his accepted at the English Opera House, for which he was liberally paid, even before it was produced, he wisely turned to prose literature as a field easier to move in, and likely to be attended with more extended success. With Banim as a rival, he prepared to describe Irish manners and characteristics; and "Hollandtide," when it appeared, showed he had not miscalculated his strength. It led him at once up to fame. The wear and tear of a literary life, which were increased by severe heart-palpitations, made it desirable for him to revisit his relatives in Ireland; and in the beginning of 1827 he seized the opportunity of his success to get away for a little while. The declining health of one of his sisters, a sweet amiable girl, made him quicken his journey homewards, and he arrived in Limerick in the month of February of this year.

"Dear Gerald," the dying girl wrote to him, "a visit from you was a thing that had sometimes occurred in my day-dreams, and I now dwell on it with the more pleasure, from the idea, that you must be pretty certain of it, or you would not run the risk of disappointing me. You will find me, I think, much changed, when you come. Will you tell me, why is Spring always represented so beautiful, and smiling, and all that? If you should ever paint her, pray give her an ugly, a very ugly face; or, if she must smile, let it be with a countenance of puss, when she plays with her victim, before giving it the *coup de grace*; and if they ask you the cause of all this malice, say, that 'she shows no mercy to invalids.'"

The brother and sister never met. The very evening before he reached his home, her spirit fled; and ere he arrived at the house, a messenger encountered him with the woful news, that his journey was in vain. His biographer painfully describes the effect—how simple, yet full of meaning, are these words:—

"The shock to Gerald was dreadful. He reeled, staggered, and would, I believe, have fallen, but for those who were standing by. His features were violently agitated, and showed signs of a most painful agony, the expression

of which he made powerful efforts to control. He turned very pale, and drew his breath deeply four or five times, but spoke not a word. After some time he became calm enough to make some inquiry into the circumstances, and we proceeded on our melancholy journey. The evening which he spent was, as may be judged, very different from any he had anticipated. He had not seen his sister now for some years. He had always been sincerely and deeply attached to her; and one of the brightest pleasures he had looked forward to on his return, was the renewal of that cheerful intercourse, which he had often during his absence remembered as a blessing which could not be too highly prized. Had he even completed his journey the previous evening, as his brother had done, he might have enjoyed that blessing once again, but now all was at an end, and she who would have welcomed him to his old fire-side with more than a sister's fondness, was insensible to his presence, and lay before him, pale, mute, and motionless."

We do not want to heighten the effect of this scene; but all who have ever sorrowed in a similar way, must intuitively know how it struck home to the poor wanderer's heart—such a termination to his days of lonely struggle—such a return from his long and wearisome absence! But these griefs are sacred.

Many months after, this bereavement dictated the following lines:—

"Oh! not for ever lost, though on our ear  
Those uncomplaining accents fall no more,  
And earth has won, and never can restore  
That form that well-worn grief made doubly dear.  
Oh! not for ever lost, though hope may rear  
No more sweet visions in the future now,  
And even the memory of that pallid brow  
Grows unfamiliar with each passing year.  
Though lowly be thy place on earth, and few  
The tongues that name thee on thy native plains,  
Where sorrow first thy gentle presence cross'd,  
And dreary tints o'er all the future threw,

While life's young zeal yet triumphed  
in thy veins,  
Oh! early fall'n thou art—but not  
for ever lost.

“ If in that land where hope can cheat  
no more,  
Lavish in promise—laggard in ful-  
filling;  
Where fearless love on every bosom  
stealing  
And boundless knowledge brighten all  
the shore;  
If in that land, when life's old toils are  
done,  
And my heart lies as motionless as  
thine,  
I still might hope to press that hand  
in mine,  
My unoffending—my offended one!  
I would not mourn the health that flies  
my cheek,  
I would not mourn my disappointed  
years,  
My vain heart mock'd, and worldly  
hopes o'erthrown,  
But long to meet thee in that land of  
rest,  
Nor deem it joy to breathe in careless  
ears  
A tale of blighted hopes as mourn-  
ful as thine own.”

A passing coolness which now occurred between Gerald Griffin and his true friend Banim, might appear, at first sight, to convict the former of ingratitude, for he was wholly responsible for it, were it not that it is accounted for by the peculiarity of his disposition. Gerald had an absolute horror of patronage, or any thing approaching to it; and he carried his dislike so far, as almost to run away from kindness when offered to him. Banim was too kind to him, *therefore* he considered it incumbent on him not to be so friendly towards Banim henceforth; but a little explanation set all things right, and they became firmer and faster friends than ever. This feeling of our friend Gerald's arose from that mental darkness, which we have found to prevail extensively in the world, and which has sometimes vexed us, heart and soul, in the case even of our own intimates. People *will* think, that he who receives a kindness is invariably the person obliged, and in this way they make the one who confers it, to an equal extent a sort of creditor over him. Now, if there must be this profit and loss reckoning in the transaction, which,

we are sure, there ought not to be, we hold to it, that the account lies, in many instances, the other way. Our philosophy may be wrong, but until it is proven to be so, we shall maintain it. Shadows, as we are, in these pages, and without substance as we ever have been from our cradlehood, we shall yet say for our own insignificant selves, that the permission to do a friendly act, is the greatest obligation one we love can lay us under; and that, on the other hand, in our solicitation or acceptance of a kindness, we feel we are generally conferring the favour, not receiving it; for they are few from whom we would seek such things. *Hic locus est*—this is our position; and let Harry Lorrequer, that skilful man in these things, be the umpire!

The success of the volume of tales, called “Hollandtide,” induced our young author to make a second similar venture, and he returned to London in August, 1827, to make arrangements for the publication of “Tales of the Munster Festivals.” These appeared at the close of the year, and were even more successful than “Hollandtide.” The critics now began to load him with praise, and the publishers to vie, one with another, for his favours. The “Collegians” was published in the winter of the year following, and crowned his fame. This highly-wrought and most thrilling tale was thrown off with little effort; the work of each day being wanted for “copy” on the next, and printer and author keeping up a sort of good-humoured emulation, as to which should outstrip the other in the race. Were nothing else considered, we should consider such a book, written under these circumstances, to be a wonderful one indeed.

From this time forth we may date Mr. Griffin's growing distaste for literature. When fame was a thing to be desired, and looked and laboured for, he was willing to undergo all pains to secure it; now, when in his grasp, its hollowness was too apparent, and he learned to despise it. With the determination to abandon all literary pursuits, he entered himself a law student at the London University, in the winter season of 1828, and attended the lectures for some time with diligence, but soon lost all heart for

them also. We find him, in 1833, one of a deputation from his native city to the poet Moore, with the object of soliciting the bard's offering himself for the representation of Limerick. Our pickings and stealings from the memoir have been pretty frequent already, and our last shall be the lively account of his visit to Sloperton. He is come as far as Devizes, and has got the waiter up for information:—

“ Well, we asked the waiter: out came the important question, ‘How far is Sloperton Cottage from Devizes?’ ‘Sloperton, sir? That’s Mr. Moore’s place, sir; *he’s a poet, sir.* We do all Mr. Moore’s work!’ What ought I to have done, I——? To have flung my arms about his neck for knowing so much about Moore, or to have knocked him down for knowing so little? Well, we learned all we wanted to know; and after making our arrangements for the following day, went to bed, and slept soundly. And in the morning it was that we hired the grand cabriolet, and set off to Sloperton; drizzling rain, but a delightful country; such a gentle shower as that through which he looked at Innisfallen, his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways, and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted, and knocked at the hall-door; and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the winds rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of — Moore. Oh, I——! there’s no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee, ‘The Veiled Prophet,’ ‘Azim,’ ‘She is far from the Land,’ ‘Those Evening Bells.’ But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. ‘Is Mr. Moore at home?’ ‘I’ll see, sir; what name shall I say, sir?’ Well, not to be too particular, we were shown up stairs, where we found the nightingale in his cage; in homester language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him, covered with books and papers; a drawer, half-open, and stuffed with letters; a piano, also open, at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirit, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions; but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen in

heart, though with hair that reminded me of the ‘Alps in the sunset;’ not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole cut of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor’s affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen’s formality; in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground, at the fag-end of a magnificent period, we found him an hospitable, warm-hearted, Irishman—as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you that the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests, and admirable stories, and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs and anecdotes, that would make the Danes laugh? And how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us he always wrote walking; and how we came in again and took luncheon; and how I was near forgetting it was Friday, (which, you know, I am rather apt to do in pleasant company); and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us a ‘good-bye,’ and left us to do as well as we could without him.”

We have next a tour in the Highlands of Scotland, chronicled in the same light and cheerful style; on his return from which, Mr. Griffin announced to his family what had been long silently working in his own breast, his resolution to embrace monastic vows. On this event of his life we do not want to enlarge; it will, of course, be viewed in different lights by different individuals. He seems to have been moved to it by various considerations; his sister’s death had cast a gloom over his soul, which never, even in his lightest moods, wholly passed off—and he deemed that, in utter seclusion from the world, that peace would be found which he had hitherto sought in vain in busier struggles. The example of a female relative who became a Sister of Charity, no doubt weighed with him also. As a preparatory step, he destroyed a trunk full of unpublished manuscripts, divided his few goods amongst his brothers, and on the 8th of September, 1838, was admitted into a Dublin monastery under the name of Brother Joseph. He removed to Cork in the summer of the following year, where, in another

twelve months, his recluse life was terminated by an attack of typhus fever. He died on the evening of Friday, the 12th of June, 1840, and was buried in the cemetery of the North Monastery. A plain head-stone marks the place of his sleeping.

We have thus run over these pleasing memoirs, which are written with much feeling, and display in their arrangement considerable taste and judgment. After all, a brother is, perhaps, the very best biographer a man can have. A son is too far removed from one, as well in years as in position, rightly to form his judgment, at least contemporaneously; while a stranger has to depend for his knowledge almost wholly on hearsay, and we know how easily facts are distorted from the omission of a single feature, material, though minute. But our own familiar friend, a brother, he is the one to understand us rightly, and reflect our image clearly and entire. We congratulate Dr. Griffin on the accomplishment of his love labour, which has given us so much pleasure as to make us hope it is not our last time of meeting him. We would, however, point out to him the exceedingly careless way in which the press has been corrected, which his residence in Limerick cannot excuse—since, attached to every London printing establishment, there are always efficient readers. The book teems with *errata*, and the punctuation is frequently very incorrect. We remember an “office” anecdote, where picked up we cannot say, which is, perhaps, *apropos*:—“Harry,” said one compositor to another, “here is a big bit of copy, and not a comma from head to tail in it!” “Never

mind,” was the cool rejoinder, “throw in a few here and there.” We shrewdly suspect the good Leech writes without punctuating, and the compositors having done it for him, have “thrown in” a few points here and there, that might be better “thrown out” again. The misprints are far too numerous for a small volume of under five hundred pages.

A word of farewell about Gerald Griffin. His character was a blending, not uncommon, we believe, of strength and weakness—energy and sensibility—humility and pride—gloom and light-heartedness. Some one says, it is the brightest sunshine which creates the deepest shadow; and it seems to have been so with him. But let us speak reverentially of the departed. He died young—yet what of that? So do the great proportion of all our men of genius—so did the brightest spirits it has been our fortune to know during our wierd world-journey. They had too little clay. He died early; and though his works rather show us what he could do, than satisfy us with what he actually effected—rather lead us towards expectation than contentment—yet, we feel he has given us sufficient for remembrance. The author of the *Collegians* must live—and as an able delineator of our national feelings—as an expounder of that subtlest of problems, the Irish heart—he cannot be forgotten; but with Carleton, and Banim, and Miss Edgeworth, and one or two more, he will take his place in our Irish firmament, and form a portion of that galaxy to which we are wont to look with wonder and pride.



## STRAY LEAFLETS FROM THE GERMAN OAK.—FIFTH DRIFT.

**Holiness to the Lord.**

RUNGE.

There blooms a beautiful Flower ; it blooms in a far-off land ;  
Its life has a mystic meaning, for few to understand.  
Its leaves illumine the valley, its odour scents the wood ;  
And if evil men come near it they grow for the moment good.

When the winds are tranced in slumber the rays of this luminous Flower  
Shed glory more than earthly o'er lake and hill and bower ;  
The hut, the hall, the palace, yea, Earth's forsakenest sod,  
Shine out in the wondrous lustre that fills the Heaven of God.

Three kings came once to a hostel, wherein lay the Flower so rare :  
A star shone over its roof, and they knelt adoring there.  
Whenever thou seest a damsel whose young eyes dazzle and win,  
O, pray that her heart may cherish this Flower of Flowers within !

---

**The Bride of the Dead.**

WILHELM MUELLER.

Mother dear, thy happy heart is weetless of my dolour.  
Why a wedding-robe for me, and why its purple colour ?  
This proud purple shall show paler in the daydawn early,  
All night long my tears thereon shall fall so fast and pearly !

But if Morning's golden sun arise and find me sleeping,  
If the robe remain unblanched, for all my weary weeping,  
Carl shall come to aid me from his bed below the billow,  
And his locks shall steep afresh my purple and my pillow.

For he lies where gentle waters watch as friends above him ;  
And when these shall whisper him that she who vowed to love him  
Trembles lest the jealous heart that in his youth he gave her  
Now forsake her bosom, he will rise and come to save her.

Mother dear, I go to church—but thence into a far land.  
Give my bridegroom only this funereal cypress garland.  
All that he shall find will be a maiden's corpse to-morrow  
Stretched before the altar where the widows kneel in sorrow.

---

**Hope.**

SCHILLER.

The Future is Man's immemorial hymn :  
In vain runs the Present a-wasting ;  
To a golden goal in the distance dim  
In life, in death, he is hasting.  
The world grows old, and young, and old,  
But the ancient story still bears to be told.

Hope smiles on the Boy from the hour of his birth ;  
 To the Youth it gives bliss without limit ;  
 It gleams for Old Age as a star on earth,  
 And the darkness of Death cannot dim it.  
 Its rays will gild even fathomless gloom,  
 When the Pilgrim of Life lies down in the tomb.

Never deem it a Shibboleth phrase of the crowd,  
 Never call it the dream of a rhymers ;  
 The instinct of Nature proclaims it aloud—  
 WE ARE DESTINED FOR SOMETHING SUBLIMER.  
 This truth, which the Witness within reveals,  
 The purest worshipper deepliest feels.

---

### Nature more than Science.

RUECKERT.

I have a thousand thousand lays,  
 Compact of myriad myriad words,  
 And so can sing a million ways,  
 Can play at pleasure on the chords  
 Of tuned harp or heart ;  
 Yet is there one sweet song  
 For which in vain I pine and long ;  
 I cannot reach that song, with all my minstrel-art.

A shepherd sits within a dell,  
 O'er-canopied from rain and heat ;  
 A shallow but pellucid well  
 Doth ever bubble at his feet.  
 His pipe is but a leaf,  
 Yet there, above that stream,  
 He plays and plays, as in a dream,  
 One air that steals away the senses like a thief.

A simple air it seems in truth,  
 And who begins will end it soon ;  
 Yet, when that hidden shepherd-youth  
 So pours it in the ear of Noon,  
 Tears flow from those anear.  
 All songs of yours and mine  
 Condensed in one were less divine  
 Than that sweet air to sing, that sweet, sweet air to hear !

'Twas yesternoon he played it last ;  
 The hummings of a hundred bees  
 Were in mine ears, yet, as I passed,  
 I heard him through the myrtle trees.  
 Stretched all along he lay,  
 'Mid foliage half decayed.  
 His lambs were feeding while he played,  
 And sleepily wore on the stilly Summer day.

# **F o r w a r d !**

(1812.)

UHLAND.

Forward! Onward!—far and forth!  
An earthquake shout awakes the North.  
Forward!

Prussia hears that shout so proud,  
She hears, and echoes it aloud,  
Forward!

Ancient Austria! Nurse of Mind!  
Sublime land, lag not thou behind!  
Forward!

Warriors of the Saxon's land,  
Arouse! arise!—press hand in hand  
Forward!

Swabia, Brunswick, Pomeraine!—  
Wild Yagers from the Meuse and Maine!  
Forward!

Holland!—thou hast heard the word,  
Up! Thou too hast a soul and sword!  
Forward!

Switzerland,—thou Ever-free!  
Lorraine, Alsatia, Burgundy!  
Forward!

Albion! Spain! A common cause  
Is yours—your liberties and laws!  
Forward!

Onward! Forward!—each and all!  
Hark, hark to Freedom's thundercall!  
Forward!

Forward! Onward!—far and forth!  
And prove what gallant hearts are worth!  
Forward!

.

## **Where are they?**

SWABIAN POPULAR SONG.

Where are they, the Belovèd,  
The Gladsome, all?  
Where are they, the Belovèd,  
The Gladsome, all?  
They left the festal hearth and hall.  
They pine afar from us in alien climes.

Oh, who shall bring them back to us once more?  
 Who shall restore  
 Life's fairy floral times?  
 Restore  
 Life's fairy floral times?

Where are they, the Belovèd,  
 The Gallant, all?  
 Where are they, the Belovèd,  
 The Gallant, all?  
 At Freedom's thrilling clarion-call  
 They went forth in the pride of Youthhood's powers.  
 Oh, who shall give them back to us once more?  
 Who shall restore  
 Long-buried hearts and hours?  
 Restore  
 Long-buried hearts and hours?

Where are they, the Belovèd,  
 The Gifted, all?  
 Where are they, the Belovèd,  
 The Gifted, all?  
 They would not yield their souls the thrall  
 Of gold, or sell the glory of their lays.  
 Oh, who shall give them back to us once more?  
 Who shall restore  
 The bright young songful days?  
 Restore  
 The bright young songful days?

God only can restore us  
 The lost ones all.  
 But God He will restore us  
 The lost ones all!  
 What, though the Future's shadows fall  
 Dark o'er their fate, seen darker through our tears,  
 Our God will give them back to us once more—  
 He can restore  
 The vanished golden years!  
 Restore  
 The vanished golden years!

### The Minstrel's Motherland.

(1813.)

KOERNER.

Where lies the minstrel's Motherland?  
 Where Love is faith and Friendship duty,  
 Where Valour wins its meed from Beauty,  
 Where Man makes Truth, not Gold, his booty,  
 And Freedom bids the soul expand—  
 There *lay* my Motherland!  
 Where Man makes Truth, not Gold, his booty,  
 There *was* my Motherland!

How fares the minstrel's Motherland ?  
 The land of oaks and sunlit waters  
 Is dark with woe, is red with slaughters ;  
 Her bravest sons, her fairest daughters,  
 Are dead,—or live, proscribed and banned—  
 So fares my Motherland !  
 The land of oaks and sunlit waters,  
 My cherished Motherland !

Why weeps the minstrel's Motherland ?  
 To see her sons, while tyrants trample  
 Her yellow fields and vineyards ample,  
 So coldly view the bright example  
 Long shown them by a faithful band—  
 For this weeps Motherland !  
 Because they slight that high example  
 Weeps thus my Motherland !

What wants the minstrel's Motherland ?  
 To fire the Cold and rouse the Dreaming,  
 And see *their* German broadswords gleaming  
 And spy *their* Gorman standard streaming,  
 Who spurn the Despot's haught command,  
 This wants my Motherland !  
 To fire the Cold and rouse the Dreaming,  
 This wants my Motherland !

Whom calls the minstrel's Motherland ?  
 Her saints and gods of ancient ages,  
 Her Great and Bold, her bards and sages,  
 To bless the war fair Freedom wages,  
 And speed her torch from hand to hand—  
 These calls my Motherland !  
 Her Great and Bold, her bards and sages,  
 These calls my Motherland !

And hopes then still the minstrel's Land ?  
 Yes ! Prostrate in her deep dejection,  
 She still dares hope swift resurrection !  
 She hopes in Heaven and His protection  
 Who can redeem from Slavery's brand—  
 This hopes my Motherland !  
 She hopes in God and God's protection,  
 My suffering Motherland !

### **Durand of Blonden.**

#### UHLAND.

Towards the lofty walls of Balbi lo ! Durand of Blonden hies :  
 Thousand songs are in his bosom ; Love and Pleasure light his eyes.  
 There, he dreams, his own true maiden, beauteous as the evening-star,  
 Leaning o'er her turret-lattice, waits to hear her knight's guitar.

In the lindenshaded courtyard soon Durand begins his lay,  
 But his eyes glance vainly upwards ; there they meet no answering ray.  
 Flowers are blooming in the lattice, rich of odour, fair to see,  
 But the fairest flower of any, Lady Blanca, where is she ?



Ah! while yet he chants the ditty draws a mourner near, and speaks—  
 “She is dead, is dead for ever, whom Durand of Blonden seeks!”  
 And the knight replies not, breathes not: darkness gathers round his brain:  
 He is dead, is dead for ever; and the mourners weep the twain.

In the darkened castle-chapel burn a many tapers bright:  
 There the lifeless maiden lies, with whitest wreaths and ribands dight.  
 There . . . But lo! a mighty marvel! She hath oped her eyes of blue!  
 All are lost in joy and wonder! Lady Blanca lives anew!

Dreams and visions flit before her, as she asks of those anear,  
 “Heard I not my lover singing? Is Durand of Blonden here?”  
 Yes, O Lady, thou hast heard him; he has died for thy dear sake!  
 He could wake his tranced mistress: him shall none for ever wake!

He is in a realm of glory, but as yet he weets not where;  
 He but seeks the Lady Blanca: dwells she not already there?  
 Till he finds her must he wander to and fro, as one bereaven,  
 Ever calling, “Blanca! Blanca!” through the desert halls of Heaven.

### Schnapps.

SELBER.

I.

The poet layeth a wager  
 of a fourpenny-piece that  
 he will concoct an intenser  
 poem on Schnapps than any  
 other garretteer extant.

I'm rather slow at extravaganzas,  
 And what your poets call thunderclaps;  
 I'll therefore spin you some sober stanzas  
 Concerning nothing at all but Schnapps.  
 And though my wisdom, like Sancho Panza's,  
 Consists entirely of bits and scraps,  
 I'll bet you fourpence that no man plans as  
 Intense a poem as I on Schnapps.

II.

He panegyriseth Schnapps,  
 and quoteth a pronoun  
 from Quintus Horatius  
 Flaccus.

Schnapps is, you know, the genteelest liquid  
 That any tapster in Potsdam taps;  
 When you've tobacco, and chew a thick quid,  
 You've still to grin for your glass of Schnapps.  
 You then wax funny, and show your slick wit,  
 And smash to smithers with kicks and slaps . .  
 Whatever's next you—in Latin *quicquid*—  
 For I quote Horace when lauding Schnapps.

III.

He describeth himself,  
 nathless, as being a most  
 moderate Schnapper, ex-  
 cepting when he happeneth  
 to stagger into bad com-  
 pany.

I've but one pocket for quids and coppers,  
 Which last moreover are mostly raps,  
 Yet, 'midst my ha'pence and pipes and stoppers  
 I still find room for a flask of Schnapps.  
 My daily quantum is twenty croppers,  
 Or ten half-naggins;—but, when with chaps  
 Who, though good Schnappers, are no slipsloppers,  
 I help to empty a keg of Schnapps.

Magnus hiatus, lugubre  
 defendua.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XXXVII.

He concludeth, in a  
thetic strain, by antic-  
ipating for himself a  
denial among—not h  
heads, but—hogs' heads.

Being fifty, sixty, or therebetwixt, I  
Guess many midnights can't now elapse  
Before the hour comes in which my fixt eye  
Must look its last upon Earth and Schnappa.  
I'll kick the pail, too, in some dark pigstye,  
Imbibing hogwash, or whey perhaps,  
Which, taken sep'rate, or even mixt, I  
Don't think superior at all to Schnapps!

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**The Coming Event.**

SELBER.

Curtain the lamp, and bury the bowl—  
The ban is on drinking!  
Reason shall reign the queen of the soul  
When the spirits are sinking.  
Chained lies the demon that smote with blight  
Men's morals and laurels;  
So, hail to Health, and a long Good-night  
To old wine and new quarrels!

Nights shall descend, and no taverns ring  
To the roar of our revels;  
Mornings shall dawn, but none of them bring  
White lips and blue devils.  
Riot and Frenzy sleep with Remorse  
In the obsolete potion,  
And Mind grows calm as a ship on her course  
O'er the level of Ocean.

So should it be!—for Man's world of romance  
Is fast disappearing,  
And shadows of CHANGES are seen in advance,  
Whose epochs are nearing;  
And days are at hand when the Best will require  
All means of salvation,  
And the souls of men shall be tried in the fire  
Of the Final Probation.

And the Witling no longer or sneers or smiles;  
And the Worldling dissembles;  
And the blankminded Sceptic feels anxious at whiles,  
And wonders, and trembles;  
And fear and defiance are blent in the jest  
Of the blind Self-deceiver;  
And infinite hope is born in the breast  
Of the childlike Believer.

Darken the lamp, then, and bury the bowl,  
Ye Faithfullest-hearted!  
And, as your swift years hasten on to the goal  
Whither worlds have departed,  
Spend strength, sinew, soul, on your toil to atone  
For past idlesse and errors;  
So best shall ye bear to encounter alone  
**The Event** and its terrors.

**Lola.**

MOERIKE.

And how is King Ringang's daughter named ?  
 Young Lola, fair Lola !—  
 And what does young Lola do all the long day ?  
 She dares not spin, she would feel ashamed.—  
 She fishes and hunts, they say.  
 Ah ! were I a gold-spurred officer,  
 To fish and to hunt all day with her !  
 Be still, my heart !

I passed King Ringang's palace-walls,  
 And Lola, young Lola,  
 Was listing a song from her yellow-haired page.  
 The melody rang through the marble halls  
 Like a nightingale's lay in a cage.  
 Ah ! were I the yellow-haired son of a king,  
 Who knows but young Lola might bid me sing ?  
 Be still, my heart !

To-day they rested under an oak,  
 The page and young Lola.  
 Now, kiss me, do kiss my mouth, if you dare !  
 You daren't, you shan't !—So Lola spoke.  
 The boy did but blush and stare.  
 At last he kissed her, but half in a fright,  
 And Lola laughed loud, as well she might.  
 Be still, my heart !

What, then ? They rode home in innocent joy,  
 The page and young Lola.  
 And were you to-morrow an emperor's bride,  
 I care not, fair Lola !—thus whispered the boy ;—  
 I am happy, whatever betide.  
 O, hear it, ye woods, from north to south,  
 This day I have kissed young Lola's mouth !—  
 Be still, my heart !

**Von Blue-Beard.**

FRIEDRICH WILHELM GOTTER.

Von Blue-Beard was a mighty stylish man ;  
 He lived much like a Tartar Khan ;  
 His taste in mutton-chops and wine  
 Was quoted as particularly fine.

Von Blue-Beard had a rather killing air,  
 Square teeth, hook nose, short nails, long hair ;  
 He stood upon his pins just six feet two ;  
 His boots were black ; his beard was blue.

Von Blue-Beard nursed a loving disposition ;  
 He likewise was an All-sides politician.  
 Quoth he, " I am a Whig elsewhere,  
 But am-a-tory with the Fair !"

The Fair, in turn, pronounced Von Blue-B.  
To be a jewel (say a ruby,  
For rhyme's sake,) of a man, and sent him sundry starry  
Hearts-darts-and-keys, as hints for him to marry.

Accordingly, he "took the initiative,"  
And gave his hand—an awful Dative  
Case in the Grammar of Man's life—  
To Barbara, who became his wife.

Great was the glee, for none could harbour a  
Feeling of envy towards the gentle Barbara,  
She bore her blushing honours much too meekly ;—  
But, good lack !—in one week (for she was weakly

In constitution) much to men's astonishment,  
She died. Her death was "an admonishment,"  
The ladies all declared, "to B.—B.,  
To marry some one healthier." So, he married Phoebe.

Phoebe was healthier, and, what's more, was wealthier ;  
But vain were health and wealth ; Death stole still stealthier  
On Phoebe, who, within a peri-od  
Of six days, also died ; which some thought very odd.

However, wives will "hoppe the twigge"—albeit  
Some husbands doubt the fact (and would be glad to see it.)  
And so, Von Blue-Beard, having tarried  
A reasonable time, (three weeks,) again got married.

But, not to bore you by prolixity,  
Of twenty wives (and in a big city  
Like Prague, though Misses may be wived,  
Wives are not missed, howe'er short-lived ;)

Not one remained in twelve months' time.  
They died—all died—but how, my rhyme  
Saith not. The truth will doubtless be bared  
By 'nd by : meantime let's wait on B.—Beard.

His "hocussing" so large a lot of spouses  
(Sending them, namely, to those Narrow Houses  
Where folks get *Board*-and-Lodging, and don't pay for it,)  
Had rendered him a most prodigious favorite

With maids and widows ; why, I leave  
My female readers to conceive :  
I don't, myself, well understand the mystery,  
But state the fact, as it occurs in History.

'Twas, therefore, now a somewhat harder matter  
To please him. O, young women ! when you flatter  
Your lovers, don't forget you are planting barriers  
Right in the way of their becoming marriers !

However, Von was a good-natured slob,  
And so, in course of time, the job  
Again came on—the job, that is, of wedlock ;  
But now I have got him at a dead-lock :

And why ? Why, Miss, I'll tell you why :  
Because his mother chose to die,  
And not his wife, you understand,  
And she (his mother) died in Schwabenland ;

And, as she died immensely rich, Von Blue-B.  
Was not, you know, quite such a booby  
As to neglect (which few do in  
Our age) securing every sixpence of the tin.

So, though 'twas only one day after marriage,  
He ordered out his travelling-carriage,  
And then said to his wife, "Dear Emmy, my attorney  
Informs me I must undertake a journey.

"However, I'll be back again *instantly* ;—  
Meanwhile you, if you like, may saunter  
About the house and through the garden,  
Of which I constitute you Warden.

"You'll find in every room, save one,  
Concerning which I'll speak anon,  
Knick-knacks from Paris, Dresden, Brummagem ;  
And you and Sister Ann may rummage 'em.

"You'll find in all my rooms and cabinets  
Pearls, pictures, china, velvets, tabbinets,  
Books, clocks, lamps, urns, and such commodities,  
Sphynxes, and other puzzling oddities.

"One room there is, however—the *Blue Chamber*—  
Which is the Straw in all this Amber :  
But, Mum's the word on that score, Emily !—  
Plague not your brains about my simile ;

"But mind and don't unlock the Blue  
Room-door at all ; for, if you do,  
Like Sultan Schahriar,\* whom you've read of,  
My darling duck, I'll chop your head off !

"Here be the keys ; they're ticketted and labelled,  
That so you may be at a glance enabled  
To find the one you want : Good b'ye, sweet love !"  
He kissed her cheek, and off he drove.

A charming time there now began  
For Emily and her "Sister Ann,"  
A lively girl, sixteen or thereabout,  
Whose mother knew that she was out.

*Mais, coupons court* : a week flew by like winking.  
Said Emily then, "Dear Ann—I'm thinking  
One might—just—only he would be *so* furious !"  
"Well, now," said Ann, "it is quite curious !"

"And so am I," returned her sister,  
"And so am I," said Ann,—and kissed her.  
"But still I'm steady as a rock :  
Dear me !—how nice the key does fit the lock !"

"Don't open it, dear Ann," entreated  
Her sister. "Open it !" repeated  
An echo. Frightened, both pushed in the door,  
And down the key dropped on the floor.

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\* Vide the Introduction to *The Thousand and One Nights*.



But, what a spectacle appalled their sight !  
O, horrible!—a row of corpses white  
Hung, with cut throats, along the wall,  
Like dead calves in a butcher's stall !

The murder now was out—or rather  
The murders :—here were “ facts ” on which to father  
The mystery, how in one short year  
A score of wives could disappear !

Of course the sisters nearly fainted—but  
They didn't, quite : Ann, shuddering, shut  
The door ; when, hark ! below, a thundering knock !  
“ Oh ! lock the door ! ” gasped Emily,—“ lock !—lock ! ”

“ Oh, dear,” cried Ann, “ there's blood upon the key ! ”  
“ I can't help that,” said Emily : “ Give it me ! ”  
So, down both hurried, looking rather pale,  
And found Von Blue-Beard ringing for some ale.

“ Good morrow, duck ! ” he said ;—“ my keys !  
I want them very badly, if you please.  
Thank you : all's right. But stay,—what have we here ?  
What's all this blood for ? Eh, my dear ? ”

“ Speak, Madam!—how came blood on *this* key ? ”  
Whereon, as if she had been tippling whiskey,  
Poor Emily stammered, “ I—I—all my—I— ”  
“ Ay, ay,” said Von, “ 'tis all my eye ! ”

“ Well, Madam!—please to trot up stairs—  
I give you just two hours to say your prayers.  
Come, come ; no ceremony!—I bar it—  
Ann ! show your sister to the garret ! ”

And up they went, poor Emily!—poor Ann !  
Alas for both of them ! That dreadful man  
Will murder one and marry t'other !  
But soft !—not so !—they've got a brother.

“ And don't you recollect we heard him say,”  
Said Ann, “ that he'd be here at One to-day ? ”  
“ I do,” said Emily, “ but that's nothing : Von  
And I, you know, are not ‘ at one ! ’ ”

And then she groaned, I can't say whether  
At her bad luck, worse joke, or both together.  
“ Come, dear ! ” cried Ann ; “ Despair's a sin : Do  
Just let me call to some one from the window ! ”

“ 'Twere a high calling,” smiled the wife,  
“ But useless ;—my head's off,—I feel the knife !  
And, what annoys me more than all,  
I'll surely hang against that horrid wall ! ”

“ Hush !—there's a pedlar with a packass  
Below ! ” cried Ann. “ Ho, down there !—O, the jackass,  
He's gone !—I wish we had a ladder ! ”  
A wish which made poor Emily sadder.

" 'Tis fruitless, Ann ; so come away !" cried she.  
 " I won't !" cried Ann—" I think I see  
 A waggon-driver and his waggon  
 Stop opposite the Yellow Dragon !"

" Well !" Emily sighed, " if one must die, one must !"  
 " Stay !" Ann exclaimed,— " I see a cloud of dust !  
 A horseman, too !—what's coming now ?  
 Huzza !—'tis Jemmy, I protest and vow !"

Just then a voice was heard upon the stair—  
 " Come ! I must settle this affair !"  
 A moment more, and Von was in the room :  
 " Well, Ma'am !" he said, " you know your doom ?"

" Too well !" wept Emily ; " never doubt me !  
 But, give—oh, give me time to look about me !  
 Give me another hour !—you won't regret it"—  
 " Ah !" grinned Von, " don't you wish that you may get it ?"

" Hold there, you murderous ruffian !" cried  
 A deep indignant voice outside—  
 And, like a barrel, in burst Jemmy,  
 How greatly to the joy of Ann and Emmy !

His " toasting-fork" was in his hand, ;  
 His " barkers" in his girdle ; and  
 He looked, besides, terrifically savage,  
 Like one who comes to rescue—I mean ravage.

Humph ! thought Von Blue-Beard, how events conspire  
 Against one ! All the fat is in the fire !  
 'Tis ugly !—I must cut and run !—  
 And forth he rushed, but whither, none

Have ever since been able to make out.  
 If still alive, he must be " up the spout"  
 Entirely. Fourscore mourning-horses  
 Drew to the grave his twenty corpses.

As for his wife, or widow, if she lost  
 A husband she soon gained a host  
 Of other kinsfolk,—cousins, nephews, nieces,  
 Who generously spent Von's dollar-pieces.

However, she's rich still—just forty-three—  
 And quite the ton ; she drinks *Esthetic Tea*,  
 And latterly thinks Blue a much less shocking  
 Colour, particularly in a Stocking.

J. C. M.

## AN ECCLESIASTICAL LEGISLATURE.

## NO. II.—CONVOCATIONS.

AN article on the expediency of setting up an ecclesiastical legislature, which appeared in our December number, has not given, we have some reason to believe, universal satisfaction. We were right, it is said, in arguing against the erection and establishment of a tribunal, or a court, of which the constitution and character were not only unknown, but unformed: we were wrong in passing too cursorily from the question, whether it would be wise, at this time, to restore the houses of convocation to their ancient authority? We demur to the indictment; confessing or admitting the omission, but denying that it was culpable. We declined entering into, or moving, a question on the subject of convocations, because, in our quality of reviewers, no such question came directly before us. Perhaps we thought, that the answer to such a question might be gathered from our response to one more general. Perhaps we thought that, in the manifest indisposition of all parties to move the question, whether convocations ought to be revived, apprehension of an unfavourable answer could be discerned. It matters not. We are now satisfied that our late article, if intended to be final and complete, is chargeable with deficiency, and, to the best of our abilities, we proceed to make the *amende*.

The question respecting the expediency of erecting an ecclesiastical legislature becomes, as is evident, more definite and precise when limited to the case of the convocation;—becomes also more manageable. Knowing something of the history of that estate

when it was a legislature—acquainted also with the nature or elements of its constitution—we can compare it with the wants of the times in which we live, and judge of its aptitude to provide for them. To come to a right judgment, or rather to have before our view the case on which a right judgment may be pronounced, it is necessary only that we thoroughly understand the present condition of our church, and appreciate at its just value the agency of those powers with which a restored convocation is to be entrusted.

It must be agreed, on all sides, that, in primitive times, the Christian church had in its councils, general, provincial, or national, a provision for the regulation of its spiritual affairs, which might correctly be denominated an ecclesiastical legislature. In these councils the church catholic was long faithfully represented, and the rights of nations and people duly respected. But forms of freedom are often made instruments of oppression, and thus it fared in ecclesiastical synods;—at first, assemblies in which the wisdom and the will of the church were manifested and exerted; afterwards, organs through which arbitrary power, represented in the person of a single individual, acquired absolute authority over all Christendom. In England this great change was much promoted by a contrivance, characterised by all the simplicity of genius. The archbishop of Canterbury, or some other native prelate, was induced to become a legate of the Pope,\* and, thus eminent station, and the great influence

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\* This is a page of ecclesiastical history which ought to be more legibly written. The whole merit of originating the policy is not, perhaps, ascribable to Rome; but even the adoption of it demands no ordinary praise. The national pride of England appears to have taken offence at the intrusion of foreign legates, and, if Roman historians are to be credited, a protest was addressed against such a practice to the see of Rome, from the king and the bishops of England. They claimed, it is said, in virtue of a privilege granted by Gregory to Austin, that the archbishop of Canterbury for the time being should hold the office of legate; and required that no foreigner should be sent in that capacity, unless at the express desire of the sovereign. The ancient privilege, if there were any such, does not appear to have been respected; but it may have been in compliance with the some-

attendant on it, were engaged as auxiliaries of the papacy. The legatine office, apparently no more than an honour, and an increase of power, introduced prelates of the English church into the great papal confederacy; made them acquainted with interests, and sensible to distinctions belonging to their order, but not to be realised in their country—inspired them with ambitions which could not be satisfied at home, and engaged them in practices of diplomacy, always prejudicial, often fatal, to the spirit in which the affairs of a great national establishment ought to be administered. It converted an English prelate into a functionary of Rome, enhancing his influence and authority over the body he governed, and enlisting all his advantages in the service of the master, a foreigner, whom he represented. From the time of the Norman conquest to the accession of Henry VIII., the efforts of the Papacy were unremitting, through agencies thus artfully directed (the “bishop’s oath” made every prelate a legate, in all but the power and dignity) to extinguish freedom in the British church, and to efface its national characteristics. In many an instance daring aggressions were withstood, but there was no successful resistance to the encroachments of the papal power until it was made by Henry.

It is not our purpose to enter into any details of the contest between pope and king, at the era of, or preceding, the Reformation. One characteristic of the struggle it cannot be impertinent to notice, namely, the directness with which Henry aimed his blows at the point in which Rome, although seemingly very strong, was most vulnerable. By virtue of an oath sworn at their consecration, bishops

in the church of Rome became a species of police for their sovereign the pope, banded, as his vassals, apart from, and if need were, against, all estates and persons temporal. The prudence and decision with which Henry assailed this “monster grievance” were admirable.

“On the 11th of May,”\* writes Bishop Burnett, “(three days before the prorogation,) the king sent for the speaker of the House of Commons, and told him, ‘that he found upon enquiry that all the prelates, whom he had looked on as wholly his subjects, were but half subjects; for, at their consecration they swore an oath quite contrary to the oath they swore to the crown; so that it seemed they were the Pope’s subjects rather than his: which he referred to their care, that such order might be taken in it, that the king might not be deluded.’ Upon which, the two oaths that the clergy swore to the king and the pope were read in the House of Commons.”

The contradictions, Burnett continues, were so manifest between these two engagements, that only the sudden prorogation of parliament, owing to the progress of the plague, prevented the issuing of a severe censure. A formal censure, however, was not necessary. The monarch had appealed to the people of England, to judge between his claims and those of the pope. The question was not one of pure religion; it was one of jurisdiction, national or foreign; and the king of England adopted the surest method of obtaining a just and useful decision upon it. The world, we are convinced, would affirm the judgment pronounced by England in the days of Henry VIII., if it were at this day invited, by competent authority, to determine upon a similar appeal.†

Henry’s exertions in vindication of

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what peremptory will of a Norman line of British kings, that, occasionally, natives of England were invested with the legatine office. This may have sometimes galled the pride, and perhaps lessened the influence, of the archiepiscopal dignitaries; a simple reader, when appointed legate, taking precedence of the primate. The anomaly was at last corrected, and Rome had the benefit of the reformation. Theobald, archbishop of Canterbury, according to Polidore Virgil, was appointed legate by Innocent II., and in his office was very serviceable to the cause of religion. The dignity, he says, was afterwards conferred on all the archbishops, who were styled “Legati nati.”—Angl. Hist., Lib. 13, p. 200.

\* Hist. of the Reformation, Book ii.

† We express this opinion, although its justice was disputed by one of the highest authorities of the age, the late M. Sismondi. In a conversation which we once had the honour to share with that great man, the affair of the archbishop of Cologne

the royal authority were successful. The powers which had been usurped over the Church of England by the papacy became, to a considerable extent, transferred to the crown: among them, and certainly not the least considerable, the right to determine whether and when councils or convocations should be holden. William the Conqueror, jealous perhaps of ecclesiastical influence, had discontinued the practice of preceding times in which "the bishops" and their clergy met in the same courts with the barons and commons." Henry VIII. found the assemblies separate, and, suspicious of foreign influence, wrested to himself a privilege previously exerted by ministers or vassals of the pope, that of assembling the

clergy, and authorising their proceedings. Henceforth, convocations, as well as parliaments, were to meet in virtue of a royal summons. The following epitome from Mr. Lathbury's History of the Convocations may not be unacceptable to the reader:—

"In the year 1533 a most important act, called the *Act of Submission*, was passed into a law, by which the character of our Anglican convocation was completely changed. It will be my business, in this chapter, to detail the particulars, respecting that act, and then state the constitution of the convocation as it now exists.

"Prior to this period, the archbishop of each province could assemble his provincial synod at his pleasure, though at

came under discussion; we ventured to express a doubt, whether the interposition of the king of Prussia ought not to have been earlier than it was; whether, in fact, it would not be wiser to prevent his subjects from entering into such engagements towards the pope as those contracted in the bishop's oath, than to allow the formation of such engagements, and then interfere to prevent their being acted on. M. Sismondi said that he approved altogether of the king's forbearance. He had nothing, and should have nothing, to do with the religious professions of his subjects; but if acts contrary to the laws of his kingdom were to be the result of such professions, he was called upon to interfere, because then his interference was designed to uphold the laws of his country, not to abridge the sacred rights of religious freedom. We were daring enough to rejoin, affirming that we regarded the bishop's oath not in the light of a religious profession, but as an oath of feudal obedience; an oath by which a subject of the king of Prussia made himself a vassal of the pope; an oath by which, regarding it in the least objectionable sense, the swearer incurred the inconveniences and evils of a divided allegiance. We thought a monarch or a state ought to afford protection against such an engagement. In itself, we thought it a violation of law, an infringement upon the sovereign's right; and we added, that if the king of Prussia, or if the British senate, were to call the attention of reflecting men throughout Europe to the iniquity of such an oath, public opinion would be so decidedly pronounced, as to ensure its being abolished or discontinued. M. Sismondi, we are bound to say, did not honour our views so far as to adopt them. On the continent, he said, especially in the German States, the effect would not equal our anticipations. Where a divided allegiance did not appear anomalous, was not even unusual, our argument would lose much of its strength. As to the effect likely to be produced upon the English mind, he did not speak.

"Councils were held in 1077 and 1078: but very little is known respecting their proceedings. But in the year 1085 a most important change was effected by the Conqueror in the mode of holding ecclesiastical councils. To this time, the bishops, with their clergy, met in the same court with the barons and commons. Thus the bishop and sheriff sat in the same court, the one deciding in ecclesiastical, the other in civil matters. 'If the matter to be deliberated upon were purely spiritual, the bishops went apart by themselves, and debated upon it.' Mixed affairs were settled in mixed assemblies of clergy and laity; but spiritual matters were discussed only by the clergy. Thus the 'Laws Ecclesiastical' of Athelstan were made by authority of the bishops; while his other 'Constitutions' were signed by all. Besides these mixed meetings, however, there were occasionally some assemblies, which were purely ecclesiastical convocations, or synods. The law by which William effected the change states, that the ancient canons respecting councils were not regarded in England; which is strong evidence that our ancestors did not submit to Rome until after the Conquest. Popery was an usurpation on our ancient government. From this time, therefore, ecclesiastical matters were decided in purely ecclesiastical assemblies."—Lathbury's History of the Convocation, pp. 64-65.

the same time the sovereign could summon both provinces by a royal writ. When, too, the convocation met at the command of the king, the archbishop could either dissolve them when the business of the crown was finished, or continue the synod for other purposes by his own authority. The metropolitans, therefore, could assemble the clergy at pleasure. They had a right independent of the crown. Even when assembled for state purposes by the king's writ, the metropolitans could proceed to the consideration of matters ecclesiastical. It is therefore evident, that prior to the Act of Submission, there were two kinds of ecclesiastical councils—the one a synod for the affairs of the church, called by the archbishops; the other a state convocation, summoned by royal writ. Such was the state of things prior to 1533; but since that period the convocation cannot assemble, even for church purposes, without the royal permission, nor, when assembled, proceed to business without a special license from the sovereign. When met for the purpose of granting subsidies only, they were a state convocation; but when they were permitted to proceed to other business, they became a council, or provincial synod, in the strict and proper sense; so that, since the act in question, the convocation has been entirely dependent on the sovereigns, who have summoned it according to their necessities, or when the circumstances of the church rendered it expedient.

"The submission of the clergy was couched in the following terms.—'We do offer and promise, *in verbo sacerdotii*, here unto your highness, submitting ourselves most humbly to the same, that we will never from henceforth *enact, put in force, promulge, or execute* any new canons, or constitution provincial, or any new ordinance provincial, or synodal, in our convocation or synod, in time coming, (which convocation is, always hath been, and must be assembled only by your high commandment or writ,) unless your highness, by your royal assent, shall license us to assemble our convocation, and to *make, promulge, and execute* such constitutions and ordinances as shall be made in the same, and thereto give your royal assent and authority.'

"This *form* had been dictated by his majesty; and the celebrated act of the 25th Henry VIII. recites the submission of the clergy, and then enacts that they shall not be able to proceed with any convocational business without the permission of the sovereign. But it will

be desirable to subjoin that portion of the act which relates to the convocation. It is an act to bind the clergy to the performance of the promise contained in their submission. The words of submission which are cited in the act need not be repeated: I give only the enactments of the parliament on that submission.

"Be it, therefore, now enacted by authority of this present parliament, according to the said submission and petition of the said clergy, that they nor any of them from henceforth shall presume to attempt, allege, claim, or put in use any constitutions, or ordinances provincial, or synodals, or any other canons; nor shall enact, promulge, or execute any such canons, constitutions, or ordinance provincial, by whatever name or names they may be called in their convocations in time coming, which always shall be assembled by authority of the king's writ, unless the same clergy may have the king's most royal assent and license to make, promulge, and execute such canons, constitutions, and ordinances provincial or synodal, upon pain of every one of the said clergy doing contrary to this act, and being thereof convict, to suffer imprisonment and make fine at the king's will.'

"It was also enacted that, on the petition of the clergy, thirty-two persons should be appointed by the king to revise the canons and ordinances, and publish them, after the royal assent had been obtained, for the government of the church. Such a review, however, was never accomplished. By the same act, it was provided, that all canons and constitutions which were not repugnant to the laws and customs of the realm, nor injurious to the royal prerogative, should continue in force until the said review should be effected. On the authority of this clause of the Act of Submission, the canons of the Anglican church obtain their force.

"Four points, therefore, are settled by the Act of Submission:—

"First—That the convocation can only be assembled by the king's writ.

"Secondly—That when assembled, it cannot proceed to make new canons without a royal license, which is quite a separate act from the permission to assemble.

"Thirdly—That having agreed upon canons, in conformity with the royal license, they cannot be published or take effect until confirmed by the sovereign.

"Fourthly—That even with the royal authority, no canon can be enacted against the laws and customs of the land, or the king's prerogative."



However strictly the power of the clergy to act or assemble in convocation was limited, there was one particular in which they were very properly left free, namely, in the privilege of self-taxation. The exercise of this honourable, though somewhat onerous privilege, distinguished the convocations of the British clergy, from purely spiritual assemblies. It rendered also the summoning of convocations by the king, a matter of more frequency than it might have been, if there were no other reason for their being assembled than the necessities of discipline and doctrine. While the church taxed itself, convocations were no less manifestly expedient than parliaments. The mutual interdependency of crown and legislature was equally discernible and operative in both instances, ecclesiastical and civil. In the latter part of the seventeenth century the church parted with this important, although perhaps invidious, distinction, and consequences followed, such as might naturally have been, and indeed were, anticipated.

"In the year 1664, however, a most important change was effected with respect to the clergy and the convocation. Hitherto they had taxed themselves in their synod, their proceedings being subsequently confirmed by parliament. It was, therefore, necessary for the crown to assemble the synod, in order to obtain the usual subsidies. Now, however, by an arrangement between Archbishop Sheldon and the Lord-Chancellor Hyde, the clergy silently waived the privilege of taxing themselves, and submitted to be included in the money bills of the House of Commons. It was arranged that their ancient privileges should be preserved; and a clause was inserted to that effect in the bill passed on this occasion:—'Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall be drawn into example to the prejudice of the ancient rights belonging unto the lords spiritual and temporal, or clergy of this realm.' This act, from which the clause is quoted, was called 'An Act for granting a Royal Aid unto the King's Majesty;' and it was the first in which the clergy were included. 'Whether this great change,' says Kennet, 'be more to the interest or prejudice of the church and clergy

in England, is not so easy to determine.'

"Since this period the convocation has not been often permitted to transact business. Were the clergy still to tax themselves, they must be allowed to assemble; and when assembled, they might insist on grievances before granting subsidies; and then the crown would be necessitated to permit them to take the affairs of the church into consideration. 'Being in no condition,' Collier remarks, 'to give subsidies and present to the crown, 'tis well if their convocation meetings are not sometimes discontinued, if they do not sink in their insignificance, lie by for want of a royal license, and grow less regarded when their grievances are offered.' Collier's prediction has been verified.

"The Long Parliament was dissolved in 1678, and a new parliament and convocation were summoned the same year. Nothing, however, of the slightest degree of importance was transacted in either province. A new convocation met in 1680, but no business was entered upon. This was the last convocation of the reign of Charles II."

It would appear that some years before the agreement between the Archbishop and Lord Clarendon, the privilege then abandoned had been voluntarily surrendered. A change in the mode of taxation, involving such a surrender, was made in the year 1652, the thirteenth year (in legal parlance) of the reign of Charles II.

"The clergy having continued to tax themselves in convocation, as aforesaid, these assemblies were regularly kept up till the act of the 13 Charles II. c. 4, was passed, when the clergy gave their last subsidy; it being then judged more advantageous to continue the taxing them by way of a land tax and poll tax, as it had been in the time of the Long Parliament during the civil wars."—Gill. Exch. 56.†

It can scarcely be denied that the circumstances of the church at the time of the restoration, and the calumnies circulated against its ministers, rendered the maintenance of its rights and privileges a matter of extreme difficulty, and of much peril. Bishops and clergy, who had been for many years deprived of their revenues, and constrained to maintain them-

\* History of the Convocation, p. 259.

† Hook's Church Dictionary—Article, "Convocation."

selves by "keeping schools," and, as they were styled, "such low condescensions," were restored to their dignities and possessions, reinstated in their position as landlords and creditors, and re-invested with the authority belonging to them in these relations. It was natural and reasonable to hope that a very gracious use should be made of this authority; but tenants and debtors were not reasonably moderate in their expectations. They magnified to themselves their own merits and necessities, and they were too full of themselves to make due allowance for the necessities of the church. Ecclesiastics, verging to the close of life, about to leave behind them families unprotected and unprotected, found, suddenly, that law, by restoring to them rights long withheld, enabled them to secure their widows or children from want. In some instances, men were restored whose views were more disinterested, who found their cathedrals dilapidated, their residences in ruins, and who could command the means, by simply asserting their undoubted rights, to repair sacred edifices, so that they should be adapted to purposes of worship; and to render residences for bishops or clergy habitable. In such circumstances it is not wonderful that the clergy were not so happy as to satisfy the expectations of the people at large, or to win the approval of those with whom they had long reckonings of a pecuniary nature to settle. The general moderation of the ecclesiastical body was overlooked, and public attention was fixed on a few instances of rigour or want of discrimination. There were cases in which claims of right were so severely exacted, that they were productive of wrong—cases in which men, who had proved their loyalty and faith by suffering, appeared to be accounted of less esteem than those who had profited by the public calamities. Reports of some few unhappy cases of this description were industriously and acrimoniously circulated through society, and the church, in public estimation, took sore hurt from them. At such a time, a wise and upright legislature and government ought to have mediated between parties so painfully at issue, advising and enforcing mutual concession and forbearance, but, at

the same time, providing that all estates in the realm should yield their contributions to the general necessity. To enforce the claims of ecclesiastics, in all instances, would be harsh; to comply with the wishes of many of the laity would be gross wrong. In such a difficulty the state should think of the parties thus painfully at issue, and should be also mindful of itself—should remember that no one party can be permanently benefited, unless the rights of all are respected; and, if it were necessary that the rights of any should be abridged or postponed, the country at large should be called on to afford some species of compensation. In a word, tenants and debtors to the church should have been relieved, but the nation should bear its part of the burden. To throw all the suffering upon ecclesiastics would be to do wrong, and to set a precedent for spoliation. The state, however, did not interfere. Clerics and laics were left to adjust their differences—the church was left to defend itself against calumnious aspersions—and it is easily conceivable that, in such circumstances, fast friends of the pure religion established in these realms, might think its ministers released from a distinction which rather provoked aggression than attracted obedience and respect, when they divested themselves of a privilege which would have caused a necessity for frequent convocations, and have given them an invidious importance.

The bishops and clergy had become reinstated in the good opinion of the English people, when, on the accession of William and Mary, a convocation was summoned to determine upon matters of much delicacy and peril. The goodness of a merciful Providence was manifest in the preparedness of the church for that arduous trial. Episcopacy having been abolished in Scotland, it was proposed to dilute its spirit in England, by making such changes in the ritual and liturgy of the church, as should recommend it to dissenters. This was the scheme for "a comprehension;" a scheme first prepared by a royal commission, and then submitted for adoption to the houses of convocation. The scheme, as it deserved, miscarried. It is matter of some surprise that it could ever have obtained the patronage of the names by which it

was accredited.\* But reflection will always temper such surprise, by reminding us that to judge righteously of the conduct of actors in stirring times and great events, we should be able to sympathise with them, to feel the spirit of the age they lived in, and to assign due force to the influences by which they were affected.

Bishop Burnett was one of those by whom the abortive enterprise had been promoted—one who thought that the scheme ought to have been favourably considered in convocation—who thought the rejection of it prejudicial to the reputation of the clergy—but who was able, at the same time, to discern good in the result he would

\* Mr. Lathbury, in his succinct but lucid and comprehensive History of the Convocation, has given the following account of this memorable transaction:—  
“ With the convention parliament, by whom William and Mary were seated on the throne, the convocation did assemble. The second parliament, however, in the first year of their Majesties’ reign, petitioned the throne to summon the convocation. Many there were, especially the dissenters, who wished to settle all matters in parliament; but the House of Commons were of opinion that the convocation was the proper place for the consideration of ecclesiastical affairs.

“ Before, however, the convocation was convened, a preparatory step was taken—namely, the appointment of a commission under the great seal to draw up and prepare matters for the consideration of the synod. On the 24th of May, 1689, the ‘ Act for exempting their Majesties’ Protestant subjects dissenting from the Church of England from the penalties of certain laws,’ called the ‘ Act of Toleration,’ received the royal assent. Still, many dissenters wished for a comprehension with the church. A bill on the subject had passed the House of Lords; but on its reaching the Commons, they considered that the question was more suitable for a convocation. The Lords, therefore, concurred in an address to the throne to that effect. To prepare the way, the royal commission was issued, authorizing certain individuals to meet and prepare alterations in the liturgy and canons, and to consider other matters connected with the church. It was dated in September, 1689.

“ The commissioners frequently met, but some of the members, who were named, absented themselves, especially Dr. Jane, regius professor of divinity in Oxford, on the ground that alterations were not required, and that the present was not the season for such discussions. The majority, however, proceeded in the work. The point of greatest difficulty was that of re-ordination; but it was at last settled by the commissioners that the hypothetical form should be adopted in the case of the dissenters as in the case of uncertain baptism, in these words:—  
‘ If thou art not already ordained, I ordain thee.’ This would have satisfied many of the nonconformists. Burnett says, ‘ We had before us all the books and papers that they had at any time offered, setting forth their demands; together with many advices and propositions which had been made at several times by most of the best and most learned of our divines, of which the late most learned Bishop of Worcester had a great collection: so we prepared a scheme to be laid before the convocation, but did not think that we ourselves, much less that any other person, was any way limited or bound to comply with what we resolved to propose.’

“ Much information was communicated on this subject at a later period, in the speeches in the House of Lords on the trial of Sacheverel. Wake, then Bishop of Lincoln, in replying to the doctor on the point of the comprehension, says, ‘ He who first concerted the comprehension, was the late Archbishop Sancroft, towards the end of King James’s reign, when we were in the height of our labours defending the church against Popery.’ He adds, ‘ The several parts of the scheme were, by the direction of the archbishop, committed to such divines as were thought most proper; he took one part to himself, another was committed to Dr. Patrick; the reviewing the liturgy and communion book was referred to a select number, two of whom are now on our bench, viz., the Archbishop of York and Bishop of Ely, who will witness the truth of my relation.’ He further remarks, ‘ As soon as their late majesties came to the throne, they openly espoused the design; a commission was issued under the great seal to a large number of bishops and other eminent divines, to meet and consider these matters.’

“ The government, however, saw that there was no hope of success with any alterations in the lower house of convocation; consequently, the subject was never

have deprecated. His reflections are too valuable to be withheld from the reader:—

“The ill reception that the clergy gave the king’s message raised a great and just outcry against them: since all the promises made in King James’s time were now so entirely forgot.

“But there was a very happy direction of the providence of God observed in this matter. The Jacobite clergy, who were then under suspension, were

designing to make a schism in the church, whensoever they should be turned out, or their places should be filled up by others. They saw it would not be easy to make a separation upon a private and personal account. They therefore wished to be furnished with more specious pretences. And if we had made alterations in the rubric, and other parts of common-prayer, they would have pretended that they still stuck to the ancient Church of England, in opposition to those who were altering it, and setting up new models.

introduced. Still a notice of the proposed changes is necessary, in order that the views of the government may be ascertained. They were the following:—

“Chanting to be discontinued.

“Certain select psalms to be read on Sundays; but the daily course not to be altered.

“The omission of the apocryphal lessons, and of some from the Old Testament.

“A rubric on the usefulness of the sign of the cross in baptism. The use of it to be omitted altogether when desired.

“The sacramental elements to be administered in pews, to those who might object to kneeling.

“A rubric declaring that Lent fasts consisted in extraordinary acts of devotion, not in distinction of meats; and another to explain the meaning of the ember weeks.

“The rubric enjoining the daily reading or hearing of common prayer on the clergy to be changed into an exhortation.

“The Absolution to be read by deacons; the word minister being substituted for priest; and the words ‘remission of sins’ omitted as not very intelligible.

“The ‘Gloria Patri’ not to be repeated at the end of every psalm.

“In the ‘Te Deum,’ the words ‘only begotten Son’ substituted for ‘thine honourable, true, and only Son.’

“The 128th Psalm to be substituted for the ‘Benedicite;’ and other psalms for the ‘Benedictus’ and ‘Nunc Dimitis.’

“The versicles after the Lord’s Prayer to be read kneeling; and after the words ‘Give peace, &c.,’ an answer promissory, on the part of the people, of keeping God’s law, the old response being supposed by the commissioners to savour too strong of a view of predestination.

“All titles of the king and queen to be omitted, and the word ‘sovereign’ only used.

“In the prayer for the king, the clause, ‘Grant that he may vanquish, &c.,’ changed into ‘Prosper all his righteous undertakings against thy enemies.’

“The words, ‘who worketh great marvels,’ changed into ‘who alone art the author of all good gifts;’ and the words, ‘the Holy Spirit of thy grace,’ substituted for ‘the healthful spirit of thy grace.’ The reason assigned for the latter was this, that the word healthful was obsolete.

“The prayer, ‘O God, whose nature and property,’ to be omitted, as full of strange and impertinent expressions.

“The collects to be revised by the Bishop of Chichester.

“If a minister refused the surplice, and the people desired it, the bishop to be at liberty to appoint another, provided the living would bear it.

“Sponsors to be disused, and children to be presented in the name of their parents, if desired.

“A rubric to declare, that the curses in the Athanasian creed are confined to those who deny the substance of the Christian religion.

“Certain alterations to be made in the Litany, the Communion Service, and the Canons.

“Many other verbal alterations were suggested, and several things were left to the care of Tennison. Such were the alterations proposed by the commissioners. Churchmen in the present day will be surprised at some of them, and in my opinion there are but few clergymen who are not thankful that the scheme was frustrated.”—*History of the Convocation*, pp. 265-269.

And, as I do firmly believe that there is a wise providence that watches upon human affairs and directs them, chiefly those that relate to religion, so I have with great pleasure observed this, in many instances relating to the revolution. And upon this occasion I could not but see, that the Jacobites among us, who wished and hoped that we should have made those alterations which they reckoned would have been of great advantage for serving their ends, were the instruments of raising such a clamour against them, as prevented their being made. For by all the judgments we could afterwards make, if we had carried a majority in the convocation for alterations, they would have done us more hurt than good.\*

“Would have done us more hurt than good!” This is a very instructive, as it is a very candid, acknowledgment. An unprejudiced person, who observes and reflects, can hardly read it without noticing its pertinency to the times we live in. It is not, however, complete. More might have been looked for from a writer of Bishop Burnett’s sagacity. He saw clearly enough that the scheme he advocated would have been productive of schism; to us it seems equally clear that it would not have served the purpose for which it was designed, that of a general “comprehension.” The changes proposed by the royal commissioners, although of magnitude enough to convert the existing disunion between the clergy into permanent division, would not have reconciled dissenters to the church establishment. There does not appear to have been any foundation for the hope of such a result. The commissioners, it is true, “had before them,” as Burnett writes, “all the exceptions, that either the Puritans before the war, or the non-conformists since the restoration, had made to any part of the church service;” but it does not follow that they had before them a statement of *all the objections which such persons felt, and by which they were most strongly influenced*. Still less does it appear that they had before them a statement of the grounds on which the dissenters preferred their several sects or communions before the church from

which they were separated. And yet all these matters ought to have “been before” learned and thoughtful men engaged in deliberations upon a scheme of “comprehension.” To propose or construct a scheme in which due provision was not made for them, belonged rather to the empirical practices of bold projectors, than to the well-ordered measures of prudent men, who would carefully consider their subject, under all its aspects, before committing themselves to any decided course of action.

This ill-advised scheme having been defeated, the lower house of convocation, to which its failure was ascribable, became bolder and more aspiring. The government took alarm, (not unreasonably, considering its own insecurity, and the spirit of the non-juring party,) and for some time withheld the licence which was necessary to authorise the acts of the assembled clergy. “They were kept,” says Burnett, “from doing mischief by prorogation for a course of ten years.”† During the interval, however, much mischief was done through the press. The advocates for free convocations became empassioned in the performance of their task, and claimed not only the rights established by exercise for centuries, but the right, which had never been claimed since the Reformation, of enacting canons without royal authority or licence. The extremities to which controversy was carried on at both sides during the years in which the convocation was only a form, showed their effects when it was permitted to act. The assertion on the part of the lower house, of its right to disregard prorogation by the archbishop, and to continue its sessions after the higher assembly had adjourned—the censure passed upon Burnett’s Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles—and various other incidents and circumstances—gave proof that a spirit of faction had taken the place of a spirit of deliberation, and gave warning of the danger that may accrue from calling into activity, in times of excitement or disorder, a body long debarred from the exercise of power, and which had committed

\* Burnett’s History of his own Times, vol. iv. p. 63.

† Lathbury’s History of the Convocation, p. 278.



itself by the avowal of extravagant pretensions, at a time when the sincerity of high professions could not be rendered suspicious by poverty of performance.

It would be unprofitable to dwell upon the history of the convocations from this time to their virtual extinction. Although they continued to sit and deliberate from time to time until 1717, it is evident that they had not that influence over the public mind which could be to them in the place of authority. That ecclesiastical party, which, because of its principles and politics, might expect favour from the crown, appears to have regarded, as the state did, the holding of convocations, an inconvenience for which there was no adequate compensation:—they, on the other hand, who insisted on their rights and privileges, were of a political party which was daily losing strength, and to which the party in the ascendant were far from being likely to make concessions. Thus convocations seem to have been doomed—their proceedings armed enemies with excuses for desiring their suppression, and the parties into which they were divided, were almost equally prejudicial to their interests. On one side complaints of intemperance were to be heard, on the other suspicions were expressed of treachery. Against such dissension within—such alarm and enmity without—it would have required supports which the convocation had not to sustain it. Where the power of an assembly is derived from a formal permission, which must be given or renewed whenever the power is to be exercised, extinction must be anticipated when the interests of the source, and of the temporary depositories, of power, are found at variance. The state was bound by no visible necessity to continue convocations; it felt no little inconvenience arising out of their discussions. The period of their dissolution, under such circumstances, might not be accurately calculated beforehand—but nothing could be doubtful respecting it except the point of time. That was soon determined—the Hoadleian disputation may have seemed to be *the cause* why the crown withheld its licence;—it was only *the pretence*, or, at most, *the occasion*. Convocations had parted with the right of taxing—had re-

tained no power by the exercise of which they could procure indulgence for discussions of which the interest did not seem to equal the inconvenience. They were discontinued; and the little excitement and uneasiness of which their suppression was productive, seems, to some extent, a proof that the decision of the court against them, was, at least, not impolitic.

In Ireland it does not appear that convocations continued, for any long course of time, to be holden concurrently with the meetings of parliament. Some good is related of them, especially, (so far as intentions may be taken for good,) of the resolutions of the lower house. Their good designs were crossed and thwarted—sometimes by indisposition on the part of the prelates—not unfrequently by the disfavour of government—and continually by the intrigues and exertions of a party zealous, apparently, for “the Protestant cause,” but inveterately hostile to the interest of the Protestant Church established. Here convocations were held at distant intervals, and, except upon one or two well-known occasions, with no important results. The last, we believe, was held in the year 1711. In 1727 or 1728, a general expectation was entertained that a synod would be assembled again; but the hope was disappointed—neither the government nor the primate, Boulter, approved of the design to encounter the perils of such an assembly, and the project seems to have been silently relinquished.

One resolution of the Irish Convocation deserves to be remembered:—

“On the 3rd of March, 1703,” writes Bishop Mant, “the following resolution was sent from the lower to the upper house:—

“Resolved—that the endeavouring the speedy conversion of the papists of this kingdom, is a work of great piety and charity; in order to which it is the opinion of this house, that preachers, in all the dioceses of this kingdom, *preaching in the Irish tongue*, would be a great means of their conversion. And therefore that application be made to the most reverend and right reverend the lords archbishops and bishops, that they take into consideration what number of such preachers will be necessary in every diocese, and how they may be supported.”



“To this their graces and lordships returned for answer:

“ ‘We think, that endeavouring the conversion of the papists is very commendable; and, as to preaching in the Irish tongue, we think it useful where it is practicable.’ ”\*

The project appears to have been postponed at this time, but not abandoned. It was taken up again, and its final failure may, perhaps, admit of the explanation given in the following extract from a letter of Archbishop King, addressed to Dr. Swift, and bearing date July 28, 1711:—

“We shall, I believe, have some consideration of methods to convert the natives; but I do not find *that it is desired by all*, that they should be converted. There is a party among us that have little sense of religion, and heartily hate the church: they would have the natives made Protestants, but such as themselves, are deadly afraid they should come into the church, because, say they, this would strengthen the church too much. Others would have them come into the church, but can't approve of the methods proposed, which are—to preach to them in their own language, and have the service in Irish, as our own canons require. So that, between them, I am afraid that little will be done.”†

Such were the hostilities which offered themselves to the mind of Archbishop King, as likely to mar the projects for converting the native Irish. Some, who could promote it, were disinclined to see the church strengthened by the accession of converts—some feared to strengthen the national spirit of the Irish people, by encouraging the use of their language. Such were the hostilities his grace apprehended in the year 1711. In some years after he seems to have feared an enmity of a still worse description:—

“In the end,” writes Bishop Mant, “nothing was effected towards the accomplishment of Mr. Richardson's project for the conversion of the popish natives of Ireland to the Protestant faith. Whatever might have been his own wishes and efforts, and however

they may have been aided by other individuals, they did not receive the cordial support of those in authority. And it is a remarkable opinion, which was expressed by Archbishop King, in an unpublished letter of the date of July 21, 1724, applicable to this as well as to other cases: ‘*It is plain to me, by the methods that have been taken since the Reformation, and which are yet pursued by both the civil and ecclesiastical powers, that there never was, nor is, any design that all should be Protestants.*’ ”‡

We will not strive to penetrate the dread secret which seems partially disclosed in the venerable prelate's apprehension: we would only take occasion to remind the reader, that the failure to protestantise, or rather evangelise, Ireland, is most unjustly charged upon the church established amongst us. A vicious policy, faction, and personal aims and ends, defeated its good counsels, and rendered its strenuous exertions to second them abortive. Happy had it been for Ireland, if the spirit evinced in the lower house of convocation had had its recognised organs in the lower house of parliament.

Many acts by which the convocation rendered eminent service to the church and the country, have not been enumerated in the preceding notice; but it was not our purpose to conceal them. When the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the reformed religion were to be defined and settled, and the faith of apostolic times to be maintained in its supremacy, the agency of convocations was of the most serious and salutary importance. We do not deny that some matters may have been left undetermined and unexplained, upon which thought and learning might have been, in later periods, well expended; but we have no such evidence of benefits derived from the convocation in more recent times, as that with which the history of our church in the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries has supplied us. Indeed it would not excite our wonder to be told, that, after the adjustment of ecclesiastical affairs, after the Book of Common Prayer had been completed, and canons had

\* History of the Church of Ireland, &c. vol. ii. p. 164.

† Mant's History, vol. ii. p. 224.

‡ Mant's History, vol. ii. p. 230.

been enacted, and the principle asserted according to which canons were to retain or to lose their authority, there was no longer an imperious necessity for holding convocations. This seems to be the conclusion at which the civil legislature and the great majority of secular politicians have arrived, and which is strenuously combated by many, who believe that "to restore at this time to the church its synodical powers," would be a benefit, for which the state as well as the church would see reason to be grateful. The justice of this opinion we very respectfully but very decidedly dispute. In our December number we assigned reasons for objecting to the project of constructing a *new species of legislature* for the church. We proceed now to show why we are equally opposed to the reconstruction and revival of its ancient legislative assembly, the convocation.

We hold, in the first place, that the constitution of the convocation is not adapted to the existing condition of the church and of society. We repeat this our decided belief, although well aware that some, with whom we are happy to agree on other points, are opposed to us on this. They would desire to see the convocations restored, because the constitution of these assemblies is a kind of guarantee against dangers most obviously to be apprehended. We think we discern danger where they imagine security.

The structure of the convocation is thus described by Mr. Lathbury:—

"England is divided into the two provinces of Canterbury and York. The convocation of Canterbury consists of all the bishops of the province, who constitute the upper house; of twenty-two deans, fifty-three archdeacons, twenty-four proctors of chapters, and forty-four for the parochial clergy, and one precentor, who compose the lower house. As there is no dean of the chapter of St. David's, the precentor is summoned in his stead. Landaff is also without a dean, yet no one is summoned as a representative. Before the dissolution of the monasteries, the abbots, also, had seats in the upper house, at which time it was more numerous than the lower. At present, however, the upper house in the province of Canterbury consists of twenty-two—the lower of one hundred and forty-four.

"The method of choosing the proctors for the clergy varies somewhat in

different places. In the diocese of London each archdeacon chooses two, and from the whole number so chosen the bishop selects two to attend the convocation. In Sarum the three archdeacons choose six, and the six make a selection of two of their own number; and the same method is adopted in the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry. In Bath and Wells all the incumbents choose their proctors jointly. In Lincoln the clergy of the six archdeaconries send commissioners to Stamford, who make the necessary choice of two persons. In Norwich the two archdeaconries of Norwich and Norfolk meet and choose one, and the archdeaconries of Suffolk and Sudbury choose the other. The same is the case in Chichester. In ancient times the clergy were represented in convocation by the archdeacons. Such is the mode of choosing proctors in the province of Canterbury. In the province of York two proctors are returned by each archdeaconry. Were it not so, the numbers would be too small for the transaction of business. In this province, therefore, the proctors for the parochial clergy are equal in number to those for the chapters.

"The archbishop is president of the convocation. A prolocutor is chosen by the clergy, who is presented to the archbishop. On his presentation he intimates that the lower house intend to deliver their resolutions to the upper house through him, whose duty it is also to collect the votes of his brethren, and to secure the attendance of the members.

"As president, the archbishop summons the convocation to meet at the command of the king. Were he to attempt to assemble a synod of his own authority, he would be subject to a *præmunire*, and the proceedings of such synod would be void. Since the act of submission, however, the power to summon the convocation at the commencement of a new parliament has been granted, though for many years no business has been transacted. It is also the duty of the archbishop to prorogue and dissolve the convocation under the direction of the crown.

"By the term 'convocation' is meant the synod of the province either of Canterbury or York, each archbishop summoning his own clergy, in obedience to the royal command. The convocation is the provincial council of Canterbury and York. Each province meets in its own synod; but on important occasions, instances of which will occur in the course of our inquiry, the two provinces can act by mutual con-

sent or correspondence; or, commissioners, as has sometimes been the case, may be sent from York, to sit in the convocation of Canterbury, with full power to act for the whole body."\*

Such was the convocation in England. The following passage, from Bishop Mant's history, will serve to show what it was here in Ireland:—

"In the interval which elapsed between the last-mentioned date (1666) and the year 1703, no convocation had been summoned. But a desire being then conceived by the clergy, to be allowed what they esteemed their ancient right and privilege, it appears by extracts from the journals of the lower house of convocation, that the deans and archdeacons, who happened to be in Dublin, availed themselves of the occasion of an approaching parliament, and in their own names, and in those of their brethren, implored the archbishops and bishops, who also were then there, to bring the subject before the viceroy, and to procure that the clause, which had formerly summoned the clergy to meet in convocation, but which had, from negligence or some other cause, been twice omitted from the parliamentary writs, to the bishops, should now again be inserted.

"On the subject being, in consequence, brought by the Duke of Ormond before the queen, certain questions were submitted to the consideration of the archbishops and bishops then in Dublin, and received answers, which were reported to the government, to the following effect, on the 5th of July in the same year.

"1. That the last convocation holden in Ireland was after the restoration of the royal family, in 1661; that it began with the parliament then called, and continued during the said parliament, namely, to the year 1666; and since which time, till the year 1692, there had been no parliament in Ireland.

"2. That, as to the mode of summoning convocations, there had been some question concerning this in 1661, when the Lords Justices, being the Lord Chancellor Eustace, and the Earls of Orrery and Mountrath, and the privy council, made an order for the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin 'to meet and advise of, and return their opinions, how all things requisite in order to the convocation, and other things relating to the church, may be done and pre-

pared.' To which order the two archbishops made report, 'that they had considered the matter, and particularly made search for a form of writ, to be issued as formerly, for convoking the clergy, and could find no other than what they annexed, which they conceived a sufficient form to be sent to every of the archbishops and bishops — *Præmonentes decanum, &c.*—Premo-nishing the dean and chapter of your church of Armagh, and the archdeacon and the whole clergy of your diocese, that the same dean and archdeacon, in their proper persons, and the same chapter by one, and the same clergy by two, fit proctors, having severally full and sufficient power from the said chapter and clergy, be, at the aforesaid day and place personally present, for consenting to such things as shall then and there happen to be ordained by common judgment.'

"3. To the question of the clergy's right to have a convocation on the summoning of parliament, they answered, that it had been 'the custom for a convocation to meet with a parliament in Ireland, and the clergy had claimed it as a right. But in the two late parliaments, held in King William's reign, the ancient form of writs, directed to the bishops to appear in parliament, were omitted.'

"4. To the question, 'What authority the convocation, when summoned, have to act, without the queen's licence authorising them, and, if they have any authority, to what matters it extends?' it was observed that, 'the quære seemed best answered by the clause in the writ of licence, directed to the convocation, and dated the 21st of March, 1661; which writ was again renewed, after the death of Primate Bramhall, Nov. 10, 1665.' This writ, which is cited in full, was addressed to the Archbishop of Armagh, and to the other archbishops, bishops, deans, archdeacons, and proctors capitular and clerical; and gave them free power to meet in convocation, from time to time during the parliament; and to communicate, treat, consult, and conclude, concerning such articles, canons, rules ecclesiastic, &c., which should appear to them conducive to the increase of the honour and true worship of God, to the eradicating of heresies and evil customs from Christ's vineyard, to the procuring and preserving of the benefit and peace of the church; and also to make ordinances and decrees, having the force of ecclesiastical canons and constitutions,

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\* History of the Convocation, p. 118.

in the premises, and to publish and promulgate the same, having first had and obtained the royal consent.

"To this was added, that 'the clergy of Ireland had likewise taxed themselves in convocation; and in the last parliament, when no convocation sat, the bishops protested against the parliament's taxing them in a land-tax, in order to preserve their right to tax themselves.'

"5. In answer to the question, 'What are the rules and methods of their proceedings?' it was stated, that 'the convocation of Ireland was a national synod; that all the archbishops and bishops sat in an upper house; the deans, archdeacons, and proctors of the clergy in a lower house; that they were governed by the common rules of synods, each house acting and adjourning by itself; and that no canon or rule was made or obliging but with the concurrence of both houses, ratified and confirmed by the royal assent, under the great seal.'

Such were the replies of the bishops. The views of the clergy as to the rights of convocations were expressed in an address, to which the prelates assented. The following extract from it is given by Bishop Mant:—

"We conceive that the clergy of this kingdom, when met in a perfect and entire convocation, do assemble in two distinct capacities, namely, in a civil and in an ecclesiastical capacity. In the first, we apprehend ourselves to be called together by her majesty's writ in the clause *præmunientes*, and that in virtue of this we have a right to be formed into a regular body, to be attendant upon and counsellors to the parliament,† in whatever may relate to the temporal rights of the church, as interwoven with the state. In our ecclesiastical capacity, we look upon it as absolutely necessary, to be summoned by the provincial writ, and your grace's metropolitical authority consequent upon that writ, which forms us into a national and truly ecclesiastical synod, to frame canons, to reform discipline, censure heresy, and to exert that jurisdiction which belongs to us in conjunction with your lordships, as the representative members of the church."‡

In the event of the revival of convocations, we should have, at first, three different houses of assembly—Canterbury, York, and Ireland, (in which all the provinces met in one assembly,) presided over by the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Armagh. Is this a time when a wise and faithful man would desire to see the Anglican and Irish branches of the catholic church exhibited in separation from each other? Is it the time he would choose for adjusting, or carrying into effect the terms on which they were to meet in one assembly? We think it enough thus hesitatingly to advert to a topic on which we have thought more than we would hold it prudent to express. We turn to an objection upon which it is less perilous to be communicative.

Hopes are cherished by some, that, from the manner in which its members are chosen, the convocation could not be betrayed into measures of precipitancy or passion. One estate, consisting of prelates; another, to a very great extent composed of members whom the prelates of the church have selected; the remainder, (a remainder comparatively small,) returned as their representatives by the incumbents of parishes, by colleges, and chapters: who could fear rashness in an assembly thus constituted? A question, however triumphant the tone in which it is pronounced, is not an argument. Even in such an assembly any man who knows the effect of power on the human mind, may be afraid of rashness. "All assemblies," said Archbishop King, "that have been long chained up, prove unruly when first let loose." We do not think the present a juncture in which any peril, likely to be caused to the church by undue boldness or activity, should be wantonly or unnecessarily hazarded. Many a man there is who will calmly acquiesce in things as they are, so long as he remains in a private station, and who will think that the acquisition of power to effect changes, involves the duty of undertaking them. Even they who seem least extravagant in their

\* History, &c. vol. ii. p. 160.

† It appears that petitions were repeatedly addressed to the crown from the English convocations, praying for this privilege.

‡ Hist. vol. ii. p. 164.

views of what a convocation may accomplish, expect something. If they deprecate the introduction of novelties, and the abolition of what has been from of old, they expect, that, at least, the convocation should settle, with authority, those matters of doctrine and discipline which are to be held essential, and distinguish them from those in which the church indulges her children with freedom. Little, or trivial, as this may seem, it would be a change; and might prove to be attended with the most serious consequences. To pronounce something essential, which had been previously indifferent, is, plainly, to render the church more exclusive. The effect of such a procedure would be, perhaps, more pernicious than that of adding to our formularies of discipline or doctrine some principle wholly new. Matters upon which members and ministers of the church are free to differ, are things upon which the freedom allowed is exercised, and opinions favourable and adverse are maintained: to exalt one class of opinions into articles of necessity, and denounce another class as inadmissible, is to exclude one party from the church, and, indeed, to frame a new religion.

On the other hand, were an assembly, having authority, to open what the church has closed, to pronounce indifferent that which has been declared essential, the evil, though of an opposite character, would be not less momentous:—enemies to the church as it now exists, would, perhaps, be admitted into its body, and enabled to harm it. But there are matters, it is said, upon which the mind of the church has not been so clearly made known as to preclude the necessity of more exact definition. To declare with authority what she demands, and wherein she indulges, although it may change the condition of churchmen, will only assign its true character to the church. We have considered this third case; and, without pronouncing on the correctness or fallacy of its assumptions, confidently express our fixed persuasion, that no such delicate duty as that of declaring with authority “the mind of the church” in doubtful cases, ought, at this time, to be confided to a newly-constructed legislature. To ensure acquiescence in

decisions upon matters of this nature, would demand all the authority belonging to an assembly long obeyed and revered. A convocation, licensed to determine upon them, could not reckon upon the habitual respect of any parties, and would, by failing to satisfy some, rather provoke than allay contention; and, forbidding tolerance where uniformity could not be attained, would break the bands of concord, and render separation inevitable. Such is our deliberate opinion. We need not be more precise in the expression of it, until the advocates of the proposal to restore to the convocation its ancient powers, have condescended to state, in detail, the cases upon which the revived legislature would have to determine.

But, supposing it to be the truth, that there is nothing to fear from rashness in an assembly so constituted as the convocation would be, is there not another inconvenience, scarcely less serious, to be apprehended, arising out of the very peculiarity of constitution for which convocations are desired and praised? Would the convocation be regarded as an assembly where the whole church was fairly and fully represented? To acquire the influence of a representative assembly, the convocation should have an altered, and, we use the word not invidiously, a more liberal constitution. Clergy and laity of the Church of England would demand such a change—the altered condition of the church would insist upon it.

It cannot escape the observation of a prudent man, who has sought to acquaint himself with the state of ecclesiastical affairs in England, that the church now contains within its capacious limits two classes of ministers, distinguished, if not by character, by the circumstances of their respective positions. The voluntary principle has had its appointed sphere within our church, among the agencies by which true religion is to be promoted. It has been employed in supplying the inevitable deficiencies of an establishment. As the wants of a rapidly-increasing population have outgrown the power of ancient endowments to make provision for them, the true voluntary principle, the parent of old establishments, has re-appeared; not in the menacing form of that destruc-



tive system which has usurped its name to destroy its offspring, but with a gracious aspect, with offerings in its hand, and with the purpose to repair, and restore, and extend, whatever, in its ancient works, it has found decayed, or fallen, or inadequate. The testimonies to its presence and power are now very numerous throughout the empire. The ministers for whom it makes provision constitute a body of very considerable influence. No ecclesiastical legislature in which this portion of the clergy is not adequately represented, would have sufficient influence to recommend its decisions; and we feel persuaded, that, to admit the ministers who thus amiably represent voluntaryism into a fair participation of power, would be, in the judgment of some, who call for an ecclesiastical legislature, to mar the peace and usefulness of the projected assembly. Until the respective claims and rights of these two important elements in the ecclesiastical system are amicably adjusted, or until the congregational and the parochial clergy (if we may so name them) cease to be regarded as distinct classes, it will be impossible to frame convocations so as that they can be held with advantage.

We are far from looking with jealousy or fear on the distinction to which we have adverted. We see that the classes are, each in its several departments, advancing the interests of religion and of the church, and that they are mutually improving each other. In the one we recognise depositaries of the learning for which the Church of England has long been distinguished; in the other we are made to feel the popular power, in which, until of late years, it was a fashion to pronounce her deficient. We would not be thought to deny popular qualities to one class, or to deny learning to the other; but we hold the distinctions to be, substantially, such as we have described. The Church of England will become, in due course of time, honoured by both, and be mightily increased in moral power by the two-fold agency. By one instrumentality her borders will be enlarged; by the other her principles will be conserved. The congregations will continue to demand eloquence; but the popular orator will soon learn that, to continue useful in his minis-

tration, he must feed his lamp with learning, as well as by meditation and prayer. Colleges and bishops will require learning, but will regard it as among the recommendations of those whom they promote, that they are good "conductors" for their acquisitions, and that their lore is rich in its adaptation to the wants and the condition of man. Thus all will work together for good. Learning will be held back from the temptation of too eagerly prosecuting researches in which the general heart of humanity can feel no interest; eloquence will become too wise to waste, in exciting transient sympathies, powers that ought to be employed in instructing, convincing, and persuading; and thus will the church command the services of those who keep watch by the light of ancient times, and take heed that the lamp which the apostles lighted, and the catholic church has ever fed, fail not for lack of oil,—as well as of those who observe all changes in the spirit and condition of man, and, bringing forth from their treasury things new as well as old, make proud hearts feel that the light, by which God and his church enjoin that they should worship and walk, is no less gracious and good to direct the wisest of woman born, in this our day, than it was, nearly two thousand years ago, to direct the humblest fisherman or shepherd. Thus, while the church walks with witnesses from the far past, giving counsel to the present, and making preparation for the future, its character of permanence is preserved, and, keeping pace with the advancing intelligence of the age, its progress is not retarded.

We have strong fears that a process from which we look for so much good, would be disturbed by the summoning a convocation "for dispatch of business." The legitimate assembly would soon be confronted by a voluntary rival. Parties now working to the same end, under the same government, would be forced into opposition,—one party passionately contending for things indifferent, because they were old; the other undervaluing antiquity because its monitions were not, necessarily, true and holy; and both departing, in different directions, from the finely-tempered rule of the church to whose interests each thought itself



devoted. Dangers such as these present themselves to us, when we think of an ecclesiastical legislature called into existence amidst our present heats and excitements. Accordingly, we deprecate the scheme of restoring the houses of convocation.

But are there not disputes and controversies in the church, which ought to be silenced by the authority of a free convocation? Is not one minister found to preach, as the faith, what another pronounces heterodox and false? Are not complaints frequent against some, who are accused of suppressing the best comforts of Gospel truth? against others, who are said to afford such representations of divine grace as hold out encouragements not to penitence, but to sin, and even to purposes of sinning? Are not these complaints, and many others which it is unnecessary to specify, made in a temper alien from that in which the Gospel should be preached or defended—from that in which Christian ministers should remonstrate with or rebuke each other: and is it not desirable that such unseemly contentions should be suppressed? Shall heresy be taught as truth—shall gainsayers or calumniators be permitted to stigmatise truth as heresy? The answer to questions of this nature is too obvious to need formal expression. We can affirm with equal confidence and sincerity, that if we thought the evils attendant upon the condition of the church remediable by a convocation, we should be strenuous petitioners for the royal licence.

How should a convocation proceed to the correction of evils such as we are here reminded of? Would it address itself, in its first sittings, to a censure of books? The Council of Trent, a council, one would be apt to think, sufficiently daring and powerful, delegated this office to a commission, and never ventured upon a review of the commissioners' labours. Former convocations in England undertook the task, and do not appear to hold out encouragement to their successors, if successors are ever given them, to take up their abortive enterprise. A single instance will be, perhaps, enough to satisfy the reader that convocations were not, necessarily, the courts before which charges against the writers of suspected books

could be brought, with most certainty of having a satisfactory judgment pronounced upon them. We take the case of Whiston, and transcribe Bishop Burnett's account of it:—

“An incident happened that diverted their thoughts to another matter: Mr. Whiston, the professor of mathematics in Cambridge, a learned man, of a sober and exemplary life, but much set on hunting for paradoxes, fell on reviving the Arian heresy, though he pretended to differ from Arius in several particulars; yet, upon the main, he was partly Apollinarist, partly Arian; for he thought the *Nous*, or *Word*, was all the soul that acted in our Saviour's body. He found his notions favoured by the apostolical constitutions; so he reckoned them a part, and the chief part, of the canon of the Scriptures. For these tenets he was censured at Cambridge, and expelled the university. Upon that he wrote a vindication of himself and his doctrine, and dedicated it to the convocation, promising a larger work on these subjects. The uncontested way of proceeding in such a case was, that the bishop of the diocese in which he lived should cite him into his court, in order to his conviction or censure; from whose sentence an appeal lay to the archbishop, and from him to the crown. Or the archbishop might proceed, in the first instance, in a court of audience. But we saw no clear precedents, of any proceedings in convocation, where the jurisdiction was contested; a reference made by the high commissioners to the convocation, where the party submitted to do penance, being the only precedent that appeared in history; and even of this we had no record; so that it not being thought a clear warrant for our proceeding, we were at a stand. The act that settled the course of the appeals in King Henry the Eighth's time, made no mention of sentences in convocation; and yet, by the act in the first of Queen Elizabeth, that defined what should be judged heresy, that judgment was declared to be in the crown. By all this (which the archbishop laid before the bishops in a letter, that he wrote to them on this occasion), it seemed doubtful whether the convocation could, in the first instance, proceed against a man for heresy; and their proceedings, if they were not warranted by law, might involve them in a *præmunire*. So the upper house, in an address, prayed the queen to ask the opinions of the judges, and such others as she thought fit, concerning these doubts, that they might know how the law stood in this

matter. Eight of the judges, with the attorney and solicitor-general, gave their opinion, that we had a jurisdiction, and might proceed in such a case; but brought no express law nor precedent to support their opinion. They only observed, that the law books spoke of the convocation as having jurisdiction, and they did not see that it was ever taken from them. They were also of opinion, that an appeal lay from the sentence of convocation to the crown; but they reserved to themselves a power to change their mind, in case upon an argument that might be made for a prohibition, they should see cause for it. Four of the judges were positively of a contrary opinion, and maintained it from the statutes made at the reformation. The queen, having received these different opinions, sent them to the archbishop, to be laid before the two houses of convocation; and, without taking any notice of the diversity between them, she wrote that, there being now no doubt to be made of our jurisdiction, she did expect that we should proceed in the matter before us. In this it was visible, that those who advised the queen to write that letter, considered more their own humours than her honour. Yet two great doubts still remained, even supposing we had a jurisdiction. The first was, of whom the court was to be composed; whether only of the bishops, or what share the lower house had in this judiciary authority. The other was, by what delegates, in case of an appeal, our sentence was to be examined: were no bishops to be in the court of delegates? or was the sentence of the archbishop and his twenty-one suffragan bishops, with the clergy of the province, to be judged by the Archbishop of York and his three suffragan bishops? These difficulties appearing to be so great, the bishops resolved to begin with that, in which they had, by the queen's licence, an undisputed authority; which was, to examine and censure the book, and to see if his doctrine was not contrary to the Scriptures, and the first four general councils, which is the measure set by law to judge heresy. They drew out some propositions from his book, which seemed plainly to be the reviving of Arianism, and censured them as such. These they sent down to the lower house, who, though they excepted to one proposition, yet censured the rest in the same manner. This the archbishop (being then disabled by the gout) sent by one of the bishops to the queen

for her assent, who promised to consider of it. But, to end the matter at once, at their next meeting in winter, no answer being come from the queen, two bishops were sent to ask it; but she could not tell what was become of the paper which the archbishop had sent her; so a new extract of the censure was again sent to her. But she has not yet thought fit to send any answer to it. So Whiston's affair sleeps, though he has published a large work, in four volumes, in octavo, justifying his doctrine, and maintaining the canonicalness of the apostolical constitutions, preferring their authority, not only to the Epistles, but even to the Gospels. In this last I do not find he has made any *proselytes*, though he has set himself much to support that paradox."<sup>a</sup>

So powerless was the convocation to suppress heterodoxy, or to punish the promoters of it. Many instances similar to that which we have cited, might be given in support of our views, (those of Clark and Hoadley may present themselves to the reader, as cases in point,) but we do not wish to load our pages unnecessarily. In truth, an assembly so constituted as the convocation, is ill-adapted for discharging the duties of a court of ecclesiastical law. It is true, that in civil affairs the highest court of judicature is placed within the houses of parliament, but it is equally true, and instructively so, that parliament does not constitute this highest court. A court of appeal which pronounces a final judgment on cases of equity or law, should be free from the spirit of party, and uninfluenced by passion or prejudice. Still more necessary is this freedom from misleading influences, if the subject, on which judgment is to be given, be of a religious nature. History demonstrates that such an office could not be with advantage assigned in past times to the convocation: assuredly it is not to a legislature created amidst the heats and asperities of times like ours, so solemn and delicate a duty could be confided.

There are some who expect, that were a convocation re-erected into a legislature, parties in the church would cease to oppose each other; at least would become more temperate

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<sup>a</sup> Burnett's History of His Own Times, vol. vi. p. 1132.

in their mutual antagonism, while waiting for a decision to which both would be found ready to yield submission. Thus it fares, they say, in matters which fall under the jurisdiction of parliaments—parties without that assembly suspending their animosities, grounding, as it were, their arms, and looking on, idle though interested spectators, while their respective champions wage, ardently, the delegated contest. We certainly have not read history in the books of those who form these amiable anticipations. Our histories and our experience have taught us a different lesson. We have read of angry passions inflamed rather than allayed by parliamentary discussions, and so far have we found the people in many cases from acquiescing in the issues of a senatorial contest, that we have heard of their threatening to rise, *en masse*, and march upon Westminster, or even upon St. James's—nay, of their carrying their menace into act, and exhibiting an array of physical force, as an auxiliary meet for that intellectual power which had been exerted in their behalf unsuccessfully.

But even were we to concede that parliamentary discussions have a tranquillising effect on the public mind, or to think with the Bishop of Salisbury, that the summoning a parliament for dispatch of business, causes a lull in the stormy politics of Ireland, we could not, therefore, concede to his lordship that the issue of a license to the houses of convocation would have a similar effect upon religious controversy. The cases are essentially different—as plainly different as action and opinion. The decisions of a convocation could have no beneficial effect on any, but those who were persuaded *to approve them*—the enactments of the civil legislature are satisfied *with obedience*. For an honest minister, whose belief is abstractedly different from that which the church declares essential, there is no resource but separation. It is not enough that he do not obtrude his heterodoxy on his associates, or on his flock; he must from his heart renounce it, or else resign a post which he cannot hold but by dissembling. Civil obedience does not imply belief in the affirmations, if such there be, in an act of parliament, or in the decisions of its

authorised expounders; it implies nothing more than it is, namely, submission to a declared law, a submission strictly compatible with an opinion that the law is bad, and that it ought to be altered. A minority, therefore, very consistently acquiesces in the votes, by which its purposes have been frustrated, while, at the same time, it hopes and endeavours to ensure their ultimate success. It is not so in matters of faith, on which a convocation may pronounce—in such cases acquiescence implies belief, cordial, sincere; and unless a minority have the gift to renounce the opinion for which it has contended, and to embrace that which it rejected and condemned, it can relieve itself from the guilt of duplicity only by secession. How passionate then would be the contests to which the project of a convocation would give occasion. Contests in the election of members—contests within the houses of assembly—contests in the constituencies without, when it depended on their issue which section or party in the church, as now existing, was to constitute the whole church, and which to take its place with dissenters.

It is not within the province of a convocation, or any other legislative assembly, to impart to disputants, *within or without* the limits of our church, the gift which divests controversy of its bitterness, and renders it profitable. No convocation can bestow a Christian temper; no controversy which is not leavened by such a temper, can continue pure from intolerance and rancour. That the healthful spirit from which it proceeds may be shed largely on our church we should earnestly pray; and in our several stations we should watch vigilantly that it be not disturbed in ourselves by any uncharitableness. Here is an end worthy of a good man's aim. By self-restraint, by prayer, by precept, by example, by the "word in season," and by the eloquence of what is not less prevailing, a seasonable silence—to awake, and animate, and promote the spirit of Christian toleration, until it is diffused widely among all who profess and call themselves Christians; here is a work that befits a servant of Christ—a work upon which no danger attends; which, where the frailty of human nature leaves it imperfect, involves no worse consequence

than failure; and which, where God gives it the rich blessing we are encouraged to hope, will have accomplished good without the ordinary alloy of evil. He who schemes, and toils, and petitions for a convocation, labours after an end most probably unattainable—of doubtful efficacy, if won—and which can not be won without much previous contention: he who would promote unity among brethren, and who would propose such an object to himself, as that which is most worthy of a Christian philosopher, aims at a good end, and will be taught to feel that none but purely Christian means will be available in his strides to attain it.

We think the present state of the church eminently favourable. We think it not presumptuous to hope that it has been providentially designed to favour and encourage this charitable undertaking. The faith, as delivered to the apostles—as handed down from them through successive ages to the present day, is carefully guarded and distinguished, and enjoined; the philosophy which waits upon this precious deposit is left of range as ample, and circumstance as varied, as the condition and the spirit of man can demand. Nothing is enjoined as essential which Holy Scripture does not declare; nothing is rejected as absurd or sinful, which Scripture does not condemn—and which has the sanction of antiquity and reason. We say, give such a church, and the agencies educated within it, time—let them have the advantage of being exercised in the fair field which society now affords them—exercised in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, who are capable of discerning unfairness, and who can feel and love charity; let them continue to be thus exercised, and in time disputants who are drawn to esteem one another, will be influenced to feel less severely towards the peculiarities by which they are mutually distinguished. While distant and little known, they saw only what they accounted each other's defects—and these they beheld enlarged and aggravated; when drawn together in the bonds of peace, they will become more sensible to the importance of the great truths in which they are agreed, and their differences will diminish in the presence of these principles, until they are seen as specks. In

truth, a time seems approaching, when all pure-hearted men will be enabled to discern the distinction between religion and metaphysics; between the Gospel and human inferences from it; and, while they rejoice in their common belief in the one, will be taught by it to tolerate diversity of opinion respecting the other. We are satisfied that thinking men will discern many evidences of a process such as this. We do not desire to see it accelerated by any legislative enactments, and we would not willingly expose it to the hazard of being practised upon by a convocation.

While we write thus, we would not be understood to insinuate, that there is nothing in the circumstances and condition of the church which calls for change or correction. We are not so unobserving, or so wholly "contented with things as they are." We feel only that it is not from a convocation we look for the desired amendments. Generally speaking, we would say that the practices, formularies, and doctrines of our church demand explanation rather than change; but if there be matter in which alteration, retrenchment, or addition is desirable, the church, even in its present estate, may make the necessary adjustment. Such, at least, is the conclusion at which we have arrived, after some thought and inquiry. Let the petitioners for a new ecclesiastical legislature, or for the revival of convocations, declare frankly the purposes at which they ultimately aim—and we venture to predict, that if their intents and schemes are found to be good, the Church of England, even as she is, can accomplish, or accord them. We are, however, we confess, cautious almost to timidity on the subject of change—and would scarcely wish to see any, the slightest alteration, suddenly made, in such a manner as to be irrevocable. We would have it proved by time and use, before it was established among the essentials of our system. We would have it offered for the acceptance of the church at large, rather than made matter of authoritative injunction. We would have its soundness in principle, its goodness and wisdom, first carefully examined by a deliberative assembly of the heads of our church; we would have its expediency for these times tested and

ratified in a voluntary acceptance of it by the clergy and the congregations ; and would not have it, until this twofold and extended ordeal was successfully endured, classed among those forms of sound words, or those edifying ceremonies, which the Church of England sanctions.

We are not afraid to suggest a course thus cautious, from an apprehension that it may be said to savour of papal policy. It is a policy which Romanism borrowed from the church catholic ; a policy perilous, and it may be pernicious—where, in the eclipse of Scripture and reason, it works in the dark—but which, in the present condition of our church, and of society, would be safe and beneficial. At the same time, we would be understood to offer it only as a device, preferable to the project of a convocation. To that project, we are—as we think, the circumstances of our times are—decidedly opposed. We are opposed to it, be-

cause we think no case of necessity can be made out for exposing our church to the dangers which we discern among its inevitable consequences. We are opposed to it, because they who are its promoters have not declared the purposes which they expect it is to serve. We are opposed to it, because we think the discontinuance of convocations a providential arrangement, to protect our church from changes which would have debased, if not destroyed it ; and, although we do not think it expedient to enter into an account of the dangers through which our pure religion passed since the year 1711, unhurt, *because God had delivered and continued to preserve her, from an ecclesiastical legislature*, we are not afraid to affirm, that many a reflecting man will discern, as we do, a special and a protecting Providence in that very condition of the church, over which some lament as a state of weakness and desertion.



## BERANGER AND HIS SONGS.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER was born at Paris, in the year 1780, as we are told in his song of the "Tailor and the Fairy." He was brought up at his grandfather's till he was nine years old. Of his father and mother very little is known. In his tenth year he was sent to his maternal aunt, the wife of an innkeeper at Peronne. His sojourn at this place he has commemorated in the "Recollections of Childhood," and here he seems to have verified the first part of the Fairy's prophecy, and become

"Garçon d'auberge."

He was taught to read *Telemachus* by his aunt. An odd volume of *Voltaire*, falling in his way at the same time, very probably gave his ideas the first tinge of that bold scepticism for which his opinions are remarkable. At the age of fifteen he was bound apprentice at the printing-house of M. Laisney, of Peronne. Subsequently he made it a matter of no little pride that he had been taught the trade of Franklin. At this time he also made some progress—he confesses it to have been a very slow one—in the improvement of an imperfect education.

It was at the school founded by M. Balue de Bellanglise, of Peronne, that the genius of Beranger received its decisive bias and development. This school was instituted and conducted after the principles and maxims of the founder's favorite philosopher, Rousseau. In accordance with the spirit of that stirring period, it presented, at the same time, the aspects of a camp and a political arena. The children wore uniforms, pronounced orations, and sent deputations to the revolutionary government on the occasion of every notable public occurrence. Thus were our lyrist's ideas enlarged with the formation of his taste and style, and questions of national interest received that place in his mind which, as his songs sufficiently testify, they ever after occupied, making an uncompromising patriotism the foremost distinction of his muse.

At the age of seventeen he returned

to Paris. About this time he attempted a comedy, with which he grew extremely dissatisfied on perusing a volume of *Moliere*. He also meditated an epic poem, to be called "*Clovis*," the execution of which he formally—and perhaps fortunately—postponed till he should have reached the age of thirty. Nothing further, however, has been heard of it.

In 1803, he obtained the patronage of Lucien Buonaparte, to whom he had addressed a very republican epistle, enclosing his earliest poetic attempts. In 1809, he became a clerk at the University of Paris, with the moderate salary of about eighty pounds a year. His first volume of songs was published in 1815, when he was thirty-five years old.

This publication placed Beranger in the rank of the first song-writers of his country. The poetry of songs was found to have received a novel character from his genius; and the chief distinctions of his own were their simple elegance and condensation. These, with a buoyant enjoyment, great boldness of thought, and a high tone of feeling, combined to distinguish him alike from all preceding and contemporary lyrists. The style of Beranger shows his individual predilections for the simple and the real. He was never taught Greek or Latin. But he made himself acquainted, through the medium of translation, with the classic authors; (and to be able to do this says a deal for the power and ingenuity of the man's mind); and seems to have caught, happily, a portion of the spirit of antique poetry: he says of himself, in his "*Imaginary Voyage*":

"I was a Greek; Pythagoras is right."

At the same time, he has made use of none of those conventional aids which preceding poets had borrowed from the old fanciful mythologies. The worn peculiarities of classic allusion and phraseology, so long the imitative jargon of modern poetry, were laid aside by Beranger with a well-judging feeling of those influences which, with a more universal inspiration, were de-



veloping themselves over the face and in the heart of society, giving the Muse an altered character in accordance with that of the age in which her voice was to be heard. He felt that poetry should not exclusively breathe the high atmosphere of a privileged class; but that it should be made popular, and simplified to the level of men's common interests and feelings. Increased power, and, consequently, an increasing intelligence, were placing the suffrages of literary celebrity in a great measure in the hands of the people. Born among them and of them, and boasting, *je suis du peuple, ainsi que mes amours*, Beranger was led to make them his audience and his inspiration. He himself says—“*Le peuple, c'est ma muse.*”

Beranger and our own Moore are both popular poets. Both manifest strong national predilections, and country is the source of the higher inspiration of both. Both wrote in a spirit opposed to the principle of the governing powers in their respective nations: both were poetic malcontents, and helped to make others malcontent also; but all this with a difference. Moore has disseminated treason—only in the verse of his imitators: Beranger excited it in practical prose, (which rhymes appositely with *blows*). The Rebellion of our Silken Thomas has been peacefully exhaled in the perfumed atmosphere of the salons and drawing-rooms, effecting and inspiring little more than

“The hopes and fears that shake a single ball;”

(though, by the way, there may be a great many who don't think these such very inconsiderable things, after all;) the disaffection of Beranger was borne abroad on the vehement breath of a tumultuous democracy, till the spirit which it helped to evoke had laid prostrate an ancient dynasty. Moore's sentiment is enveloped in a vague and distant association, and is somehow

rendered still less formidable by the very graceful array in which it presents itself. The thought of Beranger is bare, and has a definite aim, and is launched against it with a direct and muscular vigorousness which is unequivocal, and brings itself and the object of its hostility to immediate issue. The one resembles the sword of Harmodius, sheathed in its myrtles; the other is the palpable dagger of Brutus. Moore's style is elegant and pointed, while Beranger's is simple and concise. Moore's point is prepared in the Attic flow of a most musical stanza; that of Beranger is commonly set, with a Spartan succinctness, in the compass of a line. But enough of this: our business is with Beranger alone. Besides, we suddenly recollect that

“Heroic, stoic Johnson, the sententious,”

intimates, in the beginning of some essay or other, how often the truth of any proposition is sacrificed to its point; so, after having merely laid very careless hands on the most salient parts of both characters for a passing comparison, we shall leave every one to finish it for himself, minutely and at leisure; and go on to say, that there are few of Beranger's songs which do not contain something to denote love of country, grief for her abasement, or pride in the remembrance of her military fame; bold satire flung recklessly against the folly and tyranny of rulers, provoking sarcasms against the prejudices of the priesthood, or natural sentiment, whose pathos and truth recommend it to the feelings of every one. We shall give in English several of these lyrics, to communicate some idea of the poet's character and philosophy, religious, political, and epicurean—just premising, in the mean time, that much of the native aroma of Beranger's lyrics must necessarily evaporate in the traduction. Let us choose at random:—

#### MY VOCATION.

A mean, ill-favoured, suffering wight,  
Flung on this earthly ball,  
I'm jostled down, and out of sight,  
Because so very small;  
A murmur, in my evil plight,  
My plaintive lips let fall:  
Sing, cries my Guardian-angel, sing!  
Such is thy part, poor little thing!

The lordly chariot daubs me o'er  
 With mud in passing by :  
 I feel the insolence of Power,  
 And Wealth's fastidious eye.  
 Still are we doomed to crouch before  
 The pride that bloats the high.  
 Sing, cries my Guardian-angel, sing !  
 Such is thy part, poor little thing !

With Life's precariousness in view,  
 My spirit is subdued ;  
 Creeping\* and cramped I here pursue  
 A meagre livelihood :  
 I worship Freedom ; but, 'tis true,  
 My appetite is good.  
 Sing, cries my Guardian-angel, sing !  
 Such is thy part, poor little thing !

Love, in my sorrow, could supply  
 A solace for all pain ;  
 Now with my youth he turns to fly,  
 And will not come again :  
 Before the glance of Beauty's eye  
 My bosom beats in vain.  
 Sing, cries my Guardian-angel, sing !  
 Such is thy part, poor little thing !

Yes, Song is my vocation here,  
 Or else I much mistake :  
 Those whom my songs amuse or cheer  
 Will love me for their sake :  
 When wine is bright and friends are near,  
 And revel is awake,  
 Sing, cries my Guardian-angel, sing !  
 Such is thy part, poor little thing !

Even the conviviality of Beranger is republican :—

#### MY COMMONWEALTH.

I want a commonwealth ; because  
 I've seen so many monarchs reign :  
 And here I make one ; and its laws  
 Shall be digested in my brain.  
 We'll have no commerce but in wine ;  
 No judge without his jest ; and see !  
 The table's this Republic mine ;  
 And its device is, Liberty.

Friends, fill each flowing glass, with glee ;  
 Now meets our Senate to discuss :  
 And first, by a severe decree,  
 Let dulness be proscribed with us.  
*Proscribed !* nay, nay, this word of fear  
 In our Atlantis must not be ;  
 Dulness can never harbour here ;  
 For pleasure follows Liberty.

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\* In his situation, under the government, at the University of Paris.

The sumptuary laws of mirth  
 Rebuke the excess of luxury.  
 Ordained by Bacchus and set forth :  
 All human thought divine is free.  
 Here in its worship every class  
 Shall as it pleases bend the knee ;  
 'Tis even allowed to hear a mass.  
 Such is the will of Liberty.

Nobles would mar our state's repose ;  
 Let ancestors remain at rest.  
 No titles here ; not even to those  
 Who laugh the most and drink the best.  
 Should any, for his traitorous ends,  
 Aim at a monarch's high degree,  
 We'll doom him dead—dead *drunk*, my friends,  
 And save our cherished Liberty.

Drink to our glorious commonweal,  
 So firmly fixed, so formed to stand !  
 But ah ! even now our people feel  
 A hostile presence close at hand.  
 It is Lizette, who would impair  
 Our state with despot rule ; and she  
 Would be a queen, and she is fair——  
 Alas, alas, for Liberty !

Beranger's songs abound in evidences of his extreme freedom of thought on religious matters, and his peculiar principles of universal toleration. His theology is not very orthodox ; but we are sure the passages most reprehensible in his verses emanate less from a coldness of real devotion or a feeling of irreverence for what is most sacred, than from an insatiable desire to satirize a hierarchy which had contrived to make itself peculiarly distasteful to the French people, or to scoff at those social dogmas, the acceptance of which Custom has made pre-

scriptive. His *Clefs du Paradis* is one of his most celebrated lyrics. By a laughing touch of his pen, with the effect of one of those dissolving views which have lately been the sources of so many pleasant surprises, he has changed the entire aspect of theology, and brought forth a new Heaven, into which—with a benevolence which should plead his pardon for the extravagance of the idea—he admits every body indiscriminately. 'This may be a very risible, or a very grave thing ; however, we are no casuists here, but merely translators ; and so let us jingle

#### THE KEYS OF PARADISE.

St. Peter once lost—the thing happened of late—  
 The Keys of the skies as he dozed by the gate ;  
 What a singular tale for our metre !  
 'Twas Margery saw them, in passing that way,  
 And huddled them into her bosom one day.—  
 “ Nay, Madge, I shall pass  
 “ For a very great ass ;  
 “ Pray, give back my keys,” said St. Peter !  
 Madge loses no time, but immediately flies,  
 And opens the wide folding-doors of the skies ;  
 What a singular tale for our metre !  
 Then reprobate sinners and grave devotees  
 Press onward and inward, and enter with ease.  
 “ Nay, Madge, I shall pass  
 “ For a very great ass ;  
 “ Pray, give back my keys,” said St. Peter !

And thus in the midst of the jubilant crew,  
 A Protestant comes, and a Turk, and a Jew—  
     What a singular tale for our metre!  
 Then a pope, who appeared to be chief in the rout,  
 And who, but for Madge, would have tarried without.  
     “Nay, Madge, I shall pass  
     “For a very great ass;  
 “Pray, give back my keys,” said St. Peter!

Some Jesuits—and Margery thought it a sin  
 Such hypocrite schemers should ever get in—  
     What a singular tale for our metre!  
 With a resolute silence, and elbowing pace,  
 Attained near the angels the uppermost place.  
     “Nay, Madge, I shall pass  
     “For a very great ass;  
 “Pray, give back my keys,” said St. Peter.

In vain a fool wishes, with sanctified air,  
 That Heaven should display its intolerance there;  
     What a singular tale for our metre!  
 For, Satan himself is admitted at once,  
 Being made a horned saint by the dame for the nonce.  
     “Nay, Madge, I shall pass  
     “For a very great ass;  
 “Pray, give back my keys,” said St. Peter!

Now Paradise soon became happy and gay,  
 And the saint would partake of its joys as he may;  
     What a singular tale for our metre!  
 But, to 'venge the poor souls he shut out of the place,  
 The gates of the blessed were closed in his face.  
     “Nay, Madge, I shall pass  
     “For a very great ass;  
 “Pray, give back my keys,” said St. Peter.

Some of the daring features of the following sarcastic song have been softened down a little. Its satire has a comprehensive range:—

#### JUPITER.

Jove, waking one day, in benevolent mood  
 Towards the world that we live in, it so came to pass  
 That he put his head out of the window and viewed,  
 And said: does their planet remain as it was?  
 Then, looking down closely, he saw, from afar,  
 Where turned in a corner the lone little Star.  
 If I know how their business continues to be  
 Arranged upon earth, the deuce take me, quoth he.

Ye black men, or white men, ye frozen, or fried—  
 Ye mortals, whom I have created so small!—  
 With an air of paternity Jupiter cried;  
 They pretend that I govern your moveable ball:  
 But, please to remember, 'tis equally true  
 That, thanks to the fates, ye have ministers too:  
 And of these if I do not dismiss two or three  
 From the gates of this place, the deuce take me, quoth he!

Have I given you in vain, to adorn and to bless  
 Your moments in peace, lovely Woman and Wine?  
 What! pigmies, and under my beard, to address  
 As the God of your Battles your maker divine!  
 And dare, in invoking my name, to send forth  
 The sword and the flambeau to ravage the earth!  
 If ever one cohort was marshalled by me,  
 Or led to the charge, the deuce take me, quoth he!

Say, what do these dwarfs, sitting gorgeously there,  
 On seats built so lofty with rivets of gold!  
 With foreheads anointed, and tyrannous air,  
 These heads of your ant-hill, the pismires, I'm told,  
 Declare that I bless both their rights and their race,  
 And that on your globe they are kings by my grace!  
 But, if they rule over the land and the sea  
 By a sanction of mine, the deuce take me, quoth he!

I feed other dwarfs of a sable costume;  
 But the stink of their incense my nostrils disclaim:  
 They make of existence a pain, and presume  
 To launch their anathemas forth in my name,  
 In sermons, considered and quoted as fine—  
 But Hebrew to poor comprehensions like mine.  
 If I know these fanatics' proceedings, or see  
 What they drive at at all, the deuce take me, quoth he!

My children, pray ask me for nought: be content.  
 The hearts of the good evermore are my choice.  
 Apprehend not again that a Deluge be sent  
 While ye love as ye live, and in loving rejoice.  
 Go, scorn your patricians, your pharisees scout;—  
 But adieu; 'tis reported that spies are about:<sup>\*</sup>  
 If for wretches like these I turn ever a key  
 In the doors of the skies, the deuce take me, quoth he!

Can any thing be more excoriating      you hear sounding in every one of the  
 and merciless than the scourge which      following stanzas?

#### THE RELICS.

To kiss the public shrine, last week,  
 Of a great parish saint I went.  
 "Dost wish to hear his reverence speak?"  
 An old man says; and I assent.  
 He makes his signs against the skies;  
 I mark his doings with a stare:—  
 When lo! the Saint appears and cries,  
 With a rude tone, and ruffian air:  
 Approach, ye pious devotees,  
 And kiss my relics, on your knees!

And then the bony spectre grins  
 And holds his sides with frenzied glee.

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\* This alludes to the system of espionage, maintained in the French police, by the government.

These many ages, for my sins  
 They've roasted me below, quoth he.  
 But, a great red-nosed priest, who prized  
 All saintly offerings and dues,  
 With ready cunning, canonized  
 A demon's bones for current use :  
 Approach, ye pious devotees,  
 And kiss my relics, on your knees !

I was a juggler in my time,  
 False witness, thief, and ribald knave.  
 Then, to enlarge my sphere of crime,  
 I was a feudal baron brave.  
 Inflamed by pillage, stern in ire,  
 I burned the churches, robbed the shrines,  
 And threw the saints into the fire ;  
 My friends, admire just Heaven's designs !  
 Approach, ye pious devotees,  
 And kiss my relics, on your knees !

Pray, kiss her Sunday saint-ship here,  
 Beneath the velvet canopy ;  
 She was a Jewish girl, my dear,  
 With rosy cheek and raven eye ;  
 Thanks to the graces of the dame,  
 Ten prelates died mere heretics ;  
 Ten monks were treated much the same ;  
 Well has she won her waxen wicks !  
 Approach, ye pious devotees,  
 And kiss my relics, on your knees !

Near hers, pray, mark this narrow skull—  
 Saint of another species still ;  
 He, from a burglar, rather dull,  
 Became a headsman full of skill.  
 Our kings, at times, for royal mirth,  
 Employed him on their public days.  
 In sooth, to him I owe on earth  
 A martyr's punishment and praise.  
 Approach, ye pious devotees,  
 And kiss my relics, on your knees !

Thus named their patron-saints, 'tis ours—  
 Our skinless bones exposed with care—  
 To draw the people's cash in showers ;  
 Our highest miracle is there !  
 Hark ! Sathan calls ! I may not stay ;  
 Adieu, my friends ; *vobiscum par!*  
 He sinks : soon on the shrine they lay  
 Another golden crucifix !  
 Approach, ye pious devotees,  
 And kiss the relics, on your knees !

Beranger was no admirer of the policy of Napoleon during the latter years of his government. Yet, in spite of his better judgment, we find him always recurring, with something of the military pride which forms such

a portion of the French national character, to the Emperor, and the period of those victories which enabled France, directed by his energetic genius, to trample upon the prowess of the overcrowded continent. This is shown in



the song, "Popular Recollections," pages. As one of the *vieux braves* of which has already appeared in these the empire, he sings

THE OLD STANDARD.

Around me sit my comrades old,  
While memory to the wine-cup warms,  
And many a stirring tale is told  
Of our departed days in arms.  
Here in my cot I keep at last  
The banner of our battles past.  
When shall it from the dust be free  
That dims its noble colours three?

'Tis hid beneath the lowly bed,  
Where poor and maimed at night I lie—  
That which for twenty years still sped  
From victory to victory;  
When, crowned with laurels and with flowers,  
It past o'er Europe's haughtiest towers.  
When shall it from the dust be free  
That dims its noble colours three?

That glorious banner could repay  
The blood that round it flowed in France;  
Our youth, in Freedom's happier day,  
Sported with its redoubted lance.  
Still let it show the despots how  
Glory is all plebeian now!  
When shall it from the dust be free  
That dims its noble colours three?

Its Eagle mourns a hopeless fall,  
Worn by a flight so wild and far:  
Up with the Cock of ancient Gaul,  
To guide the fiery bolts of war,  
By France received to be, as once,  
The signal flag of Freedom's sons!  
When shall it from the dust be free  
That dims its noble colours three?

It soon shall guard the rights of men,  
Tired of the stunning march of war.  
Each Frenchman was a citizen  
Once, in its right, beside the Loire.  
Still our sole hope to shield and save,  
O'er all our frontiers let it wave!  
When shall it from the dust be free  
That dims its noble colours three?

There, near my long-worn arms it lies—  
An instant—friend of former years!  
Come, press my heart and glad my eyes,  
And staunch a veteran's falling tears!  
Oh! well I know kind Heaven will ne'er  
Reject a weeping soldier's prayer.  
Yes, from the dust behold it free  
That dimmed its noble colours three!



The first planting of the vine in France has been fancied with a great deal of felicity.

## BRENNUS.

Said Brennus the Brave to his valorous Gauls :  
 Let us blazon a triumph, the greatest of mine :  
 From the fields of old Rome by her Capitol's walls,  
 I have brought—my best trophy—a root of the vine :  
 Oh, the vine ! be it ever the bond and the crown  
 Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown !

Deprived of its bountiful juice we have fought,  
 And conquered to quaff its red gushing afar.  
 Be its tendrils for ever our coronals, wrought  
 To grace the bold brows of the victors in war.  
 Oh, the vine ! be it ever the bond and the crown  
 Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown !

The fame of our gay purple vintage shall run  
 Thro' all climates—the wish and the envy of earth :  
 In its nectar, imbued with the soul of the Sun,  
 The arts shall be meetly baptized in their birth.  
 Oh, the vine ! be it ever the bond and the crown  
 Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown !

All lands shall yet bless the bright bounty of ours,  
 When a thousand tall vessels with canvas unfurled—  
 Their freight shall be wine and their flags shall be flowers—  
 Still waft the gay bliss to the hearths of the world !  
 Oh, the vine ! be it ever the bond and the crown  
 Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown !

Ye fair ones ! dear beautiful despots, whose zeal  
 Prepares the strong arms of our conquering bands,  
 Pour its juice in our wounds, that our warriors may feel  
 One more, softer balm from your delicate hands.  
 Oh, the vine ! be it ever the bond and the crown  
 Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown !

Let union be with us ; and then shall we show  
 To our neighbours around us, when peril's at hand,  
 That we need but the poles of our vines to o'erthrow,  
 Should they touch but our frontiers, the foes of our land.  
 Oh, the vine ! be it ever the bond and the crown  
 Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown !

Gay Wine-god ! we hail thee our guardian and guest ;  
 Be thy presence propitious to prosper our clime.  
 Let an exile one day from his pilgrimage rest,  
 And forget at our banquets his home for a time !  
 Oh, the vine ! be it ever the bond and the crown  
 Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown !

Then Brennus addresses a vow to the skies,  
 And, piercing the ground with the steel of his lance,  
 Plants the Vine while his warriors, with rapturous eyes,  
 Behold, thro' Time's vista, the glories of France.  
 Oh, the vine ! be it ever the bond and the crown  
 Of the bright Arts, and Honour, and Love, and Renown !

In the next lyric we have a lively exposition of the poet's moral philosophy. Simple in his tastes and habits, and with the mind of a genuine Epicurean of the primitive stamp, he never cared to disturb the flow of his pleasures by

any envy of the gratifications or distinctions which wealth or power could give. With a self-consoling estimate of their true value, he lived poor and content.

#### THE INDEPENDENT MAN.

Respect my independent mind,  
Ye slaves to vain pretension!  
In Poverty's low vale I find  
Fair Freedom's modest mansion.  
Judge, by my song, how boldly strong  
Is o'er me her ascendant.  
Lizette alone may smile when I  
Declare I'm independent.

Here through society I stray  
Most like a simple savage,  
With but my bow and bosom gay  
To war with tyrants' ravage.  
In satire's guise, my arrow flies,  
Still in the strife defendant;  
Lizette alone may smile when I  
Declare I'm independent.

We scorn the Louvre's flatterers—those  
Crouched menials, self-appointed  
To serve that Inn whose gates unclosed  
Alone for guests Anointed.  
With lyre in hand but fools would stand  
Before those gates attendant:  
Lizette alone may smile when I  
Declare I'm independent!

Power is a burden, sooth to say:  
A king's dull pomp I pity:  
He holds the captive's chain; but they  
Are merrier and more witty.  
A ruler's lot I never sought;  
For this be Love respondent:  
Lizette alone may smile when I  
Declare I'm independent.

At peace with Fate I hold my way  
And lightly laugh at sorrow,  
Rich in my daily bread to-day,  
And good hope of to-morrow.  
At eve's approach I seek my couch,  
And gaily make an end on't;  
Lizette alone may smile when I  
Declare I'm independent.

But soft! Lizette, in all her charms,  
Comes with a face of crime in,  
And fondly, o'er my loving arms,  
Would fling the chains of Hymen.

'Tis thus, methinks, an empire sinks !<sup>\*</sup>  
 No, no, my dear, depend on't ;  
 Still keep the right to smile when I  
 Declare I'm independent.

The "Letter" is an interesting song, for its impressive general moral ; for the similarity of fate, in particular, which a few years effected for the young princes who are the subjects of it—leaving the more fortunate of them an exile like his kinsman from native land and regal inheritance,—and, more intimately, for the present sojourn in England of this very little Duke addressed by his cousin the King of

Rome. Fêted in the baronial halls of England with the hospitality due to a stranger and to misfortune, and surrounded by many of his distinguished countrymen, does he look with an eye of expectation to the heritage of the little "County Paris?" Perhaps he puts faith in another Restoration! Young Napoleon is supposed to write to the infant Duc de Bordeaux.

A LITTLE KING TO A LITTLE DUKE.

All health, little cousin ! from banishment here  
 I have dared send this letter to you :  
 Good fortune has smiled on thy dawning career,  
 And at thy nativity too.  
 And bright were my own natal moments ; how much  
 Let France and the universe say.  
 The monarchs, adoring, surrounded my couch,  
 Yet I'm at Vienna to-day.

Your makers of verses with odes and with songs,  
 Have rocked my young cradle ; for, these  
 Are found like confectioners, ever in throngs  
 Where Baptism dispenses its fees.  
 The commonest liquid, dear cousin, was thine  
 To sprinkle thy christianized clay,  
 While mine was of Jordan's old river divine ;  
 Yet I'm at Vienna to-day.

The judges corrupt and degraded grandes  
 Who prophesy wonders of thee,  
 By my cradle predicted aloud that the Bees  
 Should prey on the Lilies for me.†  
 The noble detractors who doubt or decry  
 The worth of aught popular—they  
 Once flattered my nurse !—but my star is gone by,  
 And I'm at Vienna to-day.

(Of the leaves of the laurel my cradle was made,  
 But merely of purple thine own ;  
 With sceptres as baubles my infancy played—  
 My childish tiara, a crown.  
 Oh, head-dress unlucky, since fatal mischance  
 Took thine, O St. Peter, away !  
 But still with my cause were the prelates of France :  
 Yet I'm at Vienna to-day.

\* Napoleon's marriage with an Austrian archduchess was considered an event of evil omen for the fate of his empire.

† The bees were the cognizance of the Bonaparte family ; the lilies of the House of Bourbon.

For the marshals, they never, if I do not err,  
 Will render illustrious thy banner :  
 To the strings of the Bourbon they surely prefer  
 The Star of the Legion of Honour.  
 My Sire on their noble devotion relied  
 For the grandeur and strength of our sway :  
 Of course all their pledges could ne'er be belied ;  
 Yet I'm at Vienna to-day.

Shouldst thou near a throne have thy prosperous days ;  
 Should mine be a lowly estate ;  
 Rebuke the base parasites' incense and praise,  
 And point to my birth and my fate ;  
 And say : my poor kinsman has taught me to fear  
 That my fortunes like his should betray ;  
 You promised him love and fidelity here ;  
 Yet he's at Vienna to-day.

#### THE PRESENT STATE, INFLUENCE, AND PROSPECTS OF ART.

It is with considerable pleasure we watch the steady, if slow progress of a more general diffusion of taste for the fine arts in this country. Within the last few years a new impulse has been given to the public mind in this direction, and a lively interest awakened for the possession of works of art, which if encouraged, in a wise and enlightened spirit, will become a pure and productive element of national improvement.

Art unions have contributed to give this impulse in no small degree, and by the distribution of interesting and well-executed engravings, have introduced into the homes of the middle classes, new sources of pure and refined enjoyment, and awakened a new sense by which they may be relished. The benefit thus conferred should not be overlooked by those, who, as lovers of true art, must regret the commercial character these societies have in some places assumed.

This circumstance is especially to be regretted, as we cannot look for much improvement in public feeling, respecting the true dignity of art while her productions are made an object of mercantile speculation ; and it

becomes the duty of all who are blest with a just appreciation of her ennobling qualities to guard against the effects of this deteriorating principle, by demonstrating earnestly and zealously the true aim and elevated tendency of high art. We would not be understood to depreciate in the slightest degree what has been effected by art unions. Every attempt to impart a love of the beautiful is a step to a higher civilisation ; every effort to cultivate a pure and perfect taste, is an extension of the means of happiness to mankind ; and we confess it would have been difficult by any other means to have created so strong an interest in the diffusion of works of art as exists at present. This point has been gained ; the next—a still more important one—is to raise the standard of public taste. For it is not enough that we desire to possess works of art—we must learn what class of art is conducive to the highest *moral* improvement, what constitutes the best and purest taste, by what means our natural feeling for beauty may be made to promote the higher interests of our nature. These objects can only be effected by an enlarged and careful

\* This refers to the defection of the marshals.



study of art, in the widest signification of the term—by the growth of a better system of ideas respecting her influence and capabilities. It appears to us, however, that both are misapprehended by many who rank amongst her warm admirers. They look upon art as a sacred reminiscence of the past, admit her power to refine the taste, please the eye, adorn our homes, confer a grace on luxury; but of the great moral effects she is capable of producing, of her power to address our best and noblest faculties, and as a manifestation of the divine light within us, we hear nothing. To encourage the productions of art for public benefit, that is, to incite public feeling to great and noble thoughts, to give her efforts a consistent definite direction, to look with an eye of hope to her future development in some new path—of all this there appears no thought, no sign. Neither is the positive utility of cultivating a taste for the beautiful recognised, as we should expect, in a country remarkable as Great Britain for the utilitarian tendency of its efforts—for, it has been observed at all times, when the grandest style of design has prevailed, and particularly when the human figure has been most carefully studied, that the taste thus acquired has also shed its influence on every kind of manufacture. The cold and cheerless views above stated, are scarcely less detrimental to the best interests of art, than her identification in the minds of others with mere luxury and sensualism. Both errors act injuriously upon the artist and the public; on the first as a bitter discouragement to all his best efforts; on the last, by lessening our reverence for the beautiful and true, which is the essence of all art. Practical men look upon the results of the artist's labour as the mechanical production of a skilful hand, and have no perception of the inner life and spirit which in this form give utterance to the purest emotions of the heart and the loftiest conceptions of the imagination; as little can they comprehend that labours such as these, are a crown of glory on a nation's brow.

It is true that all are not equally alive to the impressions of beauty, either in sound or form; but none are so wholly divested of that sympathy with the external world, on which all art is grounded—none so devoid of the common instincts of our nature, as to be blind to the presence of the quickening spirit, which lives and breathes in every work of the Creator. And it is the manifestation of this quickening spirit which we call beauty, that is the *one* and highest aim of *true* art. Unfettered by the various accidents which, in nature, frequently render the expression of the beautiful a subordinate aim, it is the peculiar privilege of art to reveal it to our eyes in the most perfect form.

This form, however, is not to be found in a mere imitation of common nature, but in that ideal only, in the conception of which the genius of the artist becomes a creative principle, and by which he raises art to a higher and more perfect nature. It is a want of perception of this high and undying mission of art, and of a recognition of the intimate relation and harmony which exist between goodness and beauty, that we regret in those whose natural sensibility and judgment enable them to receive pleasure from the exercise of taste, and from the productions of the highest art. If "*perfect taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those sources which God originally intended should give us pleasure, and which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection,*"\* we cannot believe, however changed may be the language in which it is embodied, that this precious faculty is less a principle of *our* nature, or less closely entwined with every emotion of *our* souls, than in those who have gone before us.

But while we earnestly long for the birth of juster perceptions of the wide range and inexhausted powers of *high* art, we do not mean to assert that there is no improvement or pleasure to be drawn from its less exalted forms also. The true imitation of individual nature is a source of real pleasure, because associated with some of

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\* "*Modern Painters*;" by a graduate of Oxford. A work recently published, distinguished by an enlightened style of criticism, new to English readers, and by the profound observation of nature and knowledge of art, displayed by the author.

the kindest feelings and affections of which mankind is susceptible. It is good, therefore, as far as it goes. But it does not follow that a taste for this class of art is as good and desirable as that which exercises the highest faculties of our nature, addresses itself to our best affections, demands the quickest sensibility and most comprehensive habits of observation. And we know that "ideas of beauty which are among the noblest that can be presented to the human mind, invariably exalt and purify it according to their degree."

We have now to trace the chilling influence of a low standard of public taste and feeling for true art upon the mind and energy of the artist. Born as we are with an inextinguishable thirst for sympathy, the artist naturally finds the most persuasive excitement to his best efforts, in the public appreciation of his labours, and in the public recognition of their utility, as a means to a great end. The voice of enlightened and discerning criticism only, can re-assure the self-distrust that invariably clings to true genius, and too surely throws its cold shade upon the mind, when the exciting moment of inspiration has passed away. The tribute of affection may gladden, the loving glance of ever-ready sympathy revive the anxious spirit; but it is only the judgment of a circle beyond that which immediately encloses him, that can satisfy the doubts of the artist or on which he will allow himself to depend for a just and impartial estimate. But to be faithful to his important vocation, the critic must himself possess a spark of the spirit which animates the artist, must have tasted at least of the same pure spring whence his inspiration has been drawn. He must have a soul to discern *the thought* which irradiates the artist's work, to comprehend the emotion which has impelled him to pour forth the rich treasures of his heart and soul, and appreciate those delicate touches of ineffable beauty which stamp upon it the impress of mind and feeling. Enlightened criticism stands like an interpreter between the artist and the public, and by the light it diffuses, guides and directs the nation in the exercise of its judgment. Unhappily amongst us, the teachers themselves require to be taught, and have yet to

learn the real dignity of art—the high purposes to which her works should be applied—that they are to be encouraged as incentives to great and virtuous efforts in the public mind, and be received as an emanation of that spirit which vivifies every work of nature.

The artist of our day has therefore but little encouragement in the knowledge and sympathy of his critics, or in the refinement of public taste. He knows that his best and noblest aspirations find no echo in the public mind, and, while taxing his energies to meet the stern realities of life, he is forced to yield to the capricious dictates of ignorance and fashion, to allow the deep under-current of his feelings to pass idly by, and to check the overflow which in happier times would pour forth with a rich and fertilizing power.

It was not thus with the poet-artist of Greece, or the earnest hearts of the middle ages. In both these eras, it is true, that religion was the mother of art, that she cradled her offspring with all a mother's love, and consecrated her to the noblest purposes. But it was the voice of the people that called forth the highest energy of the artist; and he, in responding to their call, found his best means of success in his warm sympathy with those to whose pious and patriotic feelings he gave expression.

In all times when art has held her legitimate position, this influence has been reciprocal. And though it is in solitude and self-communion, that the deep and earnest spirit of the artist penetrates the sublime mysteries of nature, and successfully invokes art to yield up her secrets to his researches, it is the sympathy of his fellow-men which fans the genial fire within him—it is in benefitting them he finds his noblest reward and triumph.

In these two great eras the interests of art, and the feelings of the artist, were inseparably blended with those of the public, and to this perfect unity we are indebted for the lofty ideal of the Greeks, and the profound and touching piety which distinguished the Christian art of the middle-ages; both reflected the poetic spirit which animated the people generally, and the artist was truly, and in the best sense, "the son of his age."

Let us then turn to these great masterworks, and by studying the principles on which their perfection is grounded, seek the only true means to renovate art, and by making the public familiar with a standard of pure style, create a thirst for what is really good and elevated. It is to be regretted, that hitherto the advantages to be derived from a study of the works of the great masters of Greece have been confined to the comparatively few who are in circumstances to seek them from home; still more is it to be regretted that those who are really anxious to encourage the study of art, should apprehend that in holding up these monuments of pure art for constant study and example we run the risk of becoming mere servile imitators of antiquity.

But this opinion is not only in direct opposition to all the highest authorities, but evidences an indistinct perception of the principles on which the Greek style was founded, and a forgetfulness of the circumstances, which gave such vital energy to those principles. "Study," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great works of the great masters *for ever*.—Study nature attentively; but *always* with those masters in your company. Consider them as models which have approved themselves to all persons, to all times, and as the highest and purest manifestations of art."

"Style," says Howard, "is nature rectified by her own permanent standard, and restored to her original perfection—as often as we observe in nature, beauty and grandeur of form, we shall invariably find them in unison with the system of the Greeks which the student should labour thoroughly to acquire, that he may know how to study from casual models without being misled." In truth the best schools of Greece took nature herself for their model, nature developed by education to the highest perfection. The public games attended by all classes, afforded them an opportunity of seeing the human form in every varied attitude of movement and repose. And while the spectators acquired the knowledge which enabled them to appreciate the works of the artist, *he* learned those wondrous combinations which he afterwards produced in forms of such per-

fect ideal beauty. Religion too lent her aid to make his works sacred in the eyes of the people—and as they were at once the embodied representations of the divinities of his country, and the living records of the great deeds of his countrymen, and thus he was stimulated to gain distinction, by the ennobling thought that he was identified with the highest interests of his country, and laboured "not to please a patron, but to improve a people."

Should we then fear the result of the closest study of works produced under circumstances such as these; works which are the eloquent expressions of the deepest feelings of the human soul—reverence for the Divine power, sympathy with the virtue of man? What sentence should we pass upon a poet, who should shut his eyes upon the great book of nature opened to him by the deep-searching hearts of Shakspeare and of Milton? In truth it is only by knowing familiarly the paths that have been trodden before us, that we can hope to strike out those unfrequented ways which we need not fear to exhaust in the wide realm of nature.

But the groundless nature of this apprehension is, we hope, ere long to be proved by experience, as we hear with unalloyed satisfaction, of a projected plan of a Gallery of Casts in this city. A desire for collections of a monumental character is the best earnest of an increasing love of the fine arts, and in its gratification we hail the best means of diffusing a knowledge of true art. Casts being the faithful transcripts of their great originals, the utility of a collection to the student—(we do not limit the term to artists)—cannot be too highly estimated. The beautiful forms of ancient mythology stimulate the fancy and awaken a thousand interesting associations, which to men of education enhance their beauty and sublimity, and gradually reveal to them what is really great in art, and how intimately she is connected with all that they love and reverence. This conviction is communicated from them to minds of a lower order, till it gradually spreads to a still wider circle, and is finally received by all. To the artist the facility of studying these immortal works, whose greatness and perfection he

perhaps can fully appreciate, a thousand sources of imagery beauty, and affords an inexhaustible field for the exercise of his imagination. The hope, too, that his works are given to a public, who, in acquiring knowledge, have become competent to appreciate them, will stimulate his energy, and exercise a vivifying influence on his heart and power.

We would therefore urge upon all lovers of true art to show their gratitude to the originators of this noble undertaking, by aiding, with purse and hand, in the good work. Especially would we solicit the assistance of our countrywomen, and we have heard much of late of woman's too-confined sphere of action—may we be allowed to ask where we can find a more graceful one in encouraging a love of the fine arts—how turn her gentle influence to a nobler and better purpose, than by setting an example in herself of a deep reverence for all that is beautiful and good; by nourishing every bud and root of genuine feeling, and by welcoming every pure impulse for the im-

provement of her fellow beings. A few of her leisure hours can scarce be better employed, than in gaining a knowledge of art in its highest significance, and penetrating into that ideal world, whose hope it has been well said, is never clouded by despondency; whose faith is never troubled by despair.

In conclusion, our best wishes attend the successful accomplishment of this measure; we see in it a present earnest of national improvement, and an important step towards removing the difficulties which have hitherto retarded the advancement of art in this country.

We look with "the prophetic eye of taste" from this sure foundation of a true knowledge of art, to a new development of her powers—springing from those deep sources of feeling common to all mankind; from the love and admiration of the beautiful and good implanted in every human heart—and forming in every human soul the connecting link between our divine and earthly nature.

#### A BEvy OF LITTLE BOOKS.

ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES—ETIQUETTE FOR GENTLEMEN—THE ART OF CONVERSATION—

WHIST: ITS HISTORY AND PRACTICE, &c.

There never was an age—we say it modestly—we hope, not boastfully—characterised by the all-sufficiency of intellectual development, as the age we live in. Scientific Institutions, British Associations, Mechanics' Institutes, Societies for Useful Knowledge, Penny Cyclopedias—fall in numbers over the land. There are Gentlemen's Magazines, and Ladies' Magazines—tracts upon every subject—pamphlets on every topic that amuse or agitate the public mind; in fact, there is no condition of mind—or, indeed, any passing mood of any nature, that has not its peculiar literature, addressed to its immediate wants of "grave or gay"—of "lively or serene." Every shade of political

opinion has its representative; Old Tory, and "New England," conservative and chartist—monopolist or free-trader—radical, federalist, or repealer—each has its printed standard of opinion, his "profession of faith," on a broad stamped sheet, written with various degrees of ability, and with some small exceptions, about the same measure of honesty and integrity. Information of every kind; instruction on every topic, pour hourly from the press. From the parallax of a star, to the constituents of a plum-pudding—from double equations to "Etiquette for Ladies,"—the whole is within the reach of every one, and he who runs may read.

A high order of mind, and an ex-

tended power of intellect, may be necessary to follow science in its loftier flights; much time and much labour are essential to the mastering of difficult and abstruse theories, and to the comprehension of involved and intricate statements, but for the ordinary subjects which occupy the daily mind, no such powers are required. Moderate attention and common-place faculties will accomplish all that is needed, and if a man cannot hope to be a Herschel or a Humboldt—a Cuvier or a Faraday—he may at least be assured of acquiring all those gifts and graces, which adorn society, at the smallest expenditure of his time and his money.

The little works whose titles we have appended to this paper, form an admirable illustration of the wants of the age. Time was, when people, by conforming to the habits of those about them, grew up insensibly to the practice of those social usages, they found in their own class of life; the son of the peer, and the son of the peasant, were each led into that track which befitted their station, by the instinct of circumstance, and needed not the aid of any printed directions for their government and guidance. Not so now. Thank heaven! we have grown wiser than our ancestors, and to supply the accomplishments, which want of opportunity may have denied us, we have a host of little volumes, “elegantly printed” and “illustrated,” devoted to our especial use. Not only are all the observances of society, within doors and without, axiomised for our benefit, but we have aphorisms upon all the details of dressing, dining, dancing, and duelling—for even this latter, strange to say, is enumerated among the subjects of “etiquette.” We have directions for behaviour, and “hints for conversation,” so admirably adapted to each class and condition of life, that, should society only avail itself to the utmost of these blessings, a solecism in good breeding will be as rare in the world, as once it was, unfortunately, the reverse.

The authors of these volumes may, indeed, be reckoned among the benefactors of mankind; he who propagates the habits of civilised life among the islanders of Tahiti, or Tonga, is, in our estimation, effecting a far infe-

rior service, to him, whose labours are nearer home, who, venturing boldly to attack the prejudices of his fellow men, dictates a new code of manners and conduct to some, or more hazarously still, ventures to reiterate those well-known truths, which others are unjust enough to depreciate from knowing. But, why indulge in further preface? Our lengthened peroration is, for aught we know, a grave breach of “etiquette,” and may call forth the chastisement of our author in some future nineteenth edition. And now, to begin:—

“The Gentleman’s Pocket-Book of Etiquette, by Arthur Freeling.”—The volume sets out with the following axiom:—“Always seek the society of those above yourself, and if you cannot from your station obtain entrance to the best company, aim as near to it as your opportunities will permit.” To the first clause of the sentence we give our hearty concurrence; captious people will talk to you of tuft-hunting or toad-eating,—never mind them—a lord is a lord; and the effect of occasionally being seen with one will even subdue the critics, so disposed to censure you. As to the second part,—“that, if you cannot obtain admittance to the best company, you are to aim as near to it as your opportunities will permit,” we confess ourselves a little at fault, and do not exactly comprehend our author’s meaning. Does he, in this passage, favour that practice we occasionally witness in large cities, when a group of persons in the street stand in patient admiration of the people in the drawing-room, while some more aspiring disciple of “etiquette,” takes a view of the company, from the lamp post? Is this being “as near to it as your opportunities will admit?”—And is it, “thus aspiring, you may ultimately reach the best?”

If we are right in our conjecture, the recommendation has at least the merit of novelty, and it is the first time we ever heard that the rails of the area, or the window-sill of the dinner room, were equivalent to an introduction.

“Let your manners,” says he, “be marked by a perfect confidence.” Of a truth, if you were to follow such practices as he already recommends, we agree with him perfectly—a timorous or bashful man would cut a most



unhappy figure in such situations, not to speak of the danger he would incur from the police.

After some very sensible cautions on the subject of giving letters of introduction, he remarks that in presenting people to each other, you should be careful to introduce the lower to the person in the higher rank—an admirable rule, but which, unhappily, pre-supposes a degree of knowledge not always attainable—how, for instance, should a man act in introducing to each other the editors of two Repeal papers?

We follow our author to his chapter on morning calls, in which the following excellent advice is given—“In paying visits of ceremony, do not leave your hat in the hall, take it with you into the room; and, except under particular circumstances, do not remain more than a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes. When any visitor leaves the room, ring the bell for a servant to be in attendance, and open the street door, but if you wish to show any person particular attention, and are not occupied with other company, it would be a great mark of deference for you to attend him half way down stairs, after having secured the attendance of the servant at the door; this would, of course, only be done in *extreme* cases,” &c.

Here again, we go the whole way with our author, only thinking that under the circumstances he has mentioned, he has put the limits of the visit even too far; for if, as he enjoins, “you are to ring the bell whenever any visitor leaves the room, and accompany him half way down stairs,” we deem fifteen minutes of this quite enough for any disciple of “etiquette.” We don’t enter into the abstruse question of the “order of going,” nor who is to ring first; perhaps, as at bar messes, the junior acts as fag. This will, doubtless, be explained in another edition, and we now pass to the consideration of the second clause, wherein, as a mark of deference, you are told, to proceed half way down stairs; this, we regret to say, is far too loose, and inaccurate, for such an emergency. Suppose, for instance, you inhabit the ground floor—the “*rez de chaussée*”—are you to accompany your friend to the basement story, and see him out through the kitchen, or scullery—

this, would pushing to attention, in “*extreme* cases,” rather too far.

Again, we are told that a certain discretion is necessary as to the time of visiting—you should not call upon a person at three o’clock, if you are aware he dines at that hour. Here, we join issue with our author at once; the only possible reason we can see for visiting any man with such antediluvian habits, being the fact, that *his* dinner, may serve for *your* luncheon, for of course we need not say, no scruple is necessary in intruding on any man guilty of such a practice; our fear on such occasion would be much more on the score of the “*cuisine*,” than the convenience of such a Calmuc.

“If, however, on paying a visit, you are introduced to a room in which a part of the family are assembled, to whom you are unknown, at once announce your name, and the individual to whom your visit was intended; this,” quoth he, “will prevent much awkwardness on both sides.”

We very much doubt the “*rationale*” of this practice; we picture to ourselves a dashing guardsman, bent on giving a plausible reason for a morning call, to some people, with whose friends, only, he may have intimacy, coolly saying—“I am Mr. Forester, of the Coldstreams, come, to look after the governess!” How this is to “prevent awkwardness on both sides,” we cannot possibly see.

It is at the dinner table, however, he shines, and if there were a little less ambiguity in his expressions we might derive great benefit from his suggestions. “A gentleman,” we are told, “should sit on each side of the hostess.” This, to say the least of it, is a singular axiom, for how any one gentleman is to accomplish the feat, without the lady sits in his lap, we can’t clearly comprehend, and even then, the position would be totally inapplicable to the purposes intended, for we are told, “the reason is, that some popular or prominent dish is usually placed at the head of the table, which the hostess will need assistance in carving.” By what legerdemain a man so placed can cut up a turkey, or even slice a haunch, is beyond our conception, and we only pray, that if we should ever be so situated, neither



"Phiz" nor George Cruikshank may be there to see.

"Use a silver fork, in eating fish!!!" In the name of every thing not Hottentot, when should you use any other—except in hay-making, if you be partial to that pursuit?

The claims of other branches of "etiquette" compel us, unhappily, to pass over many admirable suggestions in this excellent little volume: such, for instance, as the caution against defending a friend, should you hear him attacked in society, and we must close our brief remarks with one solitary quotation.

"Many persons"—it is Freeling, "loquitor"—"have a foolish habit of drumming on the table with their fingers, or on the floor with their feet, significantly termed—the devil's tattoo; this is as often the result of absorption of mind as of vacancy of intellect."

To our thinking, there might be another explanation of the practice, and we half fear that our author, in conducting his friend down stairs, has gone the whole way, and turned into the servants' hall for an illustration. In conclusion, he expresses a hope that his work may be an amusing companion;—a wish which, as far as regards ourselves, we beg to assure him, is perfectly realised.

The "Etiquette for Ladies," we must dismiss with little comment; for it is merely the adaptation of the maxims in the preceding volume, to the circumstances of the softer sex; save that we find in the volume devoted to them, that Champagne, Burgundy, and Hock, are discussed, with their relative times of appearance, when, in our ignorance, we seemed, these things more pertaining to the dinner than the drawing-room. Nor are we aware of any peculiar principles of etiquette adapted to the fair, unless some of the following may be deemed such.

"Ladies, with long thin arms, may remove their unpleasant effect, by wearing *over* their dress, sleeves of gauze, crape, or lace, fitting close at the wrist, and secured by rich bracelets.

"Eschew, as you would evil, these clumsy appendages, termed mud boots: they must have been the contrivance of some gouty dowager, and for such only are they allowable."

And again—

"Frills and necklaces relieve a long

neck; but short-necked ladies should avoid every thing that served to contrast the distance between the shoulder and the chin."

Are these, then, precepts of Etiquette? Or, are they not the counsels of a *marchande des modes*, and such unhappily is the greater portion of the volume, in which we look in vain for the racy style and pleasant knowledge of life, so conspicuous in its twin brother. And now, discarding these minor deities, let us approach something more to our taste—the art of Conversation; and, before we go further, let us apologise to the author, Captain Orlando Sabertash, for classing him even, in the title, with such company. He is really a clever fellow, and writes with the easy off-hand freedom of a "beau Sabreur." All we know of him is, that he was a writer in "Fraser's Magazine," where his sketches on "manners and things in general," displayed a deal of smart and witty observation, with far more acquaintance with the world and its inhabitants, than falls to the lot of most magazine scribes.

After a little pleasant badinage on the merits of conversation as an art, he opens thus:—

"The tone and spirit of modern fashion are, we think, decidedly hostile to cheerful and interesting conversation. And though we may be told that fashion has tended to polish and refine manners, and to spread far and wide the elegant courtesy of deportment for which all persons of good breeding are distinguished; we must still demur to the proposition. Good manners result from knowledge, good sense, good feeling, and the habit of good society; whereas fashion cares not a straw for sense, feeling, or learning; and only lays down a rule of manners, which the initiated must acquire and act up to, and which prescribes at present a stiff, vapid, *blasé* kind of *hauteur*, totally inconsistent with healthy, sanguine, and elastic feeling, but which is easily acquired by all those who are destitute of the very qualities from which elegant and refined manners can alone spring. The exertions of fashion have always been directed towards the extinction of whatever is elevating in our nature. All generous enthusiasm, all chivalrous sentiments, are unfashionable. Even cheerfulness, good humour, and hilarity are banished from polite society, in order that the

dignity of fashionable persons may not be compromised by sympathising in the joys or the woes, in the pleasures or the sorrows of ordinary mortals.

"This is by far the worst part of fashionable training; for its effects tend to destroy or relax all the finer fibres of the heart—those that should receive and respond to the impressions produced by whatever is great, good, beautiful, or noble. It tends, for the same reason, to dry up the sources of imagination, which, when pure, bright, and sparkling, lead us to build fabrics of beauty, and temples of virtue and of happiness, even on the slenderest foundations. But fashion smiles at this. Instead of the free, open, frank, manly, and cheerful deportment, that should distinguish the conduct and bearing of man towards man, what do we find? Affectation, affectation, affectation! Towards persons of rank, men and women—I beg pardon—ladies and gentlemen I mean—are all smiles and urbanity: towards strangers, they are haughty and vapid exclusives; affecting airs of foolish grandeur, that give way to profound obsequiousness the moment they find they have been acting their little part before their superiors in fashionable notoriety.

"It is only in small coteries in which persons have been long shaken together, so to express myself; or when in high rank chance assembles parties above the influence of fashion and the *morgue aristocratique*, that British talents for society can be truly appreciated. Most of the splendid entertainments given in the season about town are little more than regular tributes paid for a certain station in society; or due acknowledgments for similar value received at the hands of others. Almack's and some of the best balls look almost like beauty *bazaars*, splendidly supplied, no doubt, where young ladies, after being well drilled in fashionable display, and rehearsed, as much as English ladies can be so rehearsed, from all the better feelings and affections of the heart, are regularly put up to market, like any ordinary commodity, or reduced to serve as mere bait to parental ambition."

Now, this is not only true—but it is truth, well and boldly enunciated. The vice of a poor and heartless code is admirably exposed, and the delinquents themselves laid open to the lash. The conversation of a modern dinner, not only is brought down to the low level of the meanest prosier present, but any endeavour to elevate its tone or exalt its spirit is denounced at

once as vulgarity. The topics which can be discussed are few and uninteresting; they have neither freshness nor variety, while the measure of capacity to which they are reduced, is of that calibre, that ensures the talker, as among the least informed of the company. Clever men and clever women retire within themselves, and retreat from the discussion of matters, where the most empty "*Fat*" is their equal, if not superior. Hence, the broken, unconnected sentences—the "hold disjointed chat," of what is termed good society, and the absence of every trait of flashing wit, happy illustration, or even shrewd remark, by which it is characterized. It is a constant subject of regret among old people in Ireland, that the race of conversationalists is departed—that the brilliant talkers of former days—the Currans, the Bushes, the Plunkets, the Grattans, are no longer to be met with—that a prosaic spirit of wearisome common-places, has succeeded to those delightful meetings—where eloquence and poetry, polished scholarship, and sparkling wit, abounded—and where the distinguished ornaments of the bar and senate, achieved triumphs as great as ever they accomplished before the arena of public opinion. Let them not grieve over these things—better far for those bright spirits, that they disappeared from the earth, when the sun of their glory was but setting, and had not sank below the horizon. Better—a thousand times better, that they enjoyed to the last, the delightful communion of mutual tastes and sympathies; and lived not to hear their wit, their pleasantry, their choice repartee, their chastened wisdom regarded as so many solecisms in society; and know themselves pronounced beyond the pale of modern good breeding.

That we exaggerate nothing in this assertion, we could at once prove by referring to those, who confessedly are the most brilliant conversers of the day, and see, how they are estimated in what is called "society." Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst, the Reverend Sydney Smith, the wittiest men in England, are deemed bores! actually bores! by nine out of ten of your fashionable diners-out—the white neckcloth gentlemen, who lisp a sen-

tence between soup and fish, and accomplish a ten-year old truism before the dessert;—sneer at the concentrated wisdom, eloquence, and wit of the most gifted talkers in England.

We have descended—there is no mincing the matter—to the very lowest standard of imbecility and platitude; and there is only one hope for us, that the present generation of dinner eaters may die off, from pure ennui; and a healthier race succeed. But we have left our friend Sabertash too long in abeyance, and must return to him. The following short extract is much to our liking:—

“ Franklin says, that you must never contradict in conversation, nor correct facts, if wrongly stated. This is going much too far: you must never contradict in a short, direct, or positive tone; but with politeness, you may easily, when necessary, express a difference of opinion in a graceful and even complimentary manner. And I would almost say, that the art of conversation consists in knowing *how* to contradict, and *when* to be silent; for, as to constantly acting a fawning and meanly deferential part in society, it is offensive to all persons of good sense and good feeling. In regard to facts wrongly stated, no well-bred man ever thinks of correcting them, merely to show his wisdom in trifles; but with politeness, it is perfectly easy to rectify an error, when the nature of the conversation demands the explanation.

“ Whenever the lady or gentleman with whom you are discussing a point, whether of love, war, science, or politics, begins to sophisticate, drop the subject instantly. Your adversary either wants the ability to maintain his opinion, and then it would be uncivil to press it; or he wants the still more useful ability to yield the point with unaffected grace and good-humour; or what is also possible, his vanity is in some way engaged in defending views on which he may probably have acted, so that to demolish his opinions is perhaps to reprove his conduct, and no well-bred man goes into society for the purpose of sermonising.

“ All local wits, all those whose jests are understood only within the range of their own circle or coterie, are decided objectionables in general society. It is the height of ill-breeding, in fact, to converse, or jest on subjects that are not perfectly understood by the party at large: it is a species of rude mystification, as uncivil as whispering, or as specking in language that may not be familiar to some of the party. But you

must not make a fool of yourself, even if others show themselves deficient in good manners; and must not, like cockneys and inflated simpletons, fancy yourself the object of every idle jest you do not understand, or of every laugh that chance may have called forth. *Ladies and gentlemen* feel that they are neither laughed at nor ridiculed.”

Our author touches but slightly—and we are sorry for it—on the habit of inviting non-effectives—to dinner parties. It is not his intention—far from it—to banish from the social board, all whose conversational powers are not of a high order. Such a wish, had he even conceived it, would be impracticable; and, if practicable, unsuccessful. He only speaks of a class of “vapid coxcombs,” who actually are the bane of all dinner society—the drones in every hive one meets with.

Dinner giving—we grieve to say—is become like one of Bowring’s reciprocity treaties. You admit your friend’s salmon, that in turn he may receive your turbot. You eat of his haunch, because you feel, he will dine on your sirloin. He has ten old ladies in satin and turbans. You can pay him off next week, with their fat fac-similes. Happily our cookery takes the same narrow range as our conversation, and you may indemnify any inviter of your acquaintance, and not leave a balance of six-pence between you on either side. “And yet,” to quote a passage, whose application in our author is different:—

“ And yet how bountifully has Providence scattered the elements of brilliant happiness through all the ranks of British society; and how many advantages do we not possess over the best and most fortunate of our neighbours. What country can boast of any thing resembling the delightful parties that meet in summer at the country mansions of our principal gentry? These are the parties that prove what life can be: they are the pleasantest, perhaps, the world can show, and by far the most favourable to cheerful conversation; from which, indeed, they derive their principal charm. During such visits you throw the cares of the world entirely aside. The heart, soul, and mind expand under the genial influence of the ease, elegance, and comfort that surround you. You ride, drive, walk with the gay, the lovely, the accomplished; saunter about, chat-

ting the most incomprehensible nonsense, till it becomes wit by mere excess of extravagance, and general hilarity. You shoot, hunt, boat; read all the new publications to, or with, pretty women; discuss the merits of prints, pictures, and caricatures; and try the countenances of friends and acquaintances, by the drawings in the large edition of Lavater. At other times you are sentimental: you interpret the music of the autumnal breeze, as it rustles gently through the evening forest, or as it bows down the heads of the withering reeds that skirt the neighbouring lake. Then again, you explain the varied forms and figures that pass, in strange and fantastic shape, along the evening sky, when the sun gilds with his parting beams the clouds and cloudlets that, in a thousand thin, wild streaks, hurry after him, as if to inhale the last particles of dazzling light and glory. Ever varying and splendid is a northern sunset; whereas, in the south, it is always unbroken, beautiful, and always the same—*tonjours perdrix*: if you have once seen the 'god of day' rushing to his watery bed, in one 'unclouded blaze of living light,' you have seen it for a century.

"When you have a large party, the evenings may be dedicated to dances of all sorts and kinds; or you listen to music, for there are always some young girls who can play and sing; or else you collect into small groups and parties, and lounge in retired nooks of the library or drawing-room, talking over the adventures, and laughing at the misadventures of the day.

"If the evening is mild and warm, we stroll out upon the lawn; and then you may venture to talk even astronomy, if you can; for there is no science of which women seem so fond. The stars, their lustre, number, incalculable distance, the immensity of space required for their mighty orbits; for the orbits of those that move round countless suns, the very light of which has hardly reached our little planet, produce strange thoughts in female hearts. Women have more feeling than we have, their minds are more easily moved by whatever is great, glorious, and sublime; and when so elevated, they are more open to the impressions of *la belle passion*; which, with them, is always, in its origin, at least, of a pure and ennobling nature. I have generally observed, that during such astronomical lectures the pretty dears drew closer to me, and leaned more perceptibly upon my arm. One thing you must attend to, never let such evening lectures be premeditated: if you are asked to give a lecture on astronomy, or to interpret sun-set figures,

or to repeat, in fact, any foolery in which you may occasionally have succeeded, be sure to evade compliance in some careless and unaffected way or other. These exhibitions must always be unpremeditated, or the effect is sure to be lost. If people come to listen to you, they will be disappointed; many will go mechanically, because others are going; some will be thinking of different matters altogether; some whispering to their neighbours about yesterday's ball; some will make puns, and some cut jokes, at the expense of the sentimentalists; and your reputation is lost for ever. When you have a small party to yourself, two, three, or four, you can give to the conversation the turn that may best suit the disposition of the moment. You can talk in harmony with the 'clime, the time, the hour,' with the feelings that may predominate, or with those which you may have called forth. All these advantages fall away when you are set to perform a task. And it is dangerous in society to be a good singer, relater of anecdotes, or sayer of clever things; for you are often called upon to show off before the party at large, who are not in a mood for listening to you: by degrees you are voted a bore, and deprived of the advantages you might have reaped from your social abilities.

"I think ghost stories should not be allowed to go entirely out of fashion, for I have sometimes known them brought in with great effect. Care must of course be taken to make them short; for no one, unless a privileged talker, one who from wealth, rank, station, or reputation, is sure of being listened to, can indulge in long stories, whether good, bad, or indifferent. Ghost stories are also difficult to tell: the proper medium tone between the firm belief in the events related, and which might now seem a little out of date—and the levity of manner, displaying modern incredulity, certain to destroy the effect—is not easily caught. Nor will such tales of terror answer, unless when the feelings of the listeners are properly attuned to their reception.

"They are as much out of place in rides, drives, morning walks, as in brilliantly lighted ball-rooms and crowded assemblies; and though it may look like a recollection of old nursery tales to say so, they are only suited to evening circles round the fire, to retired library corners, and to times when buoying sparkling spirits have become exhausted—when the foam of the champagne has been swept away, but left the real body and flavour of the wine still unimpaired. Under such circumstances, you may summon up the spirits of the departed, and if you

are a skilful conjuror, they will sometimes appear. What I would call piebald stories, or stories commencing in grave and ghostly style, and ending in a mere jest or piece of idle foolery, thus throwing the feelings of the company entirely aback—are all, I think, as vile as piebald horses. I can safely say, at least, that I never heard one that was good, that was not absolutely vulgar in fact. As a general rule, I would recommend, however, that there should not be too much of mere imagination in your conversation; it too often produces only vain and puerile ideas, and calls to mind the old fable of the mouse and the mountain. On the other hand, the art of discoursing, of jesting pleasantly on trifling subjects, raising them to importance, and giving to airy nothings local habitations as well as names, is a very charming one; it shows taste, tact, politeness, and even invention, for it is the art of making a great deal out of nothing; but then how difficult! And how much tact and knowledge are required to talk pleasant nonsense; and to charm, flatter, and instruct, under the mere garb of extravagance."

His concluding chapter on flirtation, we forbear to quote from—not from any deficiency of interest in the subject, or that there is any want of ability in the treatment of it, but simply because it should be read, whole and entire. Flirtation is to ordinary conversation, what poetry is to prose, or rather a ballet, to an Irish jig. To reduce its practice to rules and maxims, would be absurd, and of this no one is more convinced than the gallant Captain Orlando himself; still he has contrived to environ his subject with so many little traits of human nature—so many shrewd remarks, and appropriate cautions, that we seriously advise its perusal, especially to all who have not yet crossed the "Line conjugal," and been bronzed in the tropics of matrimony.

Now that we are on the subject of "matters social," there is no reason in life, why we should not devote a line or two to one of the pleasant resources, the drawing-room provides, for passing an evening—we mean, a rubber. Here is a pretty little volume before us, illustrated by Kenny Meadows, in his very best style—full of witty allusions to the game, and

presenting under the guise of an instructor, a deal of very piquant drollery. Some of the definitions are very good, as for instance:—

"The Cut."—A process by which a deal of cards is commenced—and a deal of acquaintance is "terminated."

"Short Whist." "Whist—New Style."

As to the directions for playing the game, they are merely elementary, and only suited to tyros of six-penny points. We are among the first form boys, and despise such "rubbers made easy." One good remark deserves mention. "When playing with bad players, never divest your mind of the belief, that you have three antagonists." Had he added, "and your partner the worst of the three," the observation had been perfect. Strange it is—but the world abounds in clever, shrewd men, people of more than ordinary intelligence—who, with all their endeavours on the subject, cannot make themselves even moderately good whisters. Every one who has felt the boredom of one, such, in a party of four—will sympathise with my regrets; though they may not go the length of Talleyrand, who, in compassionating the unfortunate gentleman who never could learn the game, exclaimed, "Only think, *marquis*, what an unhappy old age you are laying up for yourself."

But such is the case. The majority of *soi disant* whist players are indictable as nuisances, and whether the practice be to worry the party with questions about every card and every trick, to trump their partners winning cards, or a revoke—are a bane to all lovers of the game.

One of the cleverest men of our acquaintance is a fearful offender, and though a barrister and whister of six years' standing, cannot ever acquire the manual part of the game, and alternately picks his trumps from the floor, or his coat pocket.

We intend on a future occasion to return to the whole subject we have now merely currently touched, taking for our text-book, that vast volume of brilliant humour and drollery—the "Physiologie du Gout."



## ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. F. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &amp;c. &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THERE was a long row of sheds at the far end of the town of Hull, open towards the Humber, and enclosed on three sides towards the town. A little patch of green lay on one side the city wall—on the other, between the sheds and the river, ran a small foot-path, and behind rose a good-looking dwelling of two stories high. With a quick but quiet step—unusually quiet, indeed—for he generally displayed his high opinion of himself in the elasticity of his toes—Captain Barecolt pursued the little path till he came in front of the sheds, and then paused, to reconnoitre the ground. He first looked into the open side of the buildings; but nothing did he see but sundry stockfish hanging up in rows by the tail, together with a heap of coals in one corner, and two large bales or packages covered with coarse canvas in another. He then looked over the Humber, where the sun was struggling with some misty clouds, gilding the sky, and glittering on the calm unruffled waters. There was nothing of great importance to be discovered on that side either, and the only object that seemed to attract the attention of the worthy captain was the top of a boat's mast, which rose over the bank between him and the river. As soon as he perceived it, however, he turned an ear in that direction, and thought he heard people speaking; upon which he advanced quietly to the top of the bank, and looked down. There was a man in the boat apparently about to push off, and another standing on the shore, giving him some directions; and the first sight of the latter showed our friend that he had not mistaken his way—for there he beheld the stout, tall, good-looking, elderly man, whom he had seen with Mrs. White, on the preceding evening.

His back was turned to Captain Barecolt, and as the latter stood waiting till the boat had pushed off, he heard him say, "Well! don't make a

noise about it. Do every thing aisily and quietly."

The man in the boat, however, at once caught a sight of the intruder upon their conversation, and pointed towards him with his hand, upon which Mr. Hugh O'Donnel turned quickly round, with an inquiring and somewhat stern expression; and then advanced straight up to Captain Barecolt, while the boat rowed away.

"Pray, sir, are you wanting me?" demanded Mr. O'Donnel, with a strong touch of that peculiar percussion of the breath, which has acquired—why or wherefore, who can tell?—the name of brogue, and regarding the captain with not the most amicable glance in the world.

"Yes! master O'Donnel," replied Barecolt, in good plain English, "I am wanting you; and, by your leave, we must have a little conversation together."

Hugh O'Donnel gazed at him with some surprise, for he recollected him well as the French officer, who had visited the sign of the Swan on the preceding evening; but he was a cautious man, notwithstanding his Milesian blood, long accustomed to deal with somewhat dangerous affairs, and well aware that the most indiscreet of all passions is surprise; and therefore, without appearing to recognize his visitor, he said, "If our conversation is to be at all long, sir, it had better be within doors than without."

"It may be long," replied Barecolt, drily, "and yet it cannot be very long, for I have not too much time to spare; but, whether long or short, it had better be where we can have no eavesdroppers, Mr. O'Donnel."

"Always better, sir," replied O'Donnel, "and so we will walk in."

Barecolt followed him to the house, where a clean and respectable old woman servant was seen sanding the floor of a parlour, the boards of which were scrubbed to a marvellous white-



ness; though the walls, to say the truth, were somewhat dingy, and a strong flavour of tobacco smoke rather detracted from the purity of the air. That odour, however, was no objection to the nose of Captain Barecolt, who cast himself into a chair, while the master of the mansion sent away the servant, and closed the door. As soon as this process was complete, the worthy captain fixed his eyes upon Mr. O'Donnel, and demanded, "You recollect me, of course, sir?"

"I think I have seen your face somewhere," replied the Irishman; "but, Lord love you, I never recollect any thing after it is over. It's better not, sir. I make life a ready-money business, and keep neither receipts nor bills."

"Quite right, Mr. O'Donnel," replied Captain Barecolt; "but yet, I think I must get you to draw a draft upon the past. That word or two from Mrs. White, will tell you what it is about;" and he handed his companion across the little round oaken table a small bit of paper.

O'Donnel took it, read the contents, and then mused for a minute or two, tapping the table with his fingers.

"Well! sir," he said at length, "what is it you want to know?"

"All that you can tell me about the young lady, whom they call Arrah Neil?"

"Oh, sir, I will tell you all I know about her in a minute," replied the other; "she is now at the Swan, Mrs. White's own house, under the care, or, if you like it better, in the hands of a very reverend gentleman, called Master Dry, of Longsoaken."

"That won't do, Mr. O'Donnel—that won't do," exclaimed Barecolt. "What I want to know, is about the past—not the present—of which I know more than you do, Mr. O'Donnel."

"I never seek to know any thing of other people's business," replied O'Donnel, drily. "I have enough to do to attend to my own."

"Which is the supplying Roman Catholic gentry with salt fish for fast days, together with beads, missals, crucifixes, and other little trinkets for private use," answered Barecolt, who had been using his eyes, and forming his own conclusions from numerous indications, apparently trifling.

O'Donnel, without any change of expression, gazed at him gravely, and the captain continued—"But that is nothing to the purpose, my good friend. I see you are a prudent man, and, I dare say, you have cause to be so. However, I will tell you why I inquire; and then we will see whether you will not be kind enough to a poor young lady, to give her some information concerning her own affairs, of which, from the death of poor old Serjeant Neil, and his papers having been carried off by this old puritanical hunk, Dry, she has been kept in ignorance. You must know that this young lady has found great and powerful friends in the Lord Walton and his sister."

"Then, why did they suffer her to fall into this man's hands?" demanded O'Donnel.

"Because they could not prevent it," replied Barecolt; and he went on to give a full account of the march from Bishop's Merton, and the skirmish which had taken place upon the road, with all of which we need not trouble the reader, whose imagination can supply or not, as it pleases, Captain Barecolt's account of his own deeds of arms. From those deeds, after due commemoration, he went on to speak of Lord Walton's anxiety for poor Arrah Neil's safety; and though we cannot presume to say that his tale was plain, or unvarnished either, yet there was enough of truth about it, to make some change in Mr. O'Donnel's views.

"Where is Lord Walton to be found?" demanded the latter.

"He is with the king at Nottingham," answered Barecolt.

"Well then, he shall hear from me before long," replied O'Donnel.

"You had better let me hear him your message, my good sir," said the captain. "You may judge from my being entrusted here with such important business, that I am one in whom you may place the most unlimited confidence."

"Perhaps so, sir," answered O'Donnel; "but if I were such a fool, or such a scoundrel to betray other people's secrets, how should I expect that you would keep them?"

"That is very true," rejoined Barecolt; "but if you do not tell them to me, and help me too to get the young

lady out of this town of Hull, you will be compelled to tell them to her enemies; and may make her situation a great deal worse than it is now."

"They can't compel me! I defy them!" cried O'Donnel, sharply; "and help you to get her out of Hull, I will with all my heart; but how is that to be done——" and the next moment he asked in a meditative tone, "What makes you think they will ask me any questions?"

"I not only think they will ask you questions, Mr. O'Donnel, but I will tell you what those questions will be," replied the captain; and taking a paper from his pocket he went on: "Before many hours are over, you will have Mr. Dry himself here, and perhaps the justices, if not the governor, and you will be asked whose daughter was her mother?—are any of her family living?—in what county?—in Ulster?—whether the estates were sequestrated, or the blood attainted?—where the money came from you used to send to poor Neil, and how much it was a year?"

"Oh, by ——, they must have got bold of a good clue!" exclaimed O'Donnel, with more agitation than he had hitherto displayed.

"That they have, Master O'Donnel," replied Barecolt; "but if Dry comes alone, as he will most likely do at first, he will ask you one other question before he tries to force you, and that is, how much you will take to tell him the whole story, that he may possess himself of the property, and force the poor child into marrying him."

"Ay, he's a reasonable man, I dare say, Master Dry," replied the Irishman with a sarcastic smile; "but he will find himself mistaken; and as to forcing me, they can't. Moreover, for your own questions, good sir, all I shall say is this, that you may tell Lord Walton that he must take care of this poor young lady."

"That he is willing enough to do without my telling," rejoined Barecolt.

"Ay, but he must take care of her like the apple of his eye," replied O'Donnel; "for if any harm happen to her he will never forgive himself. He is a kind, good man, is he not?"

"As gallant a cavalier as ever lived," said Barecolt.

"And young?" demanded O'Donnel.

"Some seven or eight-and-twenty, I should guess," was the answer.

The master of the house mused.

"That may be fortunate or unfortunate as it happens," he said at length; at all events he ought to have intimation of what he is doing. Tell him that he shall hear more from me very shortly—as soon as possible—as soon as I can get leave; and now to speak of how to get her out of Hull."

"But will you not let me tell Lord Walton who she is?" demanded Barecolt.

"If Serjeant Neil has told him any thing already, well," replied O'Donnel: "if not, he shall hear more soon; but at all events tell him to cherish and protect her as he would one of his own kindred; for if he do not, and have any more heart than a stone, he will repent it bitterly. No more on that head, master! now for your plans."

"Why, Master O'Donnel," replied Captain Barecolt; "my plans, like your secrets, are my own; and I do not tell them easily, especially when I get nothing in return."

"But you said you wished me to help to get the young lady out of Hull. How am I to do so without knowing what you intend to do?"

"I will show you in a minute, Master O'Donnel," replied Barecolt. "What I need is horse flesh, and as far as I can see, very little of it is to be found in Hull. The governor walks afoot—the officers of the garrison, such as it is, trudge upon their own legs—and I have seen nothing with four feet but sundry cats, half a dozen dogs, and every now and then a fat horse in a coal cart. I want beasts to carry us, Master O'Donnel; that is my need, and if you can find means to furnish us with them, I will contrive to get the young lady out."

"Oh, there are plenty of horses in Hull," answered O'Donnel; "but how did you come hither?"

"By sea," replied his companion; "but that matters not. If you can bring or send three good horses, one with a woman's saddle, to the first village on the road to York—I forget the name of the place—you will do me a service, aid poor Arrah Neil, and be well paid for your pains."

"To Newlands you mean," said O'Donnel; "but Newlands is a long

way for you to go on foot. 'Tis more than two miles, and if you are caught you are lost. Stay, there is a little low ale-house by the green side, just a mile from the town gates. The horses shall be there—but at what time?"

"Some time before daybreak tomorrow," replied Barecolt; "for as soon as I see the first ray of the sun, I am off with my companions."

"Have you more than one?" demanded the Irishman.

"The lady, and a gentleman, a friend of mine," answered the worthy captain; "otherwise I should not have wanted three horses."

"But how will you pass the gates?" inquired the other; "they are very strict at that side, for they fear enterprises from York."

"There's my key," replied Barecolt, producing the governor's pass; "but for fear it should not fit the lock, Master O'Donnel, I shall try it five or six times before nightfall. What I mean is, that I will go out and in several times, that the people may know my face."

His companion gazed at the pass, and then at Captain Barecolt for several moments, wondering not a little what might be the real character of his visitor, and what the means by which he had contrived to obtain the document which he spread before him. There it was, however, not to be doubted, a genuine order under Sir John Hotham's own hand, for the sentries, guards, warders, and officers of all kinds of the town of Hull, to give free passage at any hour between day-break and nightfall, to Captain Francois Jersval, and the workmen employed by him to inspect and repair the fortifications of the city, and to offer him no let or hindrance, but rather afford him every assistance.

"And now, Master O'Donnel," continued Barecolt, observing with a certain degree of pride that he had

succeeded in puzzling his companion; "let us speak about the price of these horses."

"That I cannot tell till I buy them," replied O'Donnel; "but I shall see you to-night up at the Swan, and we can settle that matter then."

"Perhaps I may be out," answered Barecolt, recollecting his engagement with Hazzard and Falgate.

"Well, then, I will wait till you return," replied O'Donnel; "but in the meantime I must get the horses out before the gates close to-night. To what price would you like to go for the two?"

"I said three, Master O'Donnel," exclaimed Barecolt; "pray do not be short of the number."

"No, no," replied the other; "they shall be three, but I will pay for the young lady's horse. I have money in hand that should have gone to poor old Neil, but when I wrote about it he did not answer."

"Dead men seldom do," replied Barecolt; "but as to the price, there is no use of buying anything very beautiful for me. My own chargers are of the finest breed in Europe, between a Turkish courser and a powerful Norman mare; but as I don't want these horses for battle, all that is needful will be to see that they be good strong beasts, willing to work for a day or two. But one thing that is to be remembered, Mr. O'Donnel, is, that if you do come up to the Swan seeking me, you are only to know me as 'de Capitaine Jersval, one French officier, who be come to help de governor to put de fortification in de repair.'"

"And pray, sir, what is your real name?" asked O'Donnel, with an air of simplicity.

"What is Arrah Neil's?" rejoined Barecolt; and both laughing, they separated for the time, without affording each other any farther information.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Poor Arrah Neil had passed an anxious and uneasy day; for though the knowledge that she had a friend so near, ready to aid in her escape, had proved no slight consolation; and though hope, of course, magnified Captain Barecolt's powers, and elevated his qualities far beyond their real ex-

tent, yet suspense is always full of terrors, and fear usually treads close upon the steps of hope. Ezekiel Dry also had suffered all those blessed results which intemperance is sure to entail; and having lain in his bed for several hours after the whole town was up and stirring, with sick stomach and

aching head, he rose, declaring that something he had eaten at dinner had disagreed with him, and that he must have a small portion of strong waters to promote digestion. He was as morose, too, through the whole day, as a sick tiger, and would not stir beyond the doors till after he had dined. He was angry with the maid, rude to the landlady, assuring her that she was "a vessel of wrath," and above all, irritable, and even fierce with Arrah Neil.

Though it is probable that he had no cause of any kind for suspicion, yet his mind was in that state of sullen discontent from bodily suffering that gives rise to incessant jealousy. He prowled about the door of her room; sent for her twice down to the little parlour, between breakfast and dinner; looked out whenever he heard a door open; and twice stopped Mrs. White when she was going up stairs, upon the pretence of asking some question. The last time this occurred, his inquiry once more was after Mr. Hugh O'Donnel.

"Really, sir, I have not been able to hear," replied Mrs. White; "but, I dare say the governor, Sir John, could tell you."

"That will not do, woman," replied Mr. Dry, pettishly; "I only seek to hold communion with the godly of the land. How can I tell that this Sir John Hotham is any better than an uncircumcised Philistine? Though he have taken a part with the righteous in behalf of this poor country, peradventure it may be but with an eye to the spoil."

"Goodness, sir, think of what you are saying in Hull!" exclaimed Mrs. White, giving a glance to some of the by-standers, "you may get yourself into trouble, if you speak so of the governor."

"Nay, woman, am I not called to lift up my voice, and spare not," rejoined Mr. Dry; "is this a time for showing a respect to persons. Verily, I will take up a word against them."

"Well, then, I am sure I will not stay to hear it," replied the landlady; and away she went, leaving Mr. Dry to finish his exhortation to the maid, the ostler, and two townsmen, if he chose.

Shortly after, however, the dinner of the guest was served up to him, and gradually, under its influence, he was restored to a more placable state

of mind, having sought the aid of sundry somewhat potent libations, which he termed supporting the inner man, but which Mrs. White denominated taking "a hair of the dog that had bit him."

As soon as he had satisfied both hunger and thirst, Mr. Dry took Arrah Neil back to her chamber again, and having locked the door, and sought his hat and cloak in his own room, he walked slowly down the stairs, resolved to pursue his perquisitions for Mr. Hugh O'Donnel in person; but, before he reached the door of the Swan, his tranquillity was much overset by the entrance of a bold, swaggering, joyous-looking person, whose very cheerfulness of face was offensive in the sight of the sour and sober Mr. Dry. He looked at him, then, with a glance of amazement and reprobation, and then, while our good friend Diggory Falgate brushed past, raised his eyes towards heaven, as if inquiring whether such things as a blythe heart and cheerful countenance could be tolerated on earth.

Falgate instantly caught the look, and, as it unfortunately happened for Mr. Dry, recollected in him a personage whom he had seen in no very respectable plight, in the streets of Hull the night before. He instantly paused then, and bursting into a laugh, began to sing the well-known old words—older than they are generally supposed to be—

"My wife Joan's a Presbiterian,  
She won't swear, but she will lie;  
I to the ale-house! she to the tavern!  
She'll get drunk as well as I."

And, ending with another laugh, he walked on to Mrs. White's little room.

The wrath of Mr. Dry, of Longsoaken, was overpowering; but it could not find vent in words, and after once more lifting up his eyes, and his hands also, he hurried out of the house, resolved that if he staid beyond the following day in Hull, he would quit an inn where such godless people were permitted to pass the door.

We will not pursue him on his track through the town, but return to poor Arrah Neil, whose day, as we have said, had passed in anxiety and pain; and she sat with her hand beating time upon the table to some fancied tune, as the sun sunk lower and lower, and the hues of evening began to spread over the sky.

As she thus sat, she saw Mr. Dry walk away from the door, cross over the street, and enter a house opposite. He turned before he went in, and looked up at the windows of the Swan, but Arrah Neil was in one of those meditative moods, when the spirit seems to be separate from the body, or scarcely conscious of a connexion between the two. She saw the man she so much hated and despised gaze up to where she was sitting; but in thinking of him and his baseness, of the power he had obtained over her, of his perseverance in maintaining that power, of how she could escape from him, and whither he could now be going—she seemed to forget altogether that it was upon her his eyes were turned, and without moving her place she remained watching him, as if he were a mere piece of mechanism, whose springs and whose wheels were worthy of observation, but incapable of observation in return. It was the best course she could have pursued, though she did so unconsciously—for, after Mr. Dry had been a minute or two in the house which he entered, he came out again, and seeing her still sitting there unmoveable with her eyes fixed upon the same spot, he muttered, "The girl is a fool, that's clear!" and went on about his business.

Other eyes had been watching him as well as those of Arrah Neil; and before he had actually quitted the street, the step of Mrs. White was heard upon the stairs. But, ere the good landlady could reach the top, the voice of Nancy from below, exclaimed, "Here's a gentleman, ma'am, wants to speak to you!"

Arrah waited for a moment or two, in the hope that the new guest would depart, and that the hostess would pay her the accustomed visit—for, in those moments of anxious expectation and suspense, she felt the presence of any sympathising human creature a benefit and a relief. But after a while, she turned to gaze from the window again, and murmured—for she did not sing—some lines of an old song which she had learned in her infancy. As she thus sat, she heard another step upon the stairs, slower and more heavy than that of the landlady, and without giving it a second thought, she returned to sport with her own fancies, when a key was put into the lock, and the door opened.

Arrah Neil started and turned round, and not a little was her surprise to see a tall, powerful, elderly man, with white hair, and deep blue eyes, the long lashes of which were still black, enter her chamber, fasten the door behind him, and advance towards her. She was a little frightened, and would have been more so, but there was a kindly and gentle air in the visitor's countenance, which was not calculated to produce alarm; and as he came nearer, he said, "I beg your pardon, young lady, but I much wished to see you. I have not seen you for many a long year—not since you were quite a little thing."

"Then you knew me in my childhood, sir," exclaimed Arrah, eagerly, "and—"

"You may well say that, lady," replied Hugh O'Donnell, before she could proceed, "These arms were the first that received you when you set foot upon this shore. Oh, a sorrowful landing was it, and sorrowful was the fate that followed, and sorrowful were the days that went before; and there has been little but sorrow since. But good luck to to-morrow, it may bring something brighter, and the sky won't be overcast for ever, that's impossible."

"Then you are the Mister O'Donnell of whom Mrs. White has told me," cried Arrah. "Oh, sir, I beseech you, tell me more about myself and my kindred. Whosoever child I am let me know it. If a peasant's, say so without fear—I would rather cast away the vain but bright dreams that have haunted me so long, and fix my best affections on the memory of some good plain people, than have this wild doubt and uncertainty any longer—tell me—tell me—any thing, if it be not disgraceful to the living or the dead."

"Disgraceful!" cried Hugh O'Donnell; "I should like to hear any man say that. No, no, there's nothing disgraceful, my darling; but I cannot, and I must not tell you all that I could wish, young lady—not just at present, that is to say. By and by you will hear all."

"And in the meantime what misfortunes may befall me," said Arrah Neil, in an earnest tone, "what misfortunes have already befallen me, which perhaps might have been averted."

"Why that is true too," replied



O'Donnel, after a moment's thought ; "and yet it could not be helped. What to do now I cannot rightly tell ; for from what the good woman below says, old Neil, when he was dying wished you to know all."

"I am sure he did," answered the poor girl, "but they had swept the cottage of every thing, and I much fear that the papers he wished me to have fell into the hands of this base old man."

"Ay, you must be got out of his clutches ; that's the first thing," said O'Donnel. "On my life if there were any thing like law in the land, we would make him prove before the justices what right he has to meddle with you—his ward indeed ! But alas, young lady, there is neither law nor justice left in England, and the simple word of that crop-eared knave would weigh down the oaths of a whole host of what they call malignants. The only way to follow is for you to get away secretly, and put yourself under the care of those who have been already kind to you. You are very willing to go back to Lord Walton and his sister, I suppose."

"Oh, that I am !" cried Arrah Neil, with the warm colour mounting in her fair cheek ; but the next moment she cast her eyes thoughtfully down and murmured, "and yet—and yet—"

"Yet what, young lady," asked O'Donnel, seeing that she did not conclude her sentence.

"Nothing," replied Arrah Neil, "'tis but a vain regret. When I was in poverty and beggary they were generous and kind to me ; and at times when I schooled myself to think that such must have been my original situation, notwithstanding the idle dreams of brighter days that came back to trouble me, I used to fancy that I could be well content to be their lowest servant, so that I might follow and be with them always. But since I came hither, and the memories of the past grew clear, and the mistress of this house confirmed them, I have been thinking that, perhaps, before I returned to those two kind and noble friends, I might learn all my own fate and history, and be able to tell them that when they condescended to notice and protect a being so lowly and humble as I was when they found me, they were unknowingly showing a kindness to one not so far inferior in

blood to themselves as they had imagined."

"And by the Lord, you shall be able to tell them so," cried O'Donnel, "for proud as they maybe, I can tell them—"

"Oh, no !" cried Arrah, interrupting him, "they are not proud—neither was it from any pride that I wished to tell them that poor Arrah Neil was not the lowly being they had thought ; for they were so gentle and so kind that dependence on them was sweet ; but I wished them to understand how it was and why that I have been so strange and wild at times—so thoughtful—and yet there may have been pride," she added, after a moment's pause, fixing her eyes upon the ground, and speaking as if to herself. "I would not have him think me so low—so very low. But you said I should be able to tell them. Speak, speak ; let me hear what it is !"

"Well, then," replied Hugh O'Donnel, "you may tell them there is—"

But ere he could go on, Mrs. White ran into the room, exclaiming, "He is coming, he is coming ! Nancy sees him at the end of the street. Quick, quick, Master O'Donnel."

"Oh, speak, speak," cried Arrah.

"I will see you again, dear lady," cried O'Donnel, quickly, "I will come with the horses myself. But in the meantime, this money belongs to you—it may be needful—it may be serviceable—do not let him see it ;" and laying a small leathern purse upon the table, he hurried towards the door. Before he quitted the room, however, he turned, and seeing the poor girl's beautiful eyes filled with tears, he added, "Do not be afraid—I will see you again before this time to-morrow."

The landlady of the Swan, and her visiter, hurried down to the little parlour, but as so often happens when people are taken by surprise, they made more haste than was necessary, for whether Mr. Dry of Longsoaken met with something to detain him, or whether he walked slowly as he came down the street, he did not make his appearance on the steps leading up to the inn for several minutes after they had descended.

"I will speak with this man, Mistress White," said O'Donnel, after a moment's thought. "Tell him that I have come to see him, that you sent for me by some one who knew where to find me."



"Are you sure that is a good plan?" asked the landlady. "We want time, to get the young lady away."

"Never fear! never fear!" replied her companion. "I will keep him in play for a week, if need be."

"Well, well," said Mrs. White; and while O'Donnell took a seat and leaned his cheek upon his arm as if waiting patiently for some one's coming, the good landlady bustled about making a noise amongst bottles and measures, with as unconcerned an air as she could assume.

The next minute Mr. Dry walked solemnly up the four steps which led from the street to a little flat landing-place of stone encircled with an iron railing which lay without the door; and as soon as he thus became apparent, Mrs. White ran out of her parlour, exclaiming, "Sir, sir, the gentleman you wished to see is come. The man who brings the eels called a few minutes ago, and as he knew where to find him, I bade him tell Mr. O'Donnell to come and see you."

"That was right! that was right!" cried Mr. Dry, with his small red eyes sparkling with satisfaction. "Where is he, Mistress White?"

"Here, sir, in the bar," answered the landlady; and with a slow and solemn step, calculating how he was to proceed, and smoothing his face down to its usual gravity, Mr. Dry walked deliberately into the little room where Hugh O'Donnell was seated.

"Here is Mister Dry, sir," said the hostess, opening the door for him, but Mr. Dry waved his hand pompously for silence, and then considered Mr. O'Donnell attentively.

"This good lady tells me you wish to speak with me, sir," said O'Donnell, after giving the new-comer quite sufficient time to inspect his countenance; "pray what may be your business with me?"

"It is of a private nature, Master O'Donnell," replied Mr. Dry, "and may, perhaps, be better explained at your own house than here, if you will tell me where that is."

O'Donnell smiled and shook his head. "I am not fond of private business at my own house, sir," he answered drily. "These are suspicious times—people will be for calling me malignant or something of that kind. I am a plain man, sir, an honest open merchant, and not fond of secrets. If you

have any thing to say, I can hear it here."

"Well, then, come into this neighbouring room, my good friend," replied Dry; "to that you can have no objection; and as to being charged with malignancy, methinks the conversation of Ezekiel Dry, of Longsoaken, would never bring such an accusation upon any man's head."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I did not know you," replied O'Donnell, following towards the little room where Mr. Dry had dined after his first arrival. "I have heard of you from the people of Bishop's Merton, whom I occasionally supply with dry beef and neat's tongues from Hamburg."

"Pray be seated, Master O'Donnell," said Mr. Dry, closing the door carefully, after they had entered; and then, taking a chair opposite to his companion, he went on with sundry heins and haws, interrupting his discourse and giving him both time to think of what he was next to say, and to examine the countenance of O'Donnell as he proceeded.

"You must know, Mr. O'Donnell," he said, "that after the death of a certain old man—a clear and undoubted malignant—named Sergeant Neil—hum—with whom I think you have had a good deal to do—ha."

"Very little, sir," replied O'Donnell, as he paused, "I had to pay him some money, every year sent to me by my correspondents beyond sea—I should think the man was somewhat of a malignant from some of his letters on the receipt."

"Verily was he and a most ferocious one too," replied Mr. Dry; "but after the death of this person, I, with the consent and appointment of the authorities—hum—took upon me the care and protection of the girl supposed to be his grand-daughter—hum—his grand-daughter as she was called—I say Master O'Donnell—ha."

"Very kind of you, indeed, sir," answered O'Donnell, "especially as old Neil could not die rich."

"As poor as a rat," replied Mr. Dry emphatically, "pray what was it you paid him per annum, Master O'Donnell?"

"About fifty pounds a year, as far as I recollect," said O'Donnell, "but I cannot exactly tell till I look in my books."

"That was but a small sum," re-

joined Dry, "for taking care of this girl, when her family are so wealthy and the estates so great—ha."

"Are they, sir?" asked O'Donnel in an indifferent tone. "Pray whereabouts do they lie?"

"Come, come, Master O'Donnel," cried Mr. Dry, with a significant nod, "you know more than you pretend to know—hum. We have found letters and papers—hum—which show that you have full information—ha—and it is necessary that you should speak openly with me—hum.—Do you understand me?—ha."

"Oh, I understand quite well, sir," replied O'Donnel, not in the least discomposed; "my letters were all upon business. I sent the money—I announced the sending—I asked for my receipts; and whenever there was a word or two sent over to forward, such as 'All is well!'—'Things going on better'—or any thing of that sort, I wrote them down just as I received them, without troubling my head about what they referred to."

Mr. Dry was somewhat puzzled how to proceed, whether to take the high and domineering tone that he had often found very successful at Bishop's Merton, or to cajole and bribe, as he had had occasion to do at other times; but, after a little reflection, he determined that the latter would be the best course at first, as he could always have recourse to the former, which, if employed too soon and without due caution, might lead to more publicity than was at all desirable.

"Now listen to me, Master O'Donnel," he said at length, "you are a wise man and prudent, not to confide your secrets to strangers; but it is of vast importance that the true rank, station, fortune, family, and connections of this young woman, should be clearly ascertained, and though perhaps you may not like to say at once, 'I know this,' or 'I know that,' yet I ask you can you not secretly and quietly get me information upon all these matters—if I make it worth your while to take the trouble—well worth your while,—very well worth your while."

"That is another matter," answered O'Donnel, "quite another matter, sir,—but the question is, what would make it worth my while—I'm a merchant, sir; and we must make it a matter of trade."

Mr. Dry pondered; but before he could answer, Mr. O'Donnel added, "Come, Master Dry, let me hear distinctly what it is you want to know; and then I can better judge how much it is worth."

"That I will tell you immediately," rejoined Mr. Dry, feeling in his pocket; and at length drawing forth the bundle of papers which Captain Barecolt had examined the night before. He began to read "Habakkuk, two, five—'Yea also because he transgresseth in wine'—no, that is not it—and besides, it was not wine but strong waters.—Ah here it is;" and he proceeded to read to his companion the series of questions which the worthy captain above-named had warned Mr. O'Donnel would be addressed to him.

"A goodly list!" said the Irishman in a tone that Mr. Dry did not think very promising; but he went on immediately to add, "Well, I think all this information I could obtain, if it were made worth my while; and a great deal more too—but you see, Mr. Dry, this is purely a mercantile transaction—you come to me for information as for goods."

"Certainly, certainly," replied he of Longsoaken, "it is all a matter of trade."

"Well then," continued O'Donnel, "I must know to what market you intend to take the goods."

"I do not understand," said Mr. Dry.

"I'll explain it to you in a moment," replied the other, "I mean, what is your object?—If it should be shown that the girl is different from what she seems, if fair and probable prospects of money and such good things should spring up, what do you intend to do with her?"

"That is a question I have not yet considered with due deliberation and counsel," replied Mr. Dry.

"But it is one well worth consideration," answered his companion: "in a word, Master Dry, do you intend to put the girl and her property under the protection, as it is called, of the law, or to give her another protector—your son—or yourself perhaps?"

"What if I say to put her under the protection of the law?"

"Then I say you're a great goose for your pains," replied O'Donnel rising, "and I'm afraid we can't deal. The law is a bad paymaster, and does

not make it worth men's while to do it service or take trouble for it; and this would cost me a great deal of pains and work; now if you had made up your mind to marry her quietly and secretly to your son, or any near relation, it would be a different affair, and you would not mind giving a good per centage."

"I have no son, I have no near relations," replied Dry somewhat pettishly; "but I shall not mind giving a good per centage notwithstanding."

"Then of course you intend to marry her yourself," said O'Donnel; "well that being the case, I will go home and consider between this and this hour to-morrow what I will take.

I must make my calculations, for I am a man of my word and like to know exactly what a thing is worth before I put a price upon it; but by this time to-morrow I will tell you, so good morning, Mr. Dry, it is getting late."

"But where shall I find you? where shall I find you?" cried Mr. Dry, as the other moved towards the door.

"Oh, Mrs. White will send a boy with you," replied O'Donnel; "she knows where it is now—good afternoon;" and issuing forth, he spoke a word or two to the landlady, and then quitted the house murmuring, "The old snake—I know them, those canting vipers—I know them."

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

It was ten o'clock at night; the town was dark and silent, the streets empty, and the windows generally closed, when Diggory Falgate advanced with a light gay step through various narrow ways towards the block-house, where the Earl of Beverly was confined. He was followed at the distance of about a hundred yards by Ancient Hazzard of the train-bands, and a short distance behind him came Captain Barecolt with the silent step but wide stride of one well-accustomed to dangerous enterprises. The foremost of the party we have said advanced lightly and gaily with that sort of braggadocio air which characterised the cavaliers in almost all their undertakings, and which—or rather the foolish self-confidence, of which it was the mere outward expression—ruined so many of their best concerted plans. Ancient Hazzard, however, as he walked along, displayed a very different aspect. He was somewhat afraid of the business in hand, and though resolved to carry it through, his head turned almost involuntarily to right or left at every step, thinking that some one must be watching him, though the only suspicions that existed any where regarding his conduct, were those in his own heart. Barecolt, on the contrary, though as likely as any man from natural disposition to make as much noise about whatever he did as was necessary, and perhaps somewhat more, was too much habituated to enterprises of this kind to be particularly excited on

the occasion, and his vanity took the direction of affecting to look upon it as a matter of course so common-place and easy, that it allowed him to think of any thing else; and he therefore followed with his eyes bent upon the ground, noticing, apparently, nothing that passed around him.

The first and indeed only obstruction that presented itself to their progress towards the block-house was offered by the watch, who, encountering good Diggory Falgate, carrying, it must be remarked, a small bundle under his arm, and not particularly approving of the jaunty air with which he gave them good night, thought fit to stop him, and, in Shakespeare's words, "prate of his whereabouts."

Falgate was always ready to cry clubs, and strongly disposed to resist the watch when it could be done with the slightest probability of success; so that a very pretty quarrel was commencing, which might soon have conveyed him to prison, or the cage, had not Hazzard come to his support and informed the worthy guardians of the night, that the captive of their hands was his poor neighbour Falgate the painter, who was not an ill-disposed man, though somewhat inclined to moisten his clay with more than a sufficient quantity of strong beer; and he, moreover, hinted that such might be the case on that very night.

This assurance proved so far satisfactory that the watch thought fit to let him go with a suitable admonition, and Hazzard acting his part better

when he grew warm in the matter, bade Diggory, in a rough tone, go on about his business and not make broils in the streets or he would get himself into mischief.

This said, the whole party proceeded on their way, resuming as soon as possible the same order of march as before, and Captain Barecolt, with his grave and serious demeanour, passing the watch without question.

About five minutes after, Diggory emerged into the open space by the river side, and advancing straight towards the block-house, entered into conversation with the guard. What was said at first was in a low tone, but presently the sound of the voices grew louder and louder; angry words reached the corner of the street behind which Ancient Hazzard had concealed himself; and, running across, he came up just in time to prevent the sentinel from knocking down the painter with the butt-end of his piece. The plan agreed upon was now fully carried out; the ancient of the train-bands, while threatening Falgate sharply with the stocks and the prison, was still more severe upon the sentinel, and commanded him immediately to march back to the guard-house and send down the next upon the roll. He would keep guard while the other was gone, he said, and the man giving up his musket, walked away, proceeding about fifty yards towards the opposite buildings before he recollected the orders of the governor, to keep all persons at a distance from the spot where he was in conference with the prisoner. He accordingly paused, and Hazzard, who had been watching him closely, walked up, asking why he stopped when he had orders to go straight to the guard-house. The man excused himself, and transmitted the commands he had received from the governor, upon which his ancient desired him to go on, returning slowly towards the block-house.

By this time, however, Barecolt had run across in the darkness from the mouth of the opposite street, and with Falgate behind him, was feeling over the door for the key which he had seen in the lock on the preceding morning. He found the key-hole, however, untenanted, and at that moment the exclamation burst from his lips, which had so much alarmed Sir John Hotham.

"They have taken the key out," he cried, "curse me if I don't force the lock off with my dagger," and he was proceeding to act accordingly, when, to his surprise, the door was opened, the light broke forth from within, and Lord Beverly suddenly clapped his hand upon his mouth, whispering, "not a word of recognition!" Then, in a louder tone, he demanded, "Who, and what do you seek here, sir?"

Barecolt, for a single instant, was puzzled as to whether he should speak French or English; but Lord Beverly had used nothing but the latter tongue, and he replied in the same, while with open eyes he seemed to demand farther explanation, "I was seeking some one, whom, it seems I am not likely to find."

"You may look in, sir—you will see no one here," answered the earl; and Barecolt gave a hurried look round, saw the curtain of the bed on the opposite side drawn forward, and with a wink of the eye, gave the royal officer to understand that he began to comprehend.

"That is enough," continued the earl, assuming somewhat suddenly a foreign accent; "you are now satisfied; go away."

Barecolt instantly withdrew a step; but the earl followed him, and added, in a whisper, "You seem at liberty—I shall be so soon—out of the town as fast as you can, and either wait for me on the road to York, as near as is safe, or tell the king all that has happened, and that I will rejoin him soon, I trust, with good news."

Thus saying, he drew back, shut the door, and locked it, as before, in the inside.

Captain Barecolt laid his finger on the side of his nose. "Here is something going on here," he said to himself. "Well, I will obey orders; it is not my fault if his lordship will not get out of the mousetrap.—Now, Master Falgate, now Master Hazzard, let us be off as fast as we can to the Swan."

"I must stay here till the guard comes," answered Hazzard, in a low tone. "Why what is all this? The sentry said something about the governor. Will not the prisoner come out?"

"No," replied Barecolt, "he would rather stay in; nevertheless, as he is a wise man, Master Hazzard, doubtless, he has his reasons. Well, follow

us to the Swan as quickly as you can, and we will talk more."

"I will, I will," answered Hazzard; "away with you, quick: if any one were to come and find you here with me I were ruined."

Barecolt and Falgate hurried on, and in about five minutes reached the Swan, the door of which was partly shut: but the moment they approached, the servant girl, Nancy, put forth her head, saying, "Go up to your room, sir, quick; the old man is below, Dame White told me to say so."

"Thanks, Nancy," replied Barecolt, and contriving to conceal his face with his cloak, he crossed the passage, and followed by Falgate, walked up the stairs. In the room of the worthy captain they found a light burning, and Falgate laying down his bundle upon the table, asked, "Well, sir, what is the matter? Where does the pully hitch? When men have the door open why wout they walk out?"

"Good faith, I cannot tell any more than what is in that bundle," observed Barecolt.

"That you shall soon be able to tell," replied Falgate. "It is all my worldly goods and chattels, sir. I am going with you to join the king."

"A good resolution," replied Barecolt, abruptly; "pray, Master Falgate, have you money to buy a horse? A man is nothing without a horse, you know."

"Ay, that I have," replied the painter; "but where to get one is the question."

"Let not that embarrass you," rejoined Barecolt, with a well-satisfied and patronizing air. "A man of action and experience, like myself, is never unprovided. I will find you one between this and Newlands."

Falgate admired with such evident admiration, that Barecolt treated him to a story of his adventures once in the Carpathian mountains, where the safety of himself and his whole company was secured by his having taken the precaution to put a thimble in his pocket. Before this was concluded, they were joined by ancient Hazzard, whose watch had passed undisturbed till he was relieved by another of the trainbands; and the three remained near an hour together and partook of some of the landlady's good wine. Hazzard then issued forth, and consultations manifold took place between Mrs. White and Barecolt, after which the

good lady paid a furtive visit to poor Arrah Neil; for by this time, Master Dry, of Longsoaken, had retired to rest. There were then farther conferences in the room of Barecolt, and at length the inn sunk into repose.

About half an hour before day-break, however, four persons silently assembled in the hall; few words were spoken; but good Mrs. White, with a tear in her eye at the thoughts of other days, kissed the cheek of the fair girl, who leaned trembling on the arm of Barecolt. The door was quietly unbolted, and opened; three of the party went out, and the fourth retiring, closed it after them. The others walked slowly on towards the gate of the town, and just as they approached, the faint dawn of day began to give light to the streets.

"Give the young lady your arm, Master Painter," said Barecolt, "and answer to what ever I say to you, that you will set about it whenever you have seen the young woman to Newlands."

Falgate, who was now in his working dress, nodded his head, and gave his arm for Arrah's support, while Barecolt advanced to the gate, and giving the word with which he had been furnished, ordered the wicket to be opened in an authoritative tone. It had not the full success he could have wished, however, for the man would do nothing farther than call his officer, so that some five minutes were lost. At length, however, the officer appeared, and as he had seen our worthy captain on the day before, and examined his pass, no farther difficulties were made in his case. In regard to Falgate, however, the matter was different, and he was asked in a surly and somewhat suspicious tone, whether he was going so early in the morning.

"He be coming wid me to see one thing there be to do at de north end of de Curtain," said Barecolt; "but all you English have too much to do wid de girl, and he say he cannot do it till he be come back from Newlands; but you remember, sair," he added, turning to Falgate, "if I find you not about it by seven of de clock, I turn you off."

"I will set about it, sir, as soon as I have seen the young woman to Newlands," replied Falgate, bobbing his head; and the whole party passed out of the gates, which were closed behind them.



## EPISODES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

## X.

## LIFE UPON THE NILE.

Smooth went our boat along the summer seas,  
 Leaving—for so it seemed—a world behind,  
 Its cares, its sounds, its shadows; we reclined  
 Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze  
 That whispered thro' the palms, or idly played  
 With the lilac flag aloft—a forest scene  
 (On either side drew its slope line of green,  
 And hung the water's edge with shade.  
 Above thy woods, Memphis!—pyramids pale  
 Peered as we passed; and Nile's azure hue  
 Gleaming 'mid the grey desert, met the view;  
 Where hung at intervals the scarce seen sail.  
 Oh! were this little boat to us the world.  
 As thus we wandered far from sounds of care,  
 Circled with friends, and gentle maidens fair,  
 While southern airs the waving pennant curled,  
 How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace  
 We gained that haven still, where all things  
 cease!

(Altered from) BOWLER.

READER! whoever you are, you may one day be induced to change the feverish life of Europe, with all its perplexing enjoyments, its complicated luxuries, and its manifold cares, for the silence, the simplicity, and the freedom of a life on the Desert and the River. Has society palled upon you? Have the week-day struggles of the world made you wish for some short sabbath of repose? Has our coarse climate chafed your lungs, and do they require the soothing of balmily breathing breezes? Come away to the Nile! Has love, or hate, or ambition, or any other ephemeral passion, ruffled up a storm in your butterboat of existence? Here you will find that calm counsellor Egeria—whose name is solitude. Have the marvellous stories of the old world sunk into your soul, and do you seek for their realization? Or have mere curiosity and the spirit of unrest, driven you forth to wander, *à l'Anglais*, as a man takes a walk on a dreary day for the pleasure of returning from it? Come away to the Nile. Here are sunshines that are never clouded, and fragrant airs, as gentle as a maiden's whisper, instead of northern gales that howl round you, as if you were an old battlement. Here are nights, all a glow with stars, and a crescent moon that seems bowing to you by courtesy, not bent double by rheumatism. Here is no money to be lost or gained—no

letters to disturb into joy or sorrow—none of the wear and tear and petty details of life. You never hear the sound of your native tongue, and somehow men don't talk, and therefore don't think so lightly, when they have to translate their thoughts into a strange language. In a word, here is the highest soul of monastic retirement. You stand apart from the world—you see men so widely differing from yourself in their appearance, their habits, their hopes and their fears, that you are induced to look upon man in the abstract. As you recede from Europe further and further on towards the silent regions of the Past, you live more and more in that Past,—the river over which you glide, the desert, the forest, the very air you breathe are calm; the temples in their awful solitudes, the colossal statues, the tombs with their guardian sphinxes—all are profoundly calm—and at length even English restlessness softens down, and blends with the universal calm around.

Cairo! for the present farewell. It was late when I issued from the gates, but it was impossible to be in a hurry on such an evening, and on such a spot. The distance between the modern metropolis and the river is broken by many a mound and chasm, that marks where its predecessor stood,—the distorted features of a city that has died a violent death. The metropolism of Egypt had an uneasy life of it. To say nothing of its youth at Thebes, it has wandered about Lower Egypt, as if it were a mere encampment. Under the name of Memphis, it remained for some time on the western bank of the river. It fled from Nebuchadnezzar to the opposite side under the 'alias' of Babylon; paid a visit to Alexandria under the Ptolemies; and returned to Babylon, where it was besieged by Amrou. A dove built its nest in the tent of the Saracen general, and he, who had ruthlessly ravaged and laid waste the dwellings of man, would not disturb the domestic arrangements of a little bird.



Babylon was taken, but he ordered a new city to be built from its ruins on the site where this dove sat hatching. Thus Fostât became the metropolis of Egypt. The nomade instinct was too strong for its repose, however, and, under the Fatimites, it was obliged to start again, and remove to its present position, where it dwells under the name of Misr el Kahira, "the victorious city," or, in plain English, Grand Cairo. There are some remains of these former cities still existing, among which is a fine aqueduct, and some buildings, called Joseph's Granaries, which are still used for that purpose.

Some hundred years ago there was a great scarcity of corn in Egypt—the people were daily perishing of want, yet some avaricious merchants hoarded up their stock until it became worth its weight in gold. Among these was an old miser named Amin, who had filled one of "Joseph's Granaries," at the last plenteous harvest. Day by day, as the famine wasted his fellow citizens, he sat upon the steps of his corn-store, speculating on their sufferings, and calculating how he could make the utmost usury out of God's bounty. At length there was no more corn elsewhere; famishing crowds surrounded his store-house, and besought him as a charity to give them a little food for all their wealth. Gold was piled around him—the miser's soul was satisfied with the prospect of boundless riches. Slowly he unclosed his iron doors—when, lo! he recoils, blasted and terror-stricken, from his treasury. Heaven had sent the worm into his corn, and instead of piles of yellow wheat, he gazed on festering masses of rottenness and corruption. Starving as the people were, they raised a shout of triumph at the manifest judgment, but Amir heard it not—he had perished in his hour of evil pride.

The sun was setting behind the pyramids when I embarked; but night and day make little difference in this country, and the former is only associated with the idea of rest, when it happens to be too dark to see. It was bright moonlight as I mustered our swarthy crew on the river's edge. Their countenances were full of hope and eagerness, and when their inspec-

tion was concluded, each kissed my hand and placed it on his head, in sign of devotion and fidelity. Their dress was principally a pair of loose cotton drawers, reaching to the knee, a long blue shirt, and the red cloth cap called a "tarboosh," which, on state occasions, is wound round with a white turban by the lower classes. The officers in the pasha's service always wear it plain. The crew consisted of a rais, or captain, a pilot, and eight rowers: with one exception we found them good-humoured, faithful, honest, and affectionate fellows. Two servants completed the equipment. One of these, named Mahmoud, has the well-deserved character of being the best dragoon in Egypt. He had none of the indolence of his race; always actively employed, his song was never silent except when exchanged for conversation; strikingly handsome, keen and intelligent, he had unbounded influence over the crew, and was welcomed eagerly by peasant and governor wherever we landed. From Cairo to the depths of Nubia he seemed intimately acquainted, not only with every locality, but with every individual along the river. He had accompanied Lord Prudhoe on both his expeditions into the interior of Africa, and spoke of him with gratitude and enthusiasm. . . . Now the cable is loosed, a long towing-line is drawn along the shore by the sailors; the pilot perches himself on the spar-deck; the rais squats at the bow; and the Nile ripples round our prow, as we start on a two-months' voyage with as little ceremony as if only crossing the river in a ferry-boat. Palms, palaces, and busy crowds glide by; the river bends, and the wind becomes favourable; the sailors wade or swim on board; enormous sails fall from the long spars, like two wide unfolding wings. The pyramids of Gizeh on our right, the distant minarets of Cairo on our left, slowly recede, and the cool night-breezes follow us, laden with perfumes from the gardens of Rhoda, and the faint murmur of the great city; the crew gather about the fire with

"Dark faces pale around that rosy flame,"

and discuss, in a whisper, the appearance of the white stranger, who re-

clines on a pile of Persian carpets, smoking his chibouque, and sipping his coffee as contentedly as if he had been born and bred under the shadow of the palm.

It was a lovely night. There was just wind enough to bosom out our snowy sails, that heaved as with a languid respiration; the moon shone forth in glory, as if she were still the bright goddess of the land, and loved it well. No longer do the white-robed priests of Isis celebrate her mystic rites in solemn procession along these shadowy banks; no longer the Egyptian maidens move in choral dances through these darkling groves, with lotus garlands on their brow, and mirrors on their breasts, which flashed back the smile of the worshipped moon at every pant of those young bosoms, to typify that the heart within was all her own, and imaged but her deity.—These were fine times for that epicurean hermit, the man in the moon. No doubt Lord Rosse's new telescope will find the expression of his countenance sadly altered now. There are no more mystic pomps or midnight pageants in the land of Egypt; he may look in vain for venerable priest or vestal virgin now. Yet still does Isis seem to smile lovingly over her deserted shrines, and her pale light harmonizes well with the calm dwellings of the mighty dead. These, with their pyramids, their tombs, their temples, are the real inhabitants of this dreamy land. The puny people who usurp their place have as little in common with it as the jackdaws have with Mucross Abbey.

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XI.

SONGS OF THE NILE.

"Oh music! miraculous art! that makes the poet's skill a jest, revealing to the soul inexplicable feelings by the aid of inexplicable sounds! A blast of the trumpet, and thousands rush forth to die—a peal of the organ, and uncounted multitudes harel down to pray."

DE QUINCY.

FROM Memnon to Mehemet Ali all Egypt luxuriates in music. In the pasha's palace, in the peasant's hut, at the soldier's bivouac, on the sailor's deck, in every circumstance of the Arab's life I have found it regarded

as the chief source of his enjoyment. He is born, he is married, he dies, he is buried to the sound of music. It cheers his labour, it heightens his festival, it controls his passions, it soothes his miseries. Our crew sang for two months almost without intermission, yet never seemed to weary of their song. Among the items furnished by our dragoman as necessary to our outfit, were a drum and some Nile-flutes. The former consisted of a large earthen bowl with a skin stretched over it; the latter resembled the double flageolet, and was made of reeds: it seemed capable of a much wider range of notes than their monotonous music required. Its sound was somewhat shrill, but not unpleasing, and every sailor on board seemed a proficient in its use. I could detect but little variety in the airs, and the words were of the simplest kind. I listened as vainly for the songs of Antar among the Arabs of Egypt as I had done for those of Tasso among the gondoliers of Venice. The songs of the Arab sailor are generally of home, of the Nile, never of war, but most of all of love. Very few of these last are fit for translation, and as the home-made poetry of a people always takes for its subject that which is uppermost in their thought, I fear the sensuality of their muse must be taken as some index of their character. It is true that the songs of our sailors and our cottagers are not always of the most edifying character; but the popularity of some of the

"Old songs that are the music of the heart,"

the love ballads of Scotland, England, and above all, of old Ireland; the enthusiasm for the compositions of Moore, Burns, and Dibdin, which linked in one sympathy the castle and the cottage, all this proves that there is an echo to a purer tone even in the rugged and too little-cared for minds of our peasantry.

I do not pretend to give specimens of Arab poetry; but I subjoin one or two translations of Nile songs in verse, as un-artistic as their own. The first was given to me by a Levantine lady at Alexandria, and probably owes much of its delicacy to the fair medium through which it passed from the Arabic into Italian. The original

is characteristic in its profusion of images, and unique, as far as I know of eastern poetry, in its tenderness and purity of tone. Lady! should these desultory pages ever meet thy radiant eyes, let me be grateful that the veil of a strange language will half conceal their imperfections: thy gentle heart will do the rest, and whisper thee besides, how much the wanderer owes to thee, if ever a bright thought illumines his "Wanderbuch."

THE ARAB LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

1.

Thou art the palm-tree of my desert,  
and thy glance, so soft and bright,  
Is the moonlight of my spirit in its long  
and dreary night;  
Only flower in my heart's deserted garden—only well  
In my life's wide, lonely wilderness—  
my gentle-eyed gazelle!

2.

But the palm-tree waves in sunny heights, unreach'd by sighs of mine,  
And the moonlight has its mission first on loftier brows to shine,  
And a wealthier hand will cull that flower—unseal that stainless spring,  
May'st thou be happy! even with him, while lone I'm wandering.

Very different is the song which now swells from our sailor circle. One plays the pipes, another strikes the drum, *à la tambourine*, and all the others keep time with the wild, quick music, by clapping their hands. Each verse is first sang by a single voice, and then the two last lines are repeated in full chorus. The words are trifling and seem to convey little meaning; it is the air, which to us seems to resemble "Young Lobsky said to his ugly wife," that is to them so full of association, lights up their dark countenances, and swells their voices with enthusiasm.

MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

1.

THE MOTHER.

My daughter 'tistime that thou wert wed,  
Ten summers already are over thy head,  
I must find you a husband, if under the sun  
The conscript-catcher has left us one.

2.

THE DAUGHTER.

Dear mother, *one* husband will never do,  
I have so much love, that I must have two,  
And I'll find for each, as you shall see,  
More love than both can bring to me.

3.

One husband shall carry a lance so bright,  
He shall roam the desert for spoil by night,  
And when morning shines on the tall palm-tree,  
He shall find sweet welcome home with me.

4.

The other a sailor bold shall be,  
He shall fish all day in the deep blue sea,\*  
And, when evening brings his hour of rest,  
He shall find repose on this faithful breast.

5.

MOTHER.

There's no chance, my child, of a double match,  
For men are scarce and hard to catch;  
So I fear you must make *one* husband do,  
And try to love him as well as two.

These songs were for the most part humorous, and such they always chanted on approaching a village, or when gathered round their night-fires as the boat lay moored to the bank; but they had also songs of a graver character, and more plaintive airs, which they sung on leaving their friends or entering upon serious undertakings. Thus, when we had reached the limits of our journey at the Second Cataract, and our boat's head was turned toward the north and home, they sung the following stanzas to an air not unlike "Vaga Luna," and kept time with their oars to the plaintive measure:—

1.

Allah! il Allah! hear our prayer!  
Just Prophet! grant that the breeze be fair,

\* The Arabs call the Nile "the sea."

And thy guiding moon her lustre lends,  
To favour the guest whom Allah sends.\*

2.

The stranger's home is far away,  
'Neath the bright deathbed of the day,  
O'er many horizons† his bark must go,  
Ere he reach that home,—Row, Arabs,  
row!

3.

Tho' gentle Nile for the stormy sea,  
Tho' for forest dark, the bright palm-  
tree,  
He must change—yet his father's home  
is there,  
And his love's soft eye is gloomed with  
care.

4.

The pale-faced stranger, lonely here,  
In cities afar, where his name is dear,  
Your Arab truth and strength shall  
show;  
His hope is in us—Row, Arabs, row!

And they *did* row, sometimes eighteen hours at a stretch, only pausing to eat their scanty meals, or to drink of their beloved river. There was one Nubian in our crew, a harmless, inoffensive creature, who filled the indispensable situation of butt to his comrades, submitted to all their jokes, and laughed at them too, even when practised on himself. The day on which we entered Nubia, however, he came out in a new character, he knocked an Egyptian who had affronted him, overboard; and to the surprise of all, actually volunteered a song. It was received with great approbation, and repeated so often with shouts of laughter, that I obtained the translation of it, which I subjoin; premising that the *refrain* "Durwadeega Durwadee," is Nubian for "My henhouse, oh, my henhouse," and that this henhouse is considered the property of the wife, which her husband is obliged to make over to her in case of a divorce.

1.

A change came over my husband's mind,  
He loved me once, and was true and  
kind;

His heart went astray, he wished me  
away,  
But he had no money my dower to pay.  
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,  
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

2.

For blessed be Allah! he's old and poor,  
And my cocks and hens were his only  
store,  
So he kept me still, for well he knew  
If I went, that the cocks and hens went  
too.  
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,  
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

3.

But I saw him pining day by day,  
As he wished his poor wife far away;  
So I went my rival home to call,  
And gave her the henhouse, and him and  
all.  
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,  
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

4.

Then he tore his turban off his brow,  
And swore I never should leave him  
now,  
Till the death-men combed his burial-  
locks,‡  
Then blessed for ever be hens and cocks.  
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,  
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

I make no apology for the simplicity of these songs. It would have been easy to have given them a more polished turn, and not very difficult to have put them into better poetry; but I preferred preserving, as much as possible, the spirit of the original, as the songs of a people afford no trifling insight into their character. . . .

## XII.

## MEMPHIS.

Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,  
Her grotto, and sepulchres of kings,  
The exiled spirit sighing roves;  
Now loves  
To watch the moonlight on the wings  
Of the white pelicans that break  
The calm of Acherusia's lake.  
MOON.

MORNING found us anchored off Bed-

\* Mahomet taught that a stranger was a "God-given guest," which the Arabs naturally consider the best introduction.

† In the East they speak of distance by "horizons."

‡ The Musselman's head is shaved, with the exception of one lock. This is retained for the convenience of the angel who has to pull him out of his grave. This "burial-lock" is reverently arranged by the men who prepare the corpse.

rasheen, near the site of ancient Memphis. The valued friend with whom I was fortunate enough to share my voyage had been detained at Cairo, and I preferred waiting for him at the former metropolis ; although corn was growing where its palaces once stood, and palm forests were waving over the gardens in which Pharaoh's daughter used to hunt butterflies with Moses. The tent was pitched on a little lawn near the river, and in the East there is no such home as a tent supplies. It is spread with carpets, under which saddle and portmanteau duly placed, form undulations enough to be substitutes for chair or pillow ; sabres, and pistols, and turban *capote*, hang from the tent-pole. A large lantern within, and a large watch-fire without, give light to you and to your people ; and an Arab sleeps across the door to keep off the wild dogs.

I wandered towards the forest of palms that embosoms the lake of Acherusia, and the few traces that remain of the ancient city of the Pharaohs. The former, with its gloomy waters shadowed by dark foliage, and only broken by a promontory black with blasted and gnarled stems, was a spot that Rembrandt would have loved to paint ; with the vivid sunshine here and there bursting through the gloom, like bars of burning gold. Nor would he have forgotten Charon, with his spectral passengers steering his demon ship to that vast necropolis, whose tombstones are pyramids. Some mounds among these forests are generally received as Memphis ; the site of Vulcan's temple, and that where the bull Apis was kept, are supposed to be ascertained. Cambyses the tauricide, however, coming so soon after Nebuchadnezzar, and the desert, the most resistless invader of all, have left little trouble to the tourist, little harvest for the antiquarian. The only inhabitant I saw was Rhampses the Great, who lies upon his face in the mud ; the benignant expression of his countenance had rather a ludicrous effect considering his attitude. He is forty feet long, and with his wife and four sons, must have formed an imposing family party in front of the Temple of Vulcan. The lady and young gentlemen have disappeared ; let us hope

they are gone to the Elysian fields which ought to be somewhere in this neighbourhood, but as is natural, they are much more difficult to find than the *other* place which lies yonder. The quick twilight was come and gone as I wandered and wondered in this strange and lonely scene ; the last rays of light fell upon the pyramid of Cheops, just visible through a vista of gigantic palm trees that opened from the lake of Acherusia on the distant desert. I stole down to the water's edge, to get within gun-shot of some pelicans, but the solemn and thoughtful aspect of the scene converted my murderous intention into a fit of musing, and I almost thought I could hear the old trees whispering the dread prophecy—  
“The country shall be destitute of that whereof it was full, when I shall smite all them that dwell therein ; and Noph shall be desolate.

The next day I was sitting at the door of my tent towards sunset, enjoying, under the rose-colouring influence of my chibouque, the mood of mind that my situation naturally superinduced. At my feet flowed the Nile, reflecting the lofty spars of our gaily painted boat ; beyond the river was a narrow strip of vegetation, some palm and acacia trees ; then a tract of desert bounded by the Arabian hills, all purple with the setting sun light. Far away on the horizon the minarets and citadel of Cairo were faintly sketched against the sky ; around me lay fields of corn, beneath which Memphis, with all its wonders lay buried, and farther on a long succession of pyramids towered over the dark belt of forest that led along the river. Suddenly the sleeping sailors started to their feet—a shout was heard from the wood—and I saw my long-lost friend slowly emerging from its shade, accompanied by some India-bound friends of his, who were escorting him so far upon his desert way. The tent suddenly shrank into its bag—the furniture was on board, and we four were seated round a dinner, to which, simple as it was, the four quarters of the globe had contributed. We passed the evening together, and something more, for morning blushed at finding the party then only separating—our friends for India—we for Ethiopia—allons !

## GOSSIP AMONG THE INFERNALS.

THE devil stood by his kitchen-fire,  
 And he watched with a twinkling eye  
 The spit, where a haunch of an opera girl,  
 Juicy and ripe, did meltingly twirl;  
 Her soul was burning hard by.

And he said with a laugh to his "cordon bleu,"  
 As she basted the delicate roast,  
 "You will grill the legs; do the head 'en tortue';  
 "Mind that the haunch be not quite done through;  
 "And serve up the brains upon toast."

The devil sat down to dinner at eight  
 With a chosen company  
 Culled from the "cream" of the river Styx—  
 Imps famed in hell for their mischievous tricks  
 And pleasant blasphemy.

Hell shook with their laughter as night wore on,  
 And our globe was the theme of their mirth;  
 But it was not the good they railed at—oh! no,  
 The bad are the food for the wits below,  
 As the good are for those on earth.

Swiftly the jest and the wine flew round,  
 And they called on their merry host,  
 When the night was nearly now half spent,  
 For a blasphemous song, or a sentiment,  
 Or at all events a toast.

But the devil declared he was as hoarse  
 As a jackdaw in a funnel;  
 He had lost his voice a few weeks since  
 On Tara Hill, like a devil of sense,  
 Cheering Dan O'Connell.

"Give us, O King!" they laughing said,  
 "Some notes of your last month's tour.  
 "The world above must please you well,  
 "To judge from the crowds it sends to hell;  
 "But still there is room for more."

"I went first to Rome," the devil said,  
 "To kiss the dear pope's toe.  
 "Things there, I'm happy to say, my friends,  
 "(And it's all we want to meet our ends,)  
 "Remain in 'statu quo.'

"But I soon had enough of the scarlet dame,  
 "And her stagnant dissipation.  
 "So I 'ordered my wings,' and was off in a trice  
 "To that flourishing mart of glittering vice,  
 "The pride of the 'Great Nation.'



" And there at first I was led to think  
     " That things were not quite right ;  
 " For Louis Philippe, I grieve to say,  
 " Differs from Louis Egalité,  
     " As much as day from night.  
  
 " Then, Thiers is out, and, I fear me much,  
     " He will not soon get in.  
 " And though Guizot is hated—yet, all the time  
 " I passed in that paradise of crime,  
     " No one shot at the king.

" But the better to read the public mind  
     " I went to the Porte St. Martin ;  
 " And the laughter shook my ribs to see  
 " The twentieth night of a comedy,  
     " Which the Virgin took a part in !

" I strolled next day to a publisher's shop,  
     " And asked for the last new book.  
 " ' Balzac ? George Sand ? or perhaps, Monsieur,  
 " ' You've not read " Mathilde," by Eugene Sue,  
     " ' Or the " Cocu," by Paul de Kock ?'

" ' These works seem wondrous warm,' I said.  
     " ' Such writing, sir, the rage is ;  
 " ' For 'tis true to nature, and goes down,  
 " ' As it ought to do, with the naughty town,  
     " ' Which is mirrored in its pages.'

" ' Ho ! ho !' thought I, ' if that be true,  
     " ' I may bid the town farewell.'  
 " And I left the work I had to do  
 " To Paul de Kock and Eugene Sue—  
     " By the Styx, they do it well.

" I breakfasted next morn at Long's,  
     " And I called for ' The Morning Post,'  
 " Read Roebuck's speech of the night before  
 " Against the church, which, you may be sure,  
     " Gave a zest to my tea and toast.

" ' And now,' thought I, ' while my spirits are high,  
     " ' For a peep at London life ;  
 " ' But first I must get up an amourette,  
 " ' Who ever shone in London yet,  
     " ' Except through his neighbour's wife.

" ' I'll call at once on Lady Flirt,  
     " ' Who's besieged by Lord Crim-con,  
 " ' Her heart is as black as old Belial's hide ;  
 " ' But she hovers yet, 'twixt fear and pride,  
     " ' On the edge of the Rubicon.'

" I found her ladyship at home,  
     " Who gave me a friendly welcome.  
 " I had borrowed Lord Crim-con's famous face,  
 " And I hadn't about me the slightest trace  
     " To hint that I had from hell come.

" ' And is it you, my lord,' she said,  
 " ' When I begged you to stop away ?'  
 " ' That, were to bid your slave expire,'  
 " Said I, with a glance of amorous fire—  
 " ' What is the news of the day ?'

" And I sat me down by her pretty feet  
 " ' To listen to her scandal.  
 " 'Twas pleasant to hear her prattle on,  
 " Tainting all she touched upon,  
 " While I fiddled with her sandal.\*

. . . . .

" I called on a doctor in Oxford town  
 " With letters of introduction.  
 " As it wasn't a Friday, he gave me a feed,  
 " And a famous tract, ' No. XC.' to read—  
 " A very nice production.

" Talk of Paul de Kock, and Eugene Sue !  
 " These Tracts are the books for me—  
 " Such a mass of monkish sophistries,  
 " Such a grim resurrection of ghastly lies,  
 " 'Twas never my lot to see.

" I have tried in vain to shake the church,  
 " Which is founded on a rock.  
 " But, by the pope, these Puseyite rats,  
 " Who cast sheep's eyes at cardinals' hats,  
 " Have given it a shock.

" I visited last the Emerald Isle,  
 " As one of the deputation  
 " Which sympathizing France had sent,  
 " With fifty francs and a compliment,  
 " To Dan on his agitation.

" Throughout the land, from east to west,  
 " I journeyed to and fro :  
 " In every heart glowed treason's flame,  
 " And so well had O'Connell played his game,  
 " That I was quite ' de trop.'

" I saw a crowd round a chapel-gate,  
 " Kept out by a crowd within ;  
 " Wretches half-starved, half-clad they were,  
 " With nothing on earth they rushed to prayer,  
 " As eager heaven to win.

" And with the rest I ventured in,  
 " Half-frightened at their zeal.  
 " A burley priest on the altar stood,  
 " Bellowing to the multitude  
 " A sermon on repeal.

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The devil's adventures in London here become unfit for the English public.  
 have sent them to a celebrated French novelist, who means to ground his next  
 work upon them.

“ ‘Is there a wretch,’ said the burley priest,  
 “ ‘With a flash of his blood-shot eye,  
 “ ‘In such a holy cause unwilling,  
 “ ‘To give, though it were his very last shilling?  
 “ ‘If so, let him rot and die!’

“ ‘I went with O’Connell to Tara Hill,  
 “ ‘So famous in ninety-eight;  
 “ ‘Where mass was said in the open air,  
 “ ‘For the bones of the rebels mouldering there—  
 “ ‘A little, *you know*, too late.

“ ‘I passed a few days at Derrynane,  
 “ ‘And nothing could be more civil  
 “ ‘Than the host; who, before I bade him adieu,  
 “ ‘Obligingly gave me a hint or two,  
 “ ‘Which made me a better devil.

“ ‘But enough—time flies while we idle here.  
 “ ‘As a finish to our feast, I  
 “ ‘Must give you a toast, before we part—  
 “ ‘A bumper to Daniel, the man of my heart,  
 “ ‘We’ll drink it in ‘*Lacryma Christi*.’ ”

“ ‘A bumper to Daniel,” they chorussed all,  
 “ ‘Who does our work so well.  
 “ ‘Long be his reign of lies on earth,  
 “ ‘For so long will the land that gave him birth  
 “ ‘Be very well thought of—in hell!’

#### A CHAPTER ON GRANDMOTHERS.

BY A COUNTRY COUSIN.

“I WONDER,” cried Tom Marsham, rushing the other day into my chambers, and flinging down his hat upon the table with a degree of exasperation savouring of beavericide, “I wonder that, in these days of public improvement nobody has thought of suppressing grandmothers! Thanks to steam, the nineteenth century is getting on a step or two faster than the eighteenth. We have reformed parliament, substituted gas for oil, and instead of rattling over stones, glide, sledgelike, over the wooden pavement. Life is twice as easy and pleasant now as it used to be. And why not confirm these material amendments by moral reform?”

I allowed him to enjoy his outburst of temper uninterrupted. The safety-

valve thus opened, no fear of an explosion of the boiler.

“The Athenians,” continued Tom, “once passed a law for the extermination of old people on attaining second childhood—at seventy-five, I believe, certainly at eighty. I am not for a wholesale massacre of the poor old innocents! But I am decidedly of opinion that, in their dotage, they ought to be deprived of civil rights. I would have the old fellows become minors again, and be submitted to the authority of guardians.”

“And as to the old ladies, my dear Tom,” said I, (surmising from the first hint he had let fall the origin of his wrath,) “as to the old ladies?”

“I would have public institutions founded for their proper care, main-

ce, and entertainment," replied with unabated virulence. "I have them placed out of harm's and out of the way of doing ! I would have them so associated as to enjoy congenial pursuits adopt appropriate hours, without tation to the habits and pleasures of a community. What more abundant than for people of the day—the present day—with all its enlightenments and enhancements—to be reared in their tastes and arrangements by the narrow, contracted, prejudiced, bigoted, pitiful spirit, engendered and modified by the incompleteness of the last century?"

"In short, my dear Tom," I exclaimed, no longer able to preserve neutrality, "you are like Red Riding-hood's wolf, and want to make an end of your grandmother ! What has that prudent old lady done, pray, to work up to this pitch of exacerbation?" Done?—Nothing ! I flatter myself, at twenty, I am a match for a woman of fourscore ! But she has been trying to do—that is, to do

I showed you, the other day, in my hospital house my mother has purchased, and is repairing for the future use of our family?"

"A charming house, certainly;—in fact the best situations!"

Well, sir; my mother, who has sense of the right sort of thing, and consulted me throughout her arrangements—(so that I have made the cushions give way to plate-glass, and old mantel-pieces to white marble, Louis XIV., in which style the house is to be furnished,)—informed me, just now, that she had re-ordered the Bramah lock, bestowed by myself for the street door; and, in doing to adhere to the cursed old lock with a cursed old key, large enough for the donjon of an ogre's castle;—because, forsooth—guess I beseech you."

"Because your grandmother is of opinion that considerable mischief had been done in the present day from having pocket-keys made so portable, that members of families became their masters indeed! carrying with them to clubs the germ of independence, in the shape of a *passé par tout*!"

Exactly! You have just hit it. I must have a kindred soul with your grandmother. The old lady pro-

tests that Bramah's patent locks are a modern supplement to the fatal apple,—that keys, portable in waistcoat-pockets, have led to the squandering of health, the squandering of fortune, the squandering of happiness; that a servant sitting up for one constitutes a sort of embodied conscience; and that many a family-man who risks his reputation at the gaming table, would not have the courage to confront the inquisition of his own porter!"

"And so the huge old lock is to remain, in order to sound the alarm of your nocturnal comings and goings! Oh, wise old grandmother! A Daniel—a second Daniel! I thank thee, Tom, for teaching me that word!"

Marsham was very angry, and all the more so for having been tempted to expose his family secrets to my merriment. Nor could I succeed in persuading him that greybeards were essential to the balance of society, as a drawback on the velocity of the quicker spirits of youth—a soothing shade to the intensity of its sunshine.

"Old people, my dear Tom," said I, "usually derive their moroseness, as animals their ferocity, from our evil entreatment of them. Trusted and caressed, they become indulgent and affectionate. But how could you expect any thing short of misinterpretation and persecution from old Mrs. Marsham, after proposing to revive, on her account, that monstrous law of Athens?"

The fact is, (I would not betray my weakness to a worldling like Tom, but will to the reader,) I am somewhat tender on the chapter of grandmothers! I doat upon a kindly and intelligent old lady. In humble life, the old woman is an indispensable creation. Hundreds of offices fall to her share which no other human being would accomplish. As extremes meet, she rocks the cradle of the infirm child, towards whose helpless condition she is herself progressing. Blunted in sensibility by the lapse of years, she is self-possessed enough to lend her aid in scenes of anguish and agony, where the tenderness of the young defeats itself. She ministers to the degradations of sickness,—she wipes away the dews of death,—arrays the corpse for the grave, and watches beside the coffin—too terrible a contem-

plation for the youthful eye. The shadow of time is upon her spirit; she hath shaken hands with the king of terrors, and is unabashed in his presence.

And for this we reward her, (with a degree of gratitude becoming the nobler sex,) if crooked-backed and helpless enough, by burning her for a witch; or, at the present day, with the irony of constituting her a type of all that is contemptible. The premier who by a fatal exhibition of incompetence deserves to lose his responsible head, we call "an old woman!" The head of the church, whose mind and hand are too feeble to control the heresies and schisms of his turbulent clergy, we call "an old woman!" The great lord on the woollen sack, whose wisdom resides neither in his wig nor out of it, and whose judgments, unlike those of Solomon, are in perpetual need of revision, we call "an old woman." The President of the College of Physicians, if he fail to cure our gout—the President of the Royal Academy, if he fail in the copy of our countenance, we call "old women." Regardless of the good service rendered to us by that never-sufficiently-to-be-venerated portion of the human race which secures all we adore from the execution of all that is revolting in human duty, we have not a more opprobrious epithet to fling in the teeth of one of our own sex, than the sacred title of "old woman!"

The world, when half peopled with gods, knew better. The ancients submitted the whole control of this nether earth and its inhabitants to the hands of three old women. When arranged by the distaffs of Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, human affairs went swimmingly, albeit law, physic, and divinity were then really under the authority of old women.

"Jove in his chair, of the skies lord mayor,"

gave sufficient proof of his omniscience by recognizing the emmet-like shrewdness of this portion of his creation, and assigning his human subjects to the government of his three venerable daughters.

But setting aside their service in ancient or modern times, I maintain that they contribute to the pleasure of society as well as its profit. So far

from emulating the hag-like qualities imputed to her by the malice of the poets, a grandame is usually the mildest person in a house—a pacificator—a turner away of wrath—spoiling the children, and soothing the jealousy of the wife. The old lady has been beaten tender by the buffets of the world. Few attain threescore or threescore years and ten, without having "suffered persecution and learned mercy." For every human existence, high or low, is a struggle—a wrestling bout with the callous fist of adversity—or a tilt with the golden mailed gauntlet of civilization. The stream of life, whether it resemble Pactolus or a kennel, has its rocks and shoals; and the pilot of whatever vessel has weathered the storm, ought to be an object of interest and consultation to those whose voyage is in prospect—whom the whirlwind is awaiting, "hushed in grim repose," or for whom the whirlpool is yawning—as my readers perhaps are now! For alas! I feel that, though inditing of a good matter, I am waxing prosy as Tom Marsham's grandmother!

Visit not the fault, gentle reader, on the dear old souls, whose defence I have undertaken. Every one knows that the good manners of the *ancien régime* of France, were attributed to the influence of its old ladies,—whose traditions carried forward the politeness of the reign of the *grand monarque* through the infamies of the Regency, into a new reign; while the wit of Paris during its wittiest of epochs, was notoriously hatched under the spreading *paniers* of a circle of dowagers. The "grand-mamma Sellys" and "Lady Bountifuls" of old England were not, more influential in their country manor-houses, than Mesdames les Maréchaux at the foot of the Bourbon throne; nor was it unadvisedly said of the aristocracy created by Napoleon, brilliant with the advantages of beauty, youth, talent, and riches,—that it wanted the one thing needful to soften and polish its social surface,—that it had no old ladies!

In short, (for at five-and-twenty, I can afford to avow such a taste,)—I own my weakness in favour of grey hairs!) People admit their passion for old china, old lace, old architecture, old wine:—Why not for old women? It is my fancy,—my cian,—

my mania;—and if the reader please, I will tell him why.

Two years ago, it was my fortune to spend a couple of months at the country-house of some relations;—a gentleman and his wife, whom a dozen years of marriage had blessed with half as many olive branches, as well as the discovery usually achieved during the same lapse of time,—that they would have been much happier single. Mr. Wrexham was a squire of tolerable family, in easy circumstances, enjoying the social position so gracefully lauded by Horace,—a mediocrity pleasanter to read of than be submitted to by aspiring human nature. For I had not been four-and-twenty hours under the roof of my cousins, before I discovered their rural felicity to be quite as turbid as the felicities of Grosvenor-square! Disgusted by the turbulence of the metropolis, I had hoped to find all the domestic virtues united, under a squirearchical roof on the borders of Wales; and the hickerings of conjugal disquiet, and petty envyings and hatreds of a country parish, struck me with as much disgust as the wriggling of a knot of earthworms after the colossal coil of a boa constrictor.

As there happened to be another Adam and Eve, in that Salopian garden of Eden, occasion readily presented itself for the indulgence of human frailty. Mr. Wrexham was envious, Mrs. Wrexham, jealous. The lady of Elm Hill was a prettier woman than my fair kinswoman; while the lord of that lady was not only lord of the manor, but rejoiced in a greenhouse and conservatory, which put the cabbage roses of the Wrexhams to the blush. They all hated each other, in short, as neighbourly as possible; and there is no saying to what extent their Guelf and Ghibeline rivalry might have proceeded, had they not been conjoined by the potent bond of a hatred greater still. Within view of their diminutive domains rose a splendid castle,—the magnificent seat of an earl of ancient descent; a man whose pheasants, they might not shoot,—whose river they might not fish—whose agent (for his lordship was seldom resident,) they might not gainsay. Lord Delmington was the shutter-out of their sunshine;—Lord Delmington was their Mordecai the Jew, sitting in

the king's gate; and but for Lord Delmington, they would have fallen upon each other, like the Kilkenny cats,—leaving only their tails to grace my tale.

The first day I spent with the Wrexhams was devoted to the narrative of all they had to suffer at the hands of Elm Hill. My fair cousin took private occasion to inform me, that it was easy for a man to go out with his dog and gun; but that “a man might go out with his dog and gun, yet contrive to spend half the day at Elm Hill, on pretence of lunching; and not very wonderful either, when the lady of the house was a designing coquette like Mrs. John Archer!—Wrexham would take me to Elm Hill, she dared to say, on pretence of pigeon pies and sherry; but she thought it right to warn me. I should soon judge for myself how matters were going on between them.” On the other hand,—I had not proceeded a hundred yards on my morning's walk with Wrexham, before he fell upon John Archer. “John Archer was the most self-conceited ass! John Archer fancied no one had ever grown a melon in the country but himself. John Archer had the pretension to take in an evening as well as a morning paper. John Archer had set up a bone-mill of his own invention, and talked of obtaining a patent!” There was no end, in short, to the crimes and misdemeanours of John Archer!

Two days later, the Archers dined at the Grove; and it was amusing enough to see the *Bianchi e Neri* combine in a sort of magpie animosity against Lord Delmington. Delmington Castle was now the target for their commingled shafts. Delmington Castle was a curse to the country. Delmington Castle was the mildewed ear blighting their wholesome harvest. Mrs. Wrexham overlooked the bewitching flaxen ringlets and pink silk dress of Mrs. John Archer, while they arraigned together the misery of residing within view of a mansion filled for weeks together with mirth and festivity, in which they did not participate; and Wrexham forgave his neighbour of Elm Hill the offence of forced French beans at his table, while concocting with him schemes of vengeance against the earl;—dog-



spears to be set in their coppices and trespasses to be prosecuted against his agent.

For once, their petty porcupinism amused me. But I soon got sick of hearing a man abused to whom I was under no obligation; and as the Grove was any thing but a mansion of peace, (Mrs. Wrexham, who protested that the immoralities of her husband rendered a governess impossible, devoting her whole mornings to the piano, insuring a triumph over Mrs. John Archer, and leaving her children to scamper unchecked over the house,) I consoled myself by sauntering forth alone, to enjoy the beauties of a charming neighbourhood. My fair kinswoman once or twice invited me to drive with her in her pony phaeton. But her notions of a drive consisted in stopping at the neighbouring town, on a visit of spite and gossiping at Elm Hill; and from such expeditions it was pleasant to escape to the woods and fields. But, alas! for human nature,—envy is contagious as the yellow fever;—and I, who in London can pass Northumberland House without a pang, and there, and every where,—

“Without a sigh or golden wish,  
Can look upon my beechen-bowl and dish”—

now begun to begrudge the Earl of Delmington the beauty of his ancestral domain!

“What hath he done to be thus happy!” said I, in my wanderings,—while contemplating his majestic woods and spreading chase. “As Figaro says, *‘il s’est donné la peine d’être!’* My father died in battle, after five and twenty years’ hard fighting. My grandfather toiled through the early colonization of America;—yet I and my brothers must drudge like negroes through life, or we may want bread. As to attaining the means of marrying and settling, I might as well dream of pocketing the pole-star! While this man engrosses to his single self the means of existence for thousands, and competence for hundreds! It is too much for Providence to exact of one not to covet the goods of such a neighbour as Lord Delmington!”

On returning one afternoon to the Grove after thus soliloquizing, in a style about as Christianlike as Milton’s Satan, expecting to find in parlour

and hall the usual bickerings and insubordination, I was greeted by the Wrexham children in chorus with,—“Grandmamma is coming!—grandmamma is coming!” And, in the intolerant humour of the movement, I will not say where I wished the old lady thus announced. I had no reason to augur well of the grandame of such a family.

An hour afterwards, grandmamma arrived in her plain dowager chariot, with an elderly serving-man, and sober-looking maid, at sight of whom I began to feel a sort of mildew stealing over me!—Nevertheless the conversation that day at dinner was, for the first time during my visit, cheerful—without scandal or spite. The children came down to dessert; but there was no romping, and no one sent crying to bed.—At breakfast next morning, every one was punctual;—the water boiling, and the butter and Wrexham cool.—Luncheon came at the moment luncheon ought to come, without so much as a sonata in the interim, and two days afterwards, I found the two noisy elder girls stitching quietly at grandmamma’s work-table; while Bob, the eldest boy, showed me a copy he had written for her that morning in her own room.—The shaggy manes of Sophy and Jane were trimmed into shape; and the ebony nails of the little boys,—which I had regarded as unbleachable as those of the black-moor in the fable,—washed white!

Impossible to regard without interest the worker of all these miracles!—and in Wrexham’s excellent mother I had the comfort of finding a simple-hearted amiable woman of five-and-fifty, “or by’r lady inclining to threescore,” whose exterior was as prepossessing as her influence was auspicious.—Her dress, though simple in form and chaste in colour, was of rich materials; her nature—

“Polite as all her life in courts had been,  
Yet gentle, as she the world had never seen.”

Though a dear lover of order, she was indulgent to the little irregularities of her grand-children; winning them back to subordination by the amenity of her counsel. Before grandmamma had been a week at the Grove, I was almost in love with her!—

One day, when Mrs. Wrexham, being engaged to dine at Elm Hill, and bent upon overwhelming the party with her skill as a pianiste, was anxious to get us out of the house that she might devote the morning to a laborious practice,—the old lady proposed to me an airing in the pony phaeton, which I gladly accepted. To my surprise she ordered the little postillion to drive through the Delmington woods—

“Yes!—to Delmington,”—said she in answer to my look of amazement.—“There is a public road through the park. ‘Why not take the goods the gods provide us?’—Why not enjoy, while we can, what affords so little enjoyment to the owner?”

And through the beautiful park, accordingly we drove; under the shade of its stately avenues and on the margin of its beautiful lake.—Nor was it necessary to modify the enthusiasm of my admiration, as I must have done had Wrexham been my companion. The open-hearted, clear-minded, old lady had no envious self-love to be wounded by my praises of Delmington Castle. Nay, I believe it afforded her real pleasure to listen to my unfeigned exclamations of delight at the exquisite variations of sylvan scenery successively developed around us.

“Providence is impartial,” said she; “assigning to one man the proprietorship of this delicious spot,—to another, the faculty of appreciating it!—Lord Delmington beholds in these woods only timber for the markets,—in these thickets, only coverts for his game,—in these golden plains, only the source of a balance at his banker’s!—Never did the scene around us present itself to his mind as a landscape,—for him the silence of the forest is voiceless,—for him the flower has no perfume,—the murmuring of the stream no music. Half his days are spent in getting up an appetite for dinner,—half his nights in gazing on the green cloth of a card table. Lord Delmington is a cold voluptuary; and prefers London and his meretricious villa, to the formalities necessitated by the pomp of this noble seat!”

At that moment, our road lay through a beautiful glade, studded with ancient trees—some of them too ancient for any but the eye of an artist,—gnarled trunks, which the waving

fern seemed trying to overtop. Here and there, however, high above all, predominated a grand old oak, the pride of centuries; under whose spreading branches the deer were sheltering from the glare of the autumnal sunshine, shedding its golden tint upon the scene.

“There,” said the old lady, pointing to a tuft of mistletoe, whose unnatural foliage, contrasted with the wholesome verdure of the oak upon which it was growing,—“yonder parasite, deriving its substance from that noble tree, and taking no heed of its beauties, is the emblem of the man you regard as an object of envy, and with whom, if you rightly understood the mine of wealth existing in your own uncorrupted youth, your ardent mind and feeling heart, you would not change places for the wealth of half a hundred Delmington Castles.”

“You know him well, then?” said I.

“So well,” she replied, “that I almost blame myself for speaking thus frankly. But I have observed, with regret, my young cousin, during the time we have spent together at the Grove, that the aspect of this neighbouring grandeur has filled your heart with discontent. You cannot forgive Lord Delmington his thousands a year and hundreds of acres! Yet could you appreciate the desert that exists in his bosom, the drought and aridity of the wilderness within, you would down on your knees to thank Heaven for the freshness of your spirits and fertility of your mind. Lord Delmington is a year or two my junior. When, in my married days, I resided at the Grove, we became acquainted. I was then young and pretty; and so surprised was he to find my youth and prettiness not at the absolute disposal of Delmington Castle, that I saw he measured his claims to my regard by the length of the Delmington rent-roll. This caused me to despise one who, to a chaste wife and happy mother, would have been only an object of indifference. My husband died,—and excited, I suspect, by my resistance,—he offered me his hand, a coronet, and one of the finest properties in the kingdom; a tempting bait you will admit, and one which the worldly interests of my son rendered it difficult to reject. I took time,

therefore, to think of it; and thought of it again and again,—often, while pursuing the very road along which we are now driving,—often while cramped within my own contracted premises at the Grove. My heart was unshackled as my hand. There was nothing to prevent my becoming Countess of Delmington, but my perception of the cold-blooded egotism—the shallow emptiness of the man with whom this noble fortune must be shared. Judge therefore how mean must be my appreciation of his nature, when I tell you that, after the most deliberate reflection, I rejected him; and have never, from that day to this, repented the disinterestedness of my decision."

"I no longer wonder," said I, after due reconsideration of the case, "at the antipathy with which my friend Wrexham regards his aristocratic neighbour."

"Your friend Wrexham knows not a syllable of all I have been telling you," rejoined my companion. "I hope you think better of my discretion than to suppose I should confide such a story to his father's son. If thus communicative with yourself, it is not alone because anxious to restore you to a happier frame of spirit, but because you will one day find among your father's papers, evidence of his intermediation, as my nearest kinsman, between me and Lord Delmington."

At that moment, as we were winding along the ravine with the intention of returning by another road to the Grove, we encountered a cavalcade, headed by a red-faced, wooden-shouldered old gentleman, mounted on a shooting pony, and accompanied by several game-keepers holding a leash of pointers, a fine setter or two, and an obese spaniel, that looked like its master's pet.

"Lord Delmington, himself!" exclaimed the old lady, when we came within scope of recognition. "My son assured me he was not expected at the castle before Christmas, or I would on no account have hazarded the encounter."

No need, however, to concern herself. He passed "and made no sign,"—that is, only a bow of common courtesy, in acknowledgment of those he received from both of us.

"So perish the friendships of this

world," she calmly resumed, as soon as he was out of hearing. "He has actually forgotten, you see, the face which once comprised all the sunshine of his life!"

I was beginning to surmise the possibility, that grandmamma might have exaggerated, both to herself and me, the extent of her former influence, when the postillion was suddenly called upon to stop; and in a moment the shooting-pony was reined up beside the phaeton, and the red-faced earl stood, hat in hand, explaining with the utmost deference that his eyes were at fault, rather than his memory; that on learning her name from his keepers, he could not refrain from riding back to express his sincere satisfaction at seeing her again, "more especially," he added, "on a spot with which she had always been associated in his recollections."

Nothing could exceed his high breeding, except that with which his compliments were received. Gentle and self-possessed, the old lady presented me to his acquaintance as a young kinsman, with the smiling calmness of perfect indifference; and when, after a few minutes' conversation, he touched his hat and rode on, there was no need for her to assure me that, even had her lot been twenty times more obscure than at present, she would not have exchanged it to become Countess of Delmington.

At her request, I made no mention at Elm Hill of our morning's encounter. But the following day, as I was returning from shooting, with Wrexham, we met a groom in the Delmington livery, riding from the lodge-gate of the Grove.

"Your curiosity is clearly painted in your looks," said dear grandmamma, the first time I found myself alone with her. "Yes; he has written—but not as your smiles seem to infer, to make me a second offer of his hand! Did you know any thing of the present habits of Lord Delmington, the mere supposition were impossible. He wrote simply to invite us all to dine at the castle."

"And even this you refused?"

"Even this I refused.—Between ourselves, neither the fortune of my son nor the discretion of my daughter-in-law, render them a match for the society into which they would be

thrown at Lord Delmington's. He is not enough at the castle to render his acquaintance an object; and is usually surrounded by a circle distinguished for any thing rather than the decencies of life."

I was a little disappointed. The meeting between this venerable Juliet and her old Romeo would have afforded me an interesting study.

"The worst of it is," resumed grandmamma, "that this unlucky meeting compels me to curtail my visit here. My remaining at the Grove could not fail to bring about an acquaintance I consider most undesirable. Prepare yourself, therefore, to hear me announce, to-morrow morning, after post time, the unex-

pected necessity of returning to town. I shall come back in January,—for Lord Delmington spends the winter in Paris."

I instantly resolved to abridge my own visit, and fish, at parting from the Wrexhams, for an invitation to meet her there, after Christmas. All her announcements, (with a single exception,) were fulfilled. Her grandchildren clung round her—her daughter-in-law implored her to stay; but go she would, and go she did.

Soon afterwards I followed, having obtained the wished-for invitation. But, alas! when I returned to the Grove a few months afterwards, the Wrexhams were arrayed in crape and bombazine—for grandmamma.

# BABEL.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

It rose amidst the spacious plain  
In solitary pride;  
Beneath it, like a billowy main,  
The city's roofs lay wide:  
It was a wonder in the earth,  
From whence the fabric took its birth.

The gazer's upward glancing eye  
O'er ridg'd galleries went;  
Still up and up, till with the sky  
Its roofless height seemed blent,  
And the thick-columned balustrade  
Seem'd dwindled to a bennett's blade.

And he who scal'd that height might hear  
The city's distant hum,  
Dying upon the atmosphere,  
Till all around was dumb—  
Then start at his own lonely breath,  
So much it seem'd the realm of death.

The rushing eagle deem'd that tower  
Only a darker cloud,  
And borne on wing of fatal power  
Against its summit proud,  
With sudden shriek and shock was hurl'd  
Down lifeless to the distant world.

And tower on tower and pile on pile  
The monstrous building grew,  
Still vainly rising towards the smile  
Of heav'n's celestial blue—  
Or 'midst the tempest and the storm  
Rearing unscath'd its giant form.

How swell'd the builders' hearts with pride  
To see that tower of might—  
“ We will not ask for wings,” they cried,  
“ Towards heav'n to take our flight :  
Some stories more, a little time,  
By our own tower its walls we'll climb.”

Vain hope! vain boast! the lightning came,  
And wrapt the building round—  
God sent his messenger of flame  
To smite it to the ground :  
And a great nation's impious trust  
At once was levell'd with the dust.

Are not there builders even now  
Like those on Shinar's plain ;  
Do they not heavenward strive to go  
By paths as false and vain ?  
How many in their wayward will  
Are building other Babels still !

And bitter must the anguish be  
When that dread hour shall come—  
When each with sudden thrill shall see  
How high, how pure the dome  
Of heaven is o'er them, whilst the clay  
Of their poor works all melts away.

There is a higher, holier path  
Unto that blessed realm ;  
Nor mortal foe nor fiendish wrath  
Its track shall overwhelm :  
He who was slain did he not say,  
“ I am the Life, the Truth, the Way !”

Cork.

## CHIPS FROM THE LIBRARY TABLE.

## TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR—In sawing, planing, boring, turning, and polishing, year after year, the rough materials of a literary handicraft, which, however desultory and aimless, has served at least to keep me in sound health and good spirits, I find by this time the floor strewn with sundry chips and shavings; and as each of these fragments, slight and twisted though it be, is of the same material at least as the timber at which I laboured, I encourage the idea that a little bit of humble inlaid-work, formed of the morsels, may not be unpleasing to your readers, in this day, when anything is better liked than what occupies the thoughts and attention too long or too intently. I have attempted no order or arrangement, nor indeed have I the presumption to think that the slightest real value attaches either to the parts or the whole collectedly. Mr. D'Israeli has reaped the field clear, as regards general literature. Southey has made a sweep beyond him, in his "Doctor," into the most picturesque and unfrequented corners; and many an able hand has gleaned after them; amongst others, the author of the "Table Talk" of the *Morning Post*, whose criticism is as sound as his style is interesting. My "Chips" are more desultory and less pretending than any of these, aiming, in fact, at no more than to be a collection of the random thoughts and reflections of one who, without much leisure to sit at it, is fonder of (to change the image) his little "board of green cloth," with its musty provision, than of the best "mahogany" that even you could load with good cheer, surround with pleasant guests, and enliven with your own brilliant sallies, for him—and to say this, is to say every thing.

I am, dear sir,  
 With sincere esteem, admiration, and regard,  
 Your faithful humble servant,  
 ADVENA.

## DESECRATED ABBEYS.

The popular superstition, that a curse cleaves to the walls of a desecrated abbey, is mentioned in a note by Markland, appended to Murray's edition of Boswell's Johnson, 1835. There is a reference to Sir Henry Spelman's treatise on the "History and fall of Sacrilege," and to Archbishop Whitgift's speech to Queen Elizabeth, as given by Walton in his life of Hooker. In the note above-mentioned Cowdray, the Lord Montague's seat, is adduced as an instance. The misfortunes and crimes with which all family history is interspersed, and which the dignity of a house only renders conspicuous, need but little heightening at the hands of those who would prove a pre-supposed fact, to have their character darkened to a degree which should indicate a super-

natural fatality, and evince to the credulous the tokens of the divine displeasure. But, by those who are inclined to indulge in such fancies, it must at least be remarked that the curse can only *justly* attach to the families of those who were originally decked in the spoils of the church. It may be *hereditary*, but cannot be *purchasable*.

## WERTER.

In this, as in most of Goethe's writings, "more is meant than meets the ear," and hence much of its power over us. The vague suggestion, like the shadowy mysticism of Hamlet, catches the attention, and agitates us, like an object imperfectly seen in the twilight, enlarged and spectral, which we are irresistibly drawn to investigate, more



with the desire to prove it *not* an object of terror, than because there is anything attractive about it. Such are some of Rembrandt's interiors, into which the light darts vividly but partially, leaving us to people the darkness of which the rest of his canvass is composed, with the *ripieni* of the imagination. A detailed history of Werter's mind might be drawn, and drawn faithfully, from these few pages. His original devotion to love in the abstract—his meeting it at last in a tangible form—his restlessness under any thing short of full enjoyment—his gaspings after variety—his exhausted retreat upon the old passion—his generalizing habits of thought—his weakness—his crime—and his self-inflicted punishment—each and all afford themes of endless development. We see from the first that such a disposition, however interesting and refined, cannot *come to good*. Not even an union with Charlotte would have made him happy. No—a habit of vague and infinite desire could only be met by infinite enjoyment—and therefore, misery must track the vain pursuit like its shadow.

The argumentative part of the book is weak. Let Rousseau answer it. The images are, many of them, exquisitely natural and beautiful. Goethe's illustrations are generally happy. But puerilities abound—and, in particular, I feel offended at the openness of Werter's exposure of his own feelings. The attitude of a man should interpose a seven-fold shield between them and the world—and if they rage, it should be within him. The waves of passion are naturally broken upon the piers, and moles, and breastworks of society, and burst in their full fury only upon the rocks and desert shores of solitude. From such a feeling it is, that those who are in misery fly for refuge amongst men, for there they are not driven upon the iron-bound horrors of their own thoughts.

It is with awe alone we can look at the consequences of such a book to mankind in general. Southey confesses in his youth (1799), that "a book like Werter gives him unmingled pain." Between its covers the assassin steals noiselessly to the throats of hundreds. Whatever show of justice there might be in Goethe's view of the particular case, there can

be no doubt that ~~it is injurious~~ to the interests of ~~the~~ ~~as much as any of~~ ~~form of~~ and therefore the book in which the crime is palliated must exercise a general pernicious tendency; and how great is the mischief done by the slightest turn of the scale on the side of wrong! How disproportionate a weight is moved by the slightest pressure upon the longer arm of the lever! It may crush thousands. Can we refuse to fear that the stone, in its recoil upon the mover, might "grind him to powder?"

A durable responsibility attaches to the publication of a thought. It goes forth, irrevocably, to the ends of the earth. It never ceases to move, and to cause motion. If it have the seeds of power at first, it gains and it grows—*vires acquirit eundo*. No after thought of the propagator—no messenger, spurred though he might be by the agonized earnestness of conviction and remorse, will ever overtake it. Wherever he goes, he will find its ravages, but never arrest its person. Nor till mind ceases to operate and matter to be operated on, will the vibration of the original published evil ever cease upon the chords of human society. Hence it must be matter of keen agony to the reflection of a man whose eyes are opened by the approach of death or the light of religion, to know that pernicious doctrines have gone forth from him to the world, and that those doctrines are, at the very moment, though he has himself detected their fallacy and repudiated their maxims, working their way from heart to heart, and pursuing an underground course of mischief, as much removed now from his control or regulation, as the grovelling scenes of their action are from his present contemplations.

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SHELLEY.

"My great stimulus in writing," says Shelley, in one of his letters, "is to have the approbation of those who feel kindly towards me." To this beautiful observation we must all respond. I am inclined to make this general remark on most of poor Shelley's *sentiments*, carefully distin-

guishing them from his opinions. Never was unfortunate wight so dead to every thing but feeling. He could see nothing; and, as in the blind, his feeling was proportionably acute and delicate.

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BULWER'S POMPEII.

Bulwer has been guilty of an error in his "Last Days of Pompeii," in making the son of the widow of Nain so much advanced in years as he has done; and I think I see how it occurred. He considered that "79," the year of the catastrophe, reckoned from our Saviour's crucifixion, in which case, this man would have been at the period of his story upwards of ninety years of age. But since only forty-six years had elapsed since the crucifixion, and as our Lord's ministry is generally supposed to have extended itself over not more than the three years previous, it is plain, the widow's son, "a young man," or "youth," when the miracle was performed, could not have been much more than sixty years of age, if so much, in A. D. 70.

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SHIEL AND KIRKE WHITE.

The speech of the former, unspoken at Penenden Heath, contained one passage, justly lauded for its sublimity and beauty. In a burst of melancholy enthusiasm, caused by the contemplation of the fallen condition of his country, he said, as well as I recollect, that "wave after wave breaks sullenly in the solitary magnificence of shipless and deserted harbours."

I find the following passage in Kirke White's "Time:"—

"O'er  
Her crowded ports, broods silence; and  
the cry  
(Of the lone curlew, and the pensive dash  
Of distant billows breaks alone the  
void."

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MODERN MYTHOLOGY.

Why should we affect to be sceptical respecting heathen metamorphoses?

We have the thing done to hand to-day. Jupiter assumes as many shapes as he did of old, when he appears in the form of a husband to modern belles. Men every day take by their musical powers. Swans approach many Ledas. A shower of gold has by no means lost its gallant qualities in the nineteenth century. The warmer portion of the sex own, like Europa, the ravishing attractions of those lusty admirers, of whom horns are generally, sooner or later, the distinguishing appendage; while the refined metaphysical fair one, to whom matter is a matter of abhorrence, to this day has been known to admit the fecundating embraces of a cloud, or, what is nearly as atmospheric, suffer herself, like Mrs. H —, to be towed away to another world by a steam-tug.

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WIT.

All writers have had a tilt at this small word, with the aim to hit off its meaning, and yet there it hangs within its little ring, as unscathed as Saturn. The author of the article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" very candidly confesses, that it is "a quality of certain thoughts and expressions, much easier perceived than defined." Locke was too large in his description of it, which included more than wit. Addison limited it, by making *surprise* an essential. Pope went nearer to it—he defined wit to be "a quick conception and an easy delivery." It is called by another, "an assimilation of distant ideas." I forget Browne's definition, which, however, struck me when I read it as an ingenious one. Lord Brougham makes a furious charge at it, and would have you believe that he carries it off bodily on his lance's point. "To bring together," he says, (Disc. of Nat. Theology, p. 170), "ideas of the most opposite description, and show them in unexpected, yet when suddenly pointed out, undeniable connexion, is the *only* definition of wit." A little vaunting, certainly, of my Lord Brougham, though he made a good pass at it. But Dryden had been as exclusive as he:—"The definition of wit is *only* this, that it is the property of thoughts and words, or,

in other terms, thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject." Clearly no definition at all. He does not attempt to explain what that property is, which he says belongs to thoughts and words, further than that it is wit. His charger, making a desperate rush at the ring, bolts as he approaches it, turns tail, and bears his rider back to the starting-post again. It is pretty nearly as complete a "baulk," when Dr. Johnson, having defined wit, in its primary and original signification, as "the powers of the mind, the intellect," calls it, in the present sense, "*the effect of wit!*"

Will it be considered pusillanimous of me, to turn *my* horse's head round, and quietly to say, that the word *never will be defined*? It is exactly one of those quicksilver terms, which have weight enough to be perfectly felt by every body, but which slip through any body's fingers who attempts to take them up.

The happiest *description* of wit I have heard, is that of my friend Stenio, who called it "a brilliant of fancy, set in the gold of refined expression;" unless, indeed, there be a claim to rivalry in the expression of some one, who said it was "a great intellect at play."

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MATTHEWS'S DIARY.

It is the style of *thinking* which is most commendable in this valetudinarian journal—for the language is, perhaps, a shade too scholastic and affected. The author has admirably managed to exhibit the "invalid" in the general colouring of his thoughts, without obtruding testiness or spleen unnecessarily upon the reader. It is the hectic grace of consumption, not the saffron gloom of jaundice. His manly *English* mind never forsakes him for a moment. Refreshing contrast to the Willises of the day! All a-strain after wonders, and, once they find one, all a-strain for startling expression! setting their readers winking at phenomena they have created out of what equally gifted and more sensible men have observed ἀσχαρδαμυκτι, and dilating on their adventures with

something of the same sobriety which characterized the travels of the ancient merchants, who boasted of having got a peep into the sun's occidental cradle, *et monstros vidisse marinos*. He is bold enough too; for instance, he does not hesitate to attack Raffaele's Transfiguration, an enemy, be it remembered, armed with the almost impregnable approbation of the professors of art itself, including one of its most enlightened disciples, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and that of the imitative world at large. I confess myself a convert to the "Invalid's" opinion, so far as to admit that no matter what charms the picture may have in its execution, colouring, and *abstract grouping*, as it were, that composition cannot satisfy true taste, in which two scenes which are essentially distinct, and which must have been removed from each other both in place and time, are brought together on canvas, and individuals who were actors in both represented in duplicate as performers in one and the other. Indeed, the time is yet to come when we shall have correct delineations of scripture subjects. The Italians of the Augustan age of painting designed according to their knowledge, and not only misinterpreted scripture, but took Italian originals in persons, costume, scenery and colouring, for their models. Sir David Wilkie has sensibly exposed these solecisms of art, and predicted a new era of high scripture illustration.

Matthews's comparison of the fall of the Staubach with that of the Rhine, and Madame Roland's illustration, brings to my mind the effect I once observed at the little artificial fall in Lord Powerscourt's demesne, resembling, as my fancy painted it, the judgments of heaven, which, bursting at first into sight high above our heads in an overwhelming flood, and seeming ready to fall irresistibly upon us, are broken and dispersed ere they descend, until they melt into a gentle shower, diffusing fertility and smiling verdure around the very spot they threatened to deluge. When it is recollected that in such showers the *bow of hope* most commonly appears, the illustration will be complete.

A derivation given by Matthews leads me to take notice of a little book

which displays some ingenuity and research, I mean

SULLIVAN'S DICTIONARY OF DERIVATIONS.

Of omissions in any work of this kind it would be an endless task to speak, for putative parents of philological foundlings may be multiplied at the discretion or indiscretion of the curious; but one or two mistakes have crept in, which it will be the duty of the author (should an opportunity be hereafter afforded him) to correct.

Mr. Sullivan conjecturally derives the name of the fish, JOHN DOREY, from the French *jaune*, yellow, and *dorée*, gilded. Mr. Matthews tells us that the name of this fish in Italy is the San Pietro, which is sometimes called *Il Janitore*, thence by corruption, John Dory.—*Diary*, vol. ii. p. 28.

He says, "to be of the QUORUM, means to be one of a certain number of justices named in a commission, QUORUM, of whom, there must be at least three present before they can act in certain cases. Mr. Sullivan, who is a barrister, ought to have known that this is inaccurate. The term is used where a commission is issued, say, to five persons, *quorum* A. B. unum esse volumus. Here A. B. is of the *quorum*.—See 3 Henry 7, ch. 3. 32 Henry 8, ch. 43.

I am not so certain about the word Sedan. It is here derived from the Latin, *sedes*, a seat. I had conceived that this conveyance owed its name to the place of its invention, or scene of its first use, as in the case of hackney coaches. It appears that Sedan chairs were first introduced into England in the seventeenth century, a date much too recent to admit of our supposing that a word of this classical origin should be coined to name them.

The phrase "*stylum vertere*" Mr. Sullivan translates, to make frequent corrections. He forgets the passage—"*sape stylum vertas*."

The English prefix *BE* is said to be merely the verb to *be*; as *befriend*, that is, to be a friend to, &c. I feel inclined (though without remembering the opinion of philologists,) to consider it a particle, akin to the German *GE* and *BE*, which merely express a certain mode or condition of the

word to which they are prefixed, without reference to the auxiliary.

But these are very trifles—the book is a safe manual in the hands of young people, and gains by the quaint, lively, and paradoxical notes of R. D.

L'ESPRIT AND LA PUCELLE.

It is somewhere related, that at a particular period the Canton of Berne ordered all the impressions of Helvetius's "*Esprit*," and Voltaire's "*Pucelle*," to be seized. The officer of justice employed by them came into the council and said,—"*Magnifiques seigneurs, apres toutes les recherches possibles, on n'a pas trouvé que tres peu d'esprit, et pas une pucelle.*"

LORD PLUNKET AND HISTORY.

Lord Plunket, even if he had uttered what, by a strange perversion, is attributed to him concerning the value of history, would not have been without authority. Hear Montesquieu—"*Les histoires sont des faits faux composés sur des faits vrais, ou bien à l'occasion des vrais.*"

Hear Fontenelle—History is a collection of "*fables convenues*."

Hear Henri IV., who, having listened to conflicting accounts of the battle of Aumale, exclaimed "*voila ce que c'est que l'histoire!*"

Raleigh, too, an historian himself, was forced to allow that history is but a sorry record of facts, when he failed in gaining a correct account of the confusion outside the window of his prison.

GEOLOGY.

The reflections which arise in the mind while reading the secrets of geology, are sombre. We find ourselves shrunk in time as much as by the Copernican discovery we were in space. Not only is this earth dislodged from its self-assumed centrality of position, and thrust into a corner of creation, but even of it we find the whole human race to have but a late

and precarious tenure, a short and terminable lease of an antiquated tenement. There is, overriding the ordinary and observed course of events, a slow and magnificent advance, tending in a determined direction, like the supposed gravitation of our system towards a particular point in space. Yet the minutest circumstance which happens in nature is proceeding with this great work: every small wave that ripples upon the beach is helping at the process, and furthering the viewless work of eternity. It is tearing its handful from the solid continent, and carrying the atoms to swell the strata which are shallowing the middle-deep, and are probably destined to bear another race of beings thousand of ages hence. These strata, the ceaseless oscillation of the ocean is settling into solidity, and preparing for incalculably distant eras. The relative level of land and sea is gradually altered by the disturbing power of earthquakes, and without general convulsion, by imperceptible but sure steps, what has taken place will probably take place again—snow-clad mountains will be coral-clad reefs, submerged miles beneath the surface of seas—boundless forests will be black and flattened seams of stone pressed into solidity in the bowels of the earth; and the shell-strewn sands of tranquil seas will be cliffs and ledges of tempest-worn rock, inaccessible to any less towering wing than the eagle's or the condor's. The fused elements of all matter raging in the fire of their central caves against the lowermost tiers of what the sea has cast down, splitting them, and thrusting up through them, here and there, their fingers of fire, or spouting their smoky breath to the heavens, shall arise the hard, cold and crumbling walls of hoary granite mountains, whereof moles, palaces, temples, and statues, may be hewn by the mind-directed labour of future races.

But, again, we are perplexed when we consider the *waste of power* which nature would appear to have exhibited during the countless ages which geology informs us have preceded the Mosaic creation, on the supposition that there were not beings existing on earth mixed of intelligence and matter as now. Not an echo was sweetened by a single note of instructed harmony. Not

an admiring eye was there to glisten over the lovely landscapes, the luxuriant vegetation, the glorious sunrises and sunsets of pre-Adamite eras! Not an ear to catch the song of birds, the hum of insects, the murmuring of the breeze, the roar of ocean! Not a tear to rise at the bounty and beneficence of a holy and heavenly Creator! Not a nerve to tremble at the awful peal of the thunder. Not a ship to float on the solitude of spacious harbours, or to skim the connected channels of islands. Not a step to tread the valley of beauty, or ascend the hills of sublimity. The diamond lay glittering in the mine unsought. The ore slumbered unapplied in the vein. Coal lay hid in its strata, awaiting through generations of unconscious animal life the wants of far distant times. No hand to gather the luscious fruit, no bosom to bind the blessed grain. Nature germinated, bloomed, bore, and decayed, for the few cumbersome brutes that crawled about, blind to its bounty; and intellect, sense, sentiment, virtue, and holiness, were alike unknown, where they might have been most appropriately and blessedly exercised. Not a voice of prayer, not a whisper of gratitude, breathed up from the emptiness of that vast intellectual desert to heaven.

Yet we have a right to explore,—whatever these wonders and anomalies and secrets may be, they must and will bear to be known. It is the prejudice of narrow minds to suspect any advance which their powers cannot readily keep up with. If there be TRUTH in the annals of the earth, it is great, and must prevail.

It is curious to observe the pertinacity with which authors seize upon geology as the medium of inculcating doctrines. They first propose a theory, and write avowedly up to that. Cuvier and a host of others as far as to Lyell, gave the results of their observations—the latter, perhaps, not without making deductions a little too boldly. Granville Penn and his followers went into the other extreme—ruthlessly squared facts to arguments. Buckland, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, sought to reconcile these hostile parties; and having been charged by the liberal party with saying too much, was assailed by the late Baron Foster, ably enough, for having said



too little. It were easy to prove that the intention of the worthy baron was better than the performance, which, however, as a piece of writing, was not without its merit. The paper appeared in the *Dublin Christian Examiner*. 3rd series. No. 2.

There is one point which I must confess has been too strongly dwelt upon by those persons who think they discover in natural and political history, not only no contradiction of any of the Mosaic statements, but a distinct corroboration of them in every particular. I mean the evidence of universal tradition for the Mosaic deluge. When we observe in all countries marine deposits at a considerable elevation above the present sea-level, shown to the most ignorant to be such by the copious presence of shells, not only of extinct but of modern species; and also the various phenomena, in certain localities, of diluvium, alluvium, denudation, transportation, &c., caused clearly by the action of water, which, though geology refers much of it to a period far antecedent to the Noachian deluge, yet ignorance would be sure to attribute it to a recent and general diluvium—when we take these things into consideration, we must admit that barbarism would very early have woven that into a tradition, which was only the result of original and uninstructed observation, and, in widely separated tribes, have handed down the imaginary details of a catastrophe which had so evidently taken place, and been so powerful in its effects.

It seems providential that researches into the science of geology have been postponed until the inductive philosophy was sufficiently established to check their mischievous tendency. The phenomena were striking and obvious; and yet out of these marvellous appearances no fairy dwellings, no enchanted castles were created or peopled in barbarous times; and it was not until precisely that era when science enabled man to enlist them among the evidences of natural religion, that they became matter of general curiosity. Indeed the like may be remarked of astronomy, in which science design is apparent not less strikingly in the *development* of man's inquiry, than in the *objects* inquired into. But what would geology have been as a heathen or monkish pursuit?

What a task it would have been to have disentangled it from the classics, or unravelled it from mediæval legends? We should have been at this moment struggling with the same difficulties which so long connected chemistry with the nether regions, and embarrassed and nearly frustrated the efforts of Stewart and others in the science of mind, arising from the number of false theories they were obliged to refute before they could broach what they considered to be the true one. Here, on the contrary, we are on comparatively unbroken ground. We proceed in our labours unobstructed by the foundations of misdirected operations, or claims to previous possession. The moment our eyes were enabled to see objects truly, the past history of our planet was opened to them, and we were permitted to look back to where the horizon of time is almost lost in the clouds of eternity.

It is a silly mistake to suppose that geology is a science dangerous to meddle with. The question might be argued broadly, and nature proved to be a safe study in all her parts; but on narrower grounds it will be found to reward the explorer, at the outset, by evidencing design, and, as he proceeds, by producing another and distinct testimony to the universal harmony of nature. The primeval rock would not be so rich in hieroglyphics if it was not for us to decipher. It was on *tablets of stone* that God's finger traced the moral law. The same hand-writing is to be recognised in the masses of rock of which *those very tablets were composed*.

---

#### BORROWED IDEAS—GOLDSMITH, BURNS, AND BYRON—

"The world—  
She gives but little, nor that little long."  
*Young. Night Eighth.*

Goldsmith adopts his very words:—

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."  
*The Hermit.*

"They (i. e. Nature and the graces,) wasted so much of their treasure to enrich this one piece, that it may be a good reason why so many lame and defective fragments of womankind are daily thrust into the world."—*Howell's letter to Lady Jane Savage, Marchioness of Winchester.*



Here we find the germ, at least, of Burns's pretty thought—

"Her prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then made woman-kind."

Lord Byron has—

"The mind, the music breathing from her face."

Lord Rochester has—

"The music of her face."

And even the sesquipedalian, Sir Thomas Browne, had somewhat of the image before them both—

"There is a harmony in the silent note that Cupid strikes," &c.

I have no doubt we might follow the thought up through the troubadours, to the Latins, back to the Greeks, and so on, up to the Gods.

#### — GHOSTS.

Mr. Strahan, in his advertisement to the fourth edition of "Johnson's Meditations and Prayers," goes a little too far, perhaps, in his endeavour to bear out the good Doctor in his heterodox views respecting the ministration of departed spirits. The principal argument Strahan and Johnson have used in favour of apparitions is founded on what they are pleased to call "the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations." But it should be recollected that this is by no means an accurate statement of the nature or degree of the evidence they rely upon; for instead of its being concurrent and unvaried, it consists of a number of isolated accounts, not referring to the same phenomena, nor given by the same parties; in short, a series of unconnected and vague stories, which are supposed from their mere number to command a degree of credit, which could not fairly attach to any of them separately from the rest. The true statement of the case is this—all men live and all men die before the eyes of their fellowmen. A large part of the world believes from either tradition or perhaps instinct, and a small part from a revealed and rational assurance, that when man dies, much of him con-

tinues to live, though invisibly to his fellows; and hence it is to be supposed that the thoughts of men should frequently recur to those spirits which they know or believe to exist. But when the thoughts are at work, the imagination commonly hovers near; and hence, according as this latter faculty has a more or less strong influence over the former, the images presented to it will be transferred to the senses, as it were, and take the form of substance to the eyes, as well as the voice of humanity to the ears. It is certain that this is the case to a great extent in mental, and some bodily illnesses, and of course increases in proportion as the state of the body or mind more nearly approaches disease, not being entirely absent except when both are in a perfectly healthy state. Now, this being so, we have the probability, *a priori*, that many would imagine they had seen and conversed with those departed ones on whom their thoughts were busily occupied, or their imagination active;—and hence it becomes rational to examine, with a judgment uninfluenced by the *number* of cases produced, the circumstances connected with each, and the general probabilities on both sides of the question. "Millions of the dead are seen no more." Millions live and die without having even imagined that they have seen the departed, for one who has: and it may therefore be fairly doubted whether that one man out of a million may not have been deceived. I think this is going far enough to leave the argument open to general reasoning, independent of an array of (so called) facts;—and in my mind *general reasoning*, the probabilities, analogy, &c., are all *against* the doctrine of apparitions. However, let no one put such things against his own experience. Internal conviction is the strongest of all arguments.

It is allowed that barbarous nations are more numerous furnished with tales of this description than others. Hence the *excess* at least must arise in delusion. Strahan's argument about the object and end of miraculous appearances may be easily proved a sophism. He says, in endeavouring to remove the suspicion excited by the fact that such reported appearances "seem called forth by no exigency,

and calculated to administer to no end or purpose," that this very circumstance is an argument against their being an imposture, "which has always some end, commonly a discoverable end, to promote by its illusions." In reply I say—the appearance of a dead person may, no doubt, itself be uncalled for, but it is impossible for us to say whether the person to whom it is reported to have appeared may not have had an object in fabricating the story—at least the inutility of the original apparition is not the measure of the inutility of propagating the imposture.

Miracles are by no means liable to the same rules of construction. Besides, these have not often been isolated, but generally performed under a continued system, and for a definite end.

Were we to go further into the matter, we should see how likely it is that we may be deceived. A spirit, however clearly it may be seen and heard, *cannot* be seen and heard as natural objects are. For it is physically impossible that undulations of light can be given to the eye from what is not material, so as to present form, colour and motion on the retina; or undulations of the air to the ear, so as to strike it as sound. These apparitions of spirits, therefore, even were they real, are only and purely ideas in the mind, not having their original in external objects; and so, as they *appear* to be caused by external objects, they must necessarily be so far deceptive, though actually present to the mind. They are phantasms—the show of what does not really and materially exist as it appears to exist. And what is the immediate and necessary corollary from this? Why, that it is impossible for *two* people to see a spirit, except by *direct miracle*. This then goes near to exclude the possibility of a *concurrence* of testimony on such points: and we are at last brought to the conclusion that each case must be not only unconnected with any other, but supported by the evidence of one sole witness;—and then comes the great probability that what is, if real, but a phantasm, may be an "mereal mockery," one of those delusions which, in one form or another, turn occasionally in the brain of the soberest amongst us.

I might mention that Sir Humphrey

Davy refers the origin of a belief in ghosts and apparitions to the strength of some dream, in which the *locale* of the vision has been the same as that of the dreamer. There is a difficulty on waking to shake off the delusion, because there is no apparent incongruity or repugnance; and the dreamer, finding that most of his fancies corresponded with the reality, refers the remainder also to reality.

---

#### MEMORY, IN COMMAND AND INVOLUNTARY.

Rousseau says that his memory was to a certain degree at command. In composing, as long as he had his compositions only in his head (for he was in the habit of putting his thoughts together while walking abroad,) he perfectly remembered them all; and could write them down after any interval of time. But once he had committed them to paper, they went clean off, and should he chance to lose the manuscript, he could never recall them. This reminds me of what I have observed not unfrequently in my own case; viz.—that when I have spoken but a few detached words in a long period of time, as, for instance, in travelling, the last words or sentence I have spoken remain ringing in my ears for hours;—but the moment another has been uttered, the former are banished in a moment.

---

#### LES VOUS ET LES TU.

There is a graceful little poem of Voltaire's, under the above title, in which a lover addresses his former mistress, now a lady of rank, riches and consideration, first by the name he had been accustomed to—*Phillis*; and in the *tu-tui*, (the pronoun singular,) in which the French speak to their familiars or inferiors; and in this strain he dwells upon their little humble adventures when

" Dans un sacre promenois,"

they gave themselves up to pleasure and each other. But when he comes to mention her present state, he not

only addresses her as *madame*, but rises into the respectful plural—*vous*. Whoever would translate this little piece—and it would be worth the attempt—would catch the spirit of the original exactly, by only *reversing* the numbers, and using the familiar English *plural* in the first part, and cooling into the formal “*thee*” and “*thou*” in the last.

---

LOVELACE MODERNIZED.

Of the *caralier* poets, Lovelace was the most in vogue. No one has a keener relish for him than S——. In the following free verses he seems to have caught his vein ; and I fear his laxity of sentiment too :—

I hate the wretch who thinks it sinful  
At certain times to swig one's skiful—  
But worse do I detest the monster  
Who drinks—yet thinks he needs must  
construe  
The slightest freedom at the table  
As something quite discreditable.  
Plunge him, ye Gods ! in Prussic Acid,  
Your prig, who looks so prim and placid,  
Affects a dignity in liquor,  
Grows loftier as his speech grows  
thicker,  
Propounds trite maxims with a hiccup,  
For church and state makes boast to  
stick up,  
Throws o'er a toast a moistened blanket,  
And sneers, because some bumpkin  
drank it ;  
Then, spueing wisdom with his dinner,  
Staggers to bed, a sanctimonious sinner.

Give me the open, honest toper,  
Who ne'er on wit or wine put stopper ;  
Concedes a laxity to virtue,  
His calmer moments might demur to ;  
Tells wisdom he'll attend to-morrow—  
Offers the same excuse to sorrow ;  
Loosens his brow, and bids dame Reason  
Await a more convenient season,  
'Come Sunday, or next year, or never ;  
When wrung with gout, or parched  
with fever ;  
But opens sly the door for Laughter,  
And winks to Folly to slip after ;  
Holds that there's wit in any block-  
head,  
If converse from his pate but knock  
it ;  
Enjoys a joke of yon old codger's,  
As though 'twere just run hot from  
Rogers ;  
And helps the youngest to a “hear  
him,”  
When practised wits refuse to cheer him.

Such is the man *I* like to dine with—  
A fellow one could die in wine with ;  
My heart *will* love, though reason chide  
him—  
But, faugh ! your prig—I can't abide  
him !

---

JUDICIOUS FLATTERY.

A story is told, highly creditable to the late publisher, Mr. M., and eminently expressive of the high estimation in which his virtues were held. A gentleman, who wished to see him about some private business, but heard that it was difficult at the time to obtain access to him in consequence of his engagements, knocked at his door—asked whether he was at home—

“Yes, sir ; but he is very busy—who shall I say ?”

“Tell him a distressed author wishes to see him.”

“Oh, sir, that won't do.”

The gentleman insisted, and at last sent in the servant. M—— had him ushered in. He made his bow, and said—

“I must premise that I am *not* a distressed author, but, having heard that you were much engaged, I thought that the assumption of such a character would be the surest passport to your presence.”

---

EUGENE ARAM.

The cave in which was found the body of the man, for whose murder this extraordinary person was executed, is situated in the face of a sandstone cliff close to the bed of a little river, the Nid, which flows through the lovely scenery of central Yorkshire. At the time of the murder, and until a few years ago, this cave, which had traditionally received the name of St. Robert's cave, was partially filled up with earth and gravel, apparently the debris of the overhanging masses over the cliff. It was in the earth of the floor, within the narrow and then extremely low door, that the skeleton was discovered in 1759. Shortly before I visited the spot in 18—, a gardener, in turning up the soil at its mouth, had struck something hard, and excavating by degrees, at last revealed to the light

the floor and part of the walls of a small chapel, of which the cliff into which the cave was practised formed one; and in the floor a coffin-shaped excavation, sunk still lower into the solid rock, out of which the whole building was hewn. On referring to old chronicles, it was discovered that here, at an early period, St. Robert had lived, worked miracles, died, and been buried, his chapel, hewn out by his own labour, being resorted to from all parts; and the cave, which opened into it, and which was his dwelling, serving for a retreat when the number of devotees or their inordinate demands upon his wonder-working powers became troublesome.

Aram was, poetry and romance apart, a singular character. His writings are replete with erudition—his whole style original—and I can well agree with Smollett in his remark, that if ever mercy might have been exercised with advantage to the community at large, it was in his case. His etymological conjectures, it is true, as far as he has given them, are fanciful, and in some instances groundless. But some of his poetical ideas are striking and original. I remember the expression—

Thou, Britain—*safe in thy oaks.*

And speaking of peace, he has these lines, (written in prison,)

To thy soft arms through death itself  
we flee.  
Battles, and camps, and fields, and victory,  
*Are but the rugged steps that lead to thee.*

If any thing were wanting to prove the complete possession which certain lines of study take of some minds, it would be found in the fact of Aram's having chosen, in his defence on a charge of murder, instead of making the most of his case, to pen a curiously learned and original disquisition on the finding of human bones, in which he displays a degree of research and ingenuity quite consonant to his previous tastes and character, but at the same time, almost altogether irrelevant to what might be supposed to possess some interest with him at the time—his own case.

## WHISKERS

Are a growth of nature, and like other natural productions, may be almost indefinitely improved by cultivation. If the soil be good and the plants strong, everything is to be hoped for. Let the aim, the *ideal* to be cultivated up to, be, to have the whisker black, bright, and bushy; brushed at an angle slightly dipping forward from the horizontal line—shaved into a graceful curve from the hinge of the jaw; not plunging beneath the cravat into the neck—that is wasteful, as well as injurious to the important part which is visible; for permission of the growth of a superabundant hair will tend to sap the vigour of all the rest: curled a little outwards at the extremities—such is the great *exemplar* at which we are all to shave. Of all things avoid a *vulgar* whisker. This is of various kinds. A short, scrubby, indomitable, red whisker is a vulgar whisker: a weak, fuzzy, white, moth-eaten, mouldy whisker, is a vulgar whisker: a big, black, bluff, brutal-looking whisker is a vulgar whisker: a twisting, twining, serpentine, sentimental, cork-screw of a whisker is a vulgar whisker: a mathematical, methodistical, master-of-artsical diagram of a whisker is a vulgar whisker:—Whatever is not any of these—will do.

## QUESTIONABLE MORAL.

One of Goldsmith's essays (number 16) presents an equivocal moral—at least, it is a novel way to urge our pursuit of virtue, to exhibit, by a fable, the wretchedness of the human race, even in a state of moral perfection. Surely, other ways might have been devised for reconciling us to the prevalence of folly, ingratitude, and excess, than by endeavouring to prove that temperance, fidelity, and wisdom are merged and lost in perfect morality, or themselves lose in its neutralizing influence half their charm, by being rendered superfluous and unnecessary! Goldsmith might, with his powers, have constructed a fable to show, that as perfection is unattainable in our present state, we should make the best of our opportunities here;—instead of composing the

beautiful little story of Asem merely to set in a disagreeable light the attainment of those moral perfections to which we are bound to aspire.

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MADAME DE STAHL.

The memoirs of this lady are not as much read as they deserve to be—they are amusing, even in comparison with other French lady-memoirs. She had been Mademoiselle de Launay, and lived in the service of the Duchess of Maine, who was married to a natural son (or grandson, I forget which) of Louis XIV. Her history was a strange one, and she has made it interesting by her sprightliness and vivacity, though she has not been able to deprive it of much *quod tollere velles*, even in spite of her endeavours to *castigate* it. I believe it was this ardent lady who, on being asked how she could represent herself truly and yet be readable, replied, “Oh, I have only given a *bust* of myself!”

She mentions a whimsical mode of building in Normandy, in which province many of the ancient *chateaux* are built in the shape of the first letter of their name. Thus Roeux, M. de la Ferté's house, is built in the shape of a Gothic R.

Her *naiveté* sometimes displays itself amusingly. In describing a season of misfortune, she says—“I now had some hopes of dying, but I was disappointed: *one never dies at the right time.*”

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

In the pleasing little book, “*Consolations in Travel*,” by this philosopher, we find the two persons, Philalethes and “*The Unknown*,” representing the author in his different moods, just as MAN is divided by Goethe into Mephistopheles and Faust. The other characters are either real ones, or introduced to give variety to the conversation. If, as that part of Sir Humphrey Davy which he is pleased to call “*The Unknown*” asserts, the universal thirst for immortality be one of the proofs of the soul's immortality, then, by a parity of reasoning, the universal desire for happiness should prove that we shall *all* be happy hereafter. The argument, taken the other way, would only prove that *some* souls will be immortal—or rather, that souls have the power of making themselves immortal—a conclusion from which Sir Humphrey, either as Philalethes, or “*The Unknown*,” would have recoiled.

I should be glad that our flesh-and-blood controversialists would adopt the spirit of these shadowy combatants, conveyed in the following elegant expression: “In argument we fight with foils, and the point of mine shall be covered with velvet.” Schiller's “three-edged sword,” on the contrary, seems the weapon devoted especially in *pier usus*, the extra edge being perhaps added, lest it should be imagined for a moment that the combatants are not in earnest.

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THE MISAPES OF MISTER LATITAT NABHIM, DURING A SHORT PROFESSIONAL  
VISIT TO THE SISTER ISLAND.

## CHAPTER V.

An Apollo without breeches—Fainting—Confusion—The danger of playing with  
edged tools—A return to one's senses—A Pleasant Evening—Fire-side Philoso-  
phy—The use of a Waiting-woman—More Philosophy—Good Night—There's  
many a Slip betwixt Cup and Lip.

SCARCE had Mr. Nabhim finished his epistle, when his door opened—a very hysterical scream burst upon his ears, nearly cracking their drums, and bang came a heap of clothes about his face and eyes. In an instant every thing was in darkness. The clothes had fallen on the candle, and put it out: a pair of heels were giving a dreadful “rat tat” upon the floor, and waiters and chambermaids were rushing up stairs to the scene of uproar.

Oh! it was a beautiful sight that presented itself to the astonished group of officials, which opened eyes, and held up lights upon it! There was the chambermaid doing an excellent pantomime, in the hysteric line, upon the floor; and there was the bum, in a shirt particularly short, and especially ragged, standing with all his sharpness of look concentrated on nothing; his mouth open; one hand holding, in a spasmodic grasp, the pen with which he had been writing—and the other entangled in the legs of a pair of trousers, which had formed part of the bundle that had been thrown at him.

“What's all this about?” in a very authoritative voice demanded a lady

of no very slender form, who had hustled her way through the phalanx of waiters and chambers: “what's all this about?” and then the lady saw something of the matter:—“Oh! the Virgin save us! a man, I declare, in his shirt!” Then the shocked lady screamed, and she looked again—and then again she screamed: and she looked the third time—and she had not time to scream; for the girl on the floor gave her kick on her shins—such a kick!

“Get up, you hussey—what are you doing there? Oh! I declare!” and her eyes again rested on the man in his shirt, who now, to the astonishment of every body, and excited by sympathy, himself screamed; but it was a sort of a bellow.

Every one ran back. The maid on the floor jumped up, and out of her fit, and out of the room, into the bargain, she went. The portly lady retrograded pretty actively.

“Where's the polis,” shouted out a waiter, who, till then, had been playing dummy.

“Polis!—Oh! bother!” interrupted the porter, who now stepped forward, “I'll tell you all about it.”

Every one was silent. Every eye was bent on the porter. The bum, after his scream, or bellow, stood like Aldgate pump, motionless.

"This is it, misthress," observed the porter: "I had this gintleman's shute to brush for him, an bee'n engaged in polishin' the boots of No. 10"—and the rascal winked at every one—"I axed Betty Dun just to knock at No. 57, an' to lave thim things."

"But ye didn't say a word about the gintleman's nakinsy," observed Betty.

"Oh! shure, I forgot that altogether; and beside, I didn't intind ye to go into the room, Betty."

Every body gave a loud laugh; and then each person hastened to make up, elsewhere, for lost time. But as the people were dispersing, Tom, the porter, was heard to say, "He's a queer customer, that man in the shirt; I wonder av he'll even give a boy a shillin'."

The last person who left the spot was the landlady. Forgetting the cause of her late screams, she modestly dropt a courtesy to the petrified bum, and, considering her late excitement, shut the door upon him with great ease.

"Well," thought Mr. Nabhim, as the scattered ideas did at last return to his seat of cogitation, "well, if this is Irish decency, I'm blow'd if I'd live with an Irish landlady in a ten-acre field."

Soon after, Mr. Latitat—(this was the name he always went by among his familiars)—walked down stairs, inquired of one of the waiters the way to the post-office, and having deposited his letter to the firm very safely, found his way to the under-sheriff's house, where it is supposed he transacted some very important business.

The clock struck eleven, and found the occupants of No. 10 sitting on each side of the fire-place, the lady with a book in her hand, which she was to all appearance reading, for she turned the leaves over in proper succession, and the gentleman with a newspaper between the finger and thumb of his right hand, which he did not even try to appear to read. The lady looked on her book; the gentleman looked into the fire: both were silent. The candles had not been snuffed for some time, consequently they began to streal

down, and to flare up: they were, in all honesty, muttons, with outsides smoothed and polished like wax lights! But the new-married, they did not know that they were muttons—indeed, they scarcely knew what they were—for them they might have been rush-lights.

But the clock struck, as we have said—it struck one, two, &c., and then eleven.

"What's that?" said the fair one, looking up from her book.

"Eh, love?" replied the bridegroom, who had got himself into some puzzle with the faces which he had been studying in the grate.

"What's that, dearest?" asked the fair one again.

"That—that!" and the gentleman paused for a moment, but appeared still more puzzled—"Really, darling," he continued, "I don't know, but I'll ring and ask Dandy." Dandy was the bridegroom's factotum.

The bell was rung, the lady returned to her book, and the gentleman's eyes wandered back to the fire-place. How very amusing it is to watch the funny, and the serious, and the grim faces in the fire, when one wants to go to bed on one's wedding night!

The door opened and the waiter entered.

"Did you ring, sir?" asked the man, after waiting a reasonable time to stare at both parties at the fire-place.

"Eh—what!" asked the bridegroom, looking yet more curiously into the fire—"yes, I did ring, yea. Send my man!"

"Certainly, sir." The waiter vanished, wondering as he went to call the gentleman's gentleman, what the gentleman saw in the fire-place. It was so odd to look that way, and never once to turn his face round.

The waiter entered a very snug-looking parlour-like room, where were seated, enjoying themselves, the gentleman's gentleman and the lady's lady.

"You're wanted, sir," observed the waiter—"your master wants you."

"Me—a—well—yes. Ha! that'll do, waiter. Bring a bed-light."

The gentleman's gentleman stretched his legs out before him, stirred something in a glass, smiled at her lady's lady, and watched the waiter out of the room.

"Now, Julia Nangel," remarked the gentleman's gentleman, as the door closed, "you know it's all very well my being wanted."

"Ah! you naughty thing you," half laughed Julia; and she walked towards the door, and took the bed-light from the hands of the returned waiter, and left the room with it.

"Sir," said the waiter to the gentleman's gentleman, who was smiling to the very tips of his ears—"it was you, sir, the gentleman asked for."

"Oh, indeed!" ejaculated Mr. Dandy—"me was it—me? Bring me a pair of slippers, waiter."

The man of the napkin stared, and then went for the slippers.

Re-occupied in the matter of the book, and in the scrutiny of the strange faces in the fire, were the bride and bridegroom when the lady's lady entered the room with the bed-light.

"Ma—am, it's past eleven," said the abigail, holding out the bed-light before her.

"Oh, is it indeed?" with something like astonishment exclaimed the lady.

"It is, ma—am," re-asserted Julia, still holding forth the bed-light.

"Dear me, who would have supposed it: my book was so pleasant," said the bride, as she rose to leave the room. "Come, Julia. Good night, Charles."

"Dearest, good"—but there was something very extraordinary in the fire, and Charles could not go on.

The Abigail turned a quick, laughing look upon the bridegroom, as she followed her mistress into the bedroom, which led off the sitting-room, and closed the door between two of the most wretchedly happy mortals in the world—a bride and bridegroom.

What goes on in the bed-room for an hour and a half after the bride enters it, nobody ever knows. The secret of the freemason's is not more darkly covered up. But whatever does go on, of course it does go on; and while it was going on, there sat the bridegroom, with his knees into the fire, watching the ever-changing faces which laughed at him, frowned at him, turned up their noses, and often seemed to say to him—"does your mother know your out?" There he sat, until the phantasmagoria became darkened, and the fire put on its night cap, and the candles began to give unequivocal

symptoms of Othelloizing—"put out the light."

Such was the state of things when the lady's lady, Miss Julia, swam like a sylph from the bed-room, through the sitting-room, and in her prettiest tone simpered out, "Good night, sir."

"Eh," ejaculated the astonished and bewildered fire-place philosopher—"eh!" and he retired with the hope of realizing the wish of the waiting-woman—"a good night."

Out of No. 10 and down stairs tripped Julia. On the first landing whom should she meet but the little sharp-looking man, buttoned up to the chin, and with his hat on.

"Good night, good night, my pretty girl," said the sharp-looking little man, and he tried to play the gallant.

"Get along with your nasty compliments," returned Julia, with the accompaniment of an undeniable slap on the face.

Down stairs hurried Julia, and up stairs ran the sharp-looking little man.

Having arrived at that part of the staircase where a corridor ran off to the right, in which was No. 10, the little sharp-looking man made a halt in his "getting up stairs," and silently and noiselessly pursued the way to No. 10. He crept to the door, looked through the key-hole, saw all was dark, and gently opening the door, slunk into the room. A light glimmered through the key-hole and under the door of the bed-room, which was *en suite* with No. 10. Towards that light the lynx-eyed Latitat stole. At this second key-hole he applied his eye: at first he saw nothing, the light falling with too strong a concentration on his optic; but when he did see, there on a drowsy pillow lay a genuine lady—not a man in woman's togs, as Mr. L. expected! He almost ejaculated aloud. But at that moment his proper faculties were roused to the most painful sense of attention. From behind the curtains on the side of the bed which Mr. L. could not see, emerged a real man!—to be sure he was not in his togs, but he was nevertheless a real man! The bum's left hand was, as quick as lightning, raised to the handle of the door—the lock was gently pressed back. On moved the real man; but his face continued so shaded that its lineaments could not be seen. A portmanteau lay close to

the door: to this article the attention of the real man seemed drawn. He took a wax-light from the dressing-table; he knelt down by the leathern convenience (the bit of dirty white paper was in Mr. L.'s hand); he put the wax-light on the floor beside him, and exhibited to the little sharp-looking man the features, *not* of the gentleman he was after! The shock was too great for the poor bum. An hysteric "my eyes" escaped his lips—the door which opened towards the bed-room went in with him—he fell over the portman-

teau, and the real man, and the candle! The fair one screamed, as well she might; the floored bridegroom swore, which he couldn't help; while the little sharp-looking man, cat-like in all his movements, jumped to his legs, retraced his steps through the rooms, hurried up stairs to his own "local habitation" under the slates, and piled up against his door a dressing-table, two chairs, his hat-box, blue bag and carpet bag, by the light of the moon, before any one could say "Jack Robinson."

## CHAPTER VI.

. The use of agitation—Hasty philanthropy, and its miserable ending—A development of prudence—Killing no murder.

JULIA had not seated herself more than five minutes opposite to Mr. Dandy, in the snug parlour, when the scream of her mistress struck upon her ear. At that moment, too, a waiter was bringing in something hot for the use of the fatigued gentleman's gentleman, and lady's lady, before they went to repose themselves.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Julia, starting to her feet; "if that ain't the mistress!"

"Curse me, if that ain't the master!" chimed in Mr. Dandy, starting to his feet also, and his hair stood bolt upright.

"Gogs blackey!" added the astonished waiter—"I never heered sich a thing!"—and he stood, like a stuck pig, right in the door-way.

"Get out of that, you nasty man!" half screeched the waiting-woman, as she made a drive at the door,—another cry from her mistress, impelling her towards No. 10.

"Cuss your water," swore Mr. Dandy, who in his agony to go to the rescue, had upset the waiter and the et ceteras in the door-way, receiving into the bosom of his shirt the boiling water, which had been intended, when qualified, for his stomach.

Down fell the waiter, away flew the waiting-woman, and Mr. Dandy, and, along the same passage from the great kitchen came running the cook and kitchen-maid, who both fell over the body of the prostrate knight of the saphin; putting themselves marvel-

lously with the fragments of the broken glass and jug, and screaming loudly all kinds of "murther."

But the scream was heard in the travellers' room also. This room was close to the foot of the stair-case. In it, at the time, sat the remnant of a commercial party, deep in the question of the distress among the manufacturers, and over head-and-ears in potations of the native, mixed hot and "sthrong." The few that could, stood up; those that couldn't stand it long, fell down; and those that couldn't stand it at all, rolled off their chairs on the floor.

One gentleman, who was really on his legs, vociferated, "murder," and rushed out of the room. Another, who was partly on his legs, sang out "fire," and went head foremost into the grate; and a third, who hated the agricultural interest, and every other interest but his own, and who, even in his cups, when he lost his legs, never lost sight of number one, cried out "thieves," and spilt himself into the pit of a traveller for the linen trade, who was taking a quiet nap under the mahogany.

The gent. who shot out of the room followed the sound of the outcry, with strides which took in three stairs at a time.

"There! there!" he shouted out, as he got to the top of the stairs, and turned down the corridor—there it is—it must be! "Murder! fire!" he bellowed more loudly, rushing, as he thought, straight for No. 10. And

now he had to learn that whiskey and water, as well as other spirits, has a will of its own, and that the will of the whiskey prevailed over the will of the man. Instead of entering on the scene of action, as the poor gent. flattered himself he would, he went, head foremost, in an opposite direction, and with such force, that he drove in a door, double-locked, facing No. 10, where slept a virgin lady of about fifty-eight, and her maid, the latter to keep harin's-way out of the way of her mistress.

Into this penetrale shot the bag-man. And then—then there was a scream! The lady, virginated for so many years, and hopelessly ignorant of the sweets of married life, and now living with the deep-seated determination never—if she could help it—to change from single blessedness—in proper prudence, kept a lamp burning in the room all night, that thus, even the *shadow* of a man might not come between her and her peaceful dreams! Be it remembered, people always light candles, perhaps at the wrong end sometimes, when they have a horror of shadows! Think, gentle, modest reader, of a genuine man, in breeches, et cetera, bolting, head foremost, into such a room!

Up sat the maiden virgin, in terror! and lo! she beheld a huge he-man, prostrate on the floor. Scream she did, and cover her eyes with her hands she did too; tho', like your capital blind-man among innocent children, while vowing all was dark as Erebus, she did see a *little* between her fingers. But as her mistress sat up and screamed, so the maid sat up and screamed; nor did she contribute a little to the violent bursts of offended modesty which her mistress sent forth.

Strange was the appearance of the virgin lady and the virgin maid. The former had her head cased in flannel, and her body in a wrapper of the same, all, indeed, of the best Welch manufacture. The latter, too, was similarly cased, but it was with a petticoat, which endured more of the "rub" of its fair owner than of the washerwoman. They were pictures!

Julia and Mr. Dandy, immediately succeeded the gentleman in rushing up stairs, whose elevated heroism had proved such a flourer to him, and

who, instead of preventing murder, had got up, in his own way, a little something worse than murder.

True to their employers, the gentleman's gent. and the lady's lady, cared not a farthing for the scream or the oath of any but those who paid them. They hurried into No. 10, and to the door leading into the bedroom:—that was now *locked*, perhaps the bridegroom had taken Mr. L. for a drunken traveller, and, to prevent future mistakes, had locked "the world and his wife" out.

"Is any thing the matter, ma'am?" asked the frightened waiting-woman through the door.

"O! nothing!" said the lady. Nothing *was* the matter—the *was*, was a *had been*!—happy equivoque!

"You don't want me, sir?" interrogated Mr. Dandy.

"You, sir—no!" returned the master; adding, as the maid and man receded from the door, almost as fast as they came, "Go, sir, and tell the landlord to stop that confounded uproar." That was the noise he complained of.

"Lor, what was it?" inquired the trembling Julia of Mr. Dandy; "I'm sure, it was like her scream."

"I'm sure—it's a mystery," replied Mr. Dandy; "but there's a real row, Julia, over the way—shall we join it?"

"Oh! with all my heart," said Julia. "I'm just in funning humour. It was so strange."

Mr. Dandy and Julia, closing the door of No. 10, now joined the crowd collecting in the opposite room.

"What's the matter—what's the matter, ma'am—for mercy sake, ma'am, speak?" inquired the rotund landlady, who was in her bed-wrapper, from the maiden-widow, tied up with flannel bandages about the head, and in a flannel jerkin to boot. "Ma'am, what is it?—O! I shall go mad, ma'am—ma'am!"

Still the maiden lady screamed away—her faithful protectress screamed also—both, perhaps, a little louder than before.

"Here's a go," said boots, and something nearly threw him on his face. He looked down and then he looked up,—"*ma'am*," he exclaimed.

"What? what? what?"—asked the excited landlady, who hitherto had been so distracted with the screaming,



and so attentive to the ladies in their "dish-sha-bill," as the boots called it; but she never thought of any thing else, nor looked for any thing else.

"Here he is, ma'am!" explained the boots,—“here he is;” and he pointed to the gentleman on the floor.

"Mercy!—a dead man!" screamed the landlady.

A yet more terrible yell, burst from the damsels in the beds.

"No, ma'am," grinned boots, as he looked into his lady's face,—“he's not dead all out; he's only dead in a sorte,—ma'am he's dead-drunk!”

The mystery was cleared up in an instant. A drunken man had fallen through a door, double-locked, into a lady's place of repose. She screamed,—of course she did; her maid

screamed also; of course, all maids, under like circumstances, would have done the same. People ran to the place of uproar, of course they did, that was natural. Among those who hurried to prevent murder, was the landlady; that, too, was right; and she, good soul, was horrified, and dignified, and in a night-wrapper,—at such a time of night, that, too, was all perfectly natural. But when “the cat was out of the bag,” why the drunken man was carried away to bed by waiters and boots, &c., and the ladies, who were in bed, after hearing a brief apology and explanation from the landlady, were not taken out of bed, but left, once more, to repose “in the arms of Murphy.

#### CHAPTER VII.

*Misfortunes never come singly alone!*

If there be a misery capable of destroying sleep, it is the impossibility, even on one's pillow, to fly from one's cares, or to get out of one's *scrapes*. So found Mr. Latitat. He had got into the wrong box, and out of it with wondrous dexterity; but not so completely out of it, as to feel assured he was not in a scrape. On his pillow, he shut his eyes, but it was no use, they refused to be fastened down—they would, nolens volens, open again, and stare about at the curious shapes and figures which filled the room, and ever and anon turn towards the spot where they had a feeling the dressing table, chairs, &c. were piled up against the door. Towards that door, the wilful eyes of Mr. Latitat had wandered for the twentieth time, when the sleepless little man was startled by a knock at it. Alarmed, but not roused, Mr. Latitat perpetrated a vigorous snore. The knock was repeated, and then the handle of the door was tried.

"Hallo! I say!" demanded the now awakened little man. "Who's there?"

"It's me, yer honour," replied a voice, the voice of the porter.

"You, is it?" said Mr. Latitat, "and what do you want disturbing people? I cannot get up yet—and won't."

"Oh, no! yer honour, we've none of us been in bed yet. I onlee wanted to know, when ye'd be called, an' whether ye had any boots."

"I have no boots for you, sir," said the little man, who now sat up in bed, with courage and choler, equally rising. "Go, sir, and don't disturb me—go, and if I am to be called, call me at five o'clock—d' hear!"

"Yes, yer honour," observed the porter, and he walked off about his business.

"So," thought Mr. Latitat as his tormentor left the door, "I'm safe now, nobody knows what I did, and depend on't I'll not tell of myself."

This soliloquy appeased the fears and the conscience of the little fat man almost; but completely to lull the latter, he got out of bed, and, as well as he could, began to replace the furniture which he had piled up against the door: in doing this, by reason of the darkness, and some little trepidation, he certainly made considerable noise, which roused from a heavy and sound sleep a person of no very even temperament, who slept in the room which was divided by a partition from Mr. Latitat's, and unfortunately against this partition, on one side was the head of his neighbour's bed, and on the other, the standing room for his own table, chairs, &c.

"What the——!" exclaimed Mr. Latitat's neighbour. "What the—— are ye doin'?"

Then rattled a chair against the partition.

"Yedivill!" roared the half awakened lion, and out of bed he jumped.

"Lor!" ejaculated Mr. Latitat, and over the wash-stand, jug, basin, and all he fell, carrying the crockery and the piece of furniture to the ground with him.

"Ha! but I'll quite ye!" vociferated his next door neighbour, flying like a lion or a tiger at the partition with his shut fist, which speedily found itself in Mr. Latitat's bed-room.

"Mercy! mercy!—spare my money and take my life!" cried out the prostrate man, who was endeavouring, prostrate on his stomach as he was, to make a swim or a crawl for it, out of the reach of the supposed house-breaker.

"Ye jade, is it there ye are!" replied the excited partition-breaker—but it's myself that'll pull ye out of it."

Then there was another smash, and another cry for "mercy," with "help," "murder," added to it.

Fortunately for all parties, the porter, whose room was close by, now arrived at the scene of action. Aware that Mr. Latitat's door was fastened, the porter wisely tried the door of the next room, which luckily was unbolted; into this room he walked, and to his extreme surprise found a man in his shirt with both his arms through the broken partition, and his tongue uttering sundry strong assertions, and emphatic expressions, of no very gentle import.

"Av ye plaze, sir," said the porter, walking up to the apparent bedlamite very coolly, and letting the light of his candle fall full on his face. "Av ye plaze, sir, did ye call?"

"Call—call—me call?" stammered out the gentleman—"why—where the puck—am I?"

"At the Ho—tel, sir, av ye plaze," replied the porter, with a proper scratch of the head.

"Ah! shure enough! I am—be bothered av I didn't bleve meself at home, an' tormented out of me life vid that sthrale of a wife of mine."

"May be so," said the porter; "but ye'll excuse me, whose to pay for all this dam—mige?"

"Pay, boney! och! meself to be shure.—Here," continued the thoroughly aroused and sensible snug farmer, for such he was—"Here,

what's to pay?" and withdrawing his hands from the hole in the partition, he walked to the table on which was his purse, and chinked it in the porter's face.

"Yer honour'll settle it in the morning," observed the worldly-minded porter.

"But who will pay for me?" demanded a voice in the next room, which was Mr. Latitat's, who, poor little fellow, still lay sprawling on the floor, wet to the skin with the water which ran about the room from his wash-jug, and cut in not a few places by the broken pieces of the overturned crockery.

"Is it ye?" said the strong farmer, recollecting that he had certainly caused trouble to somebody, though quite unconscious of the exciting cause. "Is it ye? shure I'll pay for us both; an what's more, av ye'll take anathing warm, I'll orther it, with all me heart, ma bouchal."

"I thank you, sir—no; if you will promise to sleep quietly, and only let me get a little sleep too, and if you pay for all the damage you have caused in this room, that will content me. Good night, sir, there's something of a partition between us yet—but for my part, I'll never sleep in such a room as this again. No, I'll never be poked up under the slates by any porter, or boots, again, that I won't!"

Poor Mr. Latitat during this exordium got up, crawled towards his bed, and wet as he was got into it; the only comfort he had was in the idea that he had told the porter a bit of his mind, and that that functionary, however he might laugh at his neighbour's peculiarities, would, at least, experiencesome mortification at having incurred his (Mr. Latitat's) wrath.

"Umph! that's a quare chap!" was all the farmer said in reply to Mr. Latitat's effusion, and then he got into bed.

"So he is, a very quare chap," thought the porter, as he left the farmer's room, and closed the door behind him. "He's quarer than I'd bleve ana won barrin' the wandtherin' Jew to be; we've had nauthin' but tostifications an schrimages since he kem into the Ho—tel—an' me shillin'! as for that, av I can't get it, another shall!—the quare orathur!"

In this mind, the porter went to bed, and then he went to sleep.

## CHAP. VIII.

Affecting the Politician—A Tell Tale—More than was bargained for.

BEING called precisely at five o'clock by the porter, Mr. L. got up, and decorated as he was the day before, together with hat-box, carpet-bag, and blue bag, in a few minutes appeared in the traveller's-room. There he called for the porter, and giving him a shilling, to secure the seat, desired him to take a place for him on top of the coach to Y——, which started at six o'clock; he then discharged his small bill, and gave to the servants——nothing!—for which they did not give him their blessing; and about which he cared very little. He had been taught by his hard-hearted profession that people's blessings were not worth a farthing. He therefore never laid out a farthing in what he esteemed a valueless commodity.

On being assured by the porter that his place outside was secured to Y——, he took a chair by the fire, placed his moveables close to the fender, and his feet upon it. Just as he had begun to enjoy the comfort of the coals, a gentleman evidently prepared for the road entered. The traveller stared at Mr. L., and Mr. L. stared at the traveller.

"Are you for the road, sir?" asked the stranger of Mr. L., and he handed a chair for himself beside the little sharp-looking bum, and then handed himself into it.

Mr. L. looked hard at his companion, and watched his movements attentively. When seated, in reply to the question that had been put to him, he articulated—"Yes."

"Thought so," remarked the stranger, his eyes conning over Mr. L.'s moveables. "Eh!—a lawyer?"

"A-hem!—not hexactly!" was Mr. L.'s judicious answer.

"Cautious, too! Ah! quite proper, and lawyer-like——isn't it?" asked the stranger.

"Why, sir!" said Mr. L., "caution is always valuable—so is lawyers—that's my opinion."

"And a sound one, too," assented the stranger.

Both parties sat in silence for the next ten minutes. At the end of that time, the stranger again broke the ice.

"Going to Y——, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Mr. L.

"Ah! sir!" remarked the stranger, "these are glorious times for old Y——."

"Are they?"

"Are they?—Havn't we got the boy over with us; and ain't we giving the tories a latherin'—that's all?"

Something or other in this observation roused the curiosity of Mr. L., and melted him into a more chatty humour.

"Ah!" observed Mr. L., with considerable interest in his manner, "I perceive I am talking to a friend. You, sir! I guess, are on the right side. Pardon me. I am wary of strangers. Had I known you to be a friend of the Honourable Mister Popularity's, I should not have been so stupid. Pardon me, sir!—pardon me! Will you have (the lips of the stranger began to move, and his mouth almost to feel thirsty)—will you have——a little more of the fire."

The stranger stared. He had expected at least one tumbler, hot and strong. However, he believed his new acquaintance to be of the right sort, so he forgave what otherwise he might have thought something approaching to an insult.

The stranger drew his chair nearer to Mr. Latitat's.

"Glorious times these, indeed," repeated the stranger.

"Glorious, sir!" echoed Mr. L.—"the people will have their man."

"O! never fear them!" was the answer.

"And so, he's *really* at Y——again?"

"Really—bodily! Didn't I see him yesterday at the court-house, Ha! ha! ha!—O! it was a cruel joke!" said the stranger, while the tears ran merrily down his cheeks, and his sides shook with fun.

"Was it, indeed?" asked the bum, and something or other got into the corners of his eyes—it might have been a cast eye-lash or so, and something ran down one of his cheeks, and his cheeks blazed up like fire. "Was it, indeed, so cruel? Tell me—do I— all about it. I haven't been to Y——

yet. But I intend going there to-day."

"Well, then, as we have a few minutes to spare, my friend, I'll let you into the fun," obligingly replied the stranger. "You see—no doubt you know it also, when the new writ was ordered for Y——, and the election declared void by those queer fellows in London, some misbegotten thief of a creditor, set on we believe by the other party, was bent on detaining our favourite in that liberty crushing hole, the Queen's Bench."

"Ha!" ejaculated Mr. L.

"True!" said the stranger—"in that cursed Bench."

"What!—Did you ever see it, sir?"

"O! havn't I? — But that's nothing. We'll have that episode at another time, if you like it. At present I must go straight forward."

"O! do—pray do!" urged Mr. L.

"That creditor!" continued the stranger—"that creditor—and bad luck to him, and to all creditors, say I; that creditor, the thief, is a cute fellow. I believe, however, he was only as cute as Englishers may be cute. He couldn't be up to our ways! the Lord be praised."

"I think—not," half muttered the bum.

"No! he couldn't—though he did employ the cutest lad of a bum in London."

A smile played over the countenance of Mr. L., but it evidently was not one of mere pleasure; there was a good deal of the bitterness of disappointment in it.

"The honourable," continued the stranger, "didn't care a farthing for creditor or bum."

"What did he do, then?" interrupted Mr. L.

"What did he do?" repeated the stranger. "Why! he *did* them both! ha! ha! Capital—wasn't it?"

"He! he!—Clever!" replied Mr. L., who grinned at the fire-place, and then bit his right hand thumb-nail to the quick. "But go on, pray!"

Swallowing as much of his laughter as he could, the stranger obeyed:—"Yes! he cheated the devil out of his due! And before four o'clock this evening he'll laugh in his majesty's face."

"A hem!—A hem!" coughed the bum.

"Oh! won't he, that's all, my boy? But I forgot my promise. Know, then—I'm on the committee—and a broth of a committee it is—up to all kinds of fun! Don't we know a thing or two? All we expected was that our man would lie by until we called for him. So, like good generals, we sent for O'Blazeaway, member for this pretty city, to be proposed, make a speech for us, and then of course to retire, leaving the victory to our man. Like a prime fellow as he is, O'Blazeaway joined us heart and soul; and yesterday when he and our man were nominated, together with the poor tory colonel, he made one of the finest and most powerful speeches that ever fell from his lips. Sir, if you had heard him thunder his denunciations against the tories. How he abused and blackguarded, and blacklegged, and blackened them, you would have cried with joy! Then, too, if you had but heard the wonderful plans which he struck out for the improvement of our town—for the widening of the streets—building new streets—new warehouses—for the enlarging of our harbour—for the improving of our trade, you would have been struck by the wide grasp of his mind. And above all, had you heard him sneer at the corporation, and remind the members of it, that they were soon to die a natural death, and that he hoped the new corporation would never serve them, as a former protestant corporation had served a catholic mayor and his corporators, by hanging them up over the town gates, you would have thought him an angel! That vile Cromwell, too—how admirably he hit him off. 'I see him now,' he said, 'I think I see him now, standing before me, just as he was—just as he looked, when he ordered his bloody-minded followers to play their cannon on this ancient and loyal town! A man with a Bible in each pocket, and his eyes turned up to heaven!' Sir, had you heard those words from O'Blazeaway's lips, you would have seen that man, Cromwell, too."

Here the stranger was obliged to stop for an instant to draw breath. He was greatly excited, which Mr. Latitat was *not*.

"But what has this speech," asked Mr. L. "to do with our man?"

"Why this, my friend," replied the

stranger. "I was just coming to it. I told you we expected our man to lie by. It seems, however, he thought for himself, and to some purpose. By the post, which should have brought to us his resolution to do as we bid him—by that post, dressed in woman's clothes, our man arrived in Cork, and a few little fellows, who were in the secret, brought him down to us, and into the court-house, exactly as O'Blazeaway had hit off Cromwell so beautifully. A mad woman, as we thought, rushed from behind the corporation to the side of O'Blazeaway, and there, tearing a bonnet off her head, she threw it into the air, shouting out, 'Liberty and Popularity!' Sir, it was like an electric shock. The momentary stillness was dreadful, and the shouts and the screeching which followed, tremendous. Every body's heart was between their teeth.—O'Blazeaway fell on Popularity's neck and wept; and when the noise and the cries of the people had subsided, with his hand on the boy's head, O'Blazeaway stood forward for an instant, saying in a voice the most soft, and in tones the most sweet—'Girls! don't ye want cheap tea and sugar, and lashings of it to give to the boys ye love? Boys! don't you want the backey, and every thing cheap; and houses, well slated, and land of the first quality, for what ye ought to have them; and no thanks to nobody, but the dacint little girls that would keep every thing so neat and comfortable for ye? Townsmen—don't you want your streets enlarged—your stores enlarged—your trade increased—your harbour full of shipping? Fellow countrymen, don't you wish Ireland to be—

"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

I know you do! I know it!—the very struggle in which you are now engaged tells me you do! I want no other evidence—no, none but this—this.' Oh! if you had seen as I did, his keen grey eyes con over every face in the dense crowd before him, while he paused for a moment ere he repeated with his own peculiar emphasis, 'None but this, this!—Boys! vote for your man, in petticoats!—vote for liberty and Popularity!' By the virtue of my mother, sir, I thought the shouting would have torn down the roof of the court-house!"

"Did you, indeed," observed the chagrined bum, who had eaten down the nails of three other fingers to the quick, and had just commenced on a fourth.

"I did."

"And what did Mister Popularity think?" asked Mr. Latitat.

"I cannot tell," was the answer; "but this is what he said—when the people got hoarseish, he stood forward like a man, as he is, and shaking his petticoats in the most waggish manner possible, said—'My countrymen, or rather, my countrywomen, I have beaten, under cover of these garments, creditors and bums; and here I make a vow before you, that I will never lay them aside, 'till I have beaten, with your aid, the gallant tory colonel; and by all that's lovely, as Popularity said, we will beat the tory colonel, won't we old boy?'"

This question was put to Mr. Latitat, with the additional stimulant of a good round slap on the back. What might have followed, it is not possible to relate, for at that moment the coach drove up to the hotel door, and every one rushed out to secure for himself the best place which was to be had.

Coats and cloaks were tossed up to the guard and coachmen to be placed here and there. One gentleman was scrambling over another gentleman, with a beg pardon, and a not light tread on a multitude of corns, and getting into a seat which had been pre-occupied by a cloak. Then came altercations and vociferations, and pitching of cloaks this way, and coats that, and the hoarse bawling of porters, and the packing of trunks, and the booting of carpet bags and hat-boxes, and parcels, &c. &c.

"I say, coachee, where am I to sit?" demanded Mr. Latitat, who, sharp as he was, was not quite so clever as others were in mounting a coach.

"Where it's convenient to ye, sir," replied the coachman.

"Convenient! How can it be convenient to sit on top of a coach so loaded?" said Mr. Latitat, not a little irritated.

"It's all right, yer honour," explained the coachman; "we've nauthen more on top of her than her number, sir?"

"You have, sir," indignantly asserted Mr. Latitat. "Or, if you have not more than your number, somebody has taken my place."



Every body on the top of the coach, and every body about the coach, began to grin.

"Coachee, I'd have you know," commenced the sharp-looking man, when he was interrupted by the clerk of the office—

"I beg your pardon, sir, your place is not paid for!"

"I know that," retorted Mr. Latitat, "but it's taken, I gave the porter a shilling to secure it."

"Quite right, sir," observed the clerk. "Here it is—an inside place, one shilling paid—eight and sixpence to pay, sir. The coach will be off directly."

"An inside place! why I told the rascal!—"

"Will you look, sir?" asked the clerk, holding the way-bill close to Mr. Latitat.

Mr. Latitat did look, and to his

horror and confusion, saw written in a good bold hand on the way-bill—"One inside to Y—, gent. under the slates."

The little man's face reddened—he became half mad. But still he had wit enough left to keep his practical joke as secret as possible; so, red as a turkey-cock, he pulled out his purse, paid the balance of his inside fare, and darted into the coach, with his back to the horses, hugging close to his heart the blue bag.

"Will ye remimber the porter of the Ho—tel, yer honour?" asked the same vagabond of Mr. Latitat, as the door was shut on him.

"No!" was the glum reply.

"Maybe ye will though," said the villain, and he winked his eye at the sharp-looking man, who, as the coach drove off, thought he had met with his match, and that he had saved a shilling in a very expensive way.

#### CHAPTER IX.

A lie by the way-side—A discovery—The value of a lame horse—A hint.

THE coach had rolled on nearly to the end of the first stage, without Mr. Latitat deigning to look at any of his fellow-passengers. The inside opposite to him, a shrewd and observant man, who, to judge by his appearance, was more accustomed to the sharp practice of a session's court, than to the more dignified business of the Four Courts, remarked the sullen, discontented air of Mr. L. with more than common curiosity. The blue bag, hugged so closely, the hat fixed so firmly on his head, the down look,—never for an instant altered, but by a very transient play of sharpness over the features—were all put together by the sessions practitioner, and when added up, assured him that Mr. L. was *somebody*. Thus impressed, he only watched an opportunity to acquire from the little sharp-looking man's own lips more information. At length, wearied, perhaps, with looking down, Mr. L. looked up, and he almost started, when he felt a pair of eyes rivetted on his own, quite as shrewd as his own, and quite as practised, as was evident, in the art of looking into a man.

The sessions practitioner perceived at once that this was the time for

opening fire. With a polite bow, and a smile of blandness well calculated to throw any one but Mr. L. off his guard, he remarked:—"I'm afraid, sir, you find this a wearisome road. I have known it so long, that I have outlived the fatigue which it cannot but inflict on travellers *newly* trying this line to Dublin."

This observation was intended to satisfy Mr. L. that he was known to be a stranger to the Cork and Dublin mail—that he was a *new* traveller—and entitled to sympathy. Would this induce him to let any thing out?

"Ah!" replied the sharp-looking little man, sensible, by instinct, that he had another sharp fellow to deal with—"Ah!—yes, it is tiresome."

The gentleman of sessions celebrity, laughed at the cuteness of his opposite neighbour; but he laughed in his sleeve—somewhere about his elbow. No one heard him cachinnate—no one saw a muscle of his face move. But he was not to be out-manceuvred. He smiled again on Mr. L., and continued:—

"Yes, sir, it is tiresome; and *strangers* must feel it particularly so, who have not, as we have, local associations to keep our eyes open."



The sharp-looking little man now felt more amused than before. He was certain his new-acquaintance was a knowing fellow—one fond too of information, which he was determined not to afford him. "All roads, sir," he replied, "are much of a muchness to me."

"Do you sleep well, sir, on all roads?" quickly asked the sessions lawyer.

"I'm never caught napping on any road, sir," was Mr. L.'s judicious reply.

"Reelly," remarked the discomfited examiner, "it's a blessing not to require sleep."

"Nothing like eyes open," observed Mr. L., who unfortunately began to feel too strong in his own powers; and what was worse, by the significant smile with which he accompanied his observation, showed what he felt.

"Ha," thought the sessions gentleman, "I have thee on the hip," and then he continued—"It's delightful to find so agreeable a companion so unexpectedly. One, too, whom, if I may be so bold, sir—I being a lawyer—one, too, whom I may consider a brother chip."

Whether it was to be found in the fact that Mr. L.'s practice was so intimately connected with the lawyers, and therefore that he claimed a sort of kin to that fraternity; or whether it was, that by giving information, no matter how trifling, to any one, we predispose that individual to be communicative in his turn, it need not be discussed; but so it was, the bum's heart, or what he called his heart, warmed to the man of the sessions.

"Happy, sir—happy, indeed—not quite a lawyer, but a—something of a—the kind," said Mr. L., all smiles and graciousness.

"At all events," urged the sessions gentleman, "we are fraternates—professionals."

"Exactly," assented Mr. L., who, puzzled with the first word, hesitated for an instant, and then, in the wisdom of an unguarded moment, thought it might be the Irish for that great class of government nondescript employés called "commissioners." To Mr. L. it appeared wisdom to be any body, or any thing, rather than himself; therefore he replied, "Exactly, sir—exactly,—we are—fra—a—, yes

—exactly, you are a lawyer, and I'm a commissioner;—a kind of lawyer, you know!"

"Admirable," thought the lawyer, "I have him." Then assuming the most obsequiously respectful manner, he observed—"Sir, you honour me too highly. I am nothing more than a practising sessions attorney,—we call them lawyers here. You, a commissioner, and by your voice English, are, no doubt, of the English bar. Sir, you honour me by allowing me to be of kin to you."

"O! not in the least,—lawyers are lawyers you know my friend, whether the are a—lawyers—or a—commissioners!"

"Ah! I suppose," said the lawyer, "you have heard of the intended poor-law commission for Ireland."

"Yes, yes, haven't I though?" was the odd reply, accompanied by a wink of the right eye, intended to speak volumes to his new friend.

"Oh! go far, sir?" asked a gruff voice, on the left of Mr. L.

"Only to Y——," said Mr. L., now completely off his guard.

"Ah!—I see—business there," in an under-tone said the lawyer to the commissioner; at the same time returning the compliment of the before-mentioned wink of the eye—"Business there."

At that instant the coachman suddenly pulled up to change horses; the effect of which short pull up, was to throw the gentlemen whose faces were to the horses, into the most vulnerable parts of the gentlemen whose backs were to the horses.

"Ugh! ugh!" coughed the gruff voice of the passenger who sat alongside Mr. Latitat.

"Lor!" ejaculated Mr. L., with the best part of his wind gone into the next week.

"Pardon, sir," asked the opposite to the gruff voice, as he gathered himself up into a sitting posture again.

"A thousand par—ar—dons," besought the lawyer of the commissioner, as he disentangled his angulated nose from the half-buttoned up, double-breasted waistcoat of Mr. L.—"I beg—ah!"—the lawyer could say no more; he was thrown quite aback;—for, who would believe it—his keen little eyes, which, whether in court or

out of court, whether scrutinising a witness or a bed-curtain, were never known to be at fault—saw, peering out of a pocket inside the double-breasted waistcoat, a most suspicious-looking piece of dirty-coloured parchment. The sight was sufficient. The lawyer bolted out of the mail, and into the stable.

"Bob," said the clever fellow to the ostler, who was just bringing out one of the leaders, "open your hand, Bob,—there—there—shut it now,—there's a sovereign in it—mum—hold your tongue, you vagabond. Havn't you a lame horse in the stable, Bob?"

"Not all out, yer honour," replied Bob; "but we've won as 'll lame in five-an-thirteen perches."

"That will do. Put it to the mail. Don't ask questions, now. I want four horses on to Y—— in an instant. Hold yer tongue, ye villain, and mind your business!"

Bob stared for a moment at the sossions lawyer, and then at the sovereign in his hand. What was he to do? Surely as he was bid, and especially when he was paid for it. He took back the leader; but before he had stripped the housing, the lawyer had hurried into the bar—had there contrived to kiss the bar-maid, to drink off something out of a tumbler to the success of somebody, and had ordered four horses, without delay, on to Y——.

"Chase an foore there, Bob, imma-dentice!" called out the waiter.

"In less nor a min-it," replied Bob. "Make haste wid thim horses, Bob," commanded the guard.

"Cock ye up! Let yer betters be tinned first," retorted the ostler, pretty smartly.

"Shure, isn't it the mail, ye thafe, that's waitin'?" demanded the man with the horn.

"I bieve ye, Ned," said Bob, "yer right, Ned."

During this dialogue, the four best horses in the stable were brought out, and put to a chaise which stood ready for work some few yards behind the mail.

"Ned," said the lawyer, who, as he passed the guard on his way from the inn door to the chaise, "there's something for ye," and he put something worth having into his hand. "Give

a part to the coachman, and mind leave my bag at the inn, Ned."

"Never fear, yer honour, we'll not forget ye," was the satisfactory reply.

Bang went the chaise door; crack went the whips of the post-boys, and away flew the chaise and four.

In due time, the mail continued its route to the next stage, where, in due time, it did not arrive. The solution, however, was plain: one of the horses had fallen lame, and the guard, eventually, was obliged to relieve it of all work, and to send it back, after the coachman had over-dosed it with whipcord, to no purpose, by a boy, to its own stable.

At first, Mr. L. now thinking himself almost a commissioner, and, at all events, bound by every law of honesty to continue to enact the part which he had assumed, wondered what had become of his late opposite friend. However, as the lawyer had not said where he was to stop, he took it for granted that he had got to the end of his journey, and had parted company with him in the ordinary way. Mr. L. therefore went on to Y—— very contentedly, as fast as the coach went; but, of course, no faster. Not so was it with the lawyer—he, with four horses, maddened into the pace of racing by whip and spur,—the post-boys being liberal of both,—and the lawyer, liberal of the "tin,"—almost flew over the road, and into the arms of the Honourable Mr. Popularity's committee, at Y——.

"Out av the way, ye divils—out av the way!" shouted a big brawny man, covered with rags and dirt, to about thirty of his begging fraternity who stood, *en masse*, before the door of the Royal Hotel; "out av the way—bad cess to ye, don't ye see a chase comin' at the pais av a hunt down the Parade; out av the way."

Up drove the chaise at a rattling pace, and the horses, foaming and snorting, dashed through the body of mendicants without harming one of them.

"All right, yer honour," said the post-boy on the wheeler, who jumped off to open the chaise door, leaving his whip under his stirrup-leather.

"Bravely done, boys," courteously acknowledged the lawyer, as he cleared the steps at a bound, and hurried up to the Royal.

"What news, yer honour?" asked the big beggarman, of the lawyer; "our man's safe, ain't he, yer honour? Libertee an' Popularitee, yer honour; that's it, ain't it?"

"That's it, that's it," replied the lawyer. "There's no news, boys, but success, none, barrin' this, Barney," remarked the man of the sessions, letting his voice fall almost into a whisper—"they tell me, Barney, there's a poor-law commissioner in the mail, sitting up in the near side, on the front seat, with his back to the horses; and that he's coming here, Barney; but, mind, I didn't tell ye."

"Ye tell me," whispered Barney; "no, no—bleve me I'd find out the man that was to interfere wid me rights, widout anay tellin'. I'd smell him out: a commish'ner—bad luck to him, but it's we'll commish'ner him."

Thus delivering himself, Barney left the lawyer's side, who hurried into the hotel to discharge the post-boys. Barney walked majestically back to his ragged companions, where, in a very short time, many heads were seen to be put together, and a great deal of whispering to go on.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### The Inn Door—Ostlers—Waiters—Beggars.

TWELVE o'clock had just struck, and the wide space in the front of the Royal Hotel at Y—— was covered with ostlers, and boots, and waiters, and beggars—all waiting, with mouths wide open, for the mail; and all in great heart about the election which was going forward. Among the ostlers was Red Dick, and Black Dick, and Dick "the bishop," (who, by the way, had a string-halt in his near hind leg); among the boots was the half-boots, a "pespiring young man" of about four feet ten, and the whole boots, an undeniable boots, and the top boots of all. There was lying Bob, the waiter, among the waiters, who stopped at nothing, and who, every day, pronounced a mixture of sloe leaves "the best Chanee Tae;" and the oldest yellow-legged barn-door, "a raal chick-kin." Next to this voracious individual stood his compeer, never-going, always-coming, lazy Lanty, with a dirty napkin under his arm, and a kerchief, once white, round his neck, the streeling ends of which served, not seldom, to wipe the too-perceptible dust off a tumbler or a wine-glass. This youth had his mouth open, because it was troublesome to shut it; and his eyes shut, because it was wearisome to open them. Indeed, he was a picture of inertness, body and breeches. His hair was long, because it was a bother to have it cut, and his clothes were dirty, because it was a fatigue to be always brushing them. A clean shirt on Lanty would have

been indicative of more than monomania. Call him, too, ever so loud—ever so crossly—ever so imperiously—there he stood, going to go—but he never went. Then, up and down, here and there, and every where, crowded and pushed, and jostled, and laughed, and scolded, beggars innumerable—some with bellies appetized, and some with ditto empty. The repleted laughed, as well they might; the no-pleted scolded, which they could not avoid doing. The whole scene was stirring with life—broad, humorous, cross-grained, laughing, care-for-nothing livers.

"Ha, ha," laughed Barney, who was clearly the cock of the walk among the gentlemen and ladies in tatters; "ha, ha, here it is."

"Musha, where, honey?" bawled out a hundred voices at once.

"Here, here," stentorized Barney, making a very suspicious dig with his finger and thumb upon the bare shoulder of a shock-headed boy who stood close to him.

"What is it?" demanded the crowd.

"Murther," screamed the lad.

"Arrah, now, be dacint, ye spalpeen," gravely urged Barney; "be dacint wid ye, an' let me catch him all out;" and then he made another unmerciful plunge with the finger and thumb, almost into the bare shoulder.

"Oh, oh, oh," yelled the boy.

"I have him," vowed the big beggarman, holding up his finger and thumb.

"What soorte is he, Barney?" asked the crowd.

"Oh, for that," said Barney; "be the skin of me mother, he's the right soorte ana-way."

"A flay, isn't it?" inquired a too matter-of-fact lady in rags, who at that moment was shrugging her shoulders up to her ears, and diversifying the shrug by a semi-rotatory movement of her whole body.

"A flay!" replied Mister Barney, with dignified emphasis; a flay, ma'am; d'ye think I'm like a flay catcher! A flay! No but a raal hungry poor-law commissh'ner, atein' into the very vitils of this showlder of mutton of Denny's—the misfort'nate crather, who hasn't a bit in his belly to keep the cowl'd out. Bad luck, say I, boys, to thim commissh'ners!"

"Amin!" vociferated the sturdy mob.

"Och! be me showl, an' is it wan of thim as is to ate up the poor papil, Barney, as ye've a howlt of?" asked a cripple who sat in a little go-cart at the feet of the big beggarman—of Barney.

"B'leeve me, it's that same, Pat," replied Barney.

"An' what'll ye do wid him?" said Pat.

"I'll tell ye, Pat—I'll kape the thafe to brade from."

"To brade from!" screamed out the little man in the go-cart, lost with astonishment.

"Yis, Pat," coolly remarked the big beggarman; at the same time either really or feignedly putting something from between his finger and thumb into the tattered cuff of his coat.

"To brade from a commissh'ner!" with increased wonder reiterated Pat.

"That same," repeated Barney. "I'll have the brade kipt up in the fam'ly. I'll brade from nauthin' but a commissh'ner. An' why not? Won't

they build iligint houses, an' make iligint gruel, an' take an iligint likin' to poor wandherin' crathers like meeslf, an' all for the love av God an' thim-silves!—the blissed commissh'ners!—won't they? An' d' think I'll lose the brade av them, Pat? No, no, boys," continued Barney, addressing the motley mob about him—"we mus'n't lose the brade—we mus'n't—will we, boys?"

"Nivir—niver!" shouted out every throat before the Royal.

"Be the sun, that's the raal thing, all out!" sputtered and half spoke a swarthy little fellow, at the elbow of Barney, who had a hump on his back, but despite of which, he was now laughing himself sick. "That Barney 'll be the dith o' me some of thim days." And he fell to laughing again, as if he were going to die on the spot.

"Flan, ye weeshee-deeshee villien, what's that yer afther?" demanded a strapping lady, who strode up to the half-choked lordling.

"La-la-laf-fin, honey," said Flan, in a most hysterical voice.

"Laffin, is it, ye spalpeen?" observed the lady: "an' is it wantin' to lave me unpurtictid ye are, ye villien?"

"No, no! ha, ha!" vowed and laughed the little Flan.

"Then I'll tell ye what it is, Flan," said the loving lady, "av yer not quite, I'll shake the lif' out av ye,—I will."

The strong hand of the fair one was on Flan's collar, when the cry of "the coach—the coach," sent every one to the right and left, out of the way of the horses. Whether, indeed, it was the noise of the coach-wheels, or the weight of his better half's hand on his collar that silenced Flan, we won't pretend to decide: let it suffice, the lady carried the little lord to the inn door, out of harm's way, where he stood in quietness, without the sign of a laugh upon his countenance.

## CHAPTER XI.

### The coach—Effect of lying.

Yas! there it is at last,—the coach.—Whack, whack, crack!

"Yea-yup, ps-s-so-ho, me darlins!" spake the whips on the box,—the animated whip continuing—"Morrow, Bob:—Bishop, take thim ribbins;—

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Ha! Lantee, me fixtur, is that yer-self? Be alive, boy, for the wonst; there's somethin' inside for ye."

In an instant the coach door was opened, but the hand of Lanty had nothing to do with it. He did, in-

deed, open one eye, but it was only to see his way out of the crowd, and to enable him to get out of the way of carpet-bags, &c.

The coach-door, as was to be expected, was flung open by the indefatigable Bob, who, standing with the handle in his left hand, invited, in the most engaging tone of voice possible, the insides to alight, and take up their quarters at the Royal.

"The Royal, yer honours, the Royal: won't ye alight? Capital beds, yer honours, aired, all the year round, yer honours, twice a-day, with a pan of the best say-coal an' brown sugar. Mod'rate charges—great feeding, yer honours:—won't ye alight?" And thus delivered, the polite waiter made as graceful a bow as the space would admit of, sticking his bended body into the corporation of a little fat beggar-woman at his back.

"An' bad cess to ye for a waither," coughed out the insulted female, "bad cess to ye; ugh, but's this proper thratemint for a dishulate orphin like meself, wid nauthin but the great God and the charitee of sthrange gentlemen to depind on. Arrah, gintlemin darlins," coughed the maltreated female, "lave a copper wid me, for the love av God."

Two of the insides turned out in no time, and accustomed to the ways of the Irish beggars, paid little notice to what it pleased them to ask, or to say. Not so Mr. Latitat, he had never seen a place so crowded with rags and squalor before. The very merry eyes that laughed at him, from under tattered bonnets, and the torn brims of hats, filled him with uncomfortableness. To laugh, even out of the corner of the eye, and to beg at the same time, he couldn't comprehend.

Duly and ceremoniously buttoning up his coat, he prepared to move out, with all his lately self-bestowed "honours thick upon him."

Bob still stood with the handle of the door in hand, smiling, and as well as he could, bowing to the little sharp-looking man.

"Ye'll alight here, yer honour; bed, yer honour, aired to the hangings. Bed?" asked Bob.

"Bed!" replied Mr. L., still gathering himself up for his purposed move, which he was preparing, so un-

like his natural way, should be as stately as possible.

"Be the powers," remarked Barney, whose head and shoulders stood above the phalanx of beggary that was now forming widely and deeply round the coach, "be the powers av that aint the commish'ner."

Mr. L. looked up and smiled; as much as to say, "that's me." Unlucky deceit!

"Will I take yer bag?" asked Bob.

Mr. L. made no reply, but gave the bag—a thing he had never been known to trust out of his hands before.

"Will yer honour lane on me?" again asked the polite Bob; and his honour, with a most gracious smile, did lean on Bob.

"Stand back, ye divils," prefaced Bob, as he made way, with little ceremony, for Mr. L. "This way, yer honour—this way," and on walked Bob to the Royal.

Barney's neck was seen to lengthen considerably, and his mouth to touch the ear of a paralytic old lady, who was pushed between Bob and the commissioner.

"What's the matther, honey?" said the old crone.

"Ask him for a pinnee—shure he's a commish'ner," replied Barney in a very audible whisper.

"Ah! yer lordship," said the old woman, addressing Mr. L., "will ye giv the owld, an' the helpis, an' the misfortnate a small relafe, for the good of yer honour's sowl."

Now, Mr. L., whatever else he might have been, was not charitable. He had no idea of lazy and useless beggars living on the public; he didn't see what business they had to live at all.

"I have nothing for you, woman," was the remonstrance of Mr. L., who began to feel the filth and rags of the beggars uncomfortably near to him.

"Shure, yer honour," lisped a roguish-looking young woman, with a big fat child in her arms, "shure, yer honour, its meself that dhramed of ye the last night but won. You kem to me, and siz you"——

"Confound your dream," interrupted Mr. L. "Move, people do, and don't push so cursedly—don't."

"Ah! thin, yer lordship's honour, do thin, for the pace of yer presha

sowl, now ;" re-urged the old woman, who still kept in front of Mr. L.

"Why it's a perfect nuisance, I declare—I do," repeated Mr. L. with no little warmth of manner. The sweat, too, was beginning to ooze out of his forehead. "Move, people, do. This is illegal—it is."

"Move there, won't ye?" called out Barney: "move there, and let the crathur through ye."

"An' how can we move, Barney?" expostulated the young lady with the big fat child in her arms. "It aint us, Barney; it's them as is behint us. Ah! now, yer honour," importuned this fair one of Mr. L., "ye'll give somethin', av not for the mother, for the poor orphin, widout father."

"I don't doubt you, woman; children are a great deal too common," was the bitter taunt of the now really angry bum.

"What is it ye mane? ye dirty scoundril," half screamed the irritated beggarwoman, who would, if there had been room, have lifted a very strong bony hand, to put the same question to Mr. L. in a different way.

"Ha! you want a workhouse here, you do," retorted the indiscreet Mr. L.

"Och! be the back of me hand, it's a commish'ner all out," vociferated Barney.

"Gruel him; male him; O! dandle the babby; rise him; salt him!" were the sentiments which rung through the air as Barney ended his speech. A rush towards the coach, and a general determination to give the commissioner more than he bargained for, was at once made and acted

on. The row, and the confusion, and the heat were terrible, and alarming, and intolerable.

"Police, police!" almost stuck in the throat of the counterfeit commissioner.

"Och, polis, polis!" echoed Barney, who, except leaning his whole weight against those that pressed round Mr. L., was doing nothing at all. "Polis, polis, ye blackguards, don't ye hear—the gintleman's callin' ye!"

"Mer-oy, m-m-eroy — I'm — dying!" in thick and guttural sounds, exclaimed the almost smothered little man; and he sank down, faint and lifeless, in the midst of the rags and tatters which surrounded him.

"He's gone!" cried out some alarmist in the crowd, which instantly began to fall back. However, as the crowd fell back, the police, now collecting in some numbers, began to follow. It was no estoppel to the free use of their staves, that the merry beggars cracked jokes with them—the police still cracked their heads for them, like regular funny fellows, as they were. In this amusing and instructive way, the unfortunate Mr. L., dead to the fight which was made for him, was soon recovered bodily by the police, and carried bodily, also, into the Royal.

"Be gor," said Bob, as he helped to stretch the lifeless body of Mr. L. on the sofa, in No. 2 sitting-room, "who'd have thought that in thim few minits thim beggars wo'd have been so rampageous:—they're raul thaves, thim beggars; aint they, polis?"

To this the "polis," of course, assented.



## MESMERISM.

BY IRYS HERFNER.

(Second Article.)

Among the most interesting results yielded by the labours of recent explorers in the domain of physical science, must be reckoned the views which they have opened to us of the nature and mutual relations of those subtle and pervading agencies—call them imponderable elements, cosmic forces, or what other name best expresses the little, at bottom, we know about them—which reveal themselves to our senses in the phenomena of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism. Intimate connections, pointing to a common origin, have been developed between these agencies, multiplying themselves at every progressive stage of the experiments to which they have been subjected. A mass of observations has exhibited them in such rigorous interdependence—the presence of any one of them involving the nearness of all the rest—as to render it very difficult to consider them otherwise than as phases of one and the same principle, modifications of some expansive ground-force and primal activity of matter, universal as gravitation, and probably antagonist thereto. To borrow the language of the distinguished reviewer of Whewell's *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences* in this journal:—\*

“The researches of all the latest inquirers seem to have left no doubt as to the identity of all the species of electricity. . . . The heating power of the magnetic fluid has now fully identified it in one of the most remarkable characteristics of electric action, with the voltaic and the common electricity; while the magnetic influence in its turn is found to belong to them all, and common electricity is at length discovered to deflect the needle. Animal and thermo-electricity, as well as magnetic agency, decompose water. As far as their powers can be summoned into sufficient activity, they all appear to per-

form each other's work; and it seems an exaggeration of timidity to hesitate in pronouncing them the various manifestations of some single and pervading principle. The intimate connection of this principle, again, with heat and with light, which is perhaps little more than the peculiar effect of the vibrations of heat upon the optic nerve, plainly associate these with the former, and invite us to expect the near approach of some decisive discovery, which, in combining them all, shall indeed lift the veil of Isis, and form before long, the great philosophical glory of the nineteenth century.”

Should such “decisive discovery” ever accomplish itself, there will probably be seen, taking its place in the circle of the powers here referred to, and asserting a cognate relation to them, a fifth power—that, namely, which announces its existence in the phenomena of mesmerism. If such a power exists at all, it exists, assuredly, not in a state of isolation, as something *sui generis*, but is, with all other forces and activities that are found in the universe, a ray broken by the great world-prism of sensuous being into refractions infinitely diverse in direction and colour, the maximum of deflection being perhaps just at this point where Mesmerism shows itself.

“Many organic forces,” says Passavant, “have in their working much similarity with the powers of inorganic nature, yet are not identical with these. Now since, in nature generally, substance is ever evolved out of substance, it seems more in accordance with nature's economy to contemplate the organic forces not as an absolutely new order of powers, but as modifications of those already observed in the wider field of the inorganic, the modifying agency being that of the vital principle (and the will, where this power gives to the vital principle a particular character or direction), which works upon and

assimilatively transforms these powers, in the same way as it transmutes the inorganic material substances into organic. Those phenomena of electricity and light, which are subject to the individual vitality of inorganic bodies, and even to the will of certain animals, here form the transition and mediative link."

Certainly, if ever we possess a satisfactory theory of Mesmerism, it must be one which will base itself upon this principle—the essential unity of the organic and inorganic forces of nature, and show that the necromancy which our witch-finders of the nineteenth century espy in "a pass of the thumb or a movement of the fingers, and signs, and talismanic tokens," as Mr. M'Neile hath it, is the very same which their great prototypes of the twelfth century detected in the crucible of the chemist and the decoctions of the apothecary.

"As we are almost daily receiving fresh knowledge on the subject (of Mesmerism), there need be no hurry," remarks Mr. Lang, "in building up a theory. The phenomena of Mesmerism are in themselves true, whatever theory may ultimately be adopted, and probably inquirers would for the present be most usefully employed in scrutinizing and recording facts, and leave the rest to time."

This is true: the time is not ripe for a theory of Mesmerism that will stand—a theory that will account for all phenomena observed, containing at the same time nothing that observed phenomena will not bear out. Nevertheless, theorizing is a spontaneous operation of the mind. The first facts observed suggest, however little we may be conscious of it, certain involuntary speculative stirrings within us—an obscure instinctive seeking for some common ground to refer our observations to, without which there were no alternative but to dismiss them as mere phantasm and optical illusion. While we are observing facts, our theory is silently forming itself; for what else, indeed, is a theory but a beholding? My theory of the Mesmeric phenomena is, in other words, my way of looking at, my view of the Mesmeric phenomena—what I see in the Mesmeric phenomena. Not to theorize is not to look, but

passively to suffer the shapes of things to flit over the incognizant sense, passing away unapprehended, and without having added an impression to the store within. Let us, then, "scrutinize and record facts:" that is indispensable; but while the eye and the registering hand are busy, let not the faculties of thought and imagination be idle: let us theorize (provisionally) as we go on, were it but to enliven the, else, all too dull work of observing and recording. The very terminology of our record will depend in some measure on the theory—on the light in which, on the medium through which we see.

Now this is just what the German magnetizers have done: they have scrutinized and recorded facts; but facts are, to a German explorer, the characters of a mystic language, the deep sense of which he must fathom, or know no rest. Hence, in Germany, theory has from the first gone hand in hand with observation. Mesmer's own hypothesis of a fluid filling universal space, and, by reason of its extreme subtilty, freely pervading all bodies, was perhaps as apt a one as the existing state of physical science in his time could afford. Most of the early French magnetizers, influenced by the materialistic tendencies of the age, propounded views not essentially differing from this: Villars and Barberin, however, took a directly opposite course, rejecting all explanations derived from material grounds, and resolving the whole into a mysterious operation of the human will; a doctrine which also Puseygur, and after him Deleuze, adopted with little modification. The "Exegetic Society" of Stockholm, in a letter addressed to the "Society of Friends" (not Quakers) at Strasbourg, in 1778, assigned, as the sole cause of all Mesmeric effects, a super-sensuous agency of angels and other spirits, which view the modern mystic school, with Von Meyer of Frankfort at its head, on the whole supports.

"The German *Philosophy of Nature*," says Doctor Ennemoser, "contemplates the animal-magnetic phenomena as necessary effects of dynamic relations of polarity, and ascribes these effects neither to physical nor to psychic influences exclusively, inasmuch as this philosophy admits no absolute separation

of the material from the spiritual, but holds the former to be from eternity the expression of the latter. Friedrich Hufeland (he adds) here claims especial mention, as a luminous expositor of these views of the magnetic effects."

Weber offers a "dynamico-psychic" explanation, on the ground that "body and soul constitute man, who is the unity of these two opposite modes of being." Others, again, assume a suble medium, the "æther" of the celebrated mathematician Euler, which they also term vital or nervous spirit. This æther is the vehicle of, and immediate agent in, all such workings, be they physical or ghostly, as *seem* to contradict the axiom, "nothing can act where it is not." Its vivifying presence is every where felt—in the organic as well as the inorganic region of nature, revealing itself in the latter as light and heat, electricity, and the power developed in the loadstone; in the former as nervous force, with its modifications of animal heat, animal light (in the glow-worm and fire-fly), animal electricity (in the torpedo, as well as in the galvanic phenomena generally), and Mesmerism, or animal magnetism. It is the mediating principle between spirit and matter, between force and subject of force; nay, it is assumed to be absolute substance and *prima materia*, the ground-element of all corporeal being, the world-essence, so to speak, of which all visible creation is a precipitate, and the higher invisible spheres of created existence a sublimation. Jung Stilling, Jean Paul, Herder, Kluge, Kerner, Passavant, with many others, are numbered among the adherents to this "æther theory;" and as it is the one which seems most to commend itself to permanent recognition, and perhaps has the most of intrinsic beauty and completeness, we—the present reader and writer—will go a little more at large into it, taking for our guide herein, principally, the admirable work of Passavant, entitled, *Inquiries respecting Vital Magnetism and Clairvoyance*, availing ourselves, however, also, as we see occasion, of Ennemoser's very instructive book, *Magnetism in its relation to Nature and Religion*, of Schubert's *History of the Soul*, of Justinus Kerner's *Magikon*, and even, at a pinch, of our own wits.

The most universal agency in the material world is that of gravitation: the first attribute of *all* body is that it gravitates, and that in constant proportion to its mass. This is the expression of the unity of corporeal nature.

But there is no body, the *only* property of which is weight: that is, there is no body which is mere quantity: all bodies have their particular qualities, their essential differences, according to which they are defined. In other words, in all bodies other agencies are found to be present and operative, besides that of gravitation; forces, which often exhibit themselves in counteraction of the great centripetal force, as in electric or magnetic attraction, in sundry chemical processes, in elasticity, and, above all, in the action of organic forces in all animal motions, and in many workings of the animal economy.

The principal of these qualitative forces are those to which reference has been made in the foregoing columns, the subtle and problematical agencies which, in their manifestation, are known to us as light, heat, electricity, and magnetism. These principles resemble one another so much in their laws and general character, that the theory of any one of them gives the type for that of all.

"The views," says Passavant, "which have been entertained, in reference to the nature of these powers, may be reduced, essentially, to two. Either they are specific material substances, which enter into and pervade other bodies, in like manner as the air insinuates itself into the interstices of many bodies, or else they are activities, motions of a corporeal medium, similar to those vibrations of elastic bodies, which announce themselves to our ear as sound.

"The grounds which bear against the former theory, are, on the whole, so preponderating, that it is scarcely possible, in the present stage of physical science, any longer to regard these forces as particular material substances. As the controversy on the subject has turned chiefly on the nature of light, we here adduce the weightiest reasons against the assumption of a proper lucid matter; and it will be seen that essentially the same reasons hold good against the hypothesis of specific material substances in the cases of the cognate forces, heat, electricity, and magnetism.

"The transparency of the air, and of diaphanous bodies in general, is wholly inexplicable, if we suppose that a foreign body, emanating from a source of light, (for instance, the sun,) transmeates them; for this supposition would account for their transparency, if at all, only in the direction of the rays which traverse them, whereas they are transparent in *all* directions.

"Such a body, which were at the same time warm, and electric or magnetic, must, on the assumption of an advening substance of light, of caloric, and of an electric and magnetic fluid, be so porous that there would remain no room at all for the proper substance of the body. And yet it is just in the bodies of greatest specific density, (as the metals,) that these powers are in the highest degree operative.

"Against the emanation of light, a further argument is, that radiant bodies lose nothing of their substance, and that irradiated ones, even those which most absorb light, gain nothing. The extreme velocity, and at the same time uniform movement of light, is, on the supposition of a lucific matter, the more inconceivable, as it is highly probable, from the resistance which, according to the observations of Encke, comets have met with in their progress, that a material substance also occupies the space between the planets and the sun. Finally, there are various optical phenomena, in particular that of the interference of light, which cannot be explained on the supposition of a lucific matter. For, in that, through the meeting of two rays of light under certain conditions, darkness is produced, it is easy to conceive how two motions should arrest or neutralize each other, as is the case with the undulations of water and of air, (of which we have an instance in the analogous phenomenon of the interference of sound); but it does not so readily appear how two material substances should annihilate each other.

"The grounds which contravene the assumption of a specific matter of light, are for the most part equally forcible against that of a material caloric. The motion of radiating heat, the laws of the refraction, reflection, absorption, interference, polarisation, and double refraction of the rays of heat, all of which coincide so perfectly with those of light, hardly leave room to doubt that these are only modifications of *one* fundamental force.

"But as light and heat pass mutually the one into the other, so do they also present themselves as causes of electricity and magnetism. Light frequently generates heat, and heat electricity. A

metallic ring, for instance, heated on one side, becomes on one side positively, on the other negatively, electric. When the two electricities combine, (or the electric tension resolves itself,) light and heat are produced. Then, electricity calls forth magnetism, and *vice versa*. Thus, these fundamental powers generate and determine one another, reciprocally, and so yield a ceaseless round of phenomena, manifestations of the universal vitality of nature, ever renewing themselves, under a succession of ever-varying aspects.

"As any one of these powers is ever found to evoke and determine another, it is not easy to say which of them is the original power, and base of all the rest. Every thing, however, in nature proceeds from a unity, which first develops itself into antithetic contrast of its elements, and finally re-produces itself in its unity by the reconciliation of these. As we must consider the primary qualitative force as one working expansively, and we know that heat so works, we might look on this as the primary force in question; but since, as we have remarked, heat and light seem to be but modifications of *one* principle, we are led to assume, as first and fundamental power of all, fire, contemplated as *luminous heat*, or as the principle of which light and heat are alike manifestations. This principle or element, then, of fire we assume as ground of the qualities of bodies, and all the other so-called imponderables, we regard merely as modifications of this—electricity, namely, as fire become polar."

To state Passavant's theory of the imponderables, or cosmic forces, in the most general terms,—the first or ground-energy of the *prima materia*, or æther—which we must conceive as an impulsive force, acting from the centre outwards, and therefore as expansive, (though at the same time held within limits by the continent force of gravitation,) and which appears to us as *heat*, or as fire—generates, where its working is not uniform, according to thermo-electric laws, positive and negative *electricity*, and these two, in recovering their equilibrium, yield *light*. Or thus: the æther, unequally expanded, becomes polar. Polar æther, is electricity: the collapse of æthereal polarity is light. On which hypothesis the different imponderables were different *motions*, engendering different *states* of the æther; which states may pass one into another—light into heat, heat into electricity. Where these

motions are suspended—that is, when the æther is comparatively in a state of rest—there are exhibited cold, darkness, and cessation of the electric and magnetic tension.

This theory leaves untouched the question whether the undulating æther itself pervades the corporeal substances which its motion encounters, or whether it merely propagates its undulation through their mass, by communication of motion to their atomic particles.

The solar light we may consider as generated by the continuous resolution of a continually renewed electric tension between the body of the sun and his atmosphere, or between the different strata of the latter, producing a phenomenon similar to what we call sheet-lightning, or to the aurora borealis, but more general, uninterrupted, and intense.\*

This incessant alternation of electric tension and resolution in the sun's atmosphere would find a sufficient ground in the supposition of a polar antagonism between the sun and the bodies which revolve round him. For the different points of the sun's surface, as they presented themselves to any one of these orbs, would necessarily acquire an altered electric tension, thus giving room for a new equalization of electricity, that is, for a production of light. Now, as these points of (so to speak) *quasi*-contact are perpetually changing, (especially when we take into account the different influences of the comets,) it is evident that the balance of electricity in the sun must undergo perpetual disturbance, and be perpetually in the condition of resuming its equilibrium, which, however, it finds, only to be thrown out of it again the same moment. Thus, the generation of light and heat at every point of the sun's surface proceeds without interruption.†

The action of the sun upon the earth and her atmosphere generates, as the successive parts of her surface are, by her diurnal revolution, presented to his rays, an electric current,

and at right angles to this, a magnetic. Where the influence of the sun is most direct and powerful, within the tropics, the electric light is frequently seen to traverse the atmosphere as a continuous stream, indicating a process analogous to that which we have supposed to take place in the sun himself. In our latitudes, where the electric balance is less violently shaken, the recovery of its equilibrium is announced in the separate lightning-flash. The light produced by combustion, by fracture, pressure, and friction may, as well as the solar and meteoric light, be referred to different modes of electric action.

If we know but little, and that not certainly, of the nature and origin of the imponderable agents, their effects, at least, are more familiar to us; and it may be shown that they are immediately or mediately, the causes of most of the qualities of bodies, or that they afford the conditions under which those qualities are to be developed. Colour and temperature refer themselves at once to light and heat. Heat also determines the density of bodies, or the degree of cohesion of their particles. The influences of electricity on the form of bodies is proved by the phenomena of crystallization; and this agency, as the ground of chemical affinities, presides also over the combination of the elements of which bodies are constituted. Ritter has conjectured that cohesion has its ground in magnetism.

The progress of physical research is showing more and more how great are the modifications to which these agencies are subject. The rays of heat are, no more than those of light, alike in their capability of traversing those bodies which are their proper conductors; so that, according to Melloni, we have to admit colours of heat as well as of light. Electricity presents greatly modified appearances, according as quantity or intensity predominates in its action; hence the most important differences are observ-

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\* When a piece of charcoal, under an exhausted receiver, was subjected to the action of the voltaic pile, a light was evolved as strong as that of the sun. The charcoal, naturally, underwent no loss of substance, as no combustion could take place. Here, then, was presented an artificial sun.

† The dark and bright spots in the sun arise, on this hypothesis, from lowered or heightened electric action in his atmosphere.



able in the working of electricity, according to its immediate origin, as electricity of friction, thermo-electricity, or electro-magnetic influence. According to Delarive's observations, the electric currents themselves are not homogeneous, but present as great, and even greater differences than those observed by Melloni in the rays of heat. Who knows but magnetism, which we have at last learned to recognize as a power equally enlarged in its sphere of action with electricity, may, to our further research, exhibit corresponding modifications, and enable us to account for many qualities of bodies as yet unexplained? The definite relation in which magnetism stands to heat gives a new proof of the intimate connexion and interdependence of these universal powers.

From the forces of inorganic nature we pass to those the agency of which is observable in organised bodies. The alchemic power of assimilation is one of the most remarkable properties of the living organism. Recent experiments have shown that the organic principle does not merely effect new combinations of the substances which it takes up in the way of nutriment, but that it has the power of actually transforming into other substances those which our chemistry contemplates as primary or simple substances. Thus Schrader and others sowed cress in powder of sulphur, flint, oxide of lead, &c. The germinating plants were irrigated with distilled water. In the ashes of these plants were found exactly the same constituent parts which are found in the ashes of such as grow in the open field.

Now as organic bodies, by virtue of the principle of individual life that works in them, impress their own peculiar character on the substances which they take up, so do they possess the power of doing this also with the universal forces of nature. The organism takes in and interiorly subjects to itself the cosmic (ethereal) fire, which it modifies according to its own ends.

It is, on the whole, much more natural to seek in the organic forces only, modifications of those of universal nature—though how these modifications are wrought by the principle of life, remains unknown to us—

than to assume a number of powers and of substances, essentially different from and without relation to those which present themselves throughout nature generally. The error is, however, to be guarded against, of making forces identical that are only analogous; of asserting, for instance, that the nervous and electric agencies are one and the same, instead of only referring them to a common ground. The organic phenomena may be expected to exhibit every where resemblance to those of light and its cognate forces, but no where entire sameness with these. In the low and imperfect organisms of certain fishes, worms, and insects, these forces present themselves in their least modified form, affording hereby a presumption that in the more highly developed systems of the superior animals, and above all in our own cerebro-nervous system, as the most perfect organism existing, these universal activities are more and more altered, more and more assimilated to the principle of life and of psychic action which they serve. A higher agency nowhere, be it in the domain of nature or of spirit, abolishes or extinguishes a lower; but subdues, appropriates, and assimilates the latter to itself. The evolution of light by the glow-worm, by the minute phosphorescent *infusorium*, is a phenomenon of higher order than the gorgeous coruscations of the aurora borealis, or the terrible unloading of the thunder-charged strata of the clouds, for it is a phenomenon of life; but the process in the higher and in the lower phenomenon is at ground the same; the life that is seen directing the former does but impress its own character on the elements which it has taken from an inferior and wider sphere.

The experiments of Rengger prove that the shining of the eyes of different animals at night has another ground than that of a mere reflection of the light from without. The eyes of the night-ape were observed to shine only when the darkness was very profound, and the light they then emitted was so strong as to render distinguishable objects at a distance of eighteen inches from the eye of the animal. In the *canis azaræ* the shining ceased when the optic nerve was divided, or injured; but injuries of the cornea or the iris did not affect it.



The phenomenon of animal heat is too general to need being particularly dwelt upon. The extremely low temperature at which animal life can subsist, as well as the high degrees of heat which the living organism can support, proves how much this power stands under the control of the vital principle:—

“The doctrine,” remarks Schubert, “promulgated chiefly by Lavoisier, that the heat of the body is produced by the combination of the carbon and hydrogen of the blood with the oxygen of the atmosphere, in respiration, has been amply refuted by the observations of Brodie and Chossat. Heat ceased to be generated, nay, the upper part of the body (in which the function of respiration takes place) was the first to exhibit a deathlike coldness, as soon as the influence of the cerebral upon the ganglionic nervous system was arrested, by injury of the spinal cord above the fourth vertebra, or by deep wounds of the brain, although respiration, and consequently the therewith connected process of combustion in the lungs, held its accustomed course, and carbonic acid and hydrogen gas were generated in no less volume than before.

“De la Riva's hypothesis, then, would appear not to be without foundation, that animal heat is produced by a reciprocal action of the cerebral and ganglionic nerves, in the same way as heat is generated between the points of two wires, by which the positive and negative electricities discharge themselves.”

It is evident, from the foregoing generally, that many of the processes of organic life are nothing more than modifications of the action of the imponderables in inorganic nature, the principle of individual life being the modifying agent. The way in which the individual organs and the systems to which they belong act and re-act upon each other, resembles the mode of action observed in the imponderables. In like manner, the relation between the organism and the external world, where it is not merely mechanical, is in a great measure a mutuality of action and re-action between these elemental forces and their cognate, the nervous fluid.

The proper conductors of a dynamic working in the living body are the nerves; but that such workings also take place without the intervention of these conductors, the sympathies often

observed between one particular organ and another are a proof. It often happens that the sympathizing organs stand in much slighter and less direct nervous connection with each other than with other organs lying in their neighbourhood; yet this does not lessen their mutual influence, which perfectly resembles that of two poles, of which each, notwithstanding the distance between them, determines the state and action of the other. The nature of the interjacent organs has no influence on these sympathies: the action of the engaged parts on each other is as little intercepted by the structures that separate them as that of the magnet on the iron is by an intervening slab of marble or wood.

The wonderful sympathy which subsists between mother and foetus is the transitionary link between that of organ with organ in the same body, and that of two bodies separately existing. Hence it is the key to all immediate, (or what we may call preter-organic,) actings of organic beings upon each other. For here intersect one another the orbits of our two-fold life—the individual life subsisting for itself, and the life in common with others, as parts of a whole. Every separate organ has a certain, though very subordinate, self-subsistence; a higher self-subsistence has the germinating new life within the organism of the mother; a far higher the child, that draws its sustenance from the mother's breasts; but mother and child abide yet ever inly bound together, be the individuality of the latter at what stage of its development it may.

A similar action of one living organism on another, without organic mediation, also takes place in the incubation of birds. A pair of cropper-pigeons—so relates Stark in his *Pathological Fragments*—had lost one of their lately hatched young, by death: to repair this loss, a young tumbler was put into the nest; while the old doves fostered this new nursing, an additional number of their own young were hatched, and this new progeny showed no resemblance to the parent-birds, but were in all respects like the nursing.

Bechstein set pigeons of a particular species to hatch the eggs of another species, varying markedly from them, both in form and colour. The young

brood presented not a trace of their real parentage, but perfectly resembled their fosterers.

Thus the energy of *life* tells, in ever widening circles, without mediation of material conducting machinery, first from organ to organ of the same body, then upon the life germinating into separate subsistence in the midst of the mother-organism, next upon the egg already loosened from its connection with this organism, and finally upon strange eggs. The vital principle draws, under certain circumstances, even the strange organism into its sphere of action, and works on this, as on its own body: the dynamic working, in such cases, becomes at last a material, *plastic* working; the imagination, from a subjective, becomes an objective *imaging power*. Thus *life* acts, alchemically, upon other life, that comes into its sphere of action,—transforms, assimilates other life to itself, and makes this its own organ. Such a sympathy presents itself sometimes between wholly separate individualities, carrying us a step farther than the relation of the embryo to the mother: of this kind is the extraordinary *communio ritæ*, often observable between twins.

Rey gives an account of two twin brothers, of whom it seemed saying somewhat less than nothing, to say they were like each other: you were rather inclined to say they were one man in two subsistences—an identity twice told, an individual who had the power of appearing double. The mental correspondence was as perfect as the bodily. They devoted themselves simultaneously to commerce; simultaneously they became tired of buying and selling, and took military service. They had so absolutely the same exterior, that any person, to whom they told their names, if they hereupon withdrew, and returned again the next minute, found it quite impossible to say which was which. Indeed, this point, which was which, seems to have been a point which, to the last, never was settled to the satisfaction of any one but themselves. If there was a difference between them, they alone were privy to it. Voice and speech, manner and gesture, were the same; not a trick of hand, eye, foot, not a pet expression, had the one, but the other had it also. The Christian

name was the only distinction between them; but which was John, and which James, was a secret of which their own breasts were the sole depository, and the secret died with them.

The twin-brothers, Laustaud, male sick-nurses at the hospital St. Eloi, in Bordeaux, always took ill exactly at the same time, and both together became subjects of cataract.

The foregoing has shown us how the imaginative power of the animal soul acts immediately, that is to say, without the mediation of organs, upon strange bodies. The *rationale* of this mode of action lays open the whole region of those forces to which animal magnetism belongs.

In the lower grades of animal life, the organic force does not yet definitely develop itself as nervous force: the nervous system lies, as yet but potentially existent, in the indifferent corporeal mass. Nevertheless, sensation is already present, even in these imperfect organisms, though obscure and indistinct, before the nervous structure has evolved itself out of the slimy substance of which these lowest animals consist.

Where a nervous system exists, it is (at least in a healthy state) the sole vehicle of sensation, and the sole operator of animal motions. But the nervous energy is capable of extending its operation beyond its material organ. Instead of terminating its action at the extremity of the nerves, the point at which sensation arises, it oversteps this limit, and exercises an immediate influence upon objects more or less remote. This seems to be the most natural explanation of all the phenomena of animal magnetism.

The decided resemblance which the nervous force, in its ordinary way of acting, presents to the imponderable agents, makes it the more conceivable that the former, like the latter, may also be capable of propagating its action through a certain interval of space, the interjacent media, such as the air, here serving as conductors. The facts adduced above, of the working of the mother upon the embryo, and of the incubating bird upon the egg, here find their explanation; as does also the undeniable influence, which the eye, the touch, the very proximity of some men has upon others, especially upon such as are of a susceptible nature.

The temporary insensibility of the nerves in cataleptic and ecstatic states, the extensive loss of substance which the brain may suffer with little or no disturbance of the mental functions, and the specifically different sensibility of the different nerves of sense, (the nervous substance presenting no difference), render it probable that a subtle organic fluid, as substratum of the nervous force, permeates the palpable substance of the nerves, and is capable of retiring from, as well as of passing forward beyond their extremities. For this hypothesis of a nervous fluid, distinct from the palpable nervous substance, speaks also the capability of particular nerves to take up vicariously the functions of others.

"There is, without doubt," says Treviranus, "a specific difference in the functions of the different nerves; but, nevertheless, there must be at the same time a capability in them, in a great measure, to act one for another. There is no nerve of motion that has an uninterrupted course from the brain or spinal marrow to the exterior of the body, wholly without the power of sensation; and, perhaps, the proper nerves of sensation are incapable of exciting motion, only because their action is not directed upon muscles. In some animals the place of the optic, in others that of the olfactory nerve, is completely, or for the most part, supplied by branches of the fifth pair; and animals exist which manifest an intense sensibility to light, without being furnished with eyes."

The existence of a nervous fluid, (organic æther,) seems to be further indicated by the peculiar sensation which magnetizing and magnetized persons very commonly experience, as of an efflux and influx, such as is felt in electrical operations, and a feeling as of cobwebs at the fingers' ends, or of a wind playing about those extremities. The electrical character of the agency here at work, is placed almost beyond doubt by the fact, that sparks are sometimes evolved from the operator, though only in the case of men

endowed with a more than usual share of Mesmeric influence.

Thus, when Richter, the magnetizer of Lutheritz, brought the points of his fingers into contact with the palm of the hand of a susceptible person, at the same time that he applied his other hand to his back, and, after some seconds, when the hand was warm, drew the points of his fingers smartly away, the patient felt an electric shock, and, if the experiment was made in the dark, a spark was perceived. In patients afflicted with gout, he detected the seat of the pain, and the extent of its radiations, by an influence which held his hand fixed, as soon as it touched the affected parts: he felt also, in the case of flying pains, in what direction their course was. His hands exhibited moisture when he rubbed the diseased parts; but as soon as perspiration presented itself in these, his hands became dry. These appearances prove that the magnetic influence reacts upon the nervous economy of the operator.\* Richter did not willingly Mesmerise when the weather was cloudy, the reaction on his system being at such times more severe.

If we be right in placing the magnetic influence in a nervous principle, extending its operation beyond the palpable nervous substance, it is easy to see with what force psychic influences must, in all exercise of this agency, come in. If the soul can, by means of the nervous principle, mould and transfigure even the solid parts of the organism, so that, for example, in the features of the face, the degree of mental elevation or debasement, cultivation or rudeness, permanently imprints and expresses itself, it may well be conceived that this psychic influence should be as great, and still greater, where the nervous principle, in its ministry to the modifying soul, is no longer bound to a corporeal organ. The more susceptible to magnetic influences any one is, the more sensibility will he also have for the psychic ele-

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\* Mesmeric reaction, to any extent involving inconvenience to the physician, is, according to Ennemoser, of rare occurrence. As an instance of it, however, he mentions the case of a friend of his own, who, having a dropsical patient under magnetic treatment, was alarmed to perceive the *rappor*t announce itself in the swelling of his hands; a circumstance which induced him to give up magnetic practice altogether.

ment contained therein. Thus, the effects of animal, or, better, vital magnetism (*Lebensmagnetismus*) have a widely extended compass. From the lowest manifestations of animal life they reach up to the highest workings of the soul, of which also the nervous principle is the organic medium. Hence the great difference in the dignity of these effects. Many phenomena of life, in the lower animal world, find in this zoomagnetic agency their explanation. Here, the organic principle ministers to the mere animal impulse—to instinct. The highest expressions of spiritual activity, the immediate influence which the inspired or the energetic man exercises upon other men, likewise find in this same zoomagnetic agency their explanation. Here the organic principle is the minister of the free-will. Between these two extremes, the gradations are infinite, rising, step by step, from the incipient stirrings of life, in a region where the operation of material laws is only a shade less absolute than in the processes of the inorganic world, up, first, to the ordinary life of man, wherein the bodily and the spiritual exist in a state of hollow alliance and mutual compromise, and hence, ascending by loftier and loftier flights, to a region in which the spiritual, the will, sways and determines the natural, modifies, dispenses with, subordinates to its own freedom the material law, makes of its whole environment, animate and inanimate, the organ in which, and by which, it acts, while it is itself the organ of the absolute will, out of which all laws of all existence, psychic and material, in the beginning went—and ever do go—forth.

The nervous force, acting beyond the sensible limits of the organism, is, according to the above, the cause of the phenomena termed, not very happily, Mesmeric. The organs by which chiefly such an extraorganic direction and activity are impressed on this force, are the hand and the eye.

“The most usual way of magnetizing,” says Ennemoser, “and, as many erroneously believe, the only way, is by the hand. The hands are the proper organs of the will, through which volition becomes act: as the body in general is the visibility of the soul, the manifested psychic subsistence, so the hands are, especially in their move-

ments, the physiognomic indices or features of the will in its constitution and manner of working. But in like manner as the hands execute what the spirit within determines, so are they also the most natural conductors of the direction and fixation of physical energies.”

“The hand,” says Passavant, “is the organ in which the sense of feeling becomes sense of touch, and thus emerges into freedom, in the power of seeking and examining its object. Through the erect posture of man the hand is an emancipated organ, which, instead of serving to the support or the progressive motion of the body, becomes a comprehensive organ of the spirit. From the continual activity of the sense of touch, a greater consumption of nervous force goes on at the hand, particularly at the extremities of the fingers, and in consequence, probably, an increased efflux of the nervous æther: this process may be heightened in intensity through the influence of the will. In all ages a healing virtue has been attributed to the touch, to the imposition of the hand on suffering parts of the body; and from the earliest epochs of man's history has this organ been lifted up to bless and to curse. A custom in which all nations and all times have shown so singular an agreement, can have no mere arbitrary or conventional ground: it must find its import in the nature of the organ itself; and this is contained in the circumstance, that the hand is, in man, the freest member of the body, and that, as organ of the sense of touch, it is ordained to be the dispenser of the effluent nervous æther.”

Passavant's directions for the magnetic manipulation are exceedingly simple. The hand is to rest either on the parts affected (where the disease under cure is local), or on those places where the most important nervous structures are situated—namely, in particular, upon the head, and upon the region of the stomach, the former the centre of the cerebral, the latter of the ganglionic nervous system. Passes made with the points of the fingers or the palm of the hand, whether with or without contact, must (as a rule), in order to work beneficially, be carried from above downwards, from the brain towards the extremities. According to Ennemoser, the greater the quietness and uniformity with which the process of manipulation is carried on—the less there is of bustle, gesticulation, and ceremony—the more advantageous will it be to the patient, whose imagi-

nation should be as little as possible appealed to, his composure as little as possible disturbed, by what may strike him as oddity in the procedure he is subjected to. It were best if the manipulation wholly escaped the notice of the patient, so that the magnetic effects should steal upon him unawares, without his having been previously agitated by the expectation—perhaps the fear—of a mysterious power, strange to his experience, and the anticipated approach of which must involve, one should think, feelings of a somewhat uneasy curiosity.

Next to the hand, the eye is the organ through which, principally, man exercises an immediate psychic influence both on men and beasts. From of old has the power of working magically, that is, of carrying the impulses of the will without the limits of the organism, been attributed to the eye. The fixed gaze of a malignant soul, which, as St. Thomas says, is often to be met with in old women (*ut in vetulis sæpe contingit*), was supposed to work with deadly effect upon unresisting subjects, particularly upon children, and even to exert a baleful influence on the atmosphere. Virgil has indicated in the line—

“*Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos,*”

the belief of his time on this point; and Rousseau assures us that he killed four toads in Egypt by what Mr. Tappertit would call “eyeing them over.” However, on making the experiment on a toad at Lyons, the reptile, being no benighted Egyptian toad, but an enlightened French one, and on a level with the intelligence of the age, not only did not die, but returned his look with such malign effect, that he swooned on the spot. The eye, as Passavant remarks, has this in common with the hand, that it not only receives but gives—not only is itself the subject of sensation, but causes sensation in others. While the senses of taste, smell, and hearing are only receptive, the hand and the eye are at the same time acting, magically working organs.

“The eye,” he proceeds, “is the telescope through which the soul discerns, the mirror in which she is discerned, and the telegraph whereby she announces the hiddenest feelings. No

passion so base, no dignity of soul so high, but it speaks out and reveals itself in this transparent organ.”

Jean Paul says in a letter to a friend—

“Twice, in a large company, I nearly put Frau von K. to sleep, through mere fixed gazing on her with that intention, whereof nobody knew: her heart palpitated and she turned pale, to that degree that S. had to doctor her.”

But magnetic workings may take place without employment of either the eye or the hand. The approach of the physician is fraught with a powerful influence on the patient; and Friedrich Hufeland's conjecture seems not to be without foundation, that physicians often exercise a magnetic power without having themselves suspicion of it, and benefit their patients more hereby than with their prescriptions. Mr. Braid's method of “hypnotising” perhaps derives its efficacy in part from the magnetic influence which he unconsciously exerts: it may be doubted, at least, whether his patients would not take much longer to become “hypnotised,” if they sat and squinted at their eyebrows in a room by themselves.

Continued and repeated magnetizing produces frequently, though not always, sleep. This is, according to Ennemoser, one of its most salutary properties.

“Sleep,” he remarks, “is the first of medicines in all such diseases as consist in, or are accompanied by an inordinate degree of excitement and over-activity of the system, and in which the inward harmony of the different organic workings is disturbed. When once we are fortunate enough, in nervous affections, in fevers, in pains of whatever kind, in mental diseases, in madness, &c., by any means to procure sleep, crises of amendment begin to present themselves; but in no case so strikingly and so surely as in consequence of the sleep produced by magnetism.”

The great advantage of this kind of artificial sleep, besides its extreme profoundness, involving insensibility as of death, is that it avoids the use of those narcotic substances which, whatever immediate relief their employment may bring, are, through their deleterious



action on the brain, fatal to the subsequent healthy working of the functions both of mind and body.

"The magnetic sleep," says Passavant, "distinguishes itself from ordinary sleep, inasmuch as it is deeper, and thus that the connection of the sleeper with the external world through the common organs of sense is in a higher degree suspended. In ordinary sleep, the susceptibility of the senses to outward impressions does not wholly cease: a light, a sound, a touch would, were this the case, not be capable of awaking us. But in the deep magnetic sleep the cessation of sensibility is complete: the most dazzling light, the loudest noise, nay, sometimes pinching, cutting, and burning cannot awaken the individual sunk in such sleep. It is a transient sleep of death."

The question here arises—How does magnetism produce sleep? How can the working of the nervous principle of one man upon that of another, cause, in the latter, such a withdrawing from the external world, and such a concentration within himself?

When the magnetic agency has been but a short time employed, for example, in cases of local working upon parts affected with pain, this does not take place; but only there, where the whole nervous system of the patient is forcibly and for a length of time acted upon by the magnetic power of the magnetizer. The most natural explanation, i. e., that which most connects itself with already known laws in nature, seems to be this: when the separate nervous forces of two persons are brought to bear upon each other, with a preponderance of activity on the one side, and of passivity on the other, there is formed a relation of polarity between the two nervous principles. Now since, in the individual man, nervous polarity expresses itself in the contrasts of waking and sleep, of a radiation and a concentration of the nervous force, there will, when the forces of two nervous systems become polar in relation to each other, be presented the same contrasts in the two subjects of this relation. In the same nervous system the contrasted actings could only manifest themselves in alternation: the *rapport*, or interpenetration of sensorial life between the Mesmeriser and his patient, first renders

possible the exhibition of them simultaneously. The above is Passavant's representation. Friedrich Hufeland puts it somewhat differently, though the principle is essentially the same. According to this distinguished physiologist and physician, the sympathy which unites the magnetizer and the magnetized, like every dynamic combination in nature generally, can take place only through the medium of antithetic interdetermination of positive and negative. But if the several parts of any one organism possess a polarity, similar to the magnetic, which connects them into a living whole, then, since the Mesmeric agency can only be brought to bear upon the peripheric pole of the subject to be Mesmerised, and this must be considered as *homonymous* with the peripheric pole of the Mesmeriser, to render an agency of the latter upon the latter possible, an *inversion of the poles* must take place, according to the well-known law by which, in the inorganic region, the stronger of two magnets, the homonymous poles of which are brought into contact—north pole with north, or south with south—has the power of inverting the poles of the weaker, so that the poles in contact become contrary, and, instead of repelling, attract one another. This phenomenon, according to Hufeland, expresses the law, from which the effects of Mesmerism must be deduced. The *rapport* will, accordingly, be the more easily established, the weaker the polar force at the extremity of the nerves of the patient is.

In the successive development of the Mesmeric stages, as given by Kluge and others, the sensorial power is seen passing from the positive pole, (where it is in the state of ordinary waking,) through the centre of indifference, (magnetic sleep,) to the negative pole, which thus becomes positive (in clairvoyance), while the ordinary positive pole becomes negative. The sense, open to outward things, gradually closes to them, and, after an interval of total abeyance, opens again as gradually in the opposite direction, to the apprehension of an inward region. "In sleep," says Novalis, "body and soul are in a state of chemical combination; the soul is distributed in equilibrium through the body; the man is neu-



tralized. Waking is a state of disengagement of the antagonist forces, a state of polarization; in the waking state the soul is determined to a point, localized." What Novalis here says of sleep in general, is true, to its full extent only of the magnetic sleep, in which sensorial life hangs balanced in the point where the opposing attractions of two spheres of being, an outward and an inward, meet and destroy each other, so that the patient's existence, in this state, is a formless dark void, and interval of chaos, through which lies the wondrous way, from the world that surrounds us with its illusions to the world that opens in its deep reality, far, far within us.

The susceptibility to Mesmeric impressions, according to Ennemoser,\* is in the inverse proportion of the general organic force, and, more particularly, of the nervous power, of the patient. "For, as the individual nerves of the system acquire their polarity from the brain as its central point,—the more powerful the *tension* they receive from within, the more energetically will they, necessarily, work outwards. If the tension be weak, as in sickness is oftenest the case, then will each several part of the system exhibit but a weak polarity, and the whole will be, in relation to a vigorous organism, acting upon it, just what the weak magnet is to the powerful one: in other words, its polarity will, in coming in contact with the other become inverted, and it will be attracted by the organism, of the solicitations of which it is the object. *This attraction often becomes sensible to the eye*, and the cause of it seems to be that the cerebral nerves of the person attracted do not receive their polarity from within, but from without, namely, from the organism of the magnetizer, hereby becoming as it were parts of the latter, incorporated with him and dependent upon him. Thus, the two persons standing in this relation of sympathy towards one another become in a measure fused and blended together into one individuality; and so the phenomena of *rapport*, between the patient and the physician, those

mysterious transferences of sensation and of sentiment, find their explanation in known laws of physiology."

The sensible attraction here referred to, between the magnetizer and the magnetized, is a phenomenon by no means uncommon. Professor Agassiz, in his highly interesting account of his having been Mesmerised by Mr. Townshend, having described his sensations during the process, the state of half-sleep into which he was brought, and his being finally recalled to a waking condition, says, "he (Mr. Townshend) then told me, and M. Desor repeated the same thing, that the only fact which had satisfied them that I was in a state of Mesmeric sleep was the facility with which my head followed all the movements of his hand, although he did not touch me, and the pleasure which I appeared to feel at the moment when, after several repetitions of friction, he thus moved my hand at pleasure in all directions."

In cataleptic states, particular parts, as the hands and feet, may be brought into my position, at will, by the hand of the magnetizer, which they follow as the iron does the load-stone; and Ennemoser relates, not only that the hand of a patient followed all the movements of his finger, without contact, but that, when contact took place, the two surfaces (of the operator's finger and the patient's hand) adhered with such force that demagnetizing passes were necessary to separate them. But effects still more striking attended the experiments of Doctor Nick, who, merely holding the points of his two thumbs towards those of his patient, as the latter lay in magnetic sleep on the floor, lifted her up, and placed her standing, unsupported except by his neuro-magnetic attraction. Doctor Spiritus records a similar case of electric(?) attraction with the thumbs.\*

But it is not only by their magnetizers that patients under the influence of this singular agency are attracted. Ennemoser saw the hand of a magnetically-sleeping female drawn to an iron nail, from which it required a greater degree of violence than he

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\* A glimpse of the cloven foot! Doctor Spiritus!! Doctor Nick!!! The very *incognito* laid aside! It is of a piece with the Jesuit Hell. If this does not open people's eyes it is to be feared the Penny Pulpit never will.

judged it expedient to employ to bring it (the hand) away again. Again, some persons under magnetic influence are attracted by liquid surfaces, though the very reverse was the case with Kerner's patient, the world-renowned Seherin von Prevorst, for whom water had such a repellency that it was impossible to get her into a bath, with her own and her attendants' greatest efforts. This reminds us of one of the commonest witch-ordeals of the middle ages. Little doubt can be entertained that the greater part, if not the whole of the bewildering effects which that era set down to the account of necromantic or demoniac agencies, had their true ground in the zoo-magnetic principle. That the unfortunate beings accused of witchcraft, in many cases believed themselves guilty, does not militate against this solution of the riddle. Nothing is more common than for a Mesmeric clairvoyante of the present day to describe herself, with perfect good faith, as being in communication with angels, and with the souls of departed men, good and evil. Spirits of health and goblins damned enact, before the inward eye of the entranced sleep-waker, the wonderfulest dramas, by no means classical, but of the Shakspearean-romantic stamp, such as no Greek or Frenchman could abide to behold—for your Greek and your Frenchman, look you, shall desire to see a world as it ought to be, as a cook and a dancing-master, a tailor and a philosophe would have made it, had circumstances allowed—and not in any wise a world as it is, as One made it, who also made the things which have made themselves cooks and tailors, dancing-masters and philosophes—but this is a digression.

Whether the purely spiritual element, the will exercised in faith, or the mechanico-material element, a system of passes and manipulations, and the therewith connected agency of a fluid, differing from any drug in the chemist's laboratory only in the degree of its subtilty, be the true cause of the Mesmeric phenomena, is a controversy which has been carried on to this day, with great heat, and with very little insight. The advocates of the spiritual and those of the material theory are, probably, both of them right in their affirmative, and

wrong in their negative—both of them in error only inasmuch as they are exclusive, in so far as each does not recognise, in the system of the other, the complement of his own. Each is right in holding himself to be right; each is wrong in holding his opposite to be wrong. The truth includes both doctrines; not as being eclectically made up of whatever is best and truest in what both sides respectively hold—for the being of truth is as far as possible from the constitution of a mental pic-nic—but as being that original unity, of which two conflicting parties do each behold one of two inseparable aspects. Of how few controversies, religious, political, or philosophical, is this not the *rationale*. Every where it is the shield, with its side of silver, and its side of gold—and so few have thought and patience to ride round, and see both sides. Of most disputes about principles, the true word of reconciliation, and resolution of discord, were the enunciation of the law of polarity.

Schopenhauer seems to have propounded the best solution of the question between the spiritualist and the materialist parties, wherein the compatibility of their opposite doctrines, and even the need which they have of each other as corresponding opposites—as obverse and reverse of the same medal, is shown:—

“Since,” says this writer, “according to my doctrine, the organism is nothing else than the will itself manifested in an objective form, the outward act of manipulation coincides with the inward act of volition. But when effects are produced without the former, this is in a certain degree artificially done by a circuitous way, the phantasy supplying the place of the outward act; but this way is more difficult and seldom effectual, as Kieser truly says that the spoken command, ‘Sleep!’—works more effectually than the bare inward volition of the magnetizer. On the other hand the manipulation, the outward act in general, is an infallible means to fix and engage the will of the magnetizer, just because outward acts without volition are not possible. Hence we see how magnetizers sometimes operate without a conscious effort of will, and almost without thought, and yet produce effects. As a rule, it is not the consciousness of volition, the reflection thereupon, but the pure act itself, as little as possible made an object of

cogitation, that works magnetically: hence, all thinking and reflecting, as well of the physician as of the patient, upon that which on either side is done or suffered is expressly forbidden, and it is recommended that the whole process be carried on, as far as may be, without being brought before the tribunal of consciousness. The true ground of all which is, that here the will, in its primary being, in and for itself, is operative."

We may briefly say, an action without the organism is as dependent upon the will as an action within the organism; but as the will, acting within the organism, indispensably needs the ministry of the nervous principle, so neither, in extending its action beyond the limits of the organism, can it dispense with this ministry. What it cannot do within the organism, if the nervous communication be interrupted (if the nerve of motion going to a particular organ be cut), that it cannot do in a foreign organism, having no communication therewith. The body does nothing without the soul; the soul nothing without the body; for the body and the soul are one, a living and working whole—and either without the other is, practically, a nullity.

Mr. Braid's experiments, interesting and instructive as they are, do not afford a basis of sufficient width for the theory which he builds upon them, neither does this theory by any means explain all the phenomena of Mesmerism. The whole subject of what is called *rapport*, namely, as well as that of the lower sleep-waking, to say nothing of clairvoyance, lies, so to speak, out of its beat. So do all magnetic effects, produced without the previous knowledge of the patient, such as Jean Paul's, one is pained to say, quite indefensible proceeding towards the Frau von K., such as Mr. Townshend's not much more commendable operations in regard of a fellow-passenger by the mail-coach, and a host of other cases. Mr. Braid, while holding his lancet-case for his patient to stare at, is magnetizing the latter by his volition, without suspecting it; and there is reason to believe that he would, by magnetizing with his eye or hand, produce effects which would surprise himself. There is, however, such a thing as self-mag-

netizing, without help of another, which no doubt here also plays its part. Jacob Böhme fell at once into ecstasy and lucid vision of the highest degree, by an accidental look into a bright tin platter. Light, direct or reflected, is a powerful magnetizer. If Mr. Braid made his patients stare at the moon, instead of his lancet-case, the effects would probably be curious. Light has a peculiar affinity to the nervous fluid, perhaps the nearest in nature. For the rest, this mode of casting into the magnetic or nervous sleep, while it spares the physician, throws too much exertion upon the patient, and seems less to avoid the deleterious effects of narcotic medicines than any of the more common Mesmeric processes.

In conclusion, a word of warning:

"Let no one," says Dr. Ennemoser, "magnetize merely for experiment, or in order to gratify one's own or another's curiosity. Such experiments lead to nothing profitable, and may have embarrassing consequences."

By a single magnetizing a latent germ of disease is sometimes awaked, and a rapid development of the evil follows, which he who has called it forth may not be able to control. It is impossible to read without indignation the directions given to amateur magnetizers by a Mr. Gardiner, of Roche Court, as quoted by Mr. Lang in his valuable little work, (of which the intrinsic worth is indeed in the inverse ratio of its bulk):—

"Advance to your subject as an experimentalist. Say nothing to any body; select for your trials a person of a sedate character, and not too young. Shut yourself and the patient into a quiet room, with no spectators."

Then follow directions as to the process to be used, whereby, we are told:—

"It is more than probable that, ere the lapse of many minutes, you will feel and see the establishment of your power. . . . Should no effect ensue in half an hour, I would advise you to desist, and try another patient. If effects be produced within that time, go on until you see that they do not increase, and then demagnetize, &c. . . . and try the same

patient again the succeeding day, and go on till you produce all the higher phenomena."

This is deserving of the strongest reprobation: such tentative magnetizing is a sporting with bodily and mental health which cannot too severely be censured, and which would least be tolerated in countries in which the effects of the formidable agency thus rashly summoned into exercise are best known. In this first half hour's operations, just the most important, though least immediately perceptible, effects may be produced. The dilettanti may find that he has put machinery in motion which it exceeds all his powers and his skill either to direct rightly, or to stop. It is easy to say, "demagnetize by transverse passes, and blowing on the face and head upwards from the neck, or other means;" but cases are daily occurring which show that the laic in these things may find it a far more difficult task to bring the luckless subject of his foolish experiment out of, than into, a very alarming state of coma. An American writer on Mesmerism, the Reverend Le Roy Sunderland, on this point says very wisely:—

"But it often happens that persons succeed in putting others to sleep, and find it impossible to waken them again. What shall be done in such cases? Answer—learn to be more careful how you meddle with an agency of which you know so little. We have known serious results to follow the operations of persons when the motive has been mere curiosity."

If the first half hour's efforts produce no (apparent) effect, the "experimentalist is advised to "desist, and try another patient," dismissing the first as impracticable, or, as Mr. Gardiner expresses it, "tough." But no magnetic procedure abides wholly without consequences, though these may escape the cognizance of an unpractised eye. A "tough" cord may not betray, to hasty observation, the effects

of the tension it has undergone, though this has brought it to the very point of snapping.

The only legitimate way of studying Mesmerism is as pupil of some intelligent practitioner, just as any other branch of medical science is to be studied. Let the student accompany the magnetizing physician in his professional visits; let him see the procedure of his teacher, and when the latter judges it fit, operate under his superintendence. Not by blind experimenting and feeling of his own way, but by witnessing the practice of one who already knows what he is about, let him learn to recognize the symptoms of Mesmeric affection, so that when they afterwards present themselves under his own hands, he may not be taken by surprise, nor see himself suddenly placed in a labyrinth to which he has no clue. With all the variableness and inconstancy alleged as characterizing these symptoms, there is yet on the whole such a degree of general uniformity as to enable the experienced Mesmerist to discern the bearings of the case, to find his latitude, and judge what he has done, and whether he is in the way to do good or not.

But never should Mesmerism be applied otherwise than remedially, and with the defined and exclusive intention of curing a present disease. To this object should the operator go by the straightest course, and have done with his case as soon as possible. There should be no secondary or collateral views—of making experiments, of satisfying one's own or other people's curiosity, of parading marvels, of making converts. As in general medical science, so here, that practitioner will institute the most instructive experiments who thinks not of experiments at all; and the discoveries most conducive to the further progress of knowledge will spontaneously evolve themselves from the procedure of him who with most singleness of intention applies to the benefit of his patient the knowledge already attained.

## SONGS OF THE FLOWERS.

## SNOW-DROP.

Nursling of the new-born year,  
Sporting with the tempest's might,  
Like the snow-flake I appear,  
Robed in winter's vestal white.

## CROCUS.

Forth from my bulbous dwelling  
I leapt at the summons of spring,  
What herald of emperors' telling  
So gorgeous a tabard could bring?

## SWEET VIOLET.

Born on a sloping bank, 'neath an old hawthorn tree,  
I shrank from the passing gaze, like a maiden timidly,  
Till the wooing winds of March came whispering such a tale,  
That I op'd my balmy stores to enrich their healthful gale.

## PRIMROSE.

Near to a prattling stream,  
Or under the hedgerow trees,  
I bask in the sun's glad beam,  
And list to the passing breeze.

When the village school is o'er,  
And the happy children free,  
Gladly they seek to explore  
Haunts that are perfum'd by me.

## HEATH.

Where the wild bee comes with a murmuring song,  
Pilfering sweets as he roams along,  
I uprear my purple bell :  
List'ning the free-born eagles cry,  
Marking the heathcock's glancing eye,  
On the mountain-side I dwell.

The echoes yet the notes prolong,  
When one, who oft o'er hill and dell  
Had sought the spots where flowrets dwell,  
And knew their names and functions well,  
And could of all their changes tell,  
Thus answered to their song :

" Loveliest children of earth,  
Of more than each rainbow hue,  
Of beauty coeval with birth,  
And fragrance found only in you !

" Oh ! that like you I could live,  
Free from all malice and strife,  
That each thought and each pulse I could give  
To the bountiful Giver of Life.

" Until earth shall wax old and decay,  
You shall ever triumphantly shine,  
And on leaf and on petal display  
The work of an Artist Divine."

## GOETHE'S IPHIGENIA, TRANSLATED BY MISS SWANWICK.\*

We have read this volume with great attention, and its excellence is such that it has led us again to read the original poems, of which it gives a very faithful representation. That few of the German masterpieces of poetry have been quite naturalised among us has been in part the fault of translators incompetent, from want of sufficient acquaintance with a language which, till within a few years, was but little studied in England, to present any thing like the true features of the works which they undertook to exhibit. In addition to this first great want, incredible ignorance of the powers of the language into which they were translating also existed. We have seen half-a-dozen translations of *Werther*, every one of them so bad that it could never be determined, by the most attentive critic, which was most untrue, not alone to the spirit but to the mere letter of the work. Of the book called "*Goethe's Memoirs*," and which professes to be a translation of the *Dichtung and Wahrheit*, the translator never, even accidentally, makes a right guess as to his author's meaning. Schiller's "*Thirty Years' War*," too, was made absolute nonsense of—for which there was less excuse. Herder was, in the same way, dealt with. It is probable that the manufacture of such works was conducted chiefly by means of careless French versions turned into English almost by machinery. Now and then a bolder claim was made in a preface, and we were told that the great object of attaining a perfect translation was accomplished by procuring the services of a German who did not understand English, but was trying to learn it, and an Englishman beginning the study of German. In the "*Memoirs of Goethe*," the translator's words always, we are bound to say, had some meaning—never Goethe's. As to Herder, the eminent person that was employed on that work does not seem to have had any idea whatever in his mind. To understand him is impossible.

Mrs. Austin is, perhaps, the first native of these countries that has fairly dealt with the authors she has translated, and her books may be read with the very satisfactory feeling that nothing is altered or omitted. K $\ddot{u}$ gler has been translated in the same honest spirit, and an exceedingly useful book has been given to the public, executed with singular good taste. The example thus given by two of her countrywomen has been followed by Miss Swanwick; and we have to congratulate her on perfect success in a very difficult task.

The volume before us consists of translations from the dramatic poetry of Goethe and Schiller. The "*Iphigenia*" and the two first acts of the "*Tasso*" of Goethe are given—and the "*Maid of Orleans*" of Schiller. To each dramatic poem is prefixed an introductory notice.

We have throughout compared Miss Swanwick's translation of the "*Iphigenia*" with the original, and can conscientiously say that it deserves the high praise of strict fidelity to the original. In one or two passages we think some shades of meaning have not been preserved; but in a work of this length, and where metrical forms are to be regarded, this was scarcely avoidable. Could we wish any alteration affecting the general character of the execution of the work, we should, yet with some hesitation, ask for greater condensation of expression; and we think something of greater variety might be given to the versification by the more frequent use of our dramatic blank verse. Miss Swanwick's line for pages together is of ten syllables, while Goethe, though his versification in this poem to our ears wants animation, frequently relieves the monotony of his measured *iambics* by interposing lines with double endings. But these are trifling faults; and it is by no means improbable that our fair author, whose command of all the powers of the English language is here abundantly proved, has considered this, and deliberately preferred the style which she has adopted.

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\* Translations from Goethe and Schiller, by Anna Swanwick. London: Murray, 1843.



The "*Iphigenia*" is, perhaps, Goethe's best poem. It is certainly the most graceful. It is impossible to read it without feeling that in many respects it is so perfect an imitation of the Grecian drama as almost to appear a translation from the great Greek tragic poets. Its peculiarity is, that it reminds us, not of one, but of all three. The perfect repose and statuesque beauty of, may we say, even the very attitudes—what we mean will be felt by every one who has seen Mrs. Charles Kean in *Ion*—and the dignity of the language, remind us of Sophocles. The *Hymn of the Destinies*, at the close of the fourth act, and still more, the speech of Iphigenia with which it is introduced, might have been written by Æschylus—and the romantic character of the story itself, with the human sentiment animating all, and making us feel the deep truth that there is in each of two apparently opposed views, is altogether in the spirit of Euripides. The story of Goethe's drama is drawn more from Euripides than from either of the other poets.

We think something more has been said of the strong contrast between Grecian and Gothic art than the facts altogether warrant; and nothing can be more certain than that very much of what is so often stated of the opposition of the Romantic and Classical, arises from an imperfect knowledge of the latter. The adventures of Hercules and Theseus are not very unlike those of Amadis or Don Parallipomenon. The witchcraft in Homer, and Ovid, and Lucan, are identical in principle, and often in detail, with that of Tasso and Ariosto, and, what is more to the purpose, with that of the popular superstitions of England and Germany. We hesitate to assent to distinguishing the ancient poetry as different in kind from the modern. We think that the same or similar effects are sought to be produced on the mind by all poetry and the arts addressed to the imagination—and that the differences in the way of effecting this object are more dependent on accidental circumstances of language and costume than modern writers will admit. The German critics—who are often fanciful—rather inconsistently with the theory, which would assert an entire distinction of kind in the two styles of poetry, regard Goethe as, in the *Iphigenia*, wishing to express in

allegory his own banishment as it were from his proper country, and his desire to civilize the barbarous people among whom he was thrown. He thus is the *IPHIGENIA* of the piece: he, too, is the *ORESTES*. The wanderings, the errors, and the struggles of his early poetic life are here depicted—and his final restoration to tranquillity, by finding the long-lost sister, who, in this view of the mythus, must be regarded as symbolizing Grecian art. The allegory is not very reconcilable in all its parts, but this does not render it less likely to have existed as a kind of dream before the mind of the poet. However, we do not remember any passage in his works giving the sanction of his own authority to it.

That Goethe was fond of allegories of the kind, and imagined hidden meanings to be veiled in the stories of the Greek mythology, is proved by the feeling in which he writes of the *Helena* of Euripides. The *Helena* is founded on a story related by Herodotus, on the authority of the Egyptian priests, that Paris, returning to Troy with Helen, whom he had forcibly conveyed from Sparta, was driven by a storm into Canopus, one of the mouths of the Nile—that he was carried before Proteus, the king of the country—rebuked for his perfidy, and commanded to leave the country within three days. Helen and the treasures brought from Sparta were detained for the purpose of being restored to Menelaus. Menelaus, meanwhile, knowing nothing of this, sails with a Greek armament to Troy. After the city was besieged and taken, on his return to Greece he is driven by a storm to Egypt, and there finds his wife, who, it would seem, has been a miracle of fidelity, all safe, and his treasures. On this story Euripides founds his *Helena*. He, however, does something more to save the credit of the lady. Paris has come to Sparta, relying on the promise of Venus, to whom he had given the prize of beauty. Juno, offended at the decision, baffles the Barbarian lover by substituting an aerial phantom for the living Helen, and removes the latter in a cloud to the land of Proteus, till the contentions between the Greeks and Barbarians terminate. This pleasing romance Goethe exceedingly admires, and thinks no language sufficient to express the gratitude which Greece

owes Euripides for rescuing the character of Helen, and thus preserving inviolate a symbol of perfect loveliness and grace. The *Iphigenia*, supposed to have been sacrificed, but in the same way preserved, was probably regarded by him in a similar light. In something of the same spirit of transferring to some image of air the evil that it is intended should not fall on any being, capable of suffering pain, we find the benevolent Prometheus of a modern poem conjuring up a phantom before uttering an imprecation, in order that the wrath provoked by the curse may fall on an empty shade. Spenser's Florimel of snow, who misleads the unsuspecting knights, is a fancy of the same kind, exceedingly beautifully managed.

In Euripides's "*Iphigenia in Aulis*," Iphigenia, whose death is demanded by an oracle, is brought to Aulis, accompanied by her mother, on the false pretence of a marriage with Achilles. They have scarcely reached the Grecian camp, when they meet Achilles, and learn the deception which has been practised. Nothing can be more beautiful than Iphigenia's supplications for life to her father, who is represented as anxious to avert her fate, but controlled by the other chiefs. Achilles undertakes to rescue her, feeling his own honour engaged by his name having been used to entrap her and Clytemnestra to Aulis. Exceedingly beautiful, too, are the choruses in this drama, particularly one, which the circumstances in which it is sung render affecting—which records the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, the parents of Achilles. However, when Iphigenia has fully learned and felt all that depends on the sacrifice—the safety, the union, and the future triumphs of Greece, she herself refuses to be rescued, and is led to sacrifice—a willing, nay, a rejoicing victim. Achilles, whom she had come to wed, utters the sacrificial prayer. The fatal blow is struck by the sacrificing priest—but, lo! a prodigy—a bleeding hind falls at his feet, and Iphigenia is lost from sight.

The "*Iphigenia in Tauris*" of the same poet continues the story to a later date. Iphigenia is saved by Diana, and conveyed by her through the air to Tauris, a savage region in the Black Sea. She is priestess of the temple, and her duty is to assist in the sacrifice of

every stranger that is cast on that inhospitable shore. The first scene introduces her narrating a dream of the fall of her father's house, which she interprets as meaning the death of her brother Orestes. Orestes, meanwhile, and Pylades, come to Tauris. Many eventful years have past since the sacrifice at Aulis—Clytemnestra has murdered her husband—Orestes has avenged his father's death by slaying his mother, but is pursued by the Furies and persecuted into madness. An oracle sends him to Tauris, where he is told is a statue of Diana, which, if he can succeed in removing and conveying to Delphi, his sufferings shall cease. By an artifice of Iphigenia's, he succeeds in obtaining and conveying away the statue—Iphigenia accompanies him, and Minerva appears for the purpose of soothing Thoas, the king of Tauris, and saying that the anger of the gods against the house of Tantalus is at an end.

We think there can be little doubt that Goethe's drama, founded on this story, is, in every respect that was possible (considering that the German had to build his edifice with brick, not marble—for such is German compared with the language of Greece), superior to Euripides. In Euripides we are, as Miss Swanwick justly observes, offended by Iphigenia's unscrupulous violation of truth. Indeed she seems, in the second drama, almost contrasted with the self-devoted heroine with whose elevation of purpose we find it difficult to reconcile the craft to which she resorts. The *Iphigenia* of Goethe is, on the contrary, throughout consistent:—

"In the drama of Euripides we are chiefly interested in the generous friendship of Orestes and Pylades: in that of Goethe the character of Iphigenia constitutes the chief charm, and awakens our warmest sympathy. While contemplating her, we feel as if some exquisite statue of Grecian art had become animated by a living soul, and moved and breathed before us: yet, though exhibiting the severe simplicity which characterizes the creations of antiquity, she is far removed from all coldness and austerity; and her character, though cast in a classic mould, is free from that harsh and vindictive spirit which darkened the heroism of those barbarous times when religion lent her sanction to hatred and revenge. The softened character which Goethe has attributed to his

heroine appears justified by the peculiarity of her position. The poetry of antiquity has been characterized as having its foundation, for the most part, in the scene which is present; but Iphigenia, an exile in a foreign land, cherishing with fond regret the memory of her distant home, and ardently longing to return thither, is in harmony with the poetic spirit of more modern times, which, deeply earnest in its character, has been beautifully described by Schlegel as hovering between recollection and hope.

"This habitual yearning for her native land imparts a tinge of deep melancholy to the character of Iphigenia; but, unlike the Grecian heroine, who is rendered obdurate by misfortune, she finds solace for her grief in alleviating that of others. She soothes the savage temper of the barbarian king, and induces him to suspend the cruel law which doomed each stranger to a bloody death. She dispenses blessings to the rude people among whom she dwells, and through the influence of her purity and love, the thick cloud of barbarism is gradually dispelled. But, though a centre of happiness to all around her, she touchingly deplores her useless life, with genuine humility measuring what she has accomplished by the standard of her beneficent desires.

'The little done doth vanish to the mind,  
Which forward sees how much remains to do.'"

—*Miss Swanwick's Preface.*

In Talfourd's "*Ion*," the conception of the leading character is something nobler and purer than antiquity has left us, or than could have been presented to the mind anterior to Christianity. The *Antigone* of Sophocles alone approaches it. Something of the same entire purity in a mind, elevated, however, rather by her purpose than altogether by nature—as in the *Ion* and the *Antigone*—is given to Goethe's *Iphigenia*. The cloud of mystery in which she has been brought to Tauris, and which, to the natives of that barbarous coast, invests her with something of divinity, wraps itself round all her movements, and her very thoughts. There is more in her fate, and in the purposes of the gods with respect to her, than she quite knows; and this secret feeling, which perplexes herself, makes her feel it almost a duty to conceal her parentage from the prince to whose hospitality she is indebted, not alone for protection, but for life itself. Of her own country she for ever thinks. She knows that the Greeks were on

the eve of sailing for Troy when she was thus strangely separated from her kindred. Of the after fates of her family she had heard nothing; but there was every reason to fear that the gods had not ceased to visit with persecution the race of Tantalus. She is now and then visited by the hope that she is in some way to be instrumental in appeasing their dark and mysterious hostility. At all events, she can but submit to the severe dispensation which dooms her to exile, if not to captivity. We find her the priestess of the goddess Diana, who had originally demanded the sacrifice of her life, and who had found the means of protecting her. Human sacrifice, which shocked the imagination of Greeks, though, as in *Iphigenia's* case, it was not unknown in their practice, was here the habitual custom of the place. *Iphigenia*, however, had so won on the affections of the king and the people, that she was able to prevent the execution of the savage law.

In the ancient dramas on the subject of *Iphigenia*, Thoas, the king, is represented as a fierce tyrant. It would not have harmonized with Goethe's view of the subject to have so depicted him; and in these mythological tales, and the dramas founded on them, the Greek poets themselves had given him the example of varying the legend almost at pleasure. The morals, more especially, were almost necessarily those of the poet himself, or rather of his own stage of society than that of his fictitious persons. Euripides makes his *Iphigenia* express entire disbelief that the gods can have pleasure in human sacrifice. "The natives here," she says, "are disposed to murder, and charge their own guilt on the gods. None of the superior powers can I believe to be evil." In Pindar's first Olympic ode is a similar passage, in which he tells us he disbelieves the old legendary stories of Tantalus as unworthy of the gods, and then tells the tale in his own way, with such variations as fall in with his own theory of morals. Goethe's Thoas is a benevolent prince—anxious for the happiness of his people—not indisposed to believe that the priestess speaks the sentiments of the goddess, but in some degree perplexed by occasional calamities—among others, the death of his only son, which he is at times inclined to refer to the wrath of the

goddess, defrauded of her usual victims, and thus expressing her resentment. Iphigenia's own character is very happily brought out in the opening scene, which we transcribe entire, as well for the purpose of showing Goethe's conception of the character, as that of making our readers acquainted with Miss Swanwick's style, of which this is as fair an example as we could select :—

## IPHIGENIA.

Beneath your leafy gloom, ye waving boughs  
Of this old, shady, consecrated grove,  
As in the goddess' silent sanctuary,  
With the same shuddering feeling forth  
I step,  
As when I trod it first, nor ever here  
Doth my unquiet spirit feel at home.  
Long as the mighty will, to which I bow,  
Hath kept me here conceal'd, still, as at first,  
I feel myself a stranger. For the sea  
Doth sever me, alas ! from those I love,  
And day by day upon the shore I stand,  
My soul still seeking for the land of Greece.  
But to my sighs, the hollow-sounding waves  
Bring, save their own hoarse murmurs,  
no reply.  
Alas for him ! who, friendless and alone,  
Remote from parents and from brethren dwells ;  
Grief doth from him snatch every coming joy  
Before it reach his lip. His restless thoughts  
Revert for ever to his father's halls,  
Where first to him the radiant sun unclosed  
The gates of heaven ; where closer, day by day,  
Brothers and sisters, leagued in pastime sweet,  
Around each other twined the bonds of love.  
I will not judge the counsel of the gods ;  
Yet truly, woman's lot doth merit pity.  
Man rules alike at home and in the field,  
Nor is in foreign climes without resource ;  
Possession glads him, conquest wreathes his brow,  
And him an honourable death awaits.  
How circumscribed is woman's destiny !  
Obedience to a harsh, imperious lord,  
Her duty, and her comfort ; sad her fate,  
Whom hostile fortune drives to lands remote !  
Thus I, by noble Thoas, am detain'd,  
Bound with a heavy, though a sacred chain.  
Oh ! with what shame, Diana, I confess  
That with repugnance I perform these rites

For thee, divine protectress ! unto whom  
I would in freedom dedicate my life.  
In thee, Diana, I have always hoped,  
And still I hope in thee, who didst infold  
Within the holy shelter of thine arm  
The outcast daughter of the mighty king.  
Daughter of Jove ! hast thou from ruin'd  
Troy  
Led back in triumph to his native land  
The mighty man, whom thou didst sore afflict,  
His daughter's life in sacrifice demanding—  
Hast thou for him, the godlike Agamemnon,  
Who to thy altar led his darling child,  
Preserved his wife, Electra, and his son,  
His dearest treasures ?—then at length restore  
Thy suppliant also to her friends and home,  
And save her, as thou once from death didst save,  
So now, from living here, a second death.

The next scene is a dialogue between Arkas, a minister of Thoas, and Iphigenia. In it we learn, in the most natural and unaffected manner, the benefits which are diffused among the people by Iphigenia. We also learn that the king is impatient at the reserve which makes her conceal herself from society, and make a secret of her family. We find, too, that the king has fallen in love with the fair priestess. For this she is not wholly unprepared ; but her love of her country, and the oppressive recollection that she is of the heaven-detested race of Tantalus, prevent her, both on her own and Thoas's account, of thinking of an union. Arkas tells her, that from the king's anger danger is to be apprehended. "What—will he tear me with violence from the altar of the goddess?" No ; the danger is of a different kind—he is not unlikely to restore the old rite of human sacrifice. While they are conversing, the king is seen approaching. He extorts from her the secret that she is of the race of Tantalus. The wisdom of Tantalus had made him the friend and associate of the gods—

That Tantalus, whom Jove himself  
Drew to his council and the social board ;  
To be the Thunderer's slave, he was too great ;  
To be his friend and comrade,—but a man.

He was hurled down by the gods

from this proud height to Tartarus ;  
and the hatred of the gods pursued  
his whole race. Iphigenia relates the  
fate of his son Pelops, and of the loss  
of Pelops, Atreus, and Thyestes—he  
tells of the strange and horrid feast  
prepared for Thyestes by his brother—

And when Thyestes had his hunger  
still'd,  
He for his children ask'd. Their steps,  
their voice,  
Fancied he heard already at the door ;  
And Atreus, grinning with malicious  
joy,  
Threw in the members of the slaughter'd  
boys.  
Shuddering, O king, thou dost avert  
thy face :  
So did the sun his radiant visage hide,  
And swerve his chariot from the eternal  
path.

The dialogue continues, and Iphi-  
genia relates how her father was ap-  
pointed the leader of the Greeks in  
their expedition against Troy—

In Aulis vainly for a favouring gale  
They waited ; for, enraged against their  
chief,  
Diana stay'd their progress, and re-  
quired,  
Through Chalcas' voice, the monarch's  
eldest daughter.  
They lured me with my mother to the  
camp,  
And at Diana's altar doom'd this head.  
She was appeased, she did not wish my  
blood,  
And wrapt me in a soft protecting  
cloud ;  
Within this temple from the dream of  
death  
I waken'd first. Yes, I myself am she ;  
I am Iphigenia—

The communication, though it star-  
tles Thoas, does not make him retract  
his purpose of wedding Iphigenia. Her  
heart is with Argos, and she will not  
consent for ever to remain with the  
Barbarian race. The conversation  
terminates with the king's insisting on  
the restoration of human sacrifice,  
which had been intermitted solely for  
the priestess's sake.

IPHIGENIA.

For mine own sake I ne'er desired it  
from thee.  
Who to the gods ascribe a thirst for  
blood  
Do misconceive their nature, and im-  
pute  
To them their own inhuman dark de-  
sires.

Did not Diana snatch me from the priest,  
Preferring my poor service to my death?

THOAS.

'Tis not for us, on reason's shifting  
grounds,  
Lightly to guide and construe rights  
divine.  
Perform thy duty ; I'll accomplish mine.  
Two strangers, whom in caverns of the  
shore  
We found conceal'd, and whose arrival  
here  
Bodes to my realm no good, are in my  
power.  
With them thy goddess may once more  
resume  
Her ancient, pious, long-suspended rites.  
I send them here,—thy duty not un-  
known. [Exit.

IPHIGENIA, alone.

Gracious Protectress ! thou hast clouds  
To shelter innocence distress,  
And genial gales from Fate's rude grasp,  
Safely to waft her o'er the sea,  
O'er the wide earth's remotest realms,  
Where'er it seemeth good to thee.  
Wise art thou—thine all-seeing eye  
The future and the past surveys,  
And doth on all thy children rest,  
E'en as thy pure and guardian light  
Keeps o'er the earth its silent watch,  
The beauty and the life of night.  
O Goddess ! keep my hands from blood ;  
Blessing it never brings, nor peace,  
And still in evil hours the form  
Of the chance-murder'd man appears  
To fill the unwilling murderer's soul  
With horrible and gloomy fears.  
For fondly the Immortals view  
Man's widely-scatter'd, simple race ;  
And the poor mortal's transient life  
Gladly prolong, that he may raise  
Awhile to their eternal heavens  
His sympathetic joyous gaze.

While Iphigenia has been living in  
this seclusion from her family, their  
fate is rolling on pretty much as of  
old. Agamemnon has, on his return  
from Troy, been murdered by his wife  
and her paramour. After a few years  
Orestes revenges his father's death,  
and we now find him at Tauris, seeking  
a respite from the tortures of the Fu-  
ries who pursue him. He and Pylades  
are the strangers alluded to by Thoas.  
They already know the savage custom  
of the country, which demands the  
sacrifice of strangers ; but an oracle,  
which they understand as directing  
them to bring to Delphi the image of  
Diana in the temple of Tauris, and  
thus propitiate the gods, and obtain  
peace for Orestes, makes them hazard  
the perilous adventure of landing on  
these shores. They are told of the



execution of that bloody law having been interrupted for some years by the influence of the priestess—but, as if the curse upon the race of Tantalus destroyed the possibility of any good fortune to Orestes, the savage rite is again to be resumed. Orestes feels he has no chance of life, and reconciles himself, as he best can, to his fate. Pylades struggles to overcome this feeling, which he cannot share. Orestes will recur to Agamemnon's death; his friend seeks to awake more cheerful feelings by earlier recollections—Orestes replies:—

## ORESTES.

Do not remind me of those tranquil days;  
When me thy home a safe asylum gave,  
With my fond solicitude thy noble sire  
The half-nipped, tender floweret gently  
reared;  
When thou, a friend and playmate  
always gay,  
Like to a light and brilliant butterfly  
Around a dusky flower, didst day by  
day  
Around me, with new life, thy gambols  
play;  
And breathe thy joyous spirit in my  
soul,  
Until, my cares forgetting, I with thee  
Was lured to snatch the eager joys of  
youth.

## PYLADES.

My very life began when thee I loved.

## ORESTES.

Say, then thy woes began, and thou  
speak'st truly.  
This is the sharpest sorrow of my lot,  
That, like a plague-infected wretch, I  
bear  
Death and destruction hid within my  
breast;  
That, where I tread even the healthiest  
spot,  
Ere long the blooming faces round  
betray  
The writhing features of a lingering  
death.

## PYLADES.

Were thy breath venom, I had been the  
first  
To die that death, Orestes. Am I not,  
As ever, full of courage and of joy?  
And love and courage are the spirit's  
wings  
Wafting to noble actions.

## ORESTES.

Noble actions?

Time was, when fancy painted such  
before us!  
When oft, the game pursuing, on we  
roam'd  
O'er hill and valley; hoping that ere  
long

With club and weapon arm'd, we so  
might chase  
The track of robber, or of monster huge.  
And then at twilight, by the glassy sea,  
We peaceful sat, reclined against each  
other,  
The waves came dancing to our very feet,  
And all before us lay the wide, wide  
world.  
Then on a sudden one would seize his  
sword,  
And future deeds shone round us like  
the stars,  
Which gemm'd in countless throngs the  
vault of night.

## PYLADES.

Endless, my friend, the projects which  
the soul  
Burns to accomplish. We would every  
deed  
Perform at once as grandly as it shows  
After long ages, when from land to  
land  
The poet's swelling song hath roll'd  
it on.  
It sounds so lovely what our fathers  
did,  
When, in the silent evening shade re-  
clined,  
We drink it in with music's melting  
tones;  
And what we do is, as it was to them,  
Toilsome and incomplete.  
Thus we pursue what always flies before;  
We disregard the path in which we  
tread,  
Scarce see around the footsteps of our  
sires,  
Or heed the trace of their career on  
earth.  
We ever hasten on to chase their  
shades,  
Which godlike, at a distance far re-  
mote,  
On golden clouds the mountain summits  
crown.  
The man I prize not who esteems him-  
self  
Just as the people's breath may chance  
to raise him.  
But thou, Orestes, to the gods give  
thanks,  
That they have done so much through  
thee already.

In the next scene, Pylades tells Iphigenia a long story of himself and Orestes. They are, he says, from Crete. They are brothers, the elder of whom has slain a brother and is told by an oracle to expect peace of mind and deliverance from the persecution of the Furies in the temple at Tauris. She for the first time learns from him the murder of her father. At this part of his narrative, she becomes so affected as to hear no more.



They part, Pylades entertaining little doubt that the priestess is one who must have known Agamemnon. She is, he thinks, probably a Greek of some noble house, that has been purchased after some domestic calamity. In all that he sees and hears, his ardent spirit can only see hope. With this scene the second act concludes.

The opening scene of the third act represents Iphigenia as unbinding the chains of Orestes. She tells him that this liberty is but the prelude of death. While she is priestess, he is safe; but Thoas, she says, will, no doubt, remove her from her office, and the sacrifice be then perfected. His language—his form—his features, bring back to her eye the heroic forms which she had seen in childhood and youth, and which had never ceased to be present to her imagination; and she entreats the noble stranger to continue for her the narrative of the fortunes of the house of Agamemnon, which his brother had left half told. Electra, he tells her, on the day of Agamemnon's death, succeeded in concealing the child Orestes, and, conveying him to the care of his father's kinsman, Strophius. He grows up, and is inspired with the desire to avenge his father. Electra spreads a report of his death, and an embassy arrives from Strophius, bearing the urn supposed to contain his ashes.

Them the queen  
Gladly received. Within the house they  
enter;  
Orestes to Electra shows himself:  
She fans the fire of vengeance into  
flame,  
Which in the sacred presence of a mother  
burn'd more dimly. Silently she  
leads  
Her brother to the spot where fell their  
sire;  
Where lurid blood-marks, on the oft-  
wash'd floor,  
With pallid streaks, anticipate revenge.  
With fiery eloquence she pictured forth  
Each circumstance of that atrocious  
deed,—  
Her own oppress'd and miserable life,  
The prosperous traitor's insolent de-  
meanour,  
The perils threatening Agamemnon's  
race  
From her who had become their step-  
mother;  
Then in his hand the ancient dagger  
thrust,

Which often in the house of Tantalus  
With savage fury raged,—and by her  
son  
Was Clytemnestra slain.

IPHIGENIA.

Immortal Powers!  
Whose pure and blest existence glides  
away  
'Mid clouds for ever new, me have ye  
kept  
So many years secluded from the  
world;  
Retain'd me near yourselves, consign'd  
to me  
The childlike task to feed the sacred  
fire,  
And taught my spirit, like the hallow'd  
flame,  
With never-clouded brightness to as-  
pire  
To your pure mansions, but at length  
to feel  
With keener woe the misery of my  
house.  
Oh tell me of the poor unfortunate!  
Speak of Orestes!

ORESTES.

Would that he were dead!  
Forth from his mother's blood her  
ghost arose,  
And to the ancient daughters of the  
night  
Cries,—“Let him not escape,—the ma-  
tricide!  
Pursue the victim, dedicate to you!”  
They hear, and glare around with bol-  
low eyes,  
Like greedy eagles. In their murky  
dens  
They stir themselves, and from the  
corners creep  
Their comrades, dire remorse and pallid  
fear;  
Before them fumes a mist of Acheron,  
The never-dying memory of the past  
In cloudy circles round his guilty brow  
Perplexingly revolves. The grisly  
band,  
Commission'd to destroy, now tread  
once more  
The beauteous fields of earth, which  
God hath sown,  
From which an ancient curse had ba-  
nish'd them;  
The fugitive their rapid feet pursue;  
They only pause to frighten him anew.

IPHIGENIA.

Unhappy one; thy corresponding fate  
Inspires a deeper sympathy with his.

ORESTES.

What say'st thou? why presume my  
fate like his?

IPHIGENIA.

A brother's murder weighs upon thy  
soul;  
Thy younger brother told the mourn-  
ful tale.

## ORESTES.

I cannot suffer that thy noble soul  
Should be deceived by error. Rich in  
guile,  
And practised in deceit, one stranger  
may  
A web of falsehood cunningly devise  
To snare a stranger;—between us be  
truth.  
I am Orestes! and this guilty head  
Is stooping to the tomb, and covets  
death;  
It will be welcome now in any shape.  
Whoe'er thou art, for thee and for my  
friend  
I wish deliverance;—I desire it not.  
Thou seem'st to linger here against thy  
will;  
Contrive some means of flight, and  
leave me here:  
My lifeless corpse hurl'd headlong from  
the rock,  
My blood shall mingle with the dashing  
waves,  
And bring a curse upon this barbarous  
shore.  
Return together home to lovely Greece,  
With joy a new existence to commence.

Orestes retires; but after a short  
absence, returns to entreat Iphigenia  
to link her fate with Pylades and leave  
him to destruction. She replies—

My destiny is firmly bound to thine.

## ORESTES.

No, say not so; alone and unattended  
Let me descend to Hades; though thou  
shouldst  
In thine own veil enwrap the guilty one,  
Thou couldst not shroud him from his  
wakeful foes;  
And e'en thy sacred presence, heavenly  
maid,  
Doth only drive aside, but scares them  
not.  
With brazen impious feet they dare not  
tread  
Within the precincts of this sacred  
grove.  
Yet in the distance, ever and anon,  
I hear their horrid laughter, like the  
howl  
Of famish'd wolves, beneath the tree  
wherein  
The traveller hides. Without, en-  
camp'd they lie,  
And should I quit this consecrated  
grove,  
Shaking their serpent locks, they would  
arise,  
And, raising clouds of dust on every  
side,  
Ceaseless pursue their miserable prey.

Iphigenia reveals herself; but  
she, who had heard only her sa-

crifice, and not her mysterious preser-  
vation, is thrown into a fit of frenzy  
by the communication. When he at  
last is calmed into the belief of all she  
tells him, the frenzy takes another  
turn and he tells her

## Fratricide

Is an old custom of our ancient house,  
And you ye gods I thank that ye re-  
solve  
Childless to root me hence . . .  
—Childless and guiltless come below  
with me!  
There's pity in thy look—oh gaze not  
so.  
'Twas with such looks that Clytemnestra  
sought  
An entrance to her son Orestes' heart.  
From earliest infancy I nought have  
loved  
As thee. I could have loved my sister.

He sinks exhausted. On recovering  
from his swoon, he addresses the  
shades of his ancestors whom he hopes  
at once to join. The passage is one of  
deep and solemn beauty, both in the ori-  
ginal and the translation. We regret  
we cannot find room for it. In his insa-  
nity he imagines that life has termina-  
ted, and, recognising Iphigenia and Py-  
lades, he calls for Electra. The fit  
gradually subsides, and the act closes  
with some cheerful words from the  
ever-buoyant spirit of Pylades. We  
cannot better continue the story than  
by giving the soliloquy of Iphigenia  
with which the next act opens:—

## IPHIGENIA.

When the powers on high decree  
For a feeble child of earth  
Dire perplexity and woe,  
And his spirit doom to pass  
With tumult wild from joy to grief,  
And back again from grief to joy,  
In fearful alternation,  
They in mercy then provide,  
In the precincts of his home,  
Or upon the distant shore,  
That to him may never fail  
Ready help in hours of need,  
A tranquil, faithful friend.  
Oh bless, ye heavenly powers, our Py-  
lades,  
And whatsoever he may undertake!  
In combat his the vigorous arm of  
youth,  
And in the counsel his the eye of age.  
His soul is tranquil; in his inner mind  
He guards a sacred undisturb'd repose,  
And from its silent depths a rich supply

Of aid and counsel draws for the distress'd.  
 He tore me from my brother, upon whom  
 With fond amaze I gazed and gazed again;  
 I could not realize my happiness,  
 Nor loose him from my arms, and heeded not  
 The danger's near approach which threatens us,  
 To execute their project of escape,  
 They hasten to the sea, where in a bay  
 Their comrades in the vessel lie conceal'd  
 And wait a signal. Me they have supplied  
 With artful answers, should the monarch send  
 To urge the sacrifice. Alas! I see  
 I must consent to follow like a child;  
 I have not learn'd deception, nor the art  
 To gain with crafty wiles my purposes.  
 Detested falsehood! it doth not relieve  
 The breast like words of truth; it comforts not,  
 But is a torment in the forger's heart;  
 And, like an arrow which a god directs,  
 Flies back and wounds the archer.  
 Through my heart  
 One fear doth chase another; perhaps e'en now,  
 Once more on the unconsecrated shore,  
 The Furies seize my brother; or perchance  
 They are surprised; methinks I hear the tread  
 Of armed men approaching! Oh, 'tis he!  
 A messenger is coming from the king  
 With hasty steps. Alas! how throbs my heart  
 With anxious fear, now that I see the man  
 Whom with a word untrue I must encounter!

Arkas now appears and insists on the completion of the sacrifice. The priestess tells him it has been interrupted by the Furies having seized one of the strangers in the temple—that he laid hold on the holy image, and that she must bear the image to the sea to wash away the pollution. Arkas entreats her to consult the king in the matter. She refuses; but Arkas's

Es fürchte die Götter  
 Das Menschengeschlecht!  
 Sie halten die Herrschaft  
 In ewigen Händen,  
 Und können sie brauchen  
 Wie's ihnen gefällt.

mention of the king's kindness to her has produced its natural effect. She is pure-minded. A woman, she yielded to the impulses of affection, and thought only of Orestes and his danger when she consented to stain her soul with falsehood, and deceive and wrong Thoas by carrying off the sacred image. She now feels what she has done and is about doing. Pylades returns, and again her irresolute spirit seems to yield to his arguments, insisting that the fraud is unavoidable. The act closes with a soliloquy of Iphigenia's, when Pylades has returned to prepare his friends who are waiting in the harbour for her aid in removing the image. In that soliloquy she deplores the sort of necessity that seems for ever to entangle and ensnare the family of Tantalus. And she repeats an ancient dirge, which she calls the Dirge of the Destinies. We transcribe the translation of this song from Mr. Taylor's\* translation of *Iphigenia*. We are by no means satisfied with it; however it is more like the original than Miss Swanwick's.

The original is so peculiar—so impossible to be quite represented by any translation, that such readers as may not have Goethe at hand will thank us for giving it. We have said that it reminds us of *Æschylus*—of *Æschylus* we mean as contradistinguished from the other Greek tragic poets; but it is yet more like some fragment from one of the old Icelandic sagas. The vigour of imagination and the structure of the verse remind us of the very earliest poems of the northern nations; the simplicity of expression in which the strongest thoughts are given in the plainest words, is Goethe's own; the recurrence of the same thought in the kind of contrasted parallelism which Goethe has adopted from oriental poetry greatly increases the effect. This is more observable in the original than in either of the English imitations; indeed, we do not think that either Miss Swanwick or Mr. Taylor have exerted their best powers in the passage or studied it as it deserves.

Fear the gods, ye sons of men,  
 In eternal hands they hold,  
 Might resistless. Who shall ask them  
 How they wield the dreadful trust?

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\* The late William Taylor, of Norwich.

Der fürchte sie doppelt,  
Den je sie erheben!  
Auf Klippen und Wolken  
Sind stühle bereit,  
Um goldene Tische.

Erhebet ein Zwist sich;  
So stürzen die Gäste  
Geschmäh't und geschändet,  
In nächtliche Tiefen,  
Und harren vergebens,  
In Finstern gebunden,  
Gerechten Gerichtes.

Sie aber, sie bleiben  
In ewigen Festen  
An goldenen Tischen.  
Sie schreiten vom Berge  
Zu Berge hinüber:  
Aus schlünden der Tiefe  
Dampft ihnen der Athem  
Erstickter Titanen,  
Gleich opfergerüchen,  
Ein leichtes Gewölke.

Es wenden die Herrscher,  
Ihr segnendes Auge  
Von ganzen Geschlechtern,  
Und meiden, in Enkel  
Die eh'mals geliebten,  
Still redende Züge,  
Des Ahnherrn zu sehn.

So sangen die Parcen.  
Es horcht der Verbannte  
In nächtlichen Höhlen,  
Der Alte die Lieder,  
Denkt Kinder und Enkel,  
Und schüttelt das Haupt.

Whom the gods have raised on high,  
He beware to fear them most!  
Round their golden tables glitter  
Seats that rests on cliffs and clouds.

Thence the guest, if strife arise,  
Headlong falls disgraced and scorned,  
And in midnight darkness fettered,  
Vainly hopes a juster doom.

They upon unshaken thrones,  
By the golden table stay,  
They along the mountain summits,  
Stride across the yawning deep.

From the fathomless abyss,  
Where are bound the giant brood,  
Groans of anguish climb their heaven,  
Like the fumes of sacrifice.

Oft the rulers of the skies  
Turn the guardian eye away  
From a long-protected offspring  
Of the families of earth.

In the son they oft avoid  
To discern the pleading look,  
And the once beloved features  
Which his favoured father wore.

So the frowning Parcae sang.  
Low in his sullen prison hears  
The hoary banished sage,  
Thinks on his children's lot,  
And silent shakes his head.

*Taylor's "Survey of German Poetry," vol. II.*

The fifth act represents Iphigenia as still irresolute; in an interview with Thoas she makes a vain attempt to go through the plan of deception which Pylades had arranged for her, and ends in communicating to him the fact that Orestes is her brother; she intreats his sanction to their departure. The language of the oracle, which had been interpreted as requiring the image of Diana to be placed with that of her brother at Delphi, is found to be capable of a different interpretation. Orestes, by bringing a long-lost sister to Delphi, is to obtain peace. The sister is now plainly discovered to be the sister of Orestes, not of Phœbus. The forms of the German language enable Goethe to preserve the ambiguity throughout. We suppose that English presents some difficulty, as neither Mr. Taylor or Miss Swanwick have thought

it necessary to imitate their author in this. This discovery removes all difficulty, and Thoas consents, reluctantly, no doubt, but with kindness of feeling, to the restoration of Iphigenia to her native country.

This poem the Germans, we think justly, regard as the most perfect of Goethe's works. The beauty of form is throughout prevalent. There is no one thought, no one image that is not in perfect harmony with all the rest, and scene after scene follows in natural sequence of increasing beauty, with almost the development of a flower through its successive changes. The language in this poem and in his *Tasso* is throughout perfect. Both are the productions of the same period of his life, and in style they remarkably resemble each other.

When we praise the *Iphigenia* as a

perfect imitation of the antique, we perhaps are thinking rather of the effect produced than saying any thing that can be very strictly justified. The omission of the chorus is a remarkable deviation from the ancient forms; and we distinctly remember the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and the exceeding beauty of that conception, when we say that Goethe's *Iphigenia* breathes a yet diviner humanity than has been embodied by any of the ancient poets. With Tasso we are not equally pleased; the subject itself does not quite satisfy us. The intrigues of a petty court, encouraging poetry as it would the manufacture of filigree flowers, and its total impossibility of distinguishing a true poet when he appears, though not indisposed to listen to any one declaiming on the subject; valuing Tasso not for his real powers, but for the estimate which the world may make of them, and the reflected splendour which the production of a great poem may cast on the patronage of the court that sustained the poet. The truth of such things is not sufficient to make them the subjects of an interesting poem; and of Tasso's own character, the analysis, subtle as it is, vexes and displeases us. Goethe's Tasso is not the true Tasso; and to interpret the poem by saying that Goethe was thinking of himself in some stage of his development, and describing some slough which he had cast off, does not much mend the matter. Of this poem Miss Swanwick has translated but two acts; it is a curious coincidence, and perhaps a proof that the poem has affected others in the same way with ourselves, that Mr. John Edward Taylor, who commenced a translation of this poem, and whose version of some of the early scenes is exceedingly graceful, has, like Miss Swanwick, discontinued the work after translating a few scenes.\* We have not seen any other English translation of the Tasso, nor can we recommend the task to any labourer in this field.

Mrs. Hemans has, we believe, translated parts of the Tasso: these we have not seen; but in the volume of her poetical remains are extracts from *Iphigenia* of great and singular beauty; they are also for the most part as ac-

curate representations of the passages she selected as could be wished; but should any reader be tempted to compare them with Miss Swanwick's translation, it is fair to remember, that if the flow of the verse be more like that of original poetry, the effect is produced by its being in the power of the translator of select passages to omit any thing that interferes with her progress, while Miss Swanwick has undertaken to represent *all* faithfully. Mrs. Hemans's is in fact a graceful imitation of such passages as most fell in with her own state of mind when writing; Miss Swanwick's is not imitation, but translation; and even with this disadvantage as to the effect of particular passages, we think any person fairly examining the selected passages will feel it difficult to assign the palm of superiority to Mrs. Hemans; and to have made it a drawn battle with the great poetess of our age, is surely no inconsiderable triumph.

Miss Swanwick has in this volume given us a translation of Schiller's "*Maid of Orleans*." Of this poem we must take another opportunity of expressing our opinion. The occasion will probably be presented in reviewing the translation of Schiller announced by Merivale, whose poems from the Greek Anthology have long ranked with the best specimens of translation in the language, and who, notwithstanding all the perplexing difficulties of the perpetual tangle of the *terza rima*, has in his versions of select passages from Dante, successfully contested the palm with Cary. The specimens already published of his Schiller, in Sonderland's very beautiful volume of the Poets of Germany, lead us to anticipate for him equal success in this new field of exertion.

In parting for the present with Miss Swanwick, may we venture to suggest to her, as a poem of singular beauty, the *Genoveva* of Tieck, of which we believe there is no English translation, and the beauty of which would at once secure popularity for any adequate version. Could she find time for this, it would be an important addition to our poetical literature.

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\* Translations from the German, in prose and verse. By Henry Reeve and John E. Taylor. London—1842.

## ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. F. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &amp;c. &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Now go on, and wait for me at the first little public house you come to," whispered Captain Barecolt, as soon as he and his companions had passed the gates of Hull; "I will not be a minute;" and, turning away underneath the wall which at that time surrounded the city, he appeared with a shrewd eye to be examining the fortifications. Lucky it was for him that he did so, for the moment after, the officer of the guard, having been roused somewhat early from his slumber, and thinking it unnecessary to go to bed again, sauntered forth to enjoy the breeze of the morning, and to observe what the strange captain was about. No sooner did our worthy friend, giving a backward glance towards the gates, perceive that he was watched, than, without a moment's deliberation, he beckoned the officer up to him, and addressed him when he approached with a torrent of engineering terms, some in French, some in English, some in a language compounded of the two.

"Begar," he cried, after having vented a great deal of learning upon the incomprehensive ears of his auditor, "I not able to tell what de governor will have do here. Look, sair, look, my good friend, if I be not much mistake dat hill dare, not above one half mile off, command the bastion all along. Let me beseech you, have de bounty to take von leetle walk up to de top of de hill. Den wid one stick making a level, so; see if de line do not cover de top of de curtain—'c'est a dire,' if it do not 'dominé' it. You understand?"

"(Oh, yes! I understand quite well," replied the officer of the trainbands; "but I'll tell you what, captain, you must go yourself, for I cannot leave the guard."

"Sapristi, dat be true," said Barecolt, turning away and walking towards the slight elevation he had

pointed out. The officer of the guard watched him for a moment, as with his usual dignified stride he walked on towards the hill, and then turning back again to the gates, entered, causing them once more to be closed behind him.

Barecolt paused when he reached the top of the rise, and turning round examined the town of Hull, but more especially the gate from which he had issued forth, making sundry gesticulations as if he were endeavouring to ascertain the relative height of the hill and the fortifications, suspecting that some one might be observing him still. In doing so, however, he scanned every nook and corner with a curious eye, and having satisfied himself that he was not watched, he turned sharply to the left, regained the road along which Falgate and Arrah Neil had taken their way; and, covered by a small clump of trees which grew near at that time, he hurried on with long steps towards the little public house which Hugh O'Donnel had mentioned.

The pace at which he went was so rapid that, notwithstanding the interruption he had met with, he came in sight of the little solitary house just at the moment that Arrah and her companion reached it. There was a tall man standing at the door; and the next instant, before Captain Barecolt came up, three horses were led out by a man and a boy, and the worthy captain could see his Irish acquaintance, Mr. O'Donnel, lift the fair girl upon one of the beasts, and then, approaching his head close to her ear, appear to whisper to her eagerly for several moments.

Whatever was the nature of his communication, it was just over when Captain Barecolt laid his hand upon his shoulder; and Mr. O'Donnel only added the words—

"Remember, to none but himself, or her."



He then turned to Captain Barecolt, exclaiming—

“Quick, quick upon your horse’s back, and away.”

“Oh! there’s no such haste, Master O’Donnel,” replied Barecolt, who loved not to receive the word of command from a merchant. “Nothing but cowardice is ever in a hurry; so what is to pay for the horses, my friend?”

“Seventeen pounds for that,” replied O’Donnel, pointing to one, “and two-and-twenty pounds for the other, which you had better mount yourself, lest your long legs touch the ground.—They are cheap.”

“Cheap or dear, they must be paid for,” replied Barecolt, “and they don’t seem bad beasts, either. Come, Master Falgate, bring forth the crowns—you see, having short legs saves you five pounds;” and while the worthy painter unfolded his bundle, in which were now contained such parts of Barecolt’s goods and chattels as he thought it absolutely necessary to take with him, the captain drew forth a leathern purse and disbursed the sum required for his own beast, which operation, to say the truth, left his pocket but scantily garnished.

“Now mount, mount, Master Falgate,” continued Barecolt. “T’other side of your horse, man, and t’other foot in the stirrup, or we shall have you with your face to the tail.—Now, Mistress Arrah, are you ready?”

But when he turned to look at her, Arrah Neil had fallen into one of her deep fits of abstraction, and he had to repeat the question before she roused herself.

“Yes, yes!” she answered with a start, “I am ready;” and then turning to O’Donnel added, “I remember it all now. That name, like the sudden drawing of a curtain, has let in the light upon memory, and I see the past.”

“God speed you, young lady,” replied O’Donnel; “but now hasten upon your way, and I will take mine; for it will not be long ere your flight is discovered, and before that I hope I shall be in my house, and you many miles hence.”

Thus saying he waved his hand, and Barecolt, striking his horse with his heel, led the way along the road at a quick pace. Arrah Neil followed,

and was at his side in a moment; but good Diggory Falgate, who seemed less accustomed to equestrian exercise than either of his companions, was not a little inconvenienced by the trotting of his horse. Merciless Captain Barecolt, however, though to tell the truth he saw the difficulty with which their companion followed them at a still increasing distance, kept up the same rapid rate of progression for some six or seven miles, speaking now and then a word or two to his fair companion, but showing wonderful abstinence from his usual frailty. At length they reached the top of a long sloping hill which commanded a view over a wide extent of country behind them, and along at least one half of the road they had followed from Hull; and turning his horse for a moment or two, Captain Barecolt paused and examined the track beneath his eyes, to see if he could discover any signs of pursuit. All was clear, however: the sun, now risen a degree or two above the horizon, but still red and large from the horizontal mist through which it shone, cast long shadows from tree, and house, and village spire over the ground, in some places, and in others, bright gleams of rosy light; but almost all the world seemed still slumbering, for no moving object was to be seen on the road, and nothing even in the fields around but where a team of horses, driven slowly by a whistling ploughman, at about a hundred yards upon the left of the party on the hill, wended slowly onward to commence their labours for the day.

“You may go a little slower now, young lady,” said Barecolt, after he had concluded his examination; “we have a good start of them, and I do not think they would venture to send out far in pursuit.”

“Thank God!” answered Arrah Neil, not in the common tone of satisfaction with which those words are usually pronounced, but with the voice of heartfelt gratitude to Him from whom all deliverance comes. “But do you think we are really safe?” continued Arrah, after a moment’s thought. “Perhaps it would be better to go on quickly for a time—but that good man who came with us, seems hardly able to make his horse keep up with us.”

“Then we will make him lead as soon as he comes up,” answered Bare-

colt; "we can follow at his pace, for I think we are secure enough just now. The truth is, he is evidently unaccustomed to a horse's back, and sits his beast like a London tapster in a city pageant. 'Tis a lamentable thing, Mistress Arrah, that so few people in this country ever learn to ride. Now, before I was twelve years old there was not a *pais* of the *manège* that I could not make the wildest horse perform; and serviceable indeed have I found it in my day; for I remember well when the small town of *Alais* was taken, which I had aided to defend, with twenty other gentlemen of different nations, we determined that we would have nothing to do with the capitulation; and on the morning when the king's troops were just about to march into the town, we issued forth to cut our way out, or to find it through them in some manner. We had not gone above three hundred yards from the gate when we found a line of pikemen drawn up across the road and in a meadow. There were no other troops on that side of the town, for the chief attack was at another point; but as soon as they saw us, down went their pikes; when crying to the rest, 'now, gentlemen, follow me,' I dashed up to them as if to charge. I was mounted on a swift and powerful horse—I called him Drake, in memory of the great Sir Francis—but just as I was at the point of their pikes, I lifted him on his haunches, struck my spurs into his flanks, and with one spring over the line we went."

"And what became of the rest?" asked Arrah Neil.

"You shall hear," replied Barecolt. "The horse as he came over lashed out behind, and striking one of the pikemen on the head, dashed in his steel cap and his skull together, so that down he went, and my friends charging on, cut a way for a part of themselves before the confusion was over. Five got through and joined me; but the rest had to eat cold steel."

"They were killed?" asked Arrah Neil. "Alas! war is a sad thing."

"Very true," replied Barecolt; "but one comes to think of it as nothing. It is the occupation of brave men and gentlemen, and when one makes up one's mind every day to lose one's life if need be, we do not think much of seeing others go a few hours

before us. If I could call up again all the men I have seen killed since I first smelt powder, when I was about fifteen, I should have a pretty strong army of ghosts to fight the Round-heads with. Well, Master Falgate," he continued, as the painter came up, "you seem red in the face and out of breath."

"Ugh! there never was such a beast," cried Falgate. "It is like riding a rhinoceros. He has as many hard knobs in him as a cow, and his pace is like a galloping earthquake. Oons, captain, you go so fast too."

"Well, my good friend, tell me," said Barecolt, "did you ever take a journey on a horse before?"

"No," replied Falgate boldly, "or I do not think I should ever have got on one again. But in pity, good Captain Barecolt, don't go at such a rate, or, faith, you must leave me behind, which would not be like a good camarado."

"No, no; we won't leave you behind, Falgate," replied Barecolt, "and for that reason we will make you go first. So shall we be ready to pick you up if you fall off; and you can go at your own pace, though it must be the quickest you can manage."

"Oh, butter and eggs for ever!" cried Falgate, putting himself in the van, and going on at a jog trot, "if an old market-woman can keep her seat and not break her eggs, I do not see why one of the lords of the creation should tumble off and crack his bones."

"Nor I either," replied Barecolt; "and if he do he deserves to break his head. But get on a little faster, Master Falgate, or we shall have the fat citizens of Hull at our heels."

"Oh, no fear! no fear!" rejoined Falgate; "they are all miraculous horsemen and ride as well as I do: so unless the governor pursues you in person, and brings all the horses out of his own stable, you may ride to York and back before any of them will stir. Would that the man who sold me this horse were in as sore a skin as he who bought it," he continued, after a short pause; "I am sure he must have had an ill will at my poor bones, plague light upon him."

"Ah, no!" cried Arrah Neil. "He is a good and a kind man."

"He is a very close one," replied Barecolt, "for I know, young lady, I

tried my best yesterday to worm out of him all the secrets that we wanted to know; but he held his mouth as tight shut as the shell of an oyster."

"He had a reason doubtless," answered Arrah Neil, falling into thought again.

"Well, if he have told you all about it," rejoined Barecolt, assuming an indifferent air, "it does not matter. I have no curiosity. Only when we wish to send despatches securely, we give a copy to two separate messengers, and if, as I understood him, you are to tell Lord Walton or the young lady, it might have been better to inform me too, as then I could have carried them the intelligence in case of our being separated and of my seeing them first."

"Perhaps it might have been better," said Arrah Neil; "but all promises are sacred things, and methinks more especially, promises to the dead."

"Ay, that they are," answered Barecolt, who saw that he was not likely to learn from his fair companion what had been the substance of her conversation with O'Donnel—"ay, that they are. I remember a very curious and entertaining story about that which happened at the siege of a certain town, when I was serving in the north. I will tell it to you as we go; it will serve to while away the time."

#### CAPTAIN BARECOLT'S STORY.

"There is a little town called Le Catelet just upon the French frontier, which was besieged by the Spanish army, after the French had taken it and held it for about a year. The attack began in the winter, and a number of honourable gentlemen threw themselves into it to aid in the defence as volunteers. Amongst the rest were two friends who had fought in a good many battles together, and one was called the Viscount de Boulaye and the other the Capitaine la Vacherie. Every day there were skirmishes and sallies, and one night when they were sitting drinking and talking together, after a very murderous sortie, Capitaine la Vacherie said to his friend—

"How cold those poor fellows must be whom we left dead in the trenches to-day."

"Ay, that they must," said Boulaye; "and 'pon my life, La Vacherie,

I am glad the place is so full that you and I have but one room and one bed between us, otherwise I know not how we should keep ourselves warm."

"Nor I either," replied La Vacherie. "Mind, Boulaye, if I am some day left in the trenches, you come and look for me, and bring me out of the cold wind."

He spoke laughing, and the viscount answered in the same way,

"That I will, La Vacherie; don't you be afraid."

Well, about a fortnight after, the Spaniards attempted to storm the place; but they were driven back, after fighting for near an hour, and Boulaye and La Vacherie, with the regiment of Champagne, pursued them to their entrenchments. Boulaye got back, safe and sound, to the town just as it was growing dark, and went to the governor's house and talked for an hour over the assault, and then returned to his room, and asked his servant if Capitaine La Vacherie had come back. The man answered, no; and so Boulaye swore that he would be hanged if he would wait for his supper. Well, when supper came and La Vacherie did not, the viscount began to think, 'I should not wonder if that poor devil, La Vacherie, had left his bones outside;' and after he had eaten two or three mouthfulls and drunk a glass or two of wine, he sent the servant to the quarters of the regiment of Champagne, to see if he could hear any thing of his friend. But the servant could find no one who knew any thing of him; and when he came back he found the viscount sitting with the table and the wine upon his right hand, and his feet upon the two andirons, with a warm fire of wood blazing away before him. When he told him that he could learn nothing, Boulaye exclaimed—

"Sacrement! I dare say he is killed—poor fellow, I am very sorry," and he filled himself another glass of wine, and kept his foot on the andirons. In about half an hour more he went to bed and just as he was getting comfortable and beginning to dose, seeing the fire flickering against the wall one minute and not seeing it the next, he heard a step upon the stairs, and instantly recollected La Vacherie's, who came up singing and talking just as usual.

“ ‘ Ah ! ’ cried he, ‘ La Vacherie, is that you ? I thought you had been killed ? ’

“ ‘ The deuce, you did, Boulaye, ’ replied La Vacherie, and began to move about the bottles and glasses as if he were feeling for a candle to light it.

“ ‘ Well, don’t make a noise, there’s a good man, ’ said Boulaye, ‘ for I am tired and have a good deal to do to-morrow. ’

“ ‘ I’m sure so have I, ’ replied La Vacherie, ‘ so I’ll go to bed at once. ’

“ ‘ Had you not better have some supper ? ’ asked the viscount.

“ ‘ No, ’ replied his friend, ‘ I’ve had all the supper I want ; ’ and accordingly he pulled off his clothes and lay down beside his comrade. But by that time the viscount was asleep, so that they had no further conversation that night. The next morning when Viscount de Boulaye woke he found that La Vacherie had already risen, and left his nightcap upon the pillow, and he did not see him again till night, for the enemy made several fierce attacks, and all the troops of the garrison were busy till sunset. Well the viscount supped alone that night as before, and just as he got into bed, he heard La Vacherie’s step again, and again he came in, and again he would eat no supper, but went to bed as before. The viscount, however, did not sleep so easily this night, for he thought there was something odd about his friend. So after lying for about half an hour, he said, ‘ La Vacherie are you asleep ? ’

“ ‘ Not yet, ’ replied La Vacherie ; ‘ but I soon shall be. ’

“ ‘ Well, I want to ask you something, ’ said Boulaye, turning himself sharp round, and as he did so, his hand came against La Vacherie’s. It was like a bit of ice !

“ ‘ Why how cold you are, ’ cried the viscount.

“ ‘ And how, can you expect me to be otherwise, ’ asked La Vacherie in a terrible voice, ‘ when you have left me out there in the trenches through two long January nights ? ’ and that moment he jumped out of bed, threw open the window, and went off. His body was found next morning where he had been killed two days before.”

Arrah Neil was silent, but Falgate, who while riding on at his slow pace had kept one ear always upon his com-

panion’s story, turned round and asked, “ But what became of the viscount ? ”

“ Why, when the town capitulated, ” replied Barecolt, “ he went into a capuchin convent, and was called Father Henry. But, hark ! There is the sound of a trumpet, by the Lord Harry. Gallop, Falgate ! gallop ! or I’ll drive my sword through you ; ” and at the same time he drew the weapon and pricked forward the horse of his companion with the point.

The galloway, for it deserved no higher title, started on, lashing out behind in a manner that had nearly sent the poor painter out of the saddle and over its head ; but when once the beast was fairly started in a gallop, Falgate found his seat much more comfortable than at a trot ; and away the whole party went at full speed over hill and dale for about a mile and a half, when suddenly, to Barecolt’s surprise, the sound of the trumpet was again heard upon his left nearer than before. After pausing for a moment to listen, he made up his mind that whatever body of men were near, they did not come from the side of Hull ; but judging that when escorting treasure or a lady he should best show his valour by discretion, the renowned captain turned sharp off from the high road down a lane to his right, and after having gone rather more than one mile in that direction, through pleasant rows of trees, without hearing any more of the sounds which had alarmed him, he pulled up at a house, from the front of which a pole bearing a garland protruded over the road, indicating that some sort of entertainment would there be found for way-faring travellers.

“ We will here water our horses, Mistress Arrah, ” he said ; “ and keeping in mind that we may not find loyal subjects in every house, we will refresh the inner man with gravity and moderation ; ” and assuming a sad and sanctimonious air, he addressed a dry looking man who presented himself, asking if they could obtain wherewithal to strengthen themselves for their further journey. A ready affirmative was given, and aiding Arrah Neil from her horse, Barecolt led her in, and then, never forgetting his military habits, returned to see that the beasts were taken care of. The landlord followed him out, and the worthy captain continued to eye him with a considerate

glance as he aided in washing the horses' mouths and taking out their bits. By the time this was accomplished, Barecolt's opinion of his companion was completely formed, and when the latter remarked, "you seem to have been riding very hard master," he replied in a solemn tone, much to the astonishment of Diggory Falgate,

"Yea, verily, have we, for the sound of a trumpet met our ears, and we feared, being few in number, to fall in with a party of the swaggering malignants who we hear are riding about the country. Wilt thou get them a little corn, my friend?"

"Right willingly, master," replied the host, "I see that thou art a godly man and I am glad to serve thee".

The moment he was gone, Barecolt whispered to Falgate, who had remained silent, partly from fatigue and partly from surprise, "we must cozen the crop-eared knave. Whine, can't, and look devout, Master Falgate, and forget your swagger if you can."

"By St. Winifred," replied Falgate, "this rough beast has taken all the swagger out of me. I can hardly stand, captain."

"Well get thee in," replied Barecolt, "and leave me to deal with him. The best thing for thee to do is to hold thy tongue, for if thou onest openest thy mouth we shall see some profane saint or other popping out, and marking thee for a malignant in a minute."

After remaining for some ten minutes more at the door, in slow and solemn converse with the host, Barecolt stalked into the house, and found Arrah Neil sitting with her beautiful head leaning on her fair hand, and her elbow resting on a table very respectably covered with provisions.

"Now let us to our meat," said Barecolt, "for we must be soon upon our way again."

Falgate was instantly settling himself upon a stool to fall to, without further ceremony; but the captain gave

him a grave admonishing look, and standing before the table with his clasped hands resting on his stomach, and the two thumbs elevated towards his chin, begun a grace which had well nigh exhausted the patience of Falgate before it was done, but which greatly edified the master of the house. After this was concluded, they all sat down to meat; and Barecolt, who well knew that the portion of good things which the saintly men of his day allotted themselves was by no means small, carved away at the joints without any modesty, and loaded his own plate amongst others with a mess sufficient for an ogre.

Alas, for the brief period of mundane felicity! Scarcely had three mouthfuls passed between his grinders, scarcely had one deep draught from the foaming tankard wetted his lips, when the sound of many horses' feet was heard, and the next instant the blast of a trumpet was heard before the door. The landlord, who, as was then very customary, had sat down to share the meal prepared for his guests, started up, and ran out to the door, while Barecolt quietly approached the window and looked forth; then returning to the table, he whispered in a low voice to Diggory Falgate and Arrah Neil, "A party of the drunken tapsters and pimpled-nosed serving men whom the roundhead rebels call, cavalry. Master Falgate, be as silent as a church mouse, I command you, and answer not more than a monosyllable, whatever is asked you."

"Are they from Hull?" demanded Arrah Neil in a tone of alarm, as Barecolt resumed his seat, and began to eat.

"No, I think not," replied the gallant captain; "but we shall soon see, for here come some of them along the passage;" and as he spoke the door of the room opened, giving admission to a stout short-set man in a well-worn buff coat.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

THE parliamentarian looked at Captain Barecolt, and Captain Barecolt looked at the parliamentarian. The former had a cynical sort of smile on his countenance, as if he recognized in the worthy captain a personage whom he

had seen before under different circumstances; but Barecolt's face was a perfect blank—at least, if that which bore so prominent a gnomon could be called so. At all events, in expression it said nothing; there was not the



slightest glance of recognition in his eyes, there was not the smallest curl of consciousness round his mouth. He looked full in the officer's face, with the stare of a stranger, for very nearly a minute, and then civilly asked him, if he would not sit down and join their party.

"No, I thank you," replied the parliamentarian, with the same sneering smile, "but I think I shall ask you to join ours."

"I am much obliged, my friend," replied Barecolt, without any change of countenance, "but I have nearly dined."

"Dined, or not dined," rejoined the other, "you must come along with me."

"How, now?" cried Barecolt, rising with a look of indignation, "I thought, from your look, that you were a God-fearing and worthy man; but if you be, as I now judge from your words, one of the malignant fomenters of strife in Israel, I tell thee thou art in the wrong part of the country to play thy pranks, even if thou hast a company of thy swaggering rakehell troopers at thy heels."

"Come, come," replied the other, "I am what I seem, and what you know me right well to be. Did you ever hear of a certain Captain Batten, sir? Were you ever at such a place as Bishop's Merton?"

"Of a Captain Batten I have heard when I was in London," replied Barecolt boldly, "and I have seen him too, but you are not he—for, in the first place, he is a godly and well-disposed person—and in the next place, I do not recollect thee. Then, as for Bishop's Merton, the very name of it is naught, and smacks of prelacy and popery."

"I am not Captain Batten, certainly," replied the other, "but I was cornet of his troop when you were at Bishop's Merton, and I watched you well along the road for forty miles and more, after you had made him prisoner. You have changed your dress, but I know you, Captain Barecolt."

"Captain Barecolt!" cried our worthy friend, lifting up his hands and eyes with a look of astonishment and indignation, "am I never to have done with Captain Barecolt? This is the third time within these four days that

I have been mistaken for that good-for-nothing, worthless fellow. If ever I meet him, I will cut off that nose of his, or he shall cut off mine, that there may be no more mistaking between us. However, sir, if you are really, as you say, a cornet of Captain Batten's troop, I am glad to meet you—there is my hand, and I am quite prepared to show you to your satisfaction, that I am not the swaggering malignant you take me for, but a poor officer of French extraction, whose parents took refuge in this land during the persecutions of those who fought as I do, for the cause of true faith, and freedom of conscience. My name is Jersval, and you must, most likely, have heard of it, as I have for the last three months been assisting that worthy and pious man, Sir John Hotham, in strengthening the fortifications of Hull."

The officer looked at him for a moment or two with a bewildered stare; for though he thought he could have sworn to the person of the man who had been pointed out to him, not many weeks before, as Captain Barecolt, a notorious malignant, yet the captain's coolness and effrontery was so great, as almost to overbear his belief. He was not convinced, indeed, but he was staggered, and being somewhat of a dogged nature, he resolved to resist giving credence to mere assertions, however boldly made.

"Come, come," he said, "you say you can give me proofs. Where are they? I know your face quite well. The proofs, the proofs, man—or you must away with me to Hull."

"Be that at your peril, sir," replied Barecolt, with an air of dignity. "I am travelling on business of importance for the governor, and I will resist being stopped to the shedding of blood. As to the proofs, here they are. You probably know Sir John Hotham's signature;" and as he spoke, he drew forth from his pocket the pass which he had obtained from the governor of Hull.

So well had he combined all the particulars of his story, that every word in the pass tallied exactly with what he had said before. He was called therein the French officer, Captain Jersval, employed upon the fortifications—and all the authorities of the town and its dependencies, as well as



all persons well affected to the state, were enjoined to give him free passage, aid, and assistance on all his lawful occasions. The parliamentarian, as he read, became more and more bewildered, and indeed somewhat doubtful of Captain Barecolt's identity. The landlord also joined in on behalf of his guest, and vouched for his having behaved himself in a very comely and discreet manner. The roundhead was, however, of a stubborn and stiff-necked race, as I have before hinted. He was far more inclined to believe his own eyes than any piece of paper in the world; and although he read the pass twice, he looked at Captain Barecolt as often, each time muttering between his teeth an expression of conviction that he was right after all.

"Well, it does not signify," he said aloud, at length; "you shall go to Hull. You may have stolen this pass, or forged it, for aught I know. Unless some one can swear that you are the same man here spoken of, back you shall troop."

"That I can swear," cried Diggory Falgate, starting up, and forgetting his companion's injunctions to silence.

"And who, in the fiend's name, may you be?" demanded the parliamentary soldier, growing hot; for Barecolt had by this time quietly freed his long sword from the sheath, and placed his back towards the corner, giving a glance, as he did so, to the window, across which two other figures, on horseback, passed at the moment.

"Who am I?" said Falgate; "a citizen of Hull, sir; and I am ready to swear that I saw that gentleman walking and talking with the governor yesterday, and that he is the same to whom that pass was given."

"Go to! go to!" said the parliamentarian scornfully; "you seem some mechanic, who can know nought of such matters. Meddle with what concerns you, good man. Landlord, call in two of my troopers."

"Be it at your peril and theirs," replied Barecolt in a voice of extraordinary loudness, bringing the point of his weapon towards the chest of his opponent who had taken a step forward. "Whoever says I am not Captain Jersval, lately employed by Sir John Hotham on the fortification of Hull, is a liar, and the consequence be upon his own head."

Just as he was pronouncing in a stentorian voice this recapitulation of the qualities and titles he thought fit to assume, and while Arrah Neil was drawing back to the farther side of the room with some alarm, but with the profound silence she had preserved throughout this scene, the landlord opened the door to obey the order he had received. But he was encountered at the threshold by two gentlemen, whom, to say truth, Captain Barecolt had seen a minute or two before crossing the window on horseback. Now our worthy friend, at his heart, did not well know whether to be sorry or rejoice at their presence, for there was much matter for very mingled feelings in their sudden appearance.

The first face that presented itself was that of Lord Beverly; and, with all Barecolt's bad qualities, he had a certain degree of chivalrous generosity in his nature which made him unwilling to have another engaged in the same awkward scrape as himself, especially when, as in the case of the earl, many important interests he feared might be periled by his capture, while his own apprehension would principally effect his own neck. He had therefore shouted aloud, as soon as he saw his noble companion dismount to enter the inn, for the purpose of giving him some notice of what was going on within; nor had his words failed to catch the earl's ear, for the distance from the door of the room to the door of the house was but a step, and the windows were open.

If, however, the sight of the earl caused Captain Barecolt as much alarm as pleasure, the face of the personage who followed was any thing but satisfactory in his eyes, for the last time he had seen it was in earnest, and, apparently, secret conference with Sir John Hotham; and our friend had no means whatsoever of knowing whether his evasion from Hull had become public before the earl and his companion had set out.

What was his surprise, however, when Lord Beverly advanced towards him, holding out his hand and exclaiming, "Ah, Captain Jersval, I was afraid I should have missed you, for we came by the cross-roads. But what is all this? Sword in hand, my gallant captain? What is all this, sir?" he continued, turning to the par-

liamentary officer, with an air of authority, "I hope you are not molesting this gentleman, who is a very grave and respectable person, and not one to draw his sword upon any body without just occasion."

Barecolt was for once in his life wise enough not to say a word. He did not venture to hint at his feats in the Cevennes; he said nothing of Navarre or Arragon; he uttered not the name of Rochelle, but quietly left the earl to settle it all his own way. Falgate, too, was overpowered at the sudden recognition of Captain Barecolt as Captain Jersval, and the roundhead officer looked foolish and confounded, muttering for a moment or two, something about "a mistake," till he recovered himself sufficiently to return to his point and declare "that if ever human eyes were to be trusted, the man calling himself Jersval was no other than one Captain Barecolt, a notorious malignant."

"And pray, sir, do you know me?" demanded the earl, "for you seem to be much more knowing than your neighbours."

"No, I never saw you before," replied the man bluffly.

"But I know you, Master Stumphorough," said the earl's companion advancing in turn. "At least, if I am not mistaken, you are the man I was told to look for, while accompanying this gentleman on his road. You are the cornet of Batten's troop of horse, are you not?"

"The same, sir," replied the other with a stiff bow, "it seems we shall get at the truth of the matter now."

"It is only your stupid thick head that has prevented you getting at it before, Master Stumphorough," replied the gentleman. "This person whom you persist in calling Barecolt—you must be a bare colt yourself for your pains—is Captain Jersval, who has been employed by Sir John Hotham in strengthening the defences of our town, and who is now going on with this gentleman upon business of importance. We have been looking for him all along the road, so if you had stopped or injured him, you would have lost your ears for your pains."

"I told him so!—I told him so!—I told him so!" cried Barecolt, at every pause in the other's words.

But the gentleman from Hull pro-

ceeded handing a small paper to the parliamentarian. "There is a word or two for you from Sir John. Now get ready to march on without further delay. I will return with you. I think, sir," he continued, addressing the earl, "you will not want me any more."

"No, I thank you, sir," replied Lord Beverly, "I can find my way on with my companions here. Commend me to Sir John, and accept my best thanks for your company so far."

While these few words were passing between the royalist nobleman and his companion of the road, the roundhead officer had been spelling through Sir John Hotham's note, looking both puzzled with the writing and confounded with all that had lately taken place. When he had done, however, he thought fit to make an apology to Barecolt for taking him for the man he really was.

"I will never believe my eyes again, sir," he said, "for I would have sworn that you were that blaspheming ribaldy varlet, Barecolt, only dressed in a brown suit and with a steeple-crowned hat on. You are as like as two peas—only now I think of it, he may be a little taller. But I hope you do not bear malice, sir—now I know who you are, I am satisfied—I only wished to do my duty."

"I certainly do not thank you, sir, for taking me, a peaceable and God-fearing man, for a blaspheming ribaldy varlet," replied Barecolt with a solemn air, "but I forgive you, sir—I forgive you—every man needs forgiveness, more or less, and so farewell; but use your eyes to better purpose another time, and if ever you see Captain Barecolt, tell him that when next he and Jersval meet, I will set such a mark upon him that there shall be no more mistakes; and so fare you well."

A few words had in the meanwhile passed in a low tone between the earl and his companion from Hull, and the latter then took his leave, seeing the commander of the party of troopers and the landlord of the house out before him. Barecolt immediately turned a glance full of merriment to Lord Beverly; but that nobleman, with a grave face, put his finger to his lips, and then seating himself at the table, said—"Well, Captain Jersval, by your

leave, I will share your dinner, which by the fulness of the plates seems to have been somewhat unpropitiously interrupted."

"Certainly, certainly, sir," said Barecolt, resuming his seat at the head

of the table. "Come, Falgate—come, Mistress Arrah Neil."

At the latter name the earl started, and gazed at Arrah for a moment ; but took no further notice, and only whispered to Barecolt, "make haste !"

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

There was a jingling of arms, and a shouting of words of command, at the door of the inn, somewhat too much of the trumpet, and a great deal too much talking, for a veteran force ; and then the word was given to march, followed by trampling of horses' feet in not the most orderly progression upon the road. The mouth of Captain Barecolt had been busy for the last five minutes upon beef and cabbage, and much execution had it done in that course of operations ; but no sooner had the sounds of the retiring party diminished than it opened, evidently with the purpose of giving utterance to some of the pent up loquacity which had long been struggling in his throat. But the earl of Beverly made him a second significant sign to be silent, and his caution was not unnecessary, for at that moment mine host was standing at the back of the door with a few silver pieces in his hand, grumbling internally at the small pay of the parliamentary party, and ready to overhear any thing that was said by his other guests. The next moment he opened the door of the room in which they were dining, and found them all eating and drinking in very edifying silence. His presence did not seem to discompose them in the least, and the only effect it had upon any one, was to induce the earl to point to the huge black jack in the midst of the table, saying the few but gratifying words, "more ale !"

The landlord hastened to replenish the tankard ; but as there were no ingenious contrivances in those days for conjuring up various sorts of beer, at will, from the depths of a profound cellar, and as the house boasted no tapster, the host himself had to descend to the cellar to draw the liquor from the cask, and the earl took advantage of his absence to say to Barecolt and Falgate, "One more draught, my friends, if you will, and then to our horses' backs. Are you rested ?"

to travel on, fair lady, for I have business of much importance on hand."

"Quite, sir," replied Arrah Neil, "I am only too glad to go on."

"I am rejoiced to see you here," continued the earl ; "but we must not venture to speak more till we have nothing but the free air around us."

The next instant the landlord reappeared, and the earl, taking the black jack from his hands, put his lips to it, but passed it on, after barely tasting the contents. Barecolt did it more justice, in a long deep draught ; and Falgate well nigh drained it to the bottom. As soon as this ceremony was concluded, Barecolt and the rest of the party rose, and the earl returned thanks for the daily bread they had received, at less length, but with greater devotion, than his companion might have done.

"Now, Captain Jersval," he said, when this was done, "you see for the horses, while I pay the score." And when Barecolt returned, he found the face of his host bearing a much better satisfied look, after settling with his last guests, than it had assumed after the departure of him whom the good man mentally termed a beggarly cornet of horse.

The earl then placed Arrah Neil in the saddle, sprang upon the back of a handsome powerful charger, and followed quickly by Barecolt and slowly by Falgate, took his way along the lane in which the house stood, choosing without hesitation many a turning and many a bye-path, much to the admiration of the worthy captain, who had a natural fondness for intricate ways.

"You seem to know the road right well," he said in a low tone to the earl, when he could refrain no longer.

"I have known it from my boyhood," replied Lord Beverly ; but he made no farther answer, and rode on

in silence till the path they followed opened out upon one of the wide open moors, not unfrequently met with even now in that part of the country, and which at that season was all purple with the beautiful flower of the heath.

"Now," cried the earl, "we can speak freely. You are full of wonder and curiosity, I know, captain; but first tell me," he continued, looking behind towards Diggory Falgate, who was labouring after them about three hundred yards in the rear—"who have you got there?"

"Oh! a very honest fellow, my lord," replied Barecolt; "who must needs go join the king, and be a soldier."

"Put him into the infantry then," said the earl. "But are you sure of him?"

"Quite," replied Barecolt; "he aided me last night to get speech with you in the block-house; and would not have cared if it had put his neck in a noose."

"Enough—enough," said the earl; "it had well nigh been an unlucky business for all; but that matters not. The man showed his devotion, and therefore we may trust him; and now, fair lady, so long and so anxiously sought, I can scarcely believe my eyes to find you here upon the coast of Yorkshire. But, doubtless, you do not know me; let me say that I am an old friend of Lord Walton."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Arrah Neil; "I remember you well. You were at Bishop's Merton that terrible night before the fire. You passed me as I sat by the well watching for Lord Walton's return, to tell him what they plotted against him; and you asked your way, and spoke kindly to me. Oh! I remember you well; but I wonder you remember me, for I am much changed."

"You are, indeed," replied the earl, "not only in dress but in speech. I could hardly at that time wring a word from you, though I was anxious to know if I could give you aid or help."

"I was at that time in deep grief," replied Arrah Neil, "and that with me is always silent; but besides, I had one of my cloudy fits upon me—those cloudy fits that are now gone for ever."

"Indeed!" said the earl; "what has happened to dissipate them?"

"Memory," replied Arrah Neil. "At that time all the past was covered with darkness, previous to the period at which I arrived at Bishop's Merton; but still, in the darkness it seemed as if I saw figures moving about, different from those that surrounded me, and as if I heard tongues speaking that never now sounded on my ear. And so longingly, so earnestly, used I to look upon that cloud over the past; so completely used it to withdraw my thoughts from the present; so anxiously used I to try to see those figures, and to hear those voices more distinctly, that I do not wonder people thought me mad. I thought myself so at times."

"But still," rejoined Lord Beverly, "how has all this been removed?"

"Because the cloud is gone," replied Arrah Neil, with a smile that made her fair face look angelic; "because to remember one scene, one house, one person, connected with the past, woke up memory as if she had been sleeping; and daily and hourly since she has been bringing up before me the pictures of other days, till all is growing clear and bright."

"I can understand all that," said the earl with interest; "but I would fain hear how it happened, that memory had for so long failed you at a particular point."

"It is strange indeed," said Arrah Neil, thoughtfully; "but I suppose it sometimes happens so, after such a terrible fever as that which I had at Hull, and of which my poor mother died."

"That explains the whole," replied the earl; "such is by no means an uncommon occurrence. Was this many years ago?"

"Oh, yes," replied Arrah Neil; "when I was very young. I could not be more than eight or nine years old; for that good kind woman, the landlady of the inn where we then lodged, told me the other day, that it was between nine and ten years ago. Those were sad times," she said.

"They were indeed," said the earl of Beverly, a deep shade coming over his brow; "as sad to you it seems as to me, for we both then lost those that were dearest to us."

He paused for a moment or two,

looking down upon his horse's crest with a stern and thoughtful expression of countenance; and then raising his head, he shook his rein with a quick and impatient gesture, saying—"It is not good to think of such things. Come, Barecolt, now to satisfy your curiosity as far as is reasonable. I see that you have scarcely been able to keep it within bounds; but first let me thank you for your efforts to set me free; and, understand me, I am not one to limit my gratitude to words."

"But your lordship said it had well nigh been an unlucky business for us all," exclaimed Captain Barecolt; "and to say truth, as soon as the door was open, I saw that I had got into the wrong box, as it is called. There was somebody behind the curtain I suspect; and I do not know," he continued, "whether it would be discreet to ask who it was."

"There need be no secret about it now," replied the earl. "It was no other than my worthy friend Sir John Hotham, the governor, who wished to hold some private communication with me. He feared when you tried to open the door, that it was some one come to spy upon his actions; and to tell the truth, I was very apprehensive lest your inopportune appearance should be the means not only of breaking off my conversation with him, but of getting you yourself hanged for a spy. I had no time for consideration, and therefore it was, that I told you to get out of Hull as fast as possible, and wait for me on the road. I had still less time to think of what account I should give of you to Sir John; but the truth, when it can be told, my good captain, is always the best; and as the governor had already promised to set me at liberty speedily, I thought fit to tell him that you were an attached dependent of mine, who had foolishly thought fit to risk your own life to set me free. I told him, moreover, that I had directed you to get out of the town as soon as you could, and wait for me on the road, trusting to his promise for speedy liberation. He pronounced the plan a good one; and made arrangements for sending Colonel Warren with me to insure my passing safe, if I should meet this party of horse with whom I just now found you embroiled."

"This Colonel Warren must be quick at taking a hint," replied Barecolt; "for he certainly entered into your lordship's schemes in my poor favour with great skill and decision."

"He is a very good man, and well affected," replied the earl; "the only one indeed in Hull on whom Sir John Hotham can rely. He was prepared, however; for just before we set out this morning, as he told me afterwards, first a rumour, and then a regular report from the gates, reached the governor, to the effect that you had run away from the town. Sir John replied coldly to the officer who brought him the intelligence, that you had not run away, but had been sent by him on business of importance; and that for the future, when on guard at the gates, he had better mind his own business, which was to prevent the enemy from coming in, and not to meddle with those who went out. He then explained to Warren, that we should find you on our way; and in half an hour after we came up the river in a boat, mounted the horses which had been sent to meet us a couple of miles from the town, and fell in with the party of horse, as you know."

"Truth is best, as you say," replied Barecolt; "but yet I do honour a man who can tell a sturdy lie, with a calm and honest countenance, when need compels him; and in this respect the worthy Colonel Warren certainly deserves high renown, for he vouched for my being Captain Jersval, with as sincere and as innocent a face as a lamb's head at Easter."

"I fear he does not merit your praise," replied the earl; "and I do not think he would exactly covet it; but at all events he did not know you to be any other than Captain Jersval; for my conversation about you with Sir John Hotham was but short, and it did not occur to me to mention your real name."

"Lucky discretion," cried Barecolt; "but, in good sooth, my lord, we must wait a little for my good friend, Dig-gory Falgate, whose bones are already aching from his first acquaintance with a horse's back, and who cannot keep up with us at the pace we go."

"What hour is it?" said the earl. "We have not yet made much way,



and I would fain be at Market Wighton, or at Poklington, before night. We have taken a great round to avoid some dangers on the Beverly road, otherwise the distance to York is not more than forty miles."

Having ascertained that it was not yet more than two o'clock, the earl agreed to pause a little for the benefit of good Diggory Falgate, and about two miles farther on, stopped in a little village to feed the horses, in order to enable them to make as long a journey as possible before night.

The aspect of the landlord and landlady of the house, at which they now paused, was very different from that of their late host. The latter was a buxom dame of forty-five, with traces of beauty past away, a coquettish air, a neat foot and instep, and a bodice, laced with what the puritans would have considered very indecent red ribands. Her husband was a jovial man, some ten years older than herself, with a face as round and rosy as the setting sun—a paunch beginning to become somewhat unwieldy, but with a stout pair of legs underneath it, which bore it up manfully. He wore his hat on one side as he came out to greet his new guests, and a cock's feather therein, as if peculiarly to mark his abhorrence of puritanical simplicity.

The first appearance of Lord Beverly and his party, the plainness of their dress, and the soberness of their air, did not seem much to conciliate his regard; but the nose of Captain Barecolt had something pleasant and propitious in his eyes; and the light ease with which the earl of Beverly sprang to the ground, and lifted Arrah Neil from the saddle, also found favour in his sight: for the worthy landlord had a very low estimation of all the qualities of all the parliamentary party, and could not make up his mind to believe that any one belonging to it, could sit a horse, wield a sword, or fire a shot, with the same grace and dexterity as a cavalier.

Just as the earl was leading in Arrah Neil, however, and Barecolt was following, Diggory Falgate, to use a nautical term, hove in sight, and the landlord, who was giving orders to his ostler for the care of the horses, rubbed his eyes and gazed, and then rubbed his eyes again, exclaiming—

"By all the holy martyrs, I do believe that it is that jovial blade Falgate, who painted my sign, and kept us in a roar all the time it was doing."

"Ay, sir, that's just Diggory," answered the ostler, "though I wonder to see him a horseback; for if you remember he once got upon our mare, and she shot him over her head in a minute."

"Ah, jolly Falgate!" cried the landlord, advancing towards him; "how goes it with you?"

"Hardly, hardly! good master Stubbs," answered the painter. "This accursed beast has beat me like a stock-fish, and I am sure that my knees, with holding on, are at this moment all black and blue, and green and yellow, like an unscraped pullet."

"Faith, I am sorry to hear it," replied the landlord; "but you will come to it—you will come to it, Master Falgate. All things are beaten into us by an application on the same part, from our first schooling to our last. But tell me, do you know who these people are who have just come?"

"Tell you! To be sure," cried Diggory Falgate, "I am of their party. One is a great lord."

"What! the long man with the nose," cried the worthy host, "'Tis a lordly nose, that I'll vouch for."

"No, no! not he," replied the painter; "he is a great fire-eating captain, the devil of a fighting soldier, who swallows you up a whole squadron in a minute, and eats up a battalion of infantry, pikes and all, like a boy devouring a salt herring, and never caring for the bones. No, no! 'tis the other is the lord."

"He's mighty plainly dressed for a lord," replied the host; "why, my jerkin's worth his and a shilling to boot."

"Ay, because we have just made our escape from Hull," replied the painter, "and we are all in disguise; but I can tell you, nevertheless, that he is a great lord, and very much trusted by the king."

"Then, I'm the man for him," said the landlord, and hurrying in, hat in hand, he addressed the earl of Beverly, saying, "What's your lordship's pleasure? What can I get for you, my lord? Has your lordship any news from Nottingham or York? I am upon thorns till I hear from Notting-



ham ; for I've got two sons—fine boys as ever you set your eyes upon—gone to join the king there, just a week ago, last Monday, and my two best horses with them."

"In whose regiment are they?" asked the earl.

"Oh! in the noble earl of Beverly's," replied the host; "he's our lord and master here, and as soon as one of his people came down to raise men, my boys vowed they'd go."

"They shall be taken care of," said the earl; laying his hand upon the landlord's shoulder, with a meaning smile, which let worthy Master Stubbs into the secret of his name in a moment; "and now, my good friend," he continued, "forget his lordship with me, and if you want really to serve me, send somebody to the top of the hill to bring me word if they see any parties moving about in the country. I have heard of such things, and would be upon my guard."

The landlord winked one small black eye, till it was swallowed up in the rosy fat that surrounded it. Then, shutting the door of the room, he approached the earl, saying in a mysterious tone, "You are quite right, you are quite right, my lord. There are such things in the country. One troop passed through the village this morning, and there is another handful of them left over at the hamlet, beyond the edge, as we call the hill. There are not above a score of them, and if they were to come into the village, we would soon show them the way out, for we have surly fellows amongst us, and do not love round-heads here. I will send over to watch them, sure enough; but if your lordship would like to make a sweep of them, we could mount half a dozen men in the village, who would break some heads with right good will, and in two or three hours we could have help over from the Lady Margaret Langley's, for one of her people was here yesterday, and told me that they expected a party of cavaliers there either that day or to-day."

Lord Beverly paused and meditated for a moment; but he then replied, "No, my good friend, no! The business I am on is too important to run any risks before it is accomplished; and in the next place, it would not be right to bring down the vengeance of these

people upon good Lady Margaret. It is about nine miles to her house, I think, too, so that would cause delay. Send some one to watch the gentry from the hill. Have the horses fed with all despatch, and give us a flaggon of wine; for we have two thirsty men in our company."

"You shall have of the best in the land, my lord," replied the jolly host. "Only to think of my not knowing you!"

The wine was soon brought; and Barecolt, who had been delivering himself of a few marvels in the kitchen, followed it quickly, and shared in the draught. The horses, accustomed to hard work, were not without appetite for their provender, so that their meal was speedily despatched. But when the earl and his companions once more issued forth to pursue their way, he was surprised to find four stout men mounted and armed by the care of the good landlord, to escort him on his journey. He might perhaps have preferred a less numerous party, in the hope of passing unobserved; but while he was discussing the matter with the host, a boy, who had been sent up to watch, ran back into the village, bringing the news, that the men were moving from Little Clive, along the high-road towards the top of the hill.

"Well, then, I will take the road to the right, towards Beverly," said the earl. "Mount! mount! and let us away with all speed. Amongst the trees they will hardly see us, if we can get a mile on the way. Come, Master Falgate, we must have no lagging behind, or, by heaven, you will fall into their hands."

"I would rather be bumped to death," replied Folgate, clambering up into his saddle, "and that wine has healed some of my bruises."

"We'll make a good fight of it, if they do catch us," said one of the mounted men. "There is not above a score of them."

"Come on, then, come on quick," cried the earl, and setting spurs to his horse, he rode out of the village with fair Arrah Neil placed between himself and Barecolt, and Falgate with their escort bringing up the rear.

They had reached the wooded lane which led along under the slope towards Beverly, before the party of horse which had been seen by the boy

appeared upon the top of the hill ; but a break of some two or three hundred yards in length in the hedge-row occurred at the distance of about a mile, and by the movements that the earl remarked amongst the troopers, whom he now saw distinctly, he judged that his little party was also remarked.

"Spur on, my lord," cried Barecolt, who had also turned round to look.

"They are coming after us ; but we have got a fair start. Spur on, Falgate, or you will be caught," and putting their horses to their utmost speed, they rode along the lane, while the faint blast of a trumpet was borne by the wind from above, and the small body of cavalry was seen to take its way over the open fields, as if to out them off.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

LEAVING the fugitives in that period of their flight with which the last chapter closes, I must, with the benevolent reader's good leave, return to personages whom I have left somewhat too long, and for whom I own a deep interest.

Annie Walton, sweet Annie Walton, stood, as the reader may recollect, conversing with her worthy aunt, Lady Margaret Langley, and had just announced that amongst the voices she heard below was one, the tones of which recalled a person who ought to have been over the sea long before. Now it may be supposed, and, considering all things, not unnaturally, that she alluded thus vaguely to the Earl of Beverly. Such, however, was not the case ; for the voice of Lord Beverly was rich and musical, while the sounds she heard were far from particularly harmonious, and an oath or two pronounced in a somewhat loud tone, and intermixed with laughter, were certainly not of the vocabulary which he was most accustomed to employ.

At the same time, the stag hound who followed them along the passages, pricked up his ears with a sharp growl, and took two or three quick steps in advance, as if to spring forward on the first occasion. Lady Margaret chid him back, however. "Who is it, child?" she asked. "Who do you fancy it is? I expect no one."

"I think the voice is that of a certain Captain Barecolt," replied Miss Walton ; "not a very pleasing personage, dear aunt, but one who once did us very good service—a brave man and a good soldier, my brother says, but sadly given to gasconade."

"If he be a brave man, and a good soldier, a loyal subject, and have done you and Charles good service, he shall be right welcome, Annie," replied the

old lady, "and he may gasconade to the moon if he please. Down, sir, down!—Will you show your white teeth when I forbid you? But what can they be about, Annie?—never did I hear such a bustle. Hark! there is Charles's voice as loud as the other. Come quick, let us see."

"Quick, out with the horses!" cried the voice of Lord Walton below. "See them out like lightning. Lie there, Francis, for a moment. Call my aunt—call my sister. By heaven, they shall rue it! Which way did they seem to take?"

"They halted before the house," said a faint voice, which made Miss Walton's cheek turn pale ; "flushed with their success, they may dare to attack it.—Captain, I owe you my life."

"Nothing, nothing, my lord," rejoined the voice of Barecolt. "But we must be quick, Lord Walton, or their courage may fail, and they may run away, taking her with them.—Can I get any better arms, for we had nothing but our swords—'twas that which ruined us."

"There are plenty in the hall," exclaimed Lady Margaret Langley, who was now entering the room in which she had left her nephew. At the same moment, one of Lord Walton's servants appeared at the other door, saying—

"The horses are ready, my lord. The people seem going up the lane."

The scene the room presented was very different from that which it had displayed when Annie Walton and Lady Margaret left it. Lying on some cushions, which had been cast down upon the ground, was the graceful form of the Earl of Beverly, evidently wounded, and somewhat faint. By his side stood Lord Walton, holding a light in his

hand, and gazing down upon his friend's countenance, while two stout countrymen, one with a drawn sword in his hand, appeared a little behind, and the tall figure of Captain Barecolt was seen through the open door in the vestibule beyond, reaching down some arms from the wall.

"Dear Annie, dear aunt, look to the earl," cried Charles Walton. "He is shot through the leg—I cannot stop to tell you more—I must pursue them—Ha! see he is bleeding terribly—'tis that which makes him faint."

"Go, Charles, go!" exclaimed the earl. "I shall do well enough. The wound is nothing; 'tis but the loss of blood. Quick, quick, away! or you will not catch them."

Lord Walton gave one more look to his friend, and a sign to his sister to attend to the earl immediately, and then quitted the room. The sound of prancing hoofs and jingling arms was then heard without, and then the creaking of the drawbridge as it was lowered, and then the fierce galloping of horse along the lane. Lady Margaret and Miss Walton knelt by the wounded man's side, and asked him regarding his wound; but the voice of Annie was faint and low, and her hand trembled, so that she could hardly hold the light while her aunt endeavoured to staunch the blood. More effectual assistance, however, was rendered by the servant, William, who ran in the moment he had secured the bridge, and with his aid the wound was soon discovered pouring forth a torrent of blood from some large vessel cut by the ball, which had passed quite through the leg a few inches below the knee. Lady Margaret, however, had some skill in leech-craft, and William was by no means an inexperienced assistant. Bandages were speedily procured, and with little trouble and no loss of time, the wound was bound up, and the bleeding stopped.

But few words were spoken while this took place, for good Lady Margaret feeling herself in a position of authority, imposed silence upon all around her. She was too much occupied also herself in her surgical operations, to remark the pale countenance and anxious eyes of her niece, or the smile of confidence and encouragement with which the earl strove to quiet her apprehensions.

Just as the old lady had done, however, through the doors of the vestibule and hall, which had been left open, was heard the sharp report of pistol shots and a confused murmur, as of distant tumult. Lady Margaret started and looked round, murmuring, "Ay, strife, strife. This is the world thereof."

Miss Walton pressed her hand upon her heart, but said nothing, and the earl giving a glance to the servant, William, exclaimed—

"For God's sake, run out and see. Have the drawbridge ready, too. If we could have got in at once, the worst part of the mischief would have been spared."

"I must go, indeed, I must," said Annie Walton. "Oh, poor Charles, heaven protect him!" And running out of the room, she crossed the stone court, and bending over the low wall at the further angle, she gazed down the road in the direction from which the sounds had appeared to come. Night had now set in, but yet the darkness was not very profound, and Miss Walton fancied that she beheld several moving figures, at some distance up the long straight avenue. The next moment there was a flash, followed by a sharp report, then another, and another; and, on each occasion, the sudden light showed her for an instant a number of men and horses, all grouped together in wild and confused strife. The instant after, a horseman came down the road at headlong speed, and Annie Walton exclaimed—

"Oh! the drawbridge, William, let down the drawbridge."

"Wait a minute, my lady," replied the servant; "it is not every man that gallops who is coming here."

He calculated more accurately in his coolness than the lady had done in her apprehensions, for the fugitive passed by without drawing a rein, and William turned round to give her comfort, saying:—

"That's a sign my young lord has won the day—or rather the night I should call it. Hark! there are some more coming. It is he this time, for their pace is quieter."

Annie Walton approached nearer to the bridge, murmuring a prayer to God for her brother's safety, and straining her eyes upon the advancing body of horsemen, who came on at an easy trot down the road. At their

head was a figure which she felt sure was that of her brother, but yet she could not be satisfied till she exclaimed—

“Charles, is that you? Are you safe?”

“Yes, yes; all safe,” replied the voice of Lord Walton: “some of us a little hurt, but not seriously, I hope. We have made them pay dearly for their daring.—Run in, Annie, run in, and I will join you in a minute.”

While William and old Dixon unhooked the chains of the drawbridge from the posts and let it slowly down, Miss Walton returned to the room where she had left her aunt and the Earl of Beverly, exclaiming with a heart relieved—

“He is safe—he is safe!”

Lord Beverly took her hand as she approached his side, gazing earnestly in her face and saying—

“Thank God!”

Annie Walton felt his look and his words almost as a reproach for having forgotten him in her anxiety for her brother; though in truth such was far from the earl’s meaning, his only thought at that moment being, what might have been the fate of that sweet girl, had she lost both her brother and her lover in one night.

“And how are you, Francis?” said Annie Walton, wishing with all the frankness of her heart to make up for her absence by giving him the name she knew he would love the best upon her lips. “Forgive me for leaving you, but oh! I was terrified for Charles.”

Before the earl could reply, there was the sound of many persons’ feet in the hall and the vestibule, and the voice of Lord Walton was heard giving various orders, and making inquiries concerning the wounds which his followers might have received. It seemed that they were but slight, or at all events that the men made light of them, for they all protested that there was no harm done, and the only one who seemed to complain was the gallant Captain Barecolt, who replied to the young nobleman’s inquiries—

“It is the most unfortunate thing in the world, my lord. I had rather the fellow had run me through the body.”

“But it is not serious, surely, captain,” said Lord Walton. “Let me see.”

“Serious! my lord; it is ruin,” replied Captain Barecolt. “It is right across my nose. I am marked for life, so that I shall never be able to conceal myself, or pass for Captain Jersval any more.”

Lord Walton laughed, replying—

“You will do so better than ever, captain, for you are so well known without the mark, that no one will know you with it.”

“That is true, too,” replied Captain Barecolt; and the next moment Lord Walton, advancing through the vestibule, pushed open the door which his sister had left ajar, and entered Lady Margaret’s sitting-room.

He was not alone, however, for by the hand he led poor Arrah Neil, somewhat pale, and with her hair dishevelled, but perhaps only looking the more exquisitely beautiful, as the large chesnut curls fell wildly round her fair brow, and over her soft rounded cheek.

With a cry of joy and surprise, Annie Walton sprang forward and took the poor girl in her arms, exclaiming—

“Ah! dear Arrah, this is a glad sight, indeed!”

But the effect of this sudden apparition upon Lady Margaret Langley was even greater than upon her niece. She gazed upon Arrah Neil with a look expressive of more than wonder; and then hurrying forward, she took her by the hand, fixing her eyes upon her countenance, and asking in a tremulous voice—

“Who is this?”

“It is Arrah Neil, a much-valued friend of ours,” replied Annie Walton, unwilling to enter into any explanation of the poor girl’s history and circumstances in her presence.

“Arrah Neil,” repeated Lady Margaret, in a thoughtful, and even melancholy tone, and then waving her head sadly to and fro, she let go Arrah’s hand, retreated to the other side of the room, and casting herself into her usual chair, fell into a deep fit of thought. At the same time Lord Walton led Arrah to a seat, and bending down, spoke a few words to her in a low voice, to tranquillize her, and make her feel at ease. But while he was still speaking, the large stag-hound rose up from the side of Lady Margaret’s chair, walked slowly across

the room, and laid his huge muzzle on Arrah's knee. She showed no fear, and indeed took little heed, only gently patting the dog's head as he fixed his keen bright eyes on her face. The next moment, however, he raised himself a little and licked her hand, and Lady Margaret Langley, moved by emotions which she explained to no one, pressed her handkerchief upon her eyes and burst into tears.

Neither Lord Walton nor his sister judged it right to take any notice of the good old lady's agitation, but while Miss Walton stood beside poor Arrah Neil and conversed with her quietly, making her own remarks meanwhile upon the great change which had taken place in her manners and appearance, the young nobleman crossed the room to the side of his wounded friend, and inquired how he felt himself.

"Oh! better, better," replied the earl. "It was but loss of blood, Charles: the shot that passed through my leg, and killed my charger, must have cut some large blood-vessel, and I, not knowing it, went on fighting on foot by the side of that poor young lady whose horse" —

"I know, I know," said Lord Walton. "It fell with her. She told me: but what happened then?"

"Why, after a time," replied the earl, "a sort of giddiness came over me, and I fell. The scoundrel, Batten, had just got his sword to my throat, when that gallant fellow, Barecolt, after having despatched another, sprung to the ground beside me, and threw the roundhead back. Two of them were then upon him at once, but, on my honour, we have done him injustice in thinking all his strange stories mere rodomontade, for hand to hand with them he kept up the fight, giving them blow for blow on either side, with a skill in the use of his arms such as I have seldom seen, till at length I got upon my feet again, and though staggering like a drunken man, contrived to call one of them off, while he put an end to Batten, sending his sword through and through him, cuirass and all. We then got the lady on horseback, for the other man turned for a moment and ran, and catching Batten's horse I mounted, and we began our retreat hither. The fellows who had been driven off, how-

ever, rallied, and charged us just as we got to the gates, for the bridge was up, and we could not pass; but Barecolt plunged through the stream, clambered over the wall, and unhooked the chains. We were all by this time in confusion and disarray; I so faint that I could scarcely strike a blow, and the rest scattered about, fighting as they could. We made a stand, however, at the bridge till I thought all had entered, and then raised it. When in the court, however, I found that the poor girl was left behind. That discovery, and the loss of blood together, I believe, made me fall as I was dismounting, and they carried me in hither, where I have lain, as you know, ever since. But, hark you! Charles, ask your good aunt if she have not some cordial, as these good ladies sometimes have, which will bring back my strength speedily, for, on my life, I must go forward to-morrow morning early."

"Impossible, Francis," replied Lord Walton; "quite impossible. At the best you cannot travel for a week or more."

"Good faith—but I must," replied the earl. "I have tidings for the king of the utmost importance."

"Then you must trust them to me to carry," replied Lord Walton; "for the journey to York would cost you your life. If it be absolutely necessary for you to see the king yourself, I will send a litter for you and an escort from York; but if the tidings be immediate, you had better trust them to me."

"It is but weakness—it is but weakness," said the earl. "To-morrow I shall be better. Ask your aunt, Charles, if she have not some of those strength-giving balms that poets and doctors talk of. But what has affected her thus? She has been weeping."

"Indeed I know not," answered Lord Walton. "I will go and speak to her;" and moving quietly across the room, he seated himself by the side of Lady Margaret, who by this time had taken the handkerchief from her eyes, and was gazing sadly and steadfastly upon the floor.

"What is the matter, my dear aunt?" he said, in a low tone—"What has affected you thus?"

"A dream, Charles," replied the



old lady ; " a dream of the past. But it is gone. I will give way to such visions no more." And rising from her chair, she advanced directly towards Arrah Neil, and again taking her hand, she kissed her tenderly, saying—" You are so like one that is gone, and who was very dear, that I was overcome, sweet child. But I shall love you well, and you must love me too."

" Oh ! that I will," replied Arrah Neil ; " I always love those that are good to me ; and because they have been few I love them the better."

" Right ! right !" exclaimed Lady Margaret. " Love few, and love well ! But now to other things. Charles, this noble friend of yours must be carried to bed, there to lie, till we are sure the wound will not burst forth again."

" Why, my dear aunt," replied Lord Walton, " his rash lordship tells me he would fain go on to York to-morrow."

" Madness !" answered Lady Margaret ; " but all his family were mad before him," she added, in a lower voice. " His father thought to win honour and gratitude by doing good : his mother died of grief. Madness, you see, on both parts ! He has told me who he is, so I wonder not at any insanity. Now I will answer for it, he thinks it a duty to go on ; but I will tell him it cannot be. My lord the earl, you are a prisoner here till further orders. It is vain to think to move me. For your dear mother's memory's sake, I will be your gaoler, let the business that calls you hence be what it will. So now to bed, my lord ; you shall have that which will restore your strength as quickly as may safely be ; but we must have no fever, if we can help it ; and I will tell you plainly, that were you to attempt to reach York to-morrow, you would go no farther. I will have the people in to carry you to the room prepared for Charles—it is close at hand. He must shift with another."

" Nay—nay," said the earl, " I can walk quite well, dear lady. I am better now ; I am stronger. Charles will lend me his arm."

" Take care then," cried Lady Margaret, " and do not bend your knee, or we shall have it gushing forth again. Here, tall man, whoever you

are," she continued, turning to Captain Barcott, who entered the room at the moment, " put your hand under the earl's arm, while my nephew aids him on the other side. There—that will do ; now gently. I will go before. Call some of the people, Annie."

Thus aided and escorted, the earl of Beverly moved easily to the room which had been prepared for Lord Walton on the same floor, while Miss Walton followed anxiously, and paused for a moment while her aunt examined the bandages round his knee. Her lover marked the look of painful expectation with which she gazed ; and perhaps no balm in all Lady Margaret's stores could have tended so much to restore health and strength, as the deep interest that shone in her eyes.

" Do not be alarmed," he said, holding out his hand to her ; " this is a mere nothing ; and they are all making more of it than it deserves. Go and comfort your fair companion, for she needs it much : but I shall see you to-morrow—shall I not, Annie ?"

The last word was uttered in a low tone, as if he almost feared to speak it ; but there are moments when a woman's heart grows bold, and they are especially when it is necessary to cheer and to console.

" Oh ! certainly, Francis," replied Miss Walton. " I will see you beyond doubt ; my aunt and I will be your nurses. For the present then—farewell. I will go and comfort poor Arrah, as you say."

When Annie Walton returned to the room where she had left Arrah Neil, she found her still seated ; but with the great stag-hound, now with one paw upon her knee, looking up in her face as if he would fain have held some conversation with her, had he but possessed the gift of speech. Arrah, too, was bending down and talking to him ; smoothing his rough head with her hand, and seeming as much delighted with his notice as he appeared to be with her. As soon as Miss Walton entered, however, she turned from her shaggy companion to her friend ; and advancing towards her, threw herself into her arms. For a moment she remained silent, with her eyes hid on the lady's shoulder, and when she raised them they were wet with bright drops ; but Annie Walton



remarked, though without one spark of pride, that there was a great difference in the manner of Arrah Neil towards her. There was a something gone—something more than the mere look of deep absent thought, which used so frequently to shade her countenance. There had been a reserve—a timidity in answering or addressing her, more than mere humility, which was no longer there. Often had she striven to re-assure the poor girl, and to teach her to look upon the family at Bishop's Merton rather as friends than mere protectors; but though Arrah Neil had ever been frank and true in her words, there seemed always a limit drawn in her manner which she never passed, except perhaps at times when she was peculiarly earnest towards the young lord himself. It had seemed as if she felt even painfully that she was a dependant, and resisted every thing that might make her forget it for a moment.

Now, however, that restraint was gone; she gazed upon Annie Walton with a look of deep love; she kissed her as she would have kissed a sister; she poured forth her joy at seeing her again in words full of feeling—ay, and of poetry; and the lady was glad that she did so. She would not have said one syllable to check such familiarity for the world, for the character and fate of Arrah Neil had been to her a matter of deep thought and deep interest. She felt indeed also, that after all that had passed—after the scenes they had shared in, and the anxieties and fears they had felt for each other, Arrah Neil could never be to her what she had formerly been—that there was something more in her bosom than pity and tenderness towards the poor girl; that there was affection, tenderness, companionship—not the mere companionship of hours and of dwelling places, but the companionship of thoughts and of interests, which is perhaps the strongest and most enduring of all human ties. There was more even than all this. The change in Arrah Neil went beyond manner only; the tone of her mind and of her language had undergone the same; it seemed elevated, brightened, enlarged. She had always been graceful, though wild and strange. There had been the flashes of a glowing fancy, breaking forth

though oppressed and checked, like the flickering bursts of flame that rise fitfully up from a half smothered fire; but now the mind shone out clear and unclouded, giving dignity and ease to every expression and every act, however plain the words or ordinary the movements; and Annie Walton felt that from that hour poor Arrah Neil must be to her as a friend.

"Come, dear Arrah," she said, "sit down beside me, and let us talk calmly. You are now amongst friends again—friends from whom you must never part more; and yet we will not speak now over any thing that can agitate you. Lord Beverly tells me you have had much to suffer; and, I am sure, all the scenes you have gone through this day, and the fatigues you have endured, must have well nigh worn you out and overpowered you."

"I am weary," she replied, wiping away some drops that still trembled on her eyelids; "but I have not suffered as you would do, were you to pass through the same. It is my fate to encounter terrible things; to pass through scenes of danger and difficulty. Such has been my course from childhood; such, perhaps, may it be to the end of life. I am prepared and ready—nay more, accustomed to it; and when any new disaster falls upon me, I shall henceforth only look up to heaven, and say—Oh God! thy will be done. I am not a garden-plant, as you are, Annie. I am a shrub of the wilderness, and prepared to bear the wind and storm."

"Heaven forbid you should meet with many more, Arrah," answered Miss Walton; "there are turns in every one's fate, and, I trust, for you there are bright days coming."

"Still with an even mind will I try to bear them, be they fair or foul," said Arrah Neil, "more calmly now than before; for much has happened to me that I will tell you soon; and I have found that those things which gave me most anguish have brought me happiness that I never dreamt of finding, and that there is a smile for every tear, Annie—a reward for every endurance."

"You have learned the best philosophy since we parted, dear girl," replied Miss Walton, "and, in truth, you are much changed."

"No, no!" cried Arrah Neileagerly, "I am not changed; I am the same ever—just the same. Have you not seen a little brown bud upon a tree in the spring time, looking as if there were nothing in its heart but dry leaves, and then the sun shine upon it for an hour, and out it bursts all green and fresh? But still it is the same bud you looked at in the morning. As for my philosophy, if such be the name you give it, I have learned that in the course of this day. As I rode along, now hither, now thither, in our flight from Hull, I thought of all that has passed within the last two or three months—I thought of how I had grieved, and how I had wept, when they dragged me away from you and your kind brother—and at the same time, I remembered what all that pain had purchased for me, and I asked myself, if it might not be always so here, even on the earth?—Ay, and more, Annie—if the grief and anguish of this world might not have its compensation hereafter. So, when I found myself surrounded by the troopers without, and saw that good lord borne in here wounded, and the bridge raised behind him, I said, now is the trial, Oh God, thy will be done."

Annie Walton gazed upon her with surprise, increasing every moment—

but she would not suffer the effect produced upon her mind to be seen, lest she should alarm and check the fair being beside her—fearing, too, that at any moment one of those fits of deep sad abstraction of mind should come upon her, which she could not believe to have wholly passed away.

She merely replied then: "You say, dear Arrah, that the pain you felt in parting with us, has purchased you some great happiness—may I ask you what it is—from no idle curiosity, believe me—but merely because, as I have often shared and felt for your sorrows, Arrah, I would fain share and sympathise with your joy."

"I will tell you—I will tell you all," replied Arrah Neil, laying her hand upon Miss Walton's; "I must tell you, indeed, very soon—for I could not keep it in my own bosom, lest my heart should break with it. But I would fain tell him first—I mean your brother, who has been so kind and noble, so good and generous towards a poor girl like me, whom he knew not."

But, before she could conclude the sentence, Captain Barecolt returned from the chamber of the Earl of Beverly, and a conversation interesting to both was brought for the time to an abrupt conclusion.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE beauty of the illustrious Captain Barecolt was rather heightened in its kind than diminished, by a large stripe of black plaster, which he had drawn across the bridge of his egregious nose; for he was one of those provident men who never go without a certain store of needful articles in their pockets, and his professional habits had taught him exactly what sort of small commodities was most frequently required. Thus, there were few occasions on which that personage would have been found unprovided with a piece of strong cord, a sharp pocket-knife, a lump of wax, a cork-screw, a hand's-breadth of good sticking-plaster, and a crown-piece. I do not say more than one—for but too frequently the piece of silver was a mere unity—and indeed, he seemed to have a pleasure in reducing it to solitude; for no sooner had it any companions,

than he took the most expeditious means of removing them. At the last crown, however, he always paused—and it seldom happened, what between good luck and occasional strong powers of abstinence, that sheer necessity compelled him to spend that piece before he had recruited his stock.

He now advanced towards Arrah Neil and Miss Walton with all the consciousness of great exploits about him; and after a long inquiry regarding their health, began a recapitulation of all his deeds that day, notwithstanding the presence of an eye-witness, by which it would have appeared that he had killed at least seven of the enemy with his own hand; regretting indeed, in a deprecatory tone, that he had not killed more, but attributing this shortcoming, in comparison with his usual achievements, to the care he had been obliged to take of the earl after he was

wounded. Otherwise, he hinted he might have destroyed the whole force. He was still in full career, when Lord Walton and Lady Margaret reappeared—and whether it was to be attributed to the fact of his having delivered himself of a sufficient quantity of long pent up hyperbole, or whether it was that he knew that the young lord was not likely to give entire credit to his military statements, certain it is that his tone became moderated as soon as that gentleman appeared.

Captain Barecolt, however, was obliged to answer several questions—for, while the lady of the house went to give orders for the accommodation of the numerous unexpected visitors by whom her house was thronged, Lord Walton proceeded to inquire how all the events of the day had come about; and especially, how it had happened that a party of five or six persons, quietly crossing the country, were charged by a body of the parliamentary horse.

“This is worse than civil war,” he exclaimed, “and if such a state of things is to be established, we shall have nothing but anarchy from one end of the country to the other. Had you been an armed party, bearing the royal colours, with drum or trumpet, it might have been excusable, considering these lamentable dissensions—but to attack you thus, without cause, and without warrant, was the act of a mere marauder. This Captain Batten, whom you have killed, I find, has met with too honourable a fate. He deserved to die by the hands of the hangman, and not by those of a gentleman.”

“Yes, my lord,” replied Barecolt, with an air of calm grandeur, “I put him to death amongst others, and we had no time to consider what sort of fate was meet for them. However, I must do the men justice, and say that I suspect they did not act without a motive, or perhaps without many. In the first place, I believe that I was the unhappy object of their enmity. I had been recognized at the first inn, where we stopped, by the cornet of this Captain Batten’s troop—and though we were speedily joined by the noble earl and a certain Colonel Warren, the latter of whom vowed manfully that I was not the Captain Barecolt, of whose little exploits they had heard so much; but one Captain

Jersval, an officer employed by Sir John Hotham on the fortifications of Hull—I never heard a man lie so neatly in my life, and he deserves great credit for the same—although, I say, this Colonel Warren delivered me from the first danger, and carried Cornet Stumpborough back with him to Hull, yet I saw clearly that the worthy roundhead was not convinced, and afterwards, as we were riding along, I caught a glimpse of a man very like a trumpeter, going at full speed on our left.”

“But what would that imply?” demanded Lord Walton.

“Simply that Cornet Stumpborough had sent off a messenger to tell his commander, Captain Batten, who knew me well, from having seen me with your lordship on the march from Bishop’s Merton, that he would catch me on the road if he looked out sharply. In this opinion I am confirmed, from having heard in the kitchen of an inn, where we stopped to feed the horses, that this same trumpeter had been seen half-an-hour before, galloping round on the outside of the village, and taking his way in the direction of Captain Batten’s party. This might be one plea for attacking us; and another might be, that we were certainly riding as fast as we could go. Now every beast, my lord, has an inclination to run after another beast which it sees run away. Then again, when they had nearly come up with us, they commanded us to halt, an order which we disobeyed to the best of our ability. The natural consequence was, they charged us immediately, and brought us fighting along the road for half a mile. Nevertheless, I am very much afraid that your lordship’s humble servant was the great object of the attack.”

“However that might be,” replied Lord Walton, “my friend, the Earl of Beverly, has informed me of the gallant service you rendered on this occasion—and you may depend upon it, Captain Barecolt, that his majesty shall have a full report thereof.”

“A trifle, my lord, a mere trifle,” replied the worthy captain, with an indifferent air; “these are things that happen every day, and are hardly worthy of notice. If I have an opportunity afforded to me, indeed, of performing the same deeds that I achieved

at Rochelle, and in the Cevennes, then there will be something to talk of. The only thing, at present, for which I shall claim any credit"—he continued, turning towards Arrah Neil—"is for the skill and dexterity which I displayed in setting free this young lady, and enabling her to acquire certain information regarding her birth, parentage, and education, as the broad sheet has it, which may be of vast importance to her."

"Indeed, sir, you have been most kind, zealous, and resolute in my behalf," replied Arrah Neil; "and though perhaps I may never have the means of showing you how grateful I am except in words, yet I shall be ever grateful, and there is one who rewards good deeds, even when those for whom they are done have no power to offer a recompense."

"Whatever he has done for you, my poor Arrah," said Lord Walton, "shall not go without reward if I can give it. But what is this captain Barecolt says about your birth and parentage? He rouses my curiosity."

"I will tell you all, my lord, when I can tell you alone," replied Arrah. "I mean all that I have heard; for I have no proof of the facts."

"But I have some proof," said Captain Barecolt, "for I have a copy of the paper I found amongst that old knave's goods—one Mr. Dry of Longsoaken, whom your lordship may remember. He did not carry off Mistress Arrah without a motive, and the paper shows clearly that she is not what she seems to be, that she is of high race, and if I judge right of large property."

Lord Walton paused and mused; but his sister threw her arm round Arrah Neil, exclaiming, "Oh, dear child, I do rejoice at this indeed."

"And so do I," said Arrah Neil with a sigh; "but as I was enjoined strictly not to mention any of the facts but to you, Annie, or to your brother—the person who told me said, on many accounts—I hope Captain Barecolt, who has been so kind in all this business, will not mention what he believes to be the truth, till he have his lordship's leave to do so."

Captain Barecolt laid his hand upon his heart and made her a low bow; but Lord Walton shook his head with a half reproachful smile saying, "When you were a poor unfriended girl, Arrah,

you used to call me Charles Walton, and now you are to become a great lady it seems, you give me no other name but my lord."

The blood spread warm over Arrah Neil's fair cheek and brow. "Oh, no, no," she cried "I know not why I did it; but I will call you so no more. You will be always Charles Walton to me, the noble, the good, and the true, who fondled me as a child, and protected me in my youth, did not despise me in my poverty, and cheered and consoled me in my distress."

Her face was all glowing, her eyes were full of tears when Lady Margaret returned; but for a moment or two Lord Walton did not speak. The look, the manner of Arrah Neil produced emotions in his bosom that he did not rightly understand, or rather roused into activity feelings that he did not know were there. On Lady Margaret Langley, too, the poor girl's appearance at that moment seemed to produce a strange effect. She stopped suddenly as she was crossing the room, gazed intently upon her; and then, as the stag-hound rose and walked slowly up to her, she stooped and patted his head, saying, "Ah, Basto, we might well be both mistaken. Come," she continued, turning to her nephew, "supper is ready in the hall; and in the good old fashion of other days, we will all take our meal together, and then to rest. For you, my sweet child, whose name I do not yet know——"

"They call me Arrah Neil," replied the girl to whom she addressed herself.

"Well then, Arrah, I have ordered a chamber for you near my own."

"Nay," said Annie Walton, "Arrah shall share mine, my dear aunt—it is not the first time she has done so."

"That is better, perhaps," answered Lady Margaret; "you will doubtless have much to speak of; but I must have my share of her, Annie; for when I look at those eyes, it seems as if twenty sad years were blotted out, and I were in bright days again. But come, the people are waiting us in the hall, with furious appetites, if I may judge from what I saw of them as I passed through."

Thus saying she led the way; and in a few moments they were all seated at a long table, the followers of Lord Walton and the men who had accom-

panied the Earl of Beverly, being ranged on either side below the more dignified part of the company.

It was altogether a somewhat curious and interesting scene as they supped in the old oak-lined hall with the light flashing upon twelve suits of armour placed between the panels, and showing, seated round, a body of men, scarcely one of whom was without some wound recently received. One had his hand bound up in a napkin, another his arm in a sling, a third had his coat thrown back from his shoulder, having received a pistol-shot in the fleshy part of the breast, another had a deep gash upon his cheek, not very neatly plastered up by the hands of some of Lady Margaret's servants, while Captain Barecolt appeared at the head of the file with his large black patch across his nose.

Not much conversation took place during the first part of the meal, for Lord Walton was grave and thoughtful; and every one at his end of the table, except, indeed, Captain Barecolt, was too much occupied with busy memories of the past or deep interest in the present to be very loquacious.

The persons at the lower part of the board were restrained by respect for those above them from talking in ought but whispers; and Captain Barecolt himself, with that provident disposition which may have been remarked in him, always thought it best to secure his full share of the good things of this life while they were going, and to keep his eloquence in reserve for a season of leisure.

The lady of the house with her two fair guests rose as soon as the actual meal was over, and quitted the hall; and all the inferior persons also retired, with the exception indeed of Captain Barecolt, if he can be included in that class. He, however, though Lord Walton had also risen, remained seated, eyeing a half-empty tankard which stood at his right hand, with an evident dislike to abandon its society while any thing remained within its shining sides. Knowing well the habits of this peculiar species of cavalier, Lord Walton pointed to the tankard, saying, "Go on, captain, you will soon finish it, and then I must see the earl and go to rest, for I depart early tomorrow. But in the meanwhile I would fain hear more particularly how you met with our

fair Mistress Arrah, and indeed how you and Lord Beverly happen to be here at all, for I cannot imagine that you can have fulfilled the mission with which you were charged."

"Faith, my lord," replied the worthy captain after a deep draught, "our mission was cut wondrous short, as your lordship shall hear," and he proceeded to give his noble companion a full account of all that had occurred, from Lord Beverly's departure from the court, till they found themselves prisoners at Hull.

Lord Walton listened, without making the slightest comment, to the tale with which the reader is already acquainted; but he could not refrain from a smile as Barecolt went on to detail all his proceedings with regard to Sir John Hotham; and as the narrator clearly saw he amused his listener, he dwelt perhaps longer than necessary upon all the particulars. At length, however, growing somewhat impatient for facts, the young nobleman again pointed to the tankard, saying, "drink, captain, and let me hear of your meeting with my sister's young friend. I see how you obtained your own freedom—what more?"

"Why, you see, my lord," replied Barecolt, "as I hinted to your lordship just before I left the good town of Nottingham, I had obtained a little information which showed me that Master Dry of Longsoaken had taken pretty Mistress Arrah to Hull, and I had laid a little scheme for setting her free, thinking that I should thereby please your lordship."

"Undoubtedly!" replied Lord Walton gravely, "nothing could give me greater pleasure, than to have this young lady freed from the hands of one who combines the characters of hypocrite, cheat, and ruffian in his own person."

"Well, my lord, such being the case," continued Barecolt, "and finding myself suddenly in Hull, I determined to seek even if I did not find; and as the man who was sent with me, partly as my guide, partly as a spy, was walking with me through the town to seek for an inn at which to lodge, I determined, if possible, to ascertain if Dry was in any of them, and to take up my quarters in the same. He recommended the Lion and the Rose, and half a dozen places; but I thought



to myself, 'Dry will not put up at a first-rate victualler's;' and I accordingly fixed upon one which I judged to be the sort of house at which he would stop. In I accordingly went, and while taking a glass of wine in the bar, who should appear, followed close by the watch, but the worshipful Mr. Dry of Longsoaken, beastly drunk. He was speedily carried to his bed, and from that moment I determined to remain at the Swan, and make use of my advantages. I found the landlady an excellent good woman, and speedily opened a communication with her upon the subject of the young lady. She was a little shy at first, indeed, but I soon brought matters round by telling her that I had been sent especially to Hull by your lordship to set Mrs. Arrah free."

"That was wrong," said Lord Walton somewhat sternly—"however, no matter, as it did no harm. What did you discover there?"

"Why I found out," continued Captain Barecolt, "that the very inn at which we were, was that where the poor young lady had been brought when first she came to England; that her mother was a very beautiful lady at that time, much like herself, but taller; that she died in that house of a terrible fever that was then raging; that Mistress Arrah herself had well nigh died of it; and that an old man, whom they called sergeant Neil, was then in attendance upon the two ladies, as a sort of servant, though he afterwards passed as her grandfather, they say."

"He did, he did," answered Lord Walton musing. "This is a strange story, Captain Barecolt, let me hear more."

"Why I suspect the young lady knows more than I do, my lord," replied Barecolt, "and the tankard is empty."

"There is more here," answered Lord Walton, pushing over another flaggon from the opposite side of the board, "what more did you hear?"

"Why I instantly went and saw Mistress Arrah herself," continued Barecolt, after having assuaged his thirst, "and found that old Dry had swept sergeant Neil's house of all his papers at his death, especially some that the old man had told the young lady where to find; and that he now dragged her

about with him, treating her sometimes well, sometimes ill, as he was in the humour, pretending to be her guardian, and asking for a Mister O'Donnel who lives in Hull. From all this, I divined that the old hypocrite had got better information out of the old sergeant's papers than we had, and that he intended to marry the young lady, or perhaps gain possession of her property."

"Marry her!" exclaimed Lord Walton with a scornful smile curling his lip.

"Well, my lord, I do not know," answered Barecolt; "but, as she is so very beautiful, even such a stockfish as that might think it by no means an unpleasant way of getting hold of her fortune, to make her his wife. But as I was saying, having taken this fancy, I determined to see what papers the old man had with him, and consequently I walked straight into his room, where he lay like a drunken sow, snoring in his bed; and I rummaged his bags till I found all the papers he had with him. I found only one that referred to this business, however, and it was but a string of questions to be asked of this Mister O'Donnel. However, they proved clearly that what the good landlady of the Swan had told was quite true, as your lordship shall see presently."

The worthy captain then went on to tell all that had taken place subsequently, mingling what portion of falsehood with his truth he might think proper, and taking especial care to make whatever advantage fell in his way by accident, appear to have been obtained by his own skill and calculation. Lord Walton was not deceived by his representations; nor can he be said to have been aware of his misrepresentations. He took in the general facts, casting away, as is usually the case with men of high mind, the minor circumstances. Thus he was aware that Captain Barecolt had greatly served one in whom he took a deep interest; but the small particulars of that personage's skill and judgment, in effecting the object, he cared very little about, and gave no attention to it whatever, hearing the details indeed, but without pausing upon them for consideration, and waiting for the principal results.

"We must find means," he said at length, "of having further information from this Master O'Donnel."



He is evidently aware of all the facts."

"Ay, and he has made the lady aware of them too, my lord," rejoined Barecolt, emptying the second tankard, "or at least some of them; for when I came up after having lingered behind at the gates for a short time, in order to give the enemies the change, I found him in close conference with her, and the last words he spoke were to bid her tell no one but yourself or your sister."

"So she said, I recollect," replied Lord Walton; "I will hear more from her, and perhaps, Captain Barecolt, if you be not otherwise engaged in the king's service, I may ask you to have the goodness to employ yourself farther in this affair."

"That I will do most gladly my lord," replied Barecolt, "I remember well, when the year thirty-five I was requested by——"

"Oh, I neither doubt your capacity nor your zeal, my good sir," answered the young nobleman, interrupting the anecdote, "and the reward shall be equal to the service performed. I will now, however, go and converse with my friend, Lord Beverly, for a short time; to-morrow I will talk over the matter with Mistress Arrah Neil; and, as I suppose you will think it fit to hasten over to give an account of what has taken place to his majesty, we can speak of what is farther to be done by the way. In the mean time, let me see the paper you mentioned, I should like to think over the contents during the night."

Barecolt put his hand in his pocket; but the moment after he gave a sudden start, and then looked round the table from place to place, as if he were trying to recollect who had sat in each particular seat. Then turning to Lord Walton with a look of horror and consternation he exclaimed—"Diggory Falgate! where is poor, jolly Diggory Falgate?"

"I do not know whom you speak of," replied Lord Walton; "what has he to do with this affair?"

"The paper is in his bundle," cried Barecolt with increasing dismay; "and we have left the poor devil outside in the hands of those rascally roundheads, whom he hates as a cat hates salt."

"But who is he?" demanded Lord

Walton; "this is the first time you have mentioned his name."

As Captain Barecolt was about to give a true and particular account of Diggory Falgate however, William, Lady Margaret's servant, entered the hall, and addressing the young nobleman, informed him that the Earl of Beverly would be glad to speak with him as soon as he had done supper.

"I will come to him directly," replied Charles Walton, taking a step or two towards the door; and then pausing, he turned again to Barecolt, saying, "as to this friend of yours, I think you had better take any of the people who may be still up, and seek for him with torches as far as the fight continued. The road must be clear by this time, for the adversary suffered much, and would not like the neighbourhood; but you had better have five or six men with you and fire-arms. A watch shall be kept in case you need help; and I shall not be in bed for an hour or two. The poor fellow may be lying wounded."

"Oh, I need little help in such cases, my lord," replied Barecolt; "but as we may have to carry him hither, if he be wounded, I will take some men with me, and go directly."

While our worthy captain proceeded to execute this resolution, Lord Walton walked on towards the chamber which had been assigned to his wounded friend; but as he passed near the room in which Lady Margaret usually sat, he turned thither for a moment to see whether his sister and fair Arrah Neil had yet retired to rest. He found his aunt alone, however; and in answer to his inquiries she replied: "I have sent them both to bed Charles. Poor things, they have had much fatigue of body, and more of mind. I never leave my book till the house clock strikes one, but that was no reason why I should keep them waking."

"Well, dear aunt Margaret, I am going to see Francis Beverly, and will return to you ere you retire to rest," said Charles Walton; and proceeding on his way, he found with some difficulty his friend's room, and went in.

"Charles," said the earl, who was lying, with a lamp on the table beside him, and several papers in his hand, which he seemed to have been reading attentively, "I feel that I cannot

ride to-morrow, and the time it would take to send a litter hither from York is too valuable to be lost. You must take the first tidings to the king, and I will follow as soon as some conveyance arrives. I will relate to you all that has happened since we parted, but tell his majesty I beg, that it was no weak idleness which prevented me from hurrying on to give him all the information I possess."

"He knows you too well to imagine such a thing," replied Lord Walton; "but I can shorten your narrative till your arrival at Hull. All your first adventures I have heard from Captain Barecolt."

"And a glorious tale he has made of it doubtless," said the earl; "however all that is of little importance in comparison with that which is to follow." He then went on to give an account of his various interviews with Sir John Hotham, of which, as the reader is already acquainted with the particulars, I will give no detail. The result, however, is still to be told, and it was stated by Lord Beverly in few words.

"At length," he said, "I found that the good governor was so tired of his position, so deeply offended with the conduct of the parliament, so desirous of returning to his duty, and so willing to risk all but his head to restore Hull to the king, that it wanted but some excuse to save his honour, to induce him to do all that we can desire. It was finally agreed between us then, that if the king would advance against the city, and fire but a shot at it, Sir John would capitulate, and deliver that important place into his majesty's hands. There are many minor particulars to be told; but this principal fact should be communicated to the king without the loss of a day, as it may decide his future movements."

"Without the loss of an hour," replied Lord Walton, "for when I left his majesty, he told me that I had barely time to reach this place, and return before the army would be in motion. This is an important affair indeed; for the example set by Hull, would bring over a dozen other towns; and even if it did not, the possession of a port in the north, is worth any jewel in his crown. I would set off this very moment, but that both men

and horses are so much fatigued, that we should lose more time by going than by staying for a few hours' repose. To-morrow morning, however, at day-break, I will set out; I shall not be able to see my sister indeed; but it is perhaps as well to avoid leave taking, and you must console her Francis. Had you not better write to the king?"

"No," replied the earl, "I think not. I have been considering that question while you were away; but looking to the danger of the roads, and the risk of your being intercepted, as well as the peril to Sir John Hotham if such should be the case, it will be more prudent to bear nothing but the tidings by word of mouth."

"I believe you are right," replied Lord Walton; "and such being the case, Beverly, I will at once go and prepare for the journey. Having all the facts, I need not disturb you to-morrow morning before I go."

"Perhaps I had better see you," answered the earl, "for something might strike me in the night which I might wish to say."

"Well then I will come in," rejoined Lord Walton; "and now, good night. Sleep if you can, Francis, and let not all the thoughts of this affair disturb your repose."

"I want that quality of a great man, Charles," answered the earl, with a smile. "I cannot cast off the thought of things that have occupied me, the moment that action has ceased. A quick imagination is a curse as well as a blessing. In bright days it is a happiness indeed, but in those of shadow and darkness it but tends to increase the gloom. Good night, good night."

Lord Walton shook his hand and retired; and then rejoining Lady Margaret announced to her his intention of setting off at daybreak the next morning. We will not pause upon all the little particulars of their conversation—the discussion which took place as to whether it would be better and kinder for the young nobleman to take leave of his sister or not, or the after arrangements that he made for leaving four of his men behind him to give aid and protection to Lady Margaret and her household, several of her own servants being absent at the time. Before he retired to rest he wrote a short note to his sister, and another to Arrah Neil, begging her to write the

statement which the hurry of his departure prevented him from hearing in person ; and then giving orders for his horses to be saddled by daybreak, he only further paused to inquire whether poor Falgate had been found. Barecolt and his companions, however, had not yet returned, but while Charles Walton was undressing, the gallant captain made his appearance in his room, and with a woeful face informed him that no trace of the merry painter could be discovered.

"Then he has certainly been taken prisoner," replied Lord Walton, "and we cannot help him. We have more important business in hand, Captain Barecolt, now ; by what Lord Beverly tells me I am induced to return to the king with all speed. I think you had better accompany me, and if so, remember I am in the saddle by daybreak."

"I am with you, my lord," replied Barecolt ; "and as human beings must sleep, I will even go to bed for the present."

"Do so," replied Lord Walton ; "I shall follow the same course."

But before he put his resolution into effect, after Captain Barecolt left him the young nobleman fell into a fit of deep thought, from which he did not rouse himself for nearly an hour. When he did rise from his seat however, he said in a low sad voice to himself, "'Tis as well I am going."

Annie Walton slept well, but Arrah Neil was restless and agitated, and after a few hours of disturbed slumber she woke and saw the blue faint light of the first dawn looking through the curtains of the room. She turned to gaze upon her fair companion, and marked with a smile the tranquil repose she was enjoying. "Sleep, sleep, sweet lady," she murmured ; "and oh ! may no heart-ache ever keep your eyes from rest."

The moment after, she heard the sound of jingling arms and horses' feet, and rising quietly she approached the window and looked out. The opposite room which, as we have described it, was destined for a sitting-room, commanded the view at the back of Langley Hall ; but the bed-room was turned towards the court and the drawbridge ; and, as poor Arrah Neil gazed forth from the window, she saw a party of five horsemen mounted, and Lord Walton putting his foot in the stirrup. The next moment he was in the saddle ; and, after speaking a few words to his aunt's servant, William, who was standing beside his horse, he rode over the drawbridge, and at a quick pace pursued the way to York.

"He is gone without my seeing him," murmured Arrah Neil to herself ; and then creeping quietly to bed again, she turned her face to the pillow and deluged it with tears.

## POEMS.

BY MRS. DALKRITH HOLMES.

## AN INVOCATION OVER A SLEEPER.

Childhood's hope,  
 Where are you with your radiant wings :  
 Once his eyes could only ope  
     On shining things—  
 Once your pinion  
 Emitted light, excluded gloom ;  
 So that the Earth, his bright dominion,  
     Betrayed no tomb.

## ANSWER.

His fevered hand  
 Scorched my plumes where glory grew :  
 Spread vainly o'er unbrightened land,  
     Dim day came through.

Childhood's prayers  
 Why from his heart to heaven gone ?  
 Sometimes you linger o'er, white hairs—  
     Why flee Life's down ?

## ANSWER.

Almost aloud  
 We must be breathed 'twixt smiles and sleep :  
 Those which his silken curtains shroud,  
     Bid wake and weep,  
     We comrades have—  
 But near them we must always stay ;  
 False brethren, who unhallowed crave,  
     Close up our way.

Childhood's smile,  
 Will you not touch his lips again ?  
 See you how those our efforts wile  
     Distort like pain.

## ANSWER.

I cannot lie  
 Where the lip's quiver mars repose :  
 I holier make such holy eye  
     As heaven's light shows :  
     Long since driven forth,  
 Did my calm sire desert his breast ;  
 His bloodshot eye that hollow mirth  
     Must hail sole guest.

Childhood's dream,  
 All which have vanished, bring him back ;  
 Bid what is not again to seem  
     Bright on his track.

## ANSWER.

My tiny feet  
 Trip 'mid the furrows of his brow ;  
 The paths o'er which they slid so fleet  
     I find not now.  
 In wrinkles made  
 By feeling heart or toiling mind  
 In shelter may my flowers be laid,  
     My jewels shrined.

I am a glass—  
 Hope, smile, and prayer, these bid him earn ;  
 But if their light before one pass,  
     Mine may return.

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 LINES

*Suggested by a Picture of a Maniac with cards and pebbles strowed around her, and her Sister  
 at her harp by her side.*

## MANIAC.

Who strikes the chord—who wakes the strain ?  
     Is the long darkness past—  
 Its spectral shapes, its burning pain :  
     Am I in heaven at last ?  
 No ! the fiend comes—the strains cease now ;  
     Not so in seraph land,  
 Nor there his breath would scald my brow,  
     His grasp would ice my hand :  
 His face is in the mirror there  
     Whene'er I turn to see,  
 With furrowed brow and matted hair,  
     And wild eyes mocking me :  
 Once when I thought he was not nigh,  
     I built a palace tall,  
 The scattered cards which round me lie  
     Were stonework of the hall.  
 My magic gems which virtue bore,  
     The saddest breast to cheer,  
 He changed to pebbles of the shore,  
     Each shining with a tear.  
 He turns to liquid fire the stream  
     With which my thirst I slake ;  
 His curse has made me know I dream,  
     And feel I cannot wake.

## SISTER.

The light delusive of your mind  
     Lent lustre to the stone—  
 The features in yon glass you find,  
     Poor sister, are your own.

## MANIAC.

With lyre and with white array  
     Are you an angel come ?

Your tears may wash the stains away  
 Which hide from me your home.  
 Hark you!—a beauteous flower I grew,  
 Budded upon a thorn;  
 And summer winds more sweetly blew,  
 In joy that I was born.  
 But noisome weeds the thorn rose round—  
 They darkened my parterre;  
 The canker-worm my bosom found,  
 Which then was loveliest there.  
 From my own branch a sweet bud shot,  
 More beautiful than me;  
 Fierce rays and fast rains injured not—  
 I was its canopy.  
 A baleful breeze came whispering by—  
 "Come, place thee on my wing,  
 I'll bear thee where the worm will die  
 Which mars thy blossoming."  
 I left the bud to sun and storm,  
 Borne thence, that breeze's prey,  
 Which tore my breast and left the worm  
 To gnaw my heart away.

## SISTER, STRIKES THE HARP.

Your unkind husband failed to prize,  
 Your lover false beguiled—  
 Sister, this music soothed the cries  
 Of your deserted child.

## MANIAC.

Ha! touch those chords—that voice—that name—  
 I heard them once in mirth,  
 When both of us a place dared claim  
 Beside our father's hearth.  
 See you my injured husband frown,  
 My bleeding lover fall?—  
 My child from heaven look smiling down,  
 Reproaching more than all?  
 More music, more—it cools my brow,  
 It clears my brain's dark sleep,  
 I know my shame and nature now,  
 A woman's—for I weep.  
 Those tears—oh! they are God's own boon—  
 With them life ebbs away;  
 I hope to be an angel soon  
 For, Sister, I can pray.

## AN ADDRESS TO A VERY HUMBLE MUSE.

I'd call you friend, but that you ne'er knew change;  
 Love! but you staid; and child, but as you grew  
 Your best and deepest fondness did not range  
 And leave a soulless statue to my view,  
 Till they rejecting who did first estrange,  
 You sought the shelter of mine arms anew;  
 I'd call you slave, but that you away who summon you.



The sleepless nights are lone—why did we part?  
 Your forehead had no wreath, your brow no pride,  
 But never you made discord to mine heart,  
 And though to those who saw you by my side  
 Nor strong nor lovely, often your frail car  
 Above the stones which wound me now could guide.  
 Beloved as first-born, trusted as long tried,  
 Your breath could part the clouds and point to me the star.

You all-enduring—I have said, “away,”  
 You too are earthly, why should you be dear?  
 I’ve friends who give me smiles when I am gay,  
 And if I wept, I would refuse a tear.  
 Yet still, in my soul’s depths, I heard you say—  
 “To suit your joy I’ll sing, your grief I’ll pray,  
 You crush, but do not kill—speak to me, I am here.”  
 Come, for I call; no more I’ll bid you forth,  
 Fortune, nor fame, nor vanity to bind,  
 Therefore my love is real—based on thy worth—  
 Nobler since thou art poor—but pure, and kind,  
 And humble above all, content on earth  
 To reign for kingdom o’er one heart’s small girth,  
 Sometimes to bid rejoice, and still to be resigned.

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TO — ON A BIRTHDAY.

WHEN you were born, belike, your mother wept;  
 But this your birth-night will be gaily kept.  
 There’s joy around you, as still joy has been  
 Each time that for a closed, a coming scene  
 Fell and arose the curtain of a year:  
 But only you can say, “joy should be here;”  
 And only you can tell, the while you pass  
 Your feature’s smiles given back by each tall glass,  
 Your shadow on the wall, its sombre hue  
 The darker for light round, which pictures true;  
 And deem I well your worn eye wearied grown  
 To watch o’er others’ woes, and weep your own?  
 And while you hear each gratulating voice,  
 Does your heart marvel theirs should thus rejoice—  
 And think of those whose gratitude more wise,  
 Rings out the joy-bells when an infant dies?<sup>\*</sup>  
 Since the same hour of the vanished year  
 What idol fell and smote you kneeling near?  
 Are gaps around you, and within your breast  
 Is all which maketh solitude, save rest?  
 And when the world lands, turns your glance away,  
 Pained by its glare, its unreviving ray,  
 From its frail ties, faint fondness, and deep jars,  
 With longing to the skies, with love unto the stars.  
 You may have felt it sad, young life yet dear,  
 To know you held by feeble tenure here;

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<sup>\*</sup> A Portuguese custom

That each day brake a link of that slight chain  
Which love weeps o'er, but rivets not again ;  
To read your own thought in another eye,  
Though neither dared to speak the harsh word—die.  
Where once you loved—to feel you did adore—  
To see the fair earth fairer than of yore ;  
To ponder o'er crushed hopes and race o'errun,  
And grieve you did not when you might have done ;  
To bask in every ray did sunbeams break,  
And pant for blessed airs to bathe the cheek,  
Yet at the first false step feel doomed to fall  
Alone and low within the realm's dark hall,  
Where of so many subjects none will wring  
His iron sceptre from a tyrant king—  
How say you ? Should the vapour life glide through  
An air still sunny and a heaven all blue,  
And melt in golden light and roscate dyes,  
Or wait the tempests which with night may rise,  
And be 'mid gloom, and mysteries, and fears  
Whirled on through darkness, or dissolved in tears ;  
And would you choose to fall with perfume round,  
Or drag through dead years over withered ground ?  
Music and flowers— Why not doubt and gloom ?  
You stand a step more near unto your tomb.  
They bless your brow, nor seem to mark its cares ;  
Do you feel bitterly each seam of theirs ;  
And while they jest to hear the last year's knell,  
Remember all to whom it tolled " farewell ?"  
And how, the while your head ached, your heart throbb'd,  
Your lip has smil'd since else it would have sobb'd ;  
And did the tears which left such traces stream  
For dreams grown real, truths melted to a dream ;  
Are yours the hopes which sink, the thoughts which soar ?  
And such your birthday ? ask they yet once more.  
Is your foot weary—see its step be sure—  
Your brow more pale—what rocks it so 'tis pure ?  
If well we read, we would not crave your stay,  
But bid you bide your time and faint not by the way.



I have said already that I like this people, and now I must make another confession—that my enthusiasm in their favour has suffered a most tremendous shock. A few mornings since, on turning over the pages of a London journal, I read the following paragraph:—

“The arrangement which we announced in our last, respecting Mr. Catlin's intended visit to Ireland, in company with the ‘Ojibbeways,’ is now at an end, he having declined to proceed to that country while the present state of lawless outrage and crime continues.”

I read and re-read the paragraph, actually stupified by the announcement. What! I exclaimed, is it the red man, the savage of Tuscarora and the Huron, of whom this is said? Is the Sioux afraid of the Ribbonman? Can the wielder of the tomahawk shrink back with terror from Tipperary? And Catlin, too, who never felt fear in the wigwam of the Pawnee or beside the war-fire of the Manhattas—he, who slept soundly in the hut of the Flathead, and awoke at the war-whoop of the Delawares—whose stout heart never quailed at scenes, whose mimic representations are more powerful than a tragedy—who, thousands of miles away, from all his race and kindred, knew not what it was to tremble—he! he dares not come to Ireland.

The red man is a savage—a bold and often a relentless savage; but his cruelty is a debt incurred in blood and to be paid in the same; it is the heirloom of transmitted vengeance, and its fulfilment is the stern duty of a life; it has neither the reckless brutality of indiscriminate slaughter, nor is it the crime of a hired murderer. His moments of passion, terrible though they be, are brief; and, even then, the war-paint on his brow is the forerunner of his vengeance, for he smiles not while he strikes. Why then has he not come here?—What lessons might he learn! What unknown acts of torture might he bring back to his home in the forest! But he durst not—the bloodiest massacre of his nation would sink into shame before “Fiannee!”

Oh, ye red men, how deficient are ye in that spirit which should guide the traveller in foreign lands—how wanting is that energy of research by

which lessons of wisdom are learned. Ye have seen the mighty capital of the world, it is true—ye have stood in her presence whose will is like a written law—but how much more had ye gained by one dark night in Tipperary!

#### A NUT FOR THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

If my reader will permit me to refer to my own labours, I would wish to remind him of an old “Nut” of mine, in which I endeavoured to demonstrate the defective morality and economy of our penal code—a system, by which the smallest delinquent is made to cost the state several hundreds of pounds, for an offence frequently of some few pennies in value; and a theft of a loaf is, by the geometrical scale of progressive aggrandisement, gradually swelled into a most expensive process, in which policemen, station-houses, inspectors, magistrates, sessions, assizes, judges, crown prosecutors, gaols, turnkeys, and transports, all figure; and the nation is left to the cost of this terrible array, for the punishment of a crime, the prevention of which might, perhaps, have been effected for two pence.

I do not now intend to go over the beaten track of this argument; my intention is simply to refer to it, and adduce another instance of this strange and short-sighted policy, which prefers waiting, to acting, and despises cheap, though timely interference with evil, and indulges in the somewhat late, but more expensive process of reparation.

And to begin. Imagine—unhappily you need exercise no great stretch of the faculty, the papers teem with too many instances—imagine a poor, woe-begone, miserable creature, destitute and friendless, without a home, without a meal; his tattered clothing displaying through every rent the shrunk-on form and wasted limbs to which hunger and want have reduced him. See him as night falls, plodding onwards through the crowded thoroughfares of the great city; his lack-lustre eye glazed and filmy; his pale face and blue lip actually corpse-like in their ghastliness. He gazes at the passers-by with the vacant stare of idiotcy. Starvation has sapped the very intel-

lect, and he is like one in some frightful vision; a vague desire for rest—a dreamy belief that death will release him—lives in the place of hope; and as he leans over the battlements of the tall bridge, the plash of the dark river murmurs softly to his ear. His despair has conjured up a thousand strange and flitting fancies, and voices seem to call to him from the dull stream, and invite him to lie down, and be at peace. Meanwhile the crowds pass on. Men in all the worldliness of their hopes and fears, their wishes, their expectations, and their dreads, pour by. None regard *him*, who at that moment stands on the very brink of an eternity, whither his thoughts have gone before him. As he gazes, his eye is attracted by the star-like spangle of lights in the water. It is the reflection of those in the house of the Humane Society; and he suddenly remembers that there is such an institution; and he bethinks him, as well as his poor brain will let him, that some benevolent people have called this association by this pleasing title, and the very word is a balm to his broken heart.

“Humane Society!” Muttering the words, he staggers onwards; a feeling too faint for hope still survives; and he bends his wearied steps towards the building. It is indeed a goodly edifice; Portland stone and granite, massive columns and a portico, are all there; and humanity herself is emblemized in the figures which decorate the pedestal. The man of misery stands without, and looks up at this stately pile; the dying embers emit one spark, and for a second hope brightens into a brief flicker. He enters the spacious hall, on one side of which a marble group is seen representing the “good Samaritan;” the appeal comes home to his heart, and he could cry, but hunger has dried up his tears.

I will not follow him in his weary pilgrimage among the liveried menials of the institution, nor shall I harass my reader by the cold sarcasm of those who tell him that he has mistaken the object of the association; that their care is not with life, but death; that the breathing man, alive, but on the verge of dissolution, has no interest for *them*; for *their* humanity waits patiently for his corpse. It is

true, one pennyworth of bread—a meal your dog would turn from—would rescue this man from death and self-murder. But what of that—how could such humble, unobtrusive charity inhabit a palace? How could it pretend to porters and waiting-men, to scores of officials, visiting doctors, and physicians in ordinary? By what trickery could a royal patron be brought to head the list of benefactors to a scheme so unassuming.—

Where would be the stomach-pumps and the galvanic batteries for science?—where, the newspaper reports of a miraculous recovery?—where, the magazine records of suspended animation?—or where, that pride and pomp and circumstance of enlightened humanity, which calls in chemistry to aid charity, and makes electricity the test of benevolence? No, no: the hungry man might be fed, and go his way unseen, untrumpeted—there would be no need of this specious plausibility of humanity which proclaims aloud—Go and drown yourself; stand self-accused and condemned before your Creator; and if there be but a spark of vitality yet remaining, we’ll call you back to life again—a starving suicide! No effort shall be spared—messengers shall fly in every direction for assistance—the most distinguished physician—processes the most costly—experiments the most difficult—care unremitting—zeal untiring, are all yours. Cordials, the cost of which had sustained you in life for weeks long, are now poured down your unconscious throat—the limbs that knew no other bed than straw, are wrapped in heated blankets—the hand stretched out in vain for alms, is now rubbed by the jewelled fingers of a west-end physician.

Men, men, is this charity?—is the fellow-creature nought?—is the corpse everything?—is a penny too much to sustain life?—is a hundred pounds too little to restore it? Away with your stuccoed walls and pillared corridors—support the starving, and you will need but little science to reanimate the suicide.

#### A NUT FOR THE LANDLORD AND TENANT COMMISSION.

EVERY one knows the story of the man who, at the penalty of losing his head

in the event of failure, promised the caliph of Bagdad that he would teach his ass to read in the space of ten years, trusting that, ere the time elapsed, either the caliph, or the ass, or he himself, would die, and then the compact be at an end. Now, it occurs to me that the wise policy of this shrewd charlatan is the very essence of all parliamentary commissions. First, there is a grievance—then comes a debate—a very warm one occasionally, with plenty of invective and accusation on both sides—and then they agree to make a drawn game of it, and appoint “a Commission.”

Nothing can be more plausible in appearance than such a measure; nor could any man, short of Hume himself, object to so reasonable a proceeding as a patient and searching inquiry into the circumstances and bearings of any disputed question. The commission goes to work—if a Tory one, consisting usually of some dumb country gentlemen, who like committee work; if Whig, the suckling “barristers of six years’ standing:” at it they go. The newspapers announce that they are “sitting to examine witnesses”—a brief correspondence appears at intervals, to show that they have a secretary and a correspondent, and then a cloud wraps the whole concern in its dark embrace, and not the most prying curiosity is ever able afterwards to detect any one fact concerning the commission or its labours, nor could you hear in any society the slightest allusion ever made to their whereabouts.

It is, in fact, the polite mode of interment employed to the question at issue—the Commissioners performing the solemn duties of undertakers, and not even the most reckless resurrectionist being found to disturb the remains. Before the report should issue, the Commissioners die off, or the question has taken a new form; new interests have changed all its bearings; a new ministry is in power, or some more interesting matter has occupied the place it should fill in public attention; and if the report was a volume of “Punch,” it might pass undetected.

Now and then, however, a commission will issue for the real object of gleaning facts and conveying information; and then the duties are most

uncomfortable, and but one course is open, which is, to protract the inquiry, like the man with the ass, and leave the result to time.

In a country like ours, conflicting interests and opposing currents are ever changing the landmarks of party; and the commissioners feel that with years something will happen to make their labours of little consequence, and that they have only to prolong the period, and all is safe.

At this moment, we have what is called a “Landlord and Tenant commission” sitting, or sleeping, as it may be. They have to investigate diverse, knotty, and puzzling points, about people who want too much for their land, and others who prefer paying nothing for it. They are to report, in some fashion, respecting the prospects of estated gentlemen burdened with rent-charges and mortgages, and who won’t improve properties they can scarcely live on—and a peasantry, who must nominally pay an exaggerated rent, depending upon the chance of shooting the agent before the gale-day, and thus obtaining easier terms for the future.

They are to investigate the capabilities of waste lands, while cultivated lands lie waste beside them; they must find out why land-owners like money, and tenants hate paying it; and why a people hold life very cheap when they possess little means to sustain it.

Now these, take them how you will, are not so easy of solution as you may think. The landlord, for his own sake, would like a thriving, well-to-do, contented tenantry; the tenants, for their sakes, would like a fair-dealing, reasonable landlord, not over griping and grabbing, but satisfied with a suitable value for his property. They both have no common share of intelligence and acuteness—they have a soil unquestionably fruitful, a climate propitious, little taxation, good roads, abundant markets; and yet the one is half ruined in his house, and the other whole beggared in his hovel—each averring that the cause lies in the tithes, the tariff, the poor-rate, or popery, the agent or the agitation: in fact, it is something or other which one favours and the other opposes—some system or sect, some party or measure, which one advocates and the other



denounces ; and no matter though its influence should not, in the remotest way, enter into the main question, there is a grievance—that's something ; and, as Sir Lucius says, "it's a mighty pretty quarrel as its stands"—not the less, that certain partizans on either side assist in the *mêlée*, and the House of Commons or the Corn Exchange interfere with their influence.

If, then, the Commissioners can see their way here, they are smart fellows, and no small praise is due to them. There are difficulties enough to puzzle long heads ; and I only hope they may be equal to the task. Meanwhile, depopulation goes on briskly—Landlords are shot every week in Tipperary ; and if the report be but delayed for some few months longer, a new element will appear in the question—for however there may remain some pretenders to perpetuity of tenure, the landlords will not be there to grant the leases. Let the Commissioners, then, keep a look-out a-head—much of the embarrassment of the inquiry will be obviated by only biding their time ; and if they but delay their report till next November, there will be but one party to legislate for in the island.

#### A NUT FOR THE STATE TRIALS.

THE state trials are over. Thank heaven for that same ! They were tiresome and dull, even beyond the ordinary routine of such proceedings, unrelieved by any passages which could instruct or amuse, and painfully characterized by the petty squabbling of pertinacious lawyers—the small trickery of a class, which one so frequently sees mistaken for professional cleverness and tact.

The only speech one would care for was not made—the only testimony one would wish to hear, was not called for. Neither Tom Steele, nor his witnesses appeared, but in place of them we had police constables and sub-inspectors, and what Mr. O'Connell not inaptly called, the "gilt gingerbread eloquence of the traverser's bar."

I don't mean to undervalue the honest efforts of Mr. Shiel, who pleaded so strongly for the Whigs and so little for his client—who begged so hard for Lord John and asked so little

for Daniel—who so vigorously denounced the Tories, and so cautiously blinked repeal—who so pathetically implored pity for the imprisonment of his client even before he was convicted. They who followed him were all good in their several ways. They divided the labour skilfully and cleverly : some badgered, and some bullied—some threatened, and some jested. The "cast," as theatrical people say, was perfect, and no one was out of his place ; and yet, with all this, the thing was flat, stale, and unprofitable, and with the collective wisdom of the whole repeal staff, a more miserable exposé of the party could not have been made. The defence was simply this : the traversers did all that was imputed to them, but they did it professionally : some were newspaper editors, to whom scurrilous attacks on the government were daily bread ; others were agitators, living by violent denunciations of the Tories. The repeal rent was the wages of outrageous disloyalty, and, poor devils ! they had no other trade to live by. Why not let Dan "hurl his high and haughty defiance," as he calls his "peccavi cry for mercy ?" Why not let Priest Tierney throw out a sly hint to the army to revolt ? Why not let the Duffys and the Grays vend their little treasons peaceably ? They meant no harm by it. When they said that England might be coerced, they only meant coaxed ; when they called the Queen, Judy, they merely intended to call Peel, Puuch ; when they spoke of the slaughter of Mullaghmast, they but indicated the blessings of English sway ; when organising some hundred thousands to march and meet, they only arrayed their masses to implore the Saxons, not to murder them, it not being fair, in national parlance, "for one to fall upon twenty"—such was the defence. Of course, this was the gingerbread without the gold, for I don't pretend to have preserved any memory of the tinsel.

No doubt it was a trying occasion, for the counsel to find any path in such a cheerless waste ; they are not blameable if their arguments partook of the barrenness of the case they defended.

Your manly, bold-faced villain has traits of heroism about him, which admit of a vigorous and energetic pleading. The daring of the reckless

adventure can be palliated, if not pardoned; but how excuse the poor and pettifogging law-breaking of an old *nisi prius* lawyer, or the puling sentimentalisms of patriotic treason. The thing was difficult to attack or defend; and once more, I am glad it is over. Still, I think one line of argument remained open to the traversers' bar, and I cannot help feeling surprised that so many counsel learned in the law could have omitted it.

Nothing is more common than, in an action for "breach of promise," for the defendant's counsel to dwell upon the good fortune of the deserted plaintiff, whom fate has rescued from any tie with his client. She is exhorted to remember that he is blind of an eye, has a hump or a wooden leg, squints, or is deformed in some atrocious manner, and perfectly unsuited to win a lady's love. She is told that it is impossible he could ever have paid her attentions such as to gain her affections; and that an object so deplorable and unfascinating must needs have been unsuccessful. Why, now, did not the "gilt-gingerbread" bar think of this line of argument? Why did they not, rising in all the majesty of their patriotic ardour, address the jury thus?—

Gentlemen—The attorney-general speaks of a conspiracy—he tells you of conspirators. What does the phrase mean? Does not your mind instantly call up the boldest traits of infatuated recklessness—of men bound by solemn vows and secret oaths to do or die? Do you not recall to your imaginations Guy Fawkes and his lantern? Have you not visions of Carbonari, with black beards and naked stilettos? Do not Alibaud and Pieschi recur to your re-

collections? Now look here, gentlemen—throw your eyes in this quarter. I do not mean into the reporters' gallery. There are, indeed, some ferocious whiskers there. "The Herald" has a very bandit air; and "The Chronicle" has decidedly a look of *Fra Diavolo*. But lower down—look here, beside me. Are these gentlemen like conspirators? Is it a thing of this fashion risks his life in a great struggle? Are these the outward signs of daring and enterprise? Do you see any thing in that puny-faced gentleman, with the retreating forehead, to impute resolution to him? or does the inexpressive flatness of his neighbour's physiognomy denote any thing bordering on determination? Tom Steele, to be sure, has rather a dubious expression; but if he blushes, gentlemen of the jury, it is for shame for your attorney-general. No, no: never believe it—treason and conspiracy are not made of these materials. Show by your verdict that you have studied Gall and Lavater; and let not the word "guilty" pronounce a sentence on the government which fears from such a quarter as this. They are blameless, for they could not be formidable; they are innocent, because they could not be guilty.

Trust me, if such an appeal as this had been made, the jury would have slept at home on Saturday night. Walter Bourne, clerk of the crown, would not have caught cold walking to his house at four in the morning. There would have been neither charge nor conviction; and my Lord John would have been driven to some recalcitancy nearer home, to assist him to his place on the treasury benches.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN FOURTH DUKE OF BEDFORD.\*

WE thank Lord John Russel for these volumes. They consist of letters which contribute their quota to the history of the times in which they were written, and serve to illustrate the manners and the characters of the various distinguished actors who then appeared upon the stage of public life. It is from such sources the historian will be best instructed as to the nature of those hidden springs of action which set in motion great affairs; and from which alone he can derive an accurate knowledge of those peculiarities of character, and those little manœuvres and incidents in private life, which often have a determining influence upon the great political transactions of the world. We therefore hope the noble lord will persevere in his laudable exertions to render "*publici juris*" whatever may yet remain in the archives of Woburn Abbey, by which light may be thrown upon the interesting period to which they relate; and most heartily should we rejoice if other noble or honourable individuals, to whom similar opportunities of usefulness present themselves, should follow so excellent an example.

But we have another reason for being gratified by the present literary labours of the noble lord. We are not amongst those who grieved very passionately at his retirement from ministerial activity. To us he always appeared out of his element as a servant of the crown. Pledged to party politics, by which, to our seeming, the throne and the altar are both endangered, it was, we confess, with pain that we saw him vainly endeavouring to reconcile his principles as a partizan with his allegiance as a dutiful subject; and it is our belief, that, had he continued but a little longer in the high position which he occupied, the deplorable condition in which he and his colleagues

would have left the government, would render any efforts of a conservative ministry for the relief of the country almost, if not altogether, unavailing. It is, therefore, not without very great satisfaction that we witness Lord John Russel's intellectual activities at work in a way in which they can do no harm; and we wish him a long continuance of the leisure in which men of all parties may approve of what he does; while we, for our parts, find special cause for thankfulness that he affords us in the present volumes the most unequivocal demonstration of the correctness of our own views respecting the profundity of his ignorance of the state and condition of Ireland. It is, we confess, chiefly with a view to the exposure of this ignorance that we have taken up these volumes; and, although the Irish administration of the Duke of Bedford occupies comparatively a short portion of the time over which his letters spread, we cannot but think that it was the chief inducement of his noble descendant to become the editor of his correspondence; as, however the duke may have figured as a mere cypher amongst the English ministers, he takes no little pride in representing him as the precursor of that liberal policy towards the Roman Catholics which had its consummation in the measure of 1829. Before we conclude, we shall enable our readers to see how far such an assumption on his part is agreeable to the truth of history, and therefore how far it may be safe to trust to his wisdom or his knowledge respecting the evils or their remedies in the condition of Ireland.

Sir Robert Walpole was prime minister when the duke first took his seat in the House of Lords. Although a whig, he joined the opposition, and frequently acted in conjunction with the little knot, designated by Horace Walpole as the "Cobham cousins,"

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\* Correspondence of John Fourth Duke of Bedford, selected from the originals at Woburn Abbey. With an Introduction. By Lord John Russel. Vols. i. and ii. 8vo. Longman and Co. Paternoster-row, London. 1842-3.

and of which Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, was the most distinguished member. Pultney and Carteret were the leaders of the opposition in the two houses of parliament; and Walpole, after many a vigorous struggle, fell at length before a combination of hostility which all his resources, and they were many and various, could not baffle. He still, however, retained great personal influence with the king, and was enabled to manage so that the weight of his opinion was felt and acknowledged in the formation of the new administration. It comprised many of his old friends, and was so constructed, by the wily spirit which presided in secret over its formation, as to retain, in its original composition, the elements of decay; and when in due time it fell to pieces, the same spirit was still active in giving shape and consistency to another cabinet, by which the whig party might still be kept together, and the Hanoverian succession secured. It was under this ministry, of which Mr. Pelham was chief, that the Duke of Bedford first obtained a seat in the cabinet, as first lord of the admiralty—a station of no small responsibility at a period when England depended upon the efficiency of her marine, not only for her supremacy, but for her existence.

The duke was not inefficient in his new office, although party spite has done much to detract from his merit. He was generally governed by the advice of able and experienced naval officers, and the general condition of the navy was improved during his administration. The capture of Louisbourg reflected credit upon his enterprise; and his noble descendant thinks that, had his intentions not been defeated by the procrastination and the timidity of the Duke of Newcastle, the conquest of Canada would have been achieved—an event which, at such a period, could not fail to raise his country in the scale of nations. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, thus writes to him in 1748. He is alluding to the death of the King of Spain, Philip the Fifth, which he calls a great event for England, and hopes “it will be so improved as to prove a happy one in the consequence.” “I think,” he observes, “it can’t fail of doing so, if we draw from it facility and resolution to pursue firmly those great and

practicable views in America, which, as far as they have gone or are to go, we owe to your grace alone. You are alone, however, but in one place, for the nation is with you; and with such a second your grace can surmount all obstacles.” This did not prove a true prophecy. The hearty co-operation of the cabinet was wanting; and it remained for Lord Chatham himself, when he became prime minister, to carry into effect the views of the noble duke, and to round and complete our possessions in America, by annexing Canada as an appendage to the British crown.

In his naval promotion the noble duke was guided by views the purest and the most patriotic. He always considered the good of the service, and neither length of service nor parliamentary interest were sufficient to shake him in his just and wise determination to give to merit merit’s due. He thus writes to his sister, the Duchess of Bridgewater, who strongly pressed him for the promotion of a friend of hers, Colonel Littleton:—

“You must be very sensible that, upon your account, I shall be very desirous to serve Colonel Littleton as far as lies in my power, in any thing that can be reasonably expected from me; but must desire to be excused from presenting the memorial of any particular person to the king, which the rest of the lords joined in administration with me have thought improper at this juncture. I have also a stronger objection to asking of his majesty the rank of colonel for Mr. Littleton as colonel commandant of my regiment, as, in case it should be thought proper to continue the new regiments, (which, I believe, will not be the case,) I should put myself at the head of the regiment, and continue with them all the time they were in actual service.”

The following letter will also show the steadiness with which he could resist solicitations from the highest quarters when they were inconsistent with his sense of duty:—

“THE DUKE OF BEDFORD TO COLONEL CONWAY.

“London, May 28, 1746.

“Dear Sir—I received the favour of yours of the 13th instant but the day before yesterday, and am very sorry it is not consistent with my way of think-

ing to agree to the exchange proposed, as my inclinations to oblige you, as well as my duty to H.R.H., by whose direction I apprehend this proposal is made to me, would have prompted me to have given my consent to any thing, however disagreeable to me, that I thought consistent with my own honour, or the good of his Majesty's service.

"But as the thing appears to me, as stated in your letter, I think my consenting to this exchange would be inconsistent with both, as the admitting this gentleman into my regiment would not only be using my own officers very ill, in bringing amongst them one who by his bad behaviour had forfeited the good opinion of his brother officers in the corps he now belongs to, but would also have a very bad appearance, as it would be the means of screening an officer from that punishment which H.R.H.'s justice and regard to discipline will see punctually put in execution on any officers that have deserved it, in those corps which have the happiness to be under his immediate command.

"Besides, I must own I have another very strong objection to this, which is, that I should be very unwilling at the time of our expiration, (which I believe is now very near,) to appoint any new officers to my regiment, which (were I to agree to this proposal) would not only increase the number of subalterns who have rank, but also load the half-pay with one more officer, who, I fear, by the account you have given me of him, does not seem to have any further pretence to it than what arises from the compassion one feels from his low circumstances."

Thus much we have deemed it right to say respecting the character of one who has been so severely handled by the celebrated Junius, and who was entitled, at all events, in his administration of naval affairs, to the praise of disinterestedness and impartiality, if not of discrimination. As, in a future volume, the noble editor intends to vindicate him fully from the aspersions of his anonymous calumniator, we do not think it necessary to enter more at large into that part of the subject at present. In our judgment, he stands clear of every unworthy motive; and if the other departments of administration were served with the same honesty and the same spirit, England would have secured advantages which would have given her a more commanding position amongst the belligerents at the termi-

nation of the war. Our readers who know what a load of debt the country has since been enabled to bear, and what mighty efforts she has made against a world in arms, will smile at the following anticipations of the Duke, which were, indeed, in his time, equally entertained by the most competent thinkers. He writes, in the year 1743, when negotiations for peace were in the minds of ministers, and thus justifies his desire for entertaining a project, which could scarcely be thought of without some degree of national humiliation:—

"Consider what would be the consequence to this country, if, at the end of next summer, things should stand in the very same situation that they did at the end of the last campaign. This is undoubtedly a fair supposition; for I don't find any one sanguine enough to flatter us with a sufficient superiority over the French, to oblige them to make this an active campaign, except they are willing to make it so themselves. Should they lie only on the defensive, does your lordship think the allied army would be able to make any great progress towards retaking the barrier, considering the number of strong places they are now possessed of, and our great inexperience in carrying on of sieges? Should the campaign turn out in the manner I have here set down (and by the way it may possibly turn out much worse should the enemy gain another battle), what terms of peace must England then expect? Is it possible for us, without absolutely undoing ourselves, and mortgaging all we are worth, to raise another eleven millions? I say, without absolutely undoing ourselves; for I am one of those who believe the money might be raised, though on very disadvantageous terms, another year; but what would be the consequences of that? The interest of our debt would grow so great, as to oblige us to keep up for the payment of that interest as heavy taxes in time of peace as we labour under in time of war; and I am sure I need not tell your lordship what would be the consequence of this. A man of £1000 a year may mortgage £800 of it, and still have £200 left for his own maintenance; but when he comes to mortgage the remaining part, that was left to satisfy the interest that was due to the mortgages, he is an undone man. I must own, I think the case of the public (if we go on the principle of loans, and without it the money cannot be raised,) very similar to the above I have stated in private life."



We must, however, dissent from the judgment of the noble duke, who suggests in this same letter, the advisableness of a separate peace with Spain, in which, by the giving up of Gibraltar, we might obtain valuable concessions to our trade in the West Indies. Such a measure, had it been adopted, would have been very unfortunate indeed. But we must not forget that we are now judging after events, and have lights to guide us which were not in existence at the period when the noble duke was first lord of the admiralty. He could not then anticipate the vast importance of such a post as Gibraltar at the entrance of the Mediterranean, nor its utility as an entrepot for our manufactures and merchandise, through which they find their way into all parts of the peninsula, to the great advantage of the trading interest of the empire at large. Neither could he anticipate the triumphs of our navy, which gave us such a complete command of the possessions in the West Indies. Even Cuba, at a subsequent period, fell into our hands, and we have never ceased to regret its unwise surrender, commanding, as it would do in the hands of Great Britain, the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, which will yet be the highway of nations in trading to the Pacific, and crowning our insular even as Canada crowned our continental possessions in America—being both valuable in itself as a source of revenue, and a guarantee for the security of all that we possessed beside. How easy, with such an island in her hands, would it be for Great Britain to carry into complete effect her noble resolves respecting the slave trade! But of all this the Duke of Bedford could have known nothing, and surmised little. He could not know what was in the womb of time. Of the power of Spain, which was then so formidable, it did not, we believe, enter into the imagination of any statesman to conceive the rapid decline; nor did any speck above the horizon intimate to the most sagacious of our observers, the changes which were in store for France. And as little could our most sanguine politicians anticipate the rapid extension of our colonial empire.

Of the precise position of the continental powers with respect to each other, the noble editor, in his intro-

ductory observations, gives us the following succinct account, at the period when the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was concluded:—

“The great problem of European politics for a long period was—how to save Flanders from being annexed to France. So long as the power of Spain was a match for that of France, and the Spanish infantry the best in the world, the difficulty did not exist, or was little felt. When Spain fell into decline, Flanders remained, as Sir Wm. Temple briefly said, “not of a size to maintain a large army, nor of a figure to be defended by a small one.” In fact, the Low Countries could only be defended by strong fortresses, large subsidies, a powerful army, and a great man. Hitherto these requisites had not been wanting. Here William the Third displayed his unconquerable spirit; here Marlborough unfolded his vast military talents. But such men could not be always forthcoming to throw the sword into the lighter scale of the balance of Europe; in the war of 1739 the Dutch governors were found incapable; Austrian armies deficient in numbers; so that Saxe and Lowendahl, able and victorious, broke down year by year the defences of the Low Countries.

“This ministry of England, finding the resources of their own treasury exhausted by the continual drain of money to defend a country which after all was not defended, accepted peace. Austria complained, but followed her example.

“At this time Austrian statesmen began to meditate a new policy. An enemy had arisen, who alarmed Maria Theresa and her council far more than France. When that kingdom had been ruled by Louis the Fourteenth, all the care of Austria had been directed to prevent his encroachments. But Louis the Fifteenth was indolent and unwarlike. Frederick of Prussia was now the prince of aggressive spirit in Europe, and the provinces of Austria herself were the prey on which the eagle had fixed his talons. Hence the empress ceased to regard the Low Countries, and her ambassador Kaunitz meditated an alliance with France against the ambition of Prussia.

“The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, therefore, was a necessity for England and France, exhausted by great efforts; while for Austria it contained the germ of a new alliance and new hostilities—the union of France and Austria, the bloody war of 1756.”

Owing to the resignation of the Earl of Chesterfield, a vacancy oc-



curred in the office of secretary of state, to which it suited the convenience of the ministry that the Duke of Bedford should be appointed. There were then two offices under that denomination—one for the northern, and another for the southern department; or, to speak more accurately, one to transact business, and hold intercourse with the courts and people of the north, the other with the south of Europe; an inconvenient and very unadvisable arrangement, especially when the two ministers did not happen to pull together, and which Lord John happily compares to two coachmen sitting on the same box, the one holding the right rein, the other the left.

That the duke was not very active or efficient in his new office, was the cause, in all probability, why he was permitted to hold it. Lord Sandwich was the person looked upon as most competent to the duties of such a station; but he had thwarted the Duke of Newcastle, the other secretary, in the negotiation for the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and was, moreover, of an active, business turn, which might render him not so manageable as might be desired. The duke was an industrious, fidgety minister, indefatigable in all the minutiae of official duties. He had long served with, or rather under Sir Robert Walpole, and was possessed, no doubt, by a desire for the ascendancy which that minister enjoyed during his long tenure of office; but the stamp of subordination was upon him: he was essentially a man of detail, and his ambition, if it ever prompted him to aim at any commanding grasp of power, resembled the poor cat in the adage, who “let I dare not, wait upon I would.” To such a man, as a colleague in office, the good-natured and unmeddling Duke of Bedford was a great convenience. This was in the commencement of the year 1748.

Of the circumstances which led to this appointment, Lord Mahon, in his history of England from the peace of Utrecht, gives a very inaccurate account. He tells his readers that it was Newcastle’s desire to confer the office upon Lord Sandwich, but that “a superior cabal in the cabinet gave it to the Duke of Bedford.” Than this scarcely any thing can be more

untrue. Lord John clearly shows that the duke was not the rival, but the friend of Lord Sandwich, who, being deemed a partizan of the war, and having made himself personally disagreeable both to the Duke of Newcastle and the king, was disqualified, in their judgment, for so high a post, which the Duke of Bedford was induced to occupy, partly by their desire, and partly from a wish to serve his friend, who was immediately appointed to the office which he vacated. To call, as Lord John says, “the king, the prime minister, and a majority of the ministers of the crown, a superior cabal in the cabinet,” is a very strange use of terms; and to represent the Duke of Bedford as *opposed* in interest to the Earl of Sandwich, is not too strongly censured when he calls it “a very gross error.”

But the concord between the two secretaries of state did not long continue; the fretful vanity and irritable jealousy of the Duke of Newcastle causing him to give offence to so powerful a member of the royal family as the Duke of Cumberland, who, together with the Princess Amelia, was carried towards the one secretary in proportion as they were alienated from the other. “Thus,” the noble editor tells us, “a rivalry commenced, which made Newcastle fretful, and Bedford haughty. The secrets of a negotiation with France were concealed from the Duke of Bedford; orders were given to the English ambassador in Paris without consulting the Duke of Newcastle.” Of the extent to which this miserable jealousy proceeded, some idea may be formed from the following extract of a letter from Mr. Pelham to his brother, in which it will be seen how completely the personal littleness of these noblemen so high in office absorbed all sense of their public duties:—

“Alt has got the account also from the Prussian minister, and wrote it to his court; so that it will be impossible to keep it from the Duke of Bedford. Would it not be right, therefore, for you to mention it to him in a confidential way, as a thing the ambassador just hinted to you the day before the king went, and has been confirmed to you since you have been abroad? Such a communication may stop our mouths for the present; and without it, it will be

impossible to keep things quiet here when his grace returns to London. You are, however, the best judge, and will do in it as you think proper."

In vain did the prime minister endeavour to reconcile his brother to a state of things which that minister felt to be personally disagreeable. Lord John writes:—

"The king did not essentially differ from Mr. Pelham. He wished for a quiet life; he saw that the Duke of Bedford did not thwart Newcastle in the conduct of affairs; and he tried to quiet the irritable vanity of his minister, by telling him that Mr. Pelham, the chancellor, and he had really the whole power, and that the rest of the cabinet were but cyphers. Still the perpetual droppings of discontent at length made their impression; Lady Yarmouth, who had taken the part of the Duke of Bedford, found that the king was disposed to make a change, and hinted the matter to Newcastle. He has himself recorded in his letters the progress of the intrigue. In August, 1715, he writes, that till within a few days the king had hardly made any observation on the Duke of Bedford. Nay, more—he had addressed to Mr. Stone the very natural remark, 'What would you have him write about? There is nothing to do.' But on another occasion, upon the usual report of Stone, that there were no letters from the Duke of Bedford, he said, 'No: he does not much trouble his head about business; never man had an easier office than he has.'"

(Of Newcastle's littleness it gives us a very clear idea, that one who is thus described as a "chip in porridge," could thus so exceedingly disturb him from his propriety; while with an instinct for intrigue not unworthy of Machiavel, the arts which he employed for the ejection of the duke from office, exhibit a wary adroitness and an untiring perseverance, to which great praise would be due if employed for a more worthy object. Observing upon the king's expression, as given in the last extract, he thus writes:—

"I thought that very remarkable, and that things began to work. Upon the coming in of the last messenger without one single line from his grace (for he very seldom writes at all by the messengers), talking a little upon his grace's subject, the king said of himself, 'It is not to be borne; he never

writes;' and then repeated, 'he has an easy office indeed,' or 'he receives his pay easily,' or to that purpose. I made no reply, but left it there; but I am persuaded, by the manner, I could that morning (last Thursday) have got any orders I pleased; but I chose to say nothing, not to seem pressing, and would not take any step in this affair without your advice; and that is my resolution, however things turn out here."

At length, it was resolved that the duke should be displaced. The question then was, how he was to be disposed of; for it would not do to inflict a gratuitous insult upon a man of his high connexions. It had been proposed to make him Master of the Horse—an office which he himself was thought to affect as more suited to his disposition and quality. Upon this Newcastle observes:—

"The Duke of Bedford will, it is true, be out of an office in which he makes a bad figure; but he, his family, and friends, will be nearer court than ever. He will come there with the grace of obliging the king; and, if intrigues are what we fear, and nothing else do I see that is to be feared, how many more opportunities will they have for that purpose, and with what advantage will they pursue such a scheme when they have complied with the commands of the king cheerfully, and are in situations where they cannot offend, unless they desire it, but may, by obsequious and steady attendance, ingratiate themselves every day more and more."

The duke would have been easily prevailed upon to retire, had he been permitted to nominate Lord Sandwich as his successor; but that was an arrangement which the Pelham brothers would not, for a single moment, entertain; and his absolute dismissal they could not prevail upon the king to agree to. They therefore had recourse to another device.

"They asked and easily obtained the king's consent for the removal of Lord Sandwich from the Admiralty. The result was what they expected. On the following day the Duke of Bedford went to Kensington and resigned the seals."

This event, this easy and good-tempered nobleman thus records without

one word of pique or bitterness, in a journal which he kept of the most remarkable transactions of his official life."

"June 13th.—This morning, just before I went out, Mr. Legge brought me a message from the Duke of Newcastle, that he had yesterday received the king's orders to acquaint the Earl of Sandwich that his majesty had no further occasion for his service.

"This morning the Marquis of Hartington kissed the king's hand on being called to the House of Peers, in order to being appointed Master of the Horse.

"These two circumstances happening the same day, and being done without any previous communication to me, as likewise the notoriety of the Earl of Granville coming into the ministry without its being communicated to me, gave me an opportunity of explaining to his majesty that the many grievances of this nature I had suffered since my being in the office of Secretary of State had determined me to beg his majesty's permission to resign the seals, which the king in the most gracious and kind manner was pleased to grant, but at the same time offered me the post of President of the Council, which I declined.

"June 14th.—I resigned the seals into his majesty's hands."

Of the forbearing good temper of the duke, the reader will be enabled to form a better judgment, when he has read the following caustic remarks upon the same transaction, by that vivacious gossip, Horace Walpole:—

"June 13th.—The Duke of Newcastle wrote to Lord Sandwich that the king had no farther occasion for his service, and in the evening sent Mr. Legge to acquaint the Duke of Bedford with the dismissal of his friend. Legge was a younger son of Lord Dartmouth, who had lately turned him into the world to make his fortune, which he pursued with an uncommon assiduity of duty. Avarice or flattery, application or ingratitude, nothing came amiss that might raise him on the ruins of either friends or enemies; indeed neither were so to him but by the proportion of their

power. He had been introduced to Sir Robert Walpole by his second son, and soon grew an unmeasurable favourite; till, endeavouring to steal his patron's daughter,\* at which, in truth, Sir Robert's partiality for him seemed to connive, he was discarded entirely, yet taken care of in the very last hours of that minister's power; and though removed from the secretaryship of the treasury, being particularly obnoxious to Lord Bath, he obtained a profitable employment† by the grossest supplications‡ to the Duke of Bedford, and was soon after admitted into the admiralty by as gross court paid to Lord Winchelsea, whom he used ill the moment he found it necessary to worship that less intense, but more surely rising sun, Mr. Pelham. He had a peculiarity of wit and very shrewd parts, but was a dry, and generally an indifferent speaker. On a chosen embassy to the king of Prussia, Legge was duped and ill treated by him. Having shuffled for some time between Mr. Pelham, Pitt, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Sandwich, and wriggled through the interest of all into the treasury, and then to the treasurer-ship of the navy, he submitted to break his connections with the two latter by being the indecent messenger of Lord Sandwich's disgrace. The duke met him on the steps of Bedford House (as he was going to Lord Gower to know what part he would take on this crisis), and would scarce give him audience; but even that short interview could not save Legge from the confusion he felt at his own policy; and, with the awkwardness that conscience will give even to an ambassador, he said he had happened, as he was just going out of town, to visit the Duke of Newcastle, where he had not been in two months before, and had been requested by him to be the bearer of this notification."

We have dwelt so long upon these transactions for the same reason which has induced the noble editor to record them—

"Not only because they show the characters of the two men between whom the contest lay, but also because they serve to illustrate the politics of the age. In the dispute between New-

\* Lady Maria Walpole, afterwards married to Charles Churchill.

† He and Mr. Benjamin Keene had the reversion of a place in the revenue between them, after the death of the then Earl of Scarborough.

‡ Surveyor of the king's woods and forests.

§ They are contained in two letters still preserved by the Duke of Bedford. [These letters are published in the first volume of this correspondence.]

castle and Bedford, the chief advantage of the former lay in the superior sense and discretion of his adherents. Lord Hardwicke and Mr. Pelham were far better advisers than Lord Sandwich, and their weight with the public was far greater than that of the whole party which followed the Duke of Bedford. In the exercise of personal qualities, Newcastle was, as usual, persevering, crafty, treacherous; the Duke of Bedford showed himself a careless courtier, and, if we are to believe the Pelhams, an inattentive man of business. But the confidence and pride which Mr. Pelham calls 'boyishness,' were the worst of his failings; his integrity and frankness are admitted, and I may add, the justness of his political views is attested by his official letters."

Upon the death of Mr. Pelham, which took place rather unexpectedly in 1754, the Duke of Newcastle endeavoured to patch up a new administration; or rather, so to reconstruct the existing ministry, as that the business of the nation might be effectually carried on, while the greatest amount of power and of influence remained in his own hands. There were at this time in the House of Commons and holding office, three distinguished men, to one or other of whom it seemed impossible to avoid giving the first place in that house, and the complete confidence of the crown in any contemplated arrangements. They were Mr. Fox, who was secretary at war; Mr. Pitt, who was paymaster of the forces; and Mr. Murray, who was attorney-general. That such a man as Newcastle should have felt indisposed to advance to that distinguished post such a man as Pitt, the father, is just as natural as that a mean and a little mind should entertain an instinctive antipathy to a great one. No domestication of the bird of Jove could easily reconcile the turkey-cock to his presence in the farm yard. Murray, who was a cannie Scotchman, looked to the easy security of the bench, which he was not disposed to hazard for any less assured position as a member of administration. Fox, therefore, who was an able, perhaps the ablest debater in the house, was the individual to whom the duke addressed himself, and to whom he offered the post of secretary of state, with the lead in the commons, and a seat in the cabinet. The following is Lord John's ac-

count of the result of this negotiation:—

"So far all was fair; but a further question remained behind. According to the abominable system of those days, secret-service money was employed in buying members of parliament. As a part of the same system, the treasury boroughs were filled by the nomination of the friends of the minister. It was naturally expected by Mr. Fox that he should share in the confidence of the prime minister respecting these secret means of government, as well as in the preparation and defence of public measures. But the power of Newcastle was founded on the purchase of boroughs and members of parliament. Others could write as good despatches; others could make more eloquent speeches: it was in jobbing and bargaining that he stood unrivalled. Perhaps he struggled with himself to permit a share of this foul influence to Mr. Fox, but however that may be, after promising one day to communicate every thing, he positively declared the next day that he would keep bribes and boroughs entirely in his own hands, and that Mr. Fox need give himself no concern in the matter.

"Fox now held himself insulted, and, much to the displeasure of the king, declined the seals. Pitt was in bad health, and was obnoxious; Murray looked to the security of the bench, and had no wish to encounter Fox and Pitt as the deputy of Newcastle."

The duke's next expedient was to appoint Sir Thomas Robinson secretary of state and leader of the House of Commons. But this was too gross an insult to be borne. Pitt openly declared that Fox should have been their leader; and respecting the new appointment, was heard indignantly to exclaim—"He lead us!—the duke might as well send his jack-boot to lead us." The result might easily have been foreseen. The following is the incident, as described by Horace Walpole, which led to a new arrangement:—

"Another petition being in agitation, the house thin and idle, a younger Delaval had spoken pompously and abusively against the petitioner, and had thrown the house into a laughter on the topics of bribery and corruption. Pitt, who, in the gallery, started and came down with impetuosity, and with all his former fire, said, 'he had asked what had occasioned such an uproar; lamented to hear a laugh on such a subject as bri-

bery! Did we try within the house to diminish our own dignity, when such attacks were made upon it from without? that it was almost lost! that it wanted support! that it had long been vanishing! scarce possible to recover it! that he hoped the speaker would extend a saving hand to raise it—he only could restore it, yet scarce he! He called on all to assist, or else *we should only sit to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful a subject!*" This thunderbolt thrown in a sky so long serene, confounded the audience. Murray crouched silent and terrified; Legge scarce rose to say with great humility, 'that he had been raised solely by the Whigs, and if he fell sooner or later, he should pride himself in nothing but in being a Whig.'

Fox now had an unconditional offer of the seals, and the full swing of patronage which belonged to his office. He acceded to the new proposals; and if he had only conditioned that Pitt should have a seat in the cabinet, as he was, in duty, bound to do, it would have been an act prudent in itself, as well as an honourable fulfilment of at least an implied engagement.

"Instead of doing this, he offered the privy seal to the Duke of Bedford. We have seen that the Duke of Bedford declined place for himself, but accepted it for his friends. Sandwich and Rigby obtained offices lucrative rather than honourable. Lord Gower, lately Lord Trentham, was made privy seal. The Duke of Newcastle, to provide for Sir Thomas Robinson, and others of his friends who retired, burthened the country to the extent of nine thousand pounds a year."

But Pitt's turn was now to come. He had captivated the heart of the British people; and any arrangement which excluded him from high official employment could not be satisfactory to the people at large. In 1756, Fox, "disgusted by the treatment which he had received from the Duke of Newcastle," resigned the seals. Murray, the cautious Scotchman, could not be dissuaded from making the bench his only object;—and Pitt, who was now the minister's sole reliance, as he was the hope of the country, refused positively to serve either with Newcastle or with Fox. To gratify the implacable orator, the Duke of Devonshire accepted the post of first lord of the

treasury. Poor Fox offered to take the post of paymaster, without a seat in the cabinet. But even this was denied. It was at this time that the Duke of Bedford accepted the office of lord lieutenant of Ireland.

"The secretary" very soon found that he "stood alone." His imperious will could scatter a cabinet, even as his great powers and his noble spirit could rally a nation. A new combination was formed, in which Newcastle and Fox were included. The former was the general state-manager, by whom parties were drilled into a subserviency to ministerial views. "Newcastle," said Pitt some years afterwards, "lent me his majority to carry on the government." And the latter contented himself with the lucrative office of paymaster of the forces, without a seat in the cabinet; a position by which the disdainful pride of Pitt must have been gratified more than by any other, as it was a species of pilloried humiliation.

But we must attend to the Duke of Bedford in Ireland. Up to the period of which we write, the policy of the Whig government in this country had been, to keep down the papists. For this purpose the penal code had been devised. With this view every succeeding government had received instructions to strengthen and advance the Protestant interest. The Romish population were designated as "the enemy;" and as such were deprived of all political power, and even of those rights of property, and of that free exercise of their religion, which, in a country like ours, never should be denied or restricted, except under the pressure of some great state necessity, which evinced that such extreme measures were demanded by the public safety. Such a necessity, the whigs maintained, existed. And, accordingly, laws were enacted at which humanity revolts, for any parallel to which we must have recourse to popish countries during those periods of phrenzied theological exacerbation, when a baleful bigotry was in the ascendant. Such was the spirit of British legislation in this country during the whole of the long period—little less than half a century—during which the Whigs held the reins of power. Lord John tells us that *now* an important change was intended, and that the



Duke of Bedford, in accepting the lieutenancy, had openly avowed that he would not govern in the narrow maxims of intolerance and exclusion which had before prevailed. The first occasion of which the duke availed himself to manifest those generous sentiments was upon the bringing in of a bill by Lord Clanbrassil, for the registering, of popish priests. This bill was favoured by the lord lieutenant, but opposed strongly by Primate Stone; and ultimately lost in the privy council by a majority of two, there being fourteen for, and twelve against it. "Yet the duke," the noble editor observes, "derived, as he deserved, much strength from the knowledge that he was inclined to loosen the fetters which pressed so hard on the limbs of the Roman Catholics."

Now what will the reader say when we tell him that all this is a delusion? Not a delusion practised by Lord John upon the public, but a delusion practised by some cruel wag upon his lordship, who has evidently played upon his too-confiding simplicity, and caused him to record as authentic history matter the very reverse of historic truth. Is it not to be collected from what he has written, that this registration bill was regarded as a great boon by the oppressed and persecuted Roman Catholics; and that the favourers of it were regarded by them as their kind friends, while all those by whom it was opposed were regarded as their inexorable enemies? Now, if it appears that this is distinctly the reverse of the fact; that this bill was regarded as the consummation of most cruel oppression, and which, if passed, could have no other result than the extinction of their religion; and that its opposers, and the primate in particular, were looked upon in the light of saviours, by whom this last refinement upon the policy of their persecutors was defeated; what will be thought of the flourishing paragraph in which Lord John takes credit for his ancestor as the precursor of that school of liberal politicians by whose persevering efforts the penal enactments have been repealed? Why, truly, that he knows but little of the real history of Ireland.

Let us hear what Matthew O'Connor, the grandson of Charles O'Connor, who has, from the papers of his ancestor, compiled an able and an in-

teresting "History of the Irish Catholics, from the settlement of 1691," writes upon this subject.

"The Irish aristocracy still pursued the catholic clergy with unremitting severity. James Hamilton, Lord Viscount Limerick, had adopted Lord Chesterfield's plan of extirpating the catholic religion, by expelling its dignitaries, limiting the number of priests, and subjecting them to the control of the Protestant gentry; with this view he brought a bill into the House of Lords for registering the priests pursuant to the 2nd of Queen Anne, with additional clauses which struck more deeply at the root of the catholic religion. It enacted that one priest should be registered for each parish, that the nomination of his successor should be vested in the grand jury, with a veto in the privy council and lord lieutenant; that the registered priests should be bound to inform against all secular and regular priests residing in their parishes, under pain of transportation and felony of death in case of return; and should be prohibited from making proselytes, or officiating beyond the boundaries of their parishes under similar penalties; that none but secular priests should be allowed the benefit of registry, and that all bishops, dignitaries, and friars, that should be found in the kingdom after the 1st of January, 1757, should be liable to the penalties of the several statutes of William and Anne against popish priests; lastly, that £100 reward should be given for the detection and conviction of every popish bishop and regular after that period, to be levied off the goods and lands of the papists.

"The introduction of this bill diffused general consternation; but fortunately the Protestant bishops interposed the sanctity of their characters against this shocking violation of the rights of conscience. On the third reading of the bill the primate opposed it in an eloquent speech. Three archbishops, and nine bishops voted against it, and it was lost by a majority of two. The joy of the catholics on the rejection was proportioned to their despondency on the introduction of the bill; the bishops were hailed as the saviours of a people, whose fears had anticipated the concurrence of every branch of the legislature in this projected extirpation of their religion.

We could multiply citations to the same effect from other writers of authority upon Irish affairs; but this is surely enough to prove the flippant ignorance of this noble writer. Granted



that the Duke of Bedford was foolish enough, or that his secretary, Rigby, was rash enough to believe that Lord Clanbrassil's bill was a boon to the Romanists (an imputation which has not been proved against either,) *he* should have been better informed of the real feelings of that body, than to be betrayed into so strange a misrepresentation of them.

"An address," says Lord John, "from the Roman Catholic body was drawn up by Dr. O'Connor, agreed to at a public meeting at Dublin, and ordered to be presented to the lord lieutenant by the speaker of the House of Commons. The address was drawn up in a spirit of devoted loyalty to the throne; and while a relaxation of the penal laws was prayed for, the utmost gratitude was expressed to the lord lieutenant for his wisdom, justice, and moderation. Such has been on repeated occasions the conduct of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. While they have felt acutely the injury and degradation to which they have been subjected by English laws, every relaxation of undue severity, and even every dawn of a kinder disposition towards them, has been met by a warmth of gratitude and a zeal of attachment which seem to have no memory for past injuries, and no suspicion of future injustice."

Now what says Dr. O'Connor's grandson? He represents this very address as having arisen out of the elated feelings of the Romanists, caused by the rejection of this very bill. The following are his words:—

"The rejection of this bill seemed to be the harbinger of toleration and civil liberty. Mr. O'Connor seized the opportunity to rouse his countrymen from their lethargy, and inspire them with courage to address the throne, and plead their loyalty in mitigation of their sufferings; he was most powerfully seconded by Dr. Curry, whose feelings for the distress of his country united him with Mr. O'Connor in a bond of friendship which lasted during their lives, and mingled in their ashes to perpetuate their memories."

Mr. Charles O'Connor, while he rejoices at the defeat of the bill, represents the primate's opposition to it as founded on the principle of persecution; but confesses that "enemies are preferable to friends on the tolerating principle of the registry bill." He is corrected, however, by his bett-

formed relative, who declares his belief that the primate "was a man of virtue, though a politician and a statesman." But all agree that under whatever pretence, this registration bill would have proved the most formidable of penal enactments; and that had it passed into a law, the popish system could scarcely have survived for another generation in Ireland.

The truth is, the severity of the previous enactments had defeated themselves. They were too bad to be enforced; and hence a degree of toleration by connivance, by which they were practically suspended. The registration bill would have reversed this state of things, and by a regulation, mild in appearance, would have put such restriction upon the exercise of the Romish religion, and brought the priesthood of that persuasion into such close connection with the Protestant gentry and the government, by whom it was made necessary that their loyalty should be approved, that a very few years must witness a rapid extinction of all that was envenomed and anti-Anglican in their system. Against this, as was but too natural, their strenuous adherents loudly exclaimed. Upon the defeat of the measure, which they regarded as little less than providential, they congratulated each other as from escape from a calamity the most imminent and the most alarming. All this Lord John might easily have known. Upon such a subject it was right that he should be duly informed. In one like him, who sets up for an authority upon these subjects, ignorance so gross as he has exhibited is little less than criminal. We will not for one moment suppose that his statement is a deliberate misrepresentation; but we do trust he will himself see the necessity of examining for himself into these matters with somewhat more of discrimination than he has yet condescended to apply to Irish affairs, and trust less to those blind or dishonest guides by whom his better judgment upon this and upon some other subjects has been so sadly perverted.

But there is another matter respecting which we have more serious grounds of complaint against his lordship; because the very letter which he has published should have taught him his error. He lauds his relative for  
actuated by a liberality far be-

yond the spirit of the age, and on the other hand, condemns the primate for a bigotry which could scarcely be too strongly reprehended. And yet, the liberality of the duke causes him every where to represent the Romish population as actuated by treasonable views, and as ready to break out into open insurrection whenever any prospect of foreign assistance presented itself, which might give them a hope that their rebellious effort would be successful. He thus writes to Mr. Pitt, stating the grounds upon which he deprecated the removal of a single regiment from Ireland:—

“ In the first place, the distance from the coasts of Brittany is so little to the southern parts of Cork, Kerry, and Clare, that it is a very easy matter, when our fleet shall be shut up in the channel by a long westerly or south-west wind, to throw over a considerable body of infantry, either for a *coup de main*, or to make a lodgment in the country. And in the second place, I will take it upon me to affirm, though it is contrary to the received opinion, that there is no country more capable of subsisting, even during the winter season, a body of foreign infantry, than the province of Munster, which is full of fat cattle during the best part of the winter, and of potatoe-grounds appended to each cottage, which will entirely answer to the troops instead of bread; and being at that season of the year in the ground, are not by any means to be carried off or destroyed, as magazines of corn may be. I am sorry to be forced to add, that the whole country is so full of disaffected inhabitants, that the enemy could not be in want either of supplies of provision or succours and intelligence of every kind. There is, besides this danger of a foreign enemy, which cannot, I think, be too much guarded against, another very strong consideration with me, which is, the preserving the internal peace of the country, which I am sorry to be obliged to say, cannot well be secured without a strong military force; and the number of troops obliged to be constantly kept in Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, and Galway, for the security of the Protestant inhabitants, takes up necessarily such a number of our small pittance, that it is excessively difficult to find sufficient to put into the other garrisons, and to support in the outposts and different parts of the country the officers of the revenue. I should inform you, sir, that the whole number of effective men in the infantry amounts upon paper to about 7000; and I must submit it to better judgments,

whether it can be supposed that that number is more than sufficient for the security of Ireland.”

Again, we have Mr. Pitt stating, as the result of the duke's official representations:—

“ I cannot omit thereupon to acquaint your grace, that according to my memory, as well as that of other lords of the council, concerning what then passed, the great danger stated by your grace to the lords, to be apprehended for Ireland, turned principally, if not solely, on the excessive superiority in number of Papists over Protestants, and on the want of more military force in Ireland, and accordingly the most speedy and effectual augmentation of the latter has ever since been the constant object of the orders I have had the honour from time to time to transmit to your grace.”

Such was the duke's *liberality*! Now we shall only observe upon this, that if these statements were just, the population thus described could not be objects of parliamentary indulgence.

Let us now turn to such evidence as these letters afford of the *bigotry* of the primate. To him, also, the duke had addressed representations similar to those above cited. In reply to a letter advising his grace of an intended invasion from France, and in pressing upon him the necessity of being on his guard against the enemy within as well as the enemy without, the primate thus writes:—

“ Your grace knows that just at this time all the regiments, both of cavalry and foot, are drawn together to the respective places where they are to be, and where some of them have been reviewed; from whence they were to march into their several divided quarters, and the horses immediately to be turned to grass, as is the common course in quiet times. We have this day sent directions to them all to halt in the towns of their respective reviewings until further orders; and the future disposition proposed is according to the rough draught that is here enclosed to your grace.

“ It will, as I conceive, appear from this disposition of the troops, that the object in view is not to prevent a landing, if it should be attempted—which seems scarcely possible, considering the extensiveness of the coast where landings by the French are equally probable—and probable—but to keep the tr-

a posture of communication one with the other, that they may, either by retreating or advancing, all have it in their power to join in one body, and be always placed between the enemy and the capital, until such time as succour can arrive from England. This seems to us more reasonable than to separate the troops in order to protect particular counties or places, by which the detached troops might be cut off, and one part of the kingdom sufficiently defended.

“With regard to the disaffected (under which denomination the papists alone can be comprehended), I beg leave to hazard my private opinion to your grace, that there is little or no danger to be apprehended from them. This is my firm persuasion, and I would risk all that I am worth upon it. I do not, indeed, doubt but if a French army were to land, many single vagabonds would be ready for hire to take arms with them; but I am almost confident the Roman Catholics of property, whether landed or monied, would not assist, but that they rather fear than wish such an attempt from the French, and that some of them would even give their assistance towards serving his majesty. I am well acquainted with several of the heads of that people, and I think I know something of their sentiments. If it was left to their free choice, it must be supposed that they would desire a king and an establishment of their own religion. But they are very sensible that if the French now attempt an invasion of his majesty's kingdoms, it will not be for their sakes, nor in order to better their condition; but that if they were to enter into rebellion, they would be left a sacrifice, without conditions to the necessary consequences of it, as soon as ever other interests merely French could be adjusted. This great consideration of interest, helped perhaps by some impression which I really believe has been made upon them by the long-experienced equity and lenity of his majesty's government, must have an effect; and we have so far presumed upon it as to dispose the troops with a view to the invading enemy only, without laying equal stress upon any particular places of supposed disaffection.”

Now we do not stop for a moment to ask whether this was wise or unwise—whether the duke was better grounded in his distrust, or the primate in his confidence in the Irish Roman Catholics. But we put it to any honest man, whether Lord John is justified in claiming for his ancestor a spirit of liberality which led to mild and tolerant sentiments towards that prostrate body of men, and in im-

puting a narrow and malignant bigotry to the primate; or whether, in point of fact, these representations should not be reversed; and the latter set down as the champion of a mild and tolerant liberality, while the former loudly and even clamorously expressed those fears which, if just, would have justified the most grinding enactments? We ask any candid reader whether this last supposition does not appear to be the plain, unvarnished truth, even as it may be collected from this published correspondence?

We now have done with these volumes. We have not been slow to admit their value, as illustrating the history of our country, and the characters of some of our public men, during a most important time. We trust the noble lord will persevere in his intention of adding to what he has already done, from the stores which, we doubt not, are abundantly at his command, and by the collection of which he may do good service in elucidating much that is obscure in our annals; and which, unless he be so aided, must baffle the sagacity of the most able historian. But, for his own sake, we would have him to be carefully on his guard against that party bias which he has but too much suffered to influence him in the present work, and which has led, in the instances we have specified, to misrepresentation both of men and things which must completely destroy his credit as an impartial compiler. We venture, humbly, to suggest to his lordship, that he cannot very well afford to squander whatever little reputation he has yet remaining. As a statesman, we believe, even amongst his own adherents, his pretensions have been reduced to a very small compass indeed. As an editor he may yet do some good, if he would only purge himself of the malignant humours which cause him to see through a jaundiced vision the actions and the characters of men towards whom, because of their order or their party connexions, he cherishes a malicious hatred. And should our gentle and well-meant admonition not be taken amiss, we assure the noble lord that there are no parties more sincerely desirous than ourselves that he should long possess the leisure and be favoured with the opportunities of thus contributing to instruction and our

M. DE LAMARTINE.

## "L'ETAT, L'EGLISE, AND L'ENSEIGNEMENT."

THE contest between the university of Paris and the Jesuits, as it has increased in vehemence, appears to have assumed a character of augmented importance. The university has become a representative of the state—the order of Loyola has dilated into the Church of Rome. Such is the conflict in its present estate, as it has been faithfully and eloquently described by M. de Lamartine, in a recent and a very able publication.

In the judgment of this popular and attractive writer, a contest such as has arisen on the subject of education was unavoidable, and, from the principles in which it has its origin, can admit of no terms of adjustment. The state cannot give up its subjects in pupilage to the church. The church cannot forego rights to which it lays claim over the consciences and intellects of its flock—rights altogether incompatible with the pretensions of secular authority. Where principles are thus opposed, it is only a question of time when the latent antagonism is to break out into open conflict. The time has arrived in France; the contest has commenced warmly; and whatever may be its final issue, Lamartine seems to think, that it portends and demands a change in the relations of the country, of no less moment than the entire severance of the connection which has heretofore subsisted between the powers temporal and ecclesiastical.

But this great change is not to be effected with the suddenness which might constitute it a revolution. The inconveniences attendant upon it are not to fall upon certain individuals only, or upon a single class of citizens. The whole nation should bear its portion of the burden; and the government, as is its obvious duty, (responsible not only for the justice of its acts, but for their suitableness to circumstances,) should take care that the change, which seems imperatively demanded, be effected in the manner of a pacific and conservative transformation.

"This done," writes M. de Lamartine, "and the state having restored to the church its independence, freedom of worship to all citizens, freedom of instruction to families, it will, too, reclaim for itself, energetically, its own right and liberty. It will remember, that if the church is arbitrator in faith, the father of the family arbitrator in the education of his children, it, the state, is arbitrator and guardian of civilization. Leaving respectively a liberty ensured by law to all establishments, religious and private—liberty of instruction to all shades of faith—freedom of will to all families, it will assert for itself the right and the duty of competing with all, by an enlarged and powerful system of secular instruction. It will create, and cause to grow with elements which are its own, (with the ministry of public instruction—the university—the schools primary—normal—professional—polytechnique, multiplied in all centres of the population,) its establishment of national instruction.

"This national instruction, under the responsibility of the state, will respect and be the guardian of the conscience and faith of families; but, independent of the church, will have no relations with it but those of worship, in which individuals shall freely engage. Thus, by the triple competition of the church, private establishments, and the powerful centralization of the state, will be satisfied—the wishes of religion—the demands of families—and the injunctions of the state, that sovereign family, which, let men say what they will, has charge of souls, and which is answerable to posterity for the preservation and the growth of human intelligence. The church will teach what she *believes*—the state what it *thinks*. The church will be emancipated from the government—government from the church; philosophy from both. Souls will cease to be a charge upon the budget (*les âmes seront enlevées au budget*) and will be remanded (*remises*) to their faith and to God. This is the state of things in America and Belgium; and the world sees if the sentiment of religion dies in the air of liberty. To this state of things there is a tendency in all Europe."

It is not our purpose to deny the accuracy of our author's views, or to

dispute the reasonableness of his anticipations. Whether America and Belgium afford favourable specimens of the working of his system, we do not pause to inquire. Our present concern is with the antecedents rather than the consequents of the voluntarism of which M. de Lamartine has avowed himself an advocate; with those characteristics of church and state which render separation necessary, rather than with the good or evil results of which it is to be productive. This latter view of the case is conjectural, the other occupies itself with matter of fact and observation; it is, accordingly, more practically useful.

There ought to be, writes M. de Lamartine, no such interdependence between church and state as now prevails in France. The two powers are separate, and almost adverse in their character and their missions. The state cannot confide to the church the office of training up good citizens and subjects; the church has not sufficient encouragement to hope that the state will be a faithful agent for it in the education of Roman Catholics; why should they then continue to maintain relations in which they must be hypocrites towards each other, and faithless to their respective missions? Time was when church and state were amicably associated together; time will be when their harmony shall be restored; but now, in this troubled interval—"this bank and shoal" of an unbelieving age—open separation would be better than that ill-adjusted partnership, which is found not only to endure but to engender mutual estrangement and suspicion.

"Is there," asks M. de Lamartine, "any remedy in the actual state of things? No!" he replies; "because the actual is not a true state of things, either for church or state; because both, in their anger and their complaints, are, alteration in the right and in the wrong; and because in a false position such as this, although one may cry, peace, peace, there is no peace. There is an impracticable compromise or treaty ('transaction') between the church and lay education—a compromise left to the arbitration of government. In itself it implies nothing unjust or oppressive against the church, but the church is a body, which by its constitu-

tion and nature, can submit to no compromise. Its sovereignty is in its conscience. It cannot, it ought not, concede. Its faith is not its own—it belongs to God. It believes—it never discusses, &c.

"The church is the only great association authorized, protected, and endowed in the country—a nation within a nation—a state within a state—a society distinct from civil society—and almost as numerous as the whole people. It has an administration avowed and mixed, half ecclesiastical, half civil, with its provincial demarcations, which are bishoprics—its territorial subdivisions, which are parishes. It has its high dignitaries, the cardinals, paid and accredited by the state to conclaves. It has two sovereigns—a temporal, the king—a spiritual, the pope; and by alternately leaning on the king for support against the pope, as in the instance of Bossuet, supported by Louis XIV., and upon the spiritual sovereign against the king, as in that of the Archbishop of Cologne, it can intimidate one by the other, and between the two can win great liberties, as the liberties of the Gallican Church. It has a staff of eighty thousand ministers of worship, from the parish-priests, residing in all habitable parts of the soil, to be fathers to all who are born, brothers to all who live, angels to the dying, to those apostles of the faith who go forth to sow it by their word, wherever it languishes, and to the religious orders, such as Jesuits and Ignorantins, who constitute a chain of influence and intelligence, from the ear of kings to the poor man's bed of straw. They have all the temples, all the cathedrals, all the chapels, edifices, bishops' houses, seminaries, &c., given, endowed, repaired, supported, at the cost of the state."

After proceeding in this strain to enumerate and describe the various advantages with which the state enriches the church, the eloquent writer turns to the other side of the picture:—

"To counterbalance this omnipotence of propagation, and of legal influence, this possession almost exclusive of the moral territory conceded to the church—what has the state? It has a ministry of public instruction, directing a lay corporation, called the University, and endowed with not more than about eleven millions (of Francs), forty-six royal colleges, two thousand two hundred and fifty bourses, three hundred communal colleges, with four hundred and



ninety-one hours.\* It has the right to visit houses of instruction, and the charge of examining, before pronouncing them qualified for certain public functions, all pupils who have passed through stages of free instruction, except those who declare themselves devoted to the ecclesiastical profession, and whose inviolability, under this title, is acknowledged.

"Such are the respective situations of church and state, in matters of education and of influence. Such is the pretended liberty—the pretended equality. Where is the impartial spirit which does not acknowledge, that, if a treaty were possible, all the conditions of predominance are in favour of the church; and that, far from having a right to complain, it ought to keep down the feeling of triumph within its heart, and enjoy silently the empire which faith gives it over consciences—the law gives it in temples, morals—under the domestic roof—privilege in the seminaries, in instruction—in the corporations—and which, finally, the budget gives it in relative wealth. But it is not contented, and with good reason, *for a treaty is impossible between a power which ought to claim every thing, and one which cannot concede every thing.*"

Here is expressed briefly and forcibly, the reason why the disputes between church and state in France are incapable of adjustment. And, let it be observed, to M. de Lamartine the credit of the explanation is due. He has discerned or divined the important truth, that in the contest between the Jesuits and the University, church and state are represented in their respective champions. He has seen "that," to use his own expression, "there can be no solution of the question regarding education so long as the question of religion remains unsettled." The Church of Rome is, in spirit, and in principle, imperious and intolerant. If it conceded in a matter of so much moment as education, it would peril its empire. There can be, therefore, no settlement of the question, in the existing state of things, so long as Rome finds it expedient to assert her claims, and the state is too strong to be overcome, and not strong enough to prevail, in

the conflict which an aspiring church forces upon her.

How came it to pass that relations of mutual interdependence were formed or feigned between powers thus plainly irreconcilable? We might perhaps apply the question nearer home. De Lamartine answers it as it regards France:—

"Why has this arrangement and this impracticable division of empire between church and state been attempted? Because love of the truth had yielded in both to a love of peace: because neither one nor the other had faith enough to resolve upon living in independence—the church sustained by its religious faith, the state by its civil—and because both said secretly, let us make an alliance, and live together, you, the church, lending me your spiritual ascendancy to discipline the people in good morals—you, the state, lending me your authority, your ministration, your pecuniary support, to maintain my dominion over souls, and to give permanency to my temporal establishment. This was weakness on the part of the church, weakness of the state—simony on both sides.

"The two-fold weakness can be explained. The church was coming out of persecution, and found itself happy to take shelter, modest and docile, under the civil power, which offered its protection. The state was coming forth from anarchy, and had to mount up towards the source of all order and morals, religion. The union effected was profane on the part of the church, hypocritical on that of the state; it was deficient alike in the elements of faith and reason, but it was politically expedient. It was made. Was it a union which could endure, unless reason were sacrificed to the church, or the church brought under restraint by the civil power? Could it endure, unless the church or the state were absorbed, the one into the other, or without having the intestine and smothered war between the two powers declare itself? Evidently not, and this we are beginning now to see."

It is not our purpose to enter at any length into an investigation of the contest which has given rise to these observations. As between the Uni-

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\* Among the numerous advantages of the Church, Lamartine sets down a grant of salaries from the state to the amount of *thirty millions, twenty thousand bourses, &c. &c.*



versity and the Jesuits, the conflict would be, no doubt, a subject of deep interest; but its importance is so greatly enhanced when estimated by the parties and principles really in opposition, that we cannot pause on the visible details and circumstances. The complaints on the part of the ecclesiastics, Lamartine intimates, are, in substance, that they have not a monopoly of instruction, that they have not the power of examining the doctrines and controlling the faith of professors in the University; while that body, representing the state, exercises a power of superintendence and examination, within certain limits, over national education.

"Are there grounds," asks the eloquent writer, "for these complaints? Yes; it is certain that the University is irksome to the church, in the first place, *by existing*; secondly, by exercising over the *élèves* of the church a right of examining, before admitting them to certain civil functions, for which the state has charged it with declaring the competency of citizens."

The menace by which the church would enforce these complaints is that of withdrawing its ministerial services from the colleges, unless its demands are complied with; that is to say, it threatens to place national education under an interdict. Here Lamartine thinks the church is wrong. It has contracted an obligation to the state, by which it has become bound to perform those offices which it now professes an intention to discontinue. The argument is forcibly stated in the following rapid survey of the considerations for which the church has surrendered a portion of its freedom:—

"Contracts are reciprocal. In consenting to receive, one agrees to give. Liberty is not complete when, for a salary, a portion of it has been given up. If the state has fettered itself, so have you, the church. If it owe you cathedrals, bishoprics, thirty millions of revenue, twenty thousand seminarists, a hundred millions of property in mortmain, nomination to dioceses, execution of the concordat, protection of your public ceremonies, uncontested dominion over households, and the reigning by faith—you owe to it the ministration of worship. There is the contract. Of two things choose one. Tear it or keep it. If you hold it, you abdicate a

part of the force and dignity of your faith—you have another master than God—you reckon with the king. If you tear it, you renounce human power to take refuge in the might of God. Judge you which is better for yourselves, for the state, for the faith, for reason, for conscience, for education, for morals—the political union which chains the state to the church, faith to reason, tradition to inquiry, movement to immoveability—or to yield to the two powers a frank and complete emancipation."

It is impossible to deny the justice and the reasonableness of this argument. If the Church of Rome in France will not observe the terms of its contract, it should release the state from the observance of them. Lamartine can see no other honourable adjustment of the dispute in which these two parties are engaged, than this mutual release. Consistently with its principles, Romanism must acquiesce in the judgment of this very eminent man, although in its practices it can find precedent for a settlement of a very different description; one which should leave the church in possession of all its advantages, while releasing it from all obligation. To such an issue of its engagement with the state, the Church of Rome in France, we have no doubt, looked forward from the day when it first made terms for a mutual accommodation. Romanism never entered into such a contract without protecting itself by a mental reserve against its contingent inconveniences. So long as it is advisable, for her own interests, to observe her engagements and fulfil her promises, the faith of the Church of Rome will be consistent with justice: as soon as she discerns palpable advantage in a breach of human faith, her duty to a higher principle—a duty from which she had never been released, although for a time it may seem to have been out of sight—becomes visible again, reclaims its ascendancy, and discharges her from the meaner obligations, by which promises and even oaths may seem to have bound her. By the revolution of July, the Church of Rome in France was overthrown—its ambitions were chastised—its calculations were baffled—its secret purposes were penetrated—its strength was broken. At that time, without wealth, without influ-

ence, it was benefitted by entering into alliance with the state; and it was as little scrupulous, perhaps, about terms, as a party may be supposed to be who knows, that whenever terms become burdensome, he can be released from them. The Church of Rome, as Lamartine well observes, has two sovereigns. At the epoch of the barricades, Louis Philippe was in the ascendant: the power of that great man seems to be no longer so formidable as it was, and accordingly, the papacy now has its turn. There was a time when that subtle court found it expedient to indulge and connive—the time has arrived when it can be peremptory, and it will not let the opportunity escape. M. de Lamartine has assigned two reasons why relations of interdependence between church and state, where the Church is that of Rome, must be insecure and embarrassed. Romanism insists on ascendancy, and prohibits freedom of thought and inquiry. He might have added a third reason—Romanism cannot be governed by a sense of obligation—it has no conscience.

This third reason for distrusting the promises made by the Church of Rome, implies a peculiarity in her system which has been too lightly regarded, and ought to instruct sovereigns and states, that they cannot negotiate with Rome on terms of equality. The papal system profits by its professed faith in a spiritual system, as Bishop Law once said an enterprising adversary of his derived aid from his scepticism. “The noble lord,” said this daringly original prelate, “has an advantage over me. I believe in two worlds.” In the instance of Romanism, the advantage lies with the professors of the more enlarged belief. No individual in the Church of Rome is permitted to have a conscience. What is enjoined him by competent authority he must obey, although his moral sense, and God’s revealed word, as he understands it, enjoined him to resist. His church has no respect for his individual sentiments or convictions. The interest of Romanism, as declared by the accredited authorities, must be paramount to all considerations of personal advantage—to all respect for conscientious scruples—to all apprehensions of praise or blame—to all reverence

for charity or justice. It is a perilous thing for France to make treaties with a body, in which the moral sense appears to be governed by advices from Rome—and accordingly to fluctuate, as the funds in a mercantile nation, according to the circumstances of the country. It is perilous to rest, for the security of engagements, on a faith which will fail in every season of adversity, or, at least, whenever it becomes the interest of those by whom it was pledged, that it should be disregarded. It was a pasquinade, while the Council of Trent was sitting, that the inspirations by which it was guided were daily conveyed from Rome, in the bags of an ordinary courier: it is no pasquinade, but a sober and menacing truth—that the conscience by which subjects should be guided in the discharge of their civil duties, is not an oracle within the heart, or a light from heaven, but an emanation from the papacy, before whose influence if the light of heaven grow not dark, it is to be dreaded as if it would lead astray, and the oracle of conscience must be reduced to silence.

This essay of M. de Lamartine is the first production we have seen in which arguments worthy of a philosopher, and becoming a man of honour to use, are advanced in favour of the voluntary system. As to the reasoning, or sophistry, by which that system is usually advocated amongst us, it is generally, whether regarded in its intellectual or its moral aspect, of a very dubious quality. The injustice done to dissenters, or the offence caused to them by maintaining a church establishment, to the support of which they are compelled to contribute, without obtaining from it any compensatory advantage—furnish the topics on which our voluntaries chiefly trade, in seeming unconsciousness of their unsuitableness. In truth, such arguments as ordinarily meet us here would be conclusive, rather against the principle of toleration, than against the maintenance of a church establishment. They seem to imply, that dishonesty is inseparable from dissent—to show, that the promises and oaths by which political privileges have been attained, were faithless, and from the nature of things must be so, and thus to afford a warning that difference of religious profession ought not to be

tolerated, inasmuch as freedom of opinion will be made the cloak for want of principle. If dissenters or Romanists allege their hostility to the church as a reason for denying their debts to its ministers, they simply expose their own intolerance, and make manifest the wisdom and justice of those guardian checks by which, in past times, their dishonest intentions were counteracted, of the prudence by which their hollow professions were distrusted. Far unlike the reasoning of such parties is that of M. de Lamartine. Neither statesman, nor churchman, nor gentleman, nor true philosopher need blush for it:—we doubt whether a reflecting man would dispute the principle it rests upon.

In one of our late numbers an aphorism was cited, which, taken with the qualification for which most general assertions would be the better, communicates a great truth, and conveys a lesson of the deepest wisdom. It is this:—

“The well-being of a community is to be sought in the harmonious co-operation of the spiritual and secular authorities. An undue preponderance of either is a fruitful source of evil.”\*

According to M. de Lamartine's views, such fatal preponderance must be the result of the existing relations, if not soon interrupted, between the church and the state in France. Either the papal sovereign will arrest the progress of the French people in science, arts, and civilization, or else the national sovereign—the state—must make of the salaried priesthood a body of pliant and unprincipled confederates. They cannot be true to the king, without, in their hearts, becoming faithless to the pope: they cannot cordially and unreservedly obey the laws of their country, without virtually renouncing those canons and councils, which they have solemnly sworn that they receive without any doubt, and will enforce on all over whom their authority or influence can be successfully exerted. No men who are thus bound can enter into engagements with secular princes. If they have formed an alliance of such a

nature as that which is found subsisting in France, (we fully agree with M. de Lamartine,) there is no resource but that of breaking it. The genius of the Church of Rome, and the spirit of a free and enlightened people cannot be reconciled: for the evils occasioned by the compact between unchanged Romanism and France, no effectual or honest remedy can be found, except in separation.

And can the evil be thus remedied? We dare not prognosticate. We are persuaded that the alliance is evil. We are persuaded that Romanism has profited largely by the subsidies from the state. We are convinced thoroughly that the state has had no adequate return for them. Nor have we formed this opinion for the first time on reading Lamartine's very eloquent paper. He has not given us a new idea on this subject, but has confirmed us in an old. We remember well a discussion, in which we were once permitted to share, with one, no ordinary person, who proposed France as an example which England would do well to follow. Romanism, he considered, as it prevails in Ireland, a fertile source of crime, disorder, and calamity—but as it was modified in France by a state connection, and a moderate endowment, it was manageable as any other form of religion. Much as we respected our adversary in the argument, we had purchased the right, at least we thought so, to prefer our own opinions; and we reasoned in defence of them on principles adopted, we are proud to find, by a writer of Lamartine's genius, knowledge, and accomplishments. By an outlay of many millions sterling—by concessions of much worth and consequence—the French government has assisted in exalting the Gallican Church of Rome into power and influence—has had, while it was growing into greatness, the promise of its support, the benefit, such as it was, of its forbearance; and now that it seems able to subsist of itself, has had an assurance of its rivalry, if not hostility. France begins to see the dangers, now that they have come. It is not too late for England yet to be warned of them. *While Roman Catholic bishops*

\* Letters from Germany. No. 4. p. 745.

*swear the bishop's oath—while priests on induction to benefices, swear their assent and consent to the Creed of Pius IV., there can be no assurance that Rome will keep her engagements to a secular estate, except her want of the opportunity or the ability to break them with advantage.* We will not call up remembrances from the last fourteen years of Irish history to be our witnesses. They who at the present day, and after so full experience, require the confirmation of "facts," as they are called, and who have been so unobservant that they call upon us to supply them, are not men of the stamp to whom we are careful to bring conviction. We say to men capable of reflection—read the documents to which we have made a reference, and then, if you desire to see the spirit of papal engagements embodied in action, review the history of Ireland. Nor should you charge Romanism with perfidy for thinking lightly of engagements. She has the frankness to warn all who will accept a warning, that her ecclesiastics are not free to contract engagements—that they are vassals of the pope—that the central principle of their moral system is, the "utility of the church"—and that no individual, from the humblest Ignorantin brother to the pope, is permitted to determine by the dictates of conscience, or honour, how that utility may best be promoted. So far as Ireland is concerned, indeed, it may be said that additional warning has been given. The Roman Catholic Bishops have, by anticipation, protested against a new compact with the state:—

"Hear," says M. Lamartine, "what the bishops in Ireland reply to the proposal of a union with the state, and an endowment for their church: 'Recall your offers, we should regard them as chains for our souls, and as the worst of calamities for our faith and church.'"

If, after a notice like this, a British ministry or senate were to effect a measure so characterised, they would have themselves only to blame for the evils of many kinds which would infallibly result from it.

We shall conclude with two extracts from Lamartine's very eloquent essay. In one he describes the Church of Rome and the principle of inquiry

relating to their respective offices in the moral world; in the other the temper and disposition in which the public mind in France contemplates the present state of religion:—

"Two opposing forces govern the moral world—tradition and innovation, or, as they are also named—authority and liberty. They are to the intellectual world what attraction and projection are to the world of nature, maintaining at once equilibrium and movement. Of all traditions the established religion is the most imposing, and its divine character has caused it to contract an immutability which belongs properly to nothing human.

"Reason, inquiry, discussion, liberty, are the forces of innovation; their strength, far from consisting in being unchanging, is found, on the contrary, in inquiry, which never ceases, and in a continued process of transformation. They are wings to the moral world, of which tradition supplies the rule and counterpoise. These two forces, in the eyes of a religious statesman, merit equal reverence, for both, alike, are from God. And if, through imprudent legislation, the equilibrium of either is destroyed, there is a derangement of the intellectual world, and one of the laws of Providence is violated.

"With religion we ordinarily meet the spirit of discipline, obedience, conservatism, regulation of minds, government of souls, good morals, works of charity, disinterested virtue, good will towards man to the extent of sacrifices—devotion towards God, even to martyrdom. But we meet, also, ignorances, superstitions, feebleness of spirit, routine habits of thought, pious credulities, the clouds, the darkneses, the phantoms of the infancy of time, old vestments of the past, which religions are unwilling to cast off, because they make part, as Bossuet says, of their antiquity, and in consequence of their influence on the imagination of the people. With innovation is generally found more of science, intelligence, reason, light; a more forward advance of human faculties towards perfection; but also there is found more uncertainty in the spirit of systems, more of perilous temerities, of passionate hardihood, and more of feverish ambitions, ready to overthrow all things established, to make a place for new ideas and new men, although it were upon ruins.

"And yet those two forces are necessary, and of the same necessity. Let ideas be fixed in an unchangeable institution, and human thought would wither away for want of renewal, hu-

manity would become stupified, the society or nation would subside into a slumber or slavery. With innovation alone, society would move on precipitately, and would fall in ruin by an acceleration of thought, disordered and without counterpoise. Such are tradition and innovation—authority and liberty—religion and reason.”

The action of these two forces having become perplexed by the ill-contrived union between church and state, ill effects have begun to follow; consequences injurious to religion and freedom are apprehended, and the public mind has become perilously excited by what it sees and what it anticipates. Complaining of the tardiness manifested by the two parties at issue in France, to adopt the only cure for existing and approaching evils—our eloquent author apostrophises them, and after some earnest admonition, continues thus:—

“No. The mind of man will give you no more time. Faith will grant you no more indulgence. The time insists upon a solution, and, in spite of you, will have it. How much better would it be that you should give it—that you should render to God what is God’s, and to man what is man’s right.

“Let us wait, you say; God is silent, and political embarrassments oppress us.

“No: you cannot adjourn with impunity the consequence of the liberty to think. Freedom of thought is freedom of faith—freedom of faith is freedom to instruct. These two liberties will do violence to you, in the name of religion and in the name of innovation. The one is in restraint, and the other suffering. Your political religion will be another sepulchre of Gethsemane. It will one day be opened, and men shall find nothing within. There is a movement in minds and consciences of some power which demands air, liberty, space, light; and will do violence to all governments which refuse it free passage. Do you not feel it in those mute aspirations, those disorderly and convulsive efforts of the world of thought, and the world political, for nearly a century?

“Do you imagine that all this agitation, conflict, dissolution, this crumbling to decay, and this reconstruction again, has reference only to the modification of some almost indifferent forms of government? No: the movement has a deeper source, and a more elevated aim. It is the soul of man which

agitates, torments itself in seeking, and will continue agitated until it has found. The religious question is at the root of all. You do not see him, but God is there. All his thoughts go before him, to prepare a place for something to be wrought. And what can this be, if it is not the emancipation of the principle of religion, and the revival of its youth in liberty, under the form of tradition, and under all free forms, in the nation and in humanity? Think not that you can long oppose this progress by your vain semblances of political orthodoxy, which serve no end but that of masking the indifference or the scepticism of your legislation.

“The sentiment of religion, distracted for a time by the struggles of liberty and war, has awakened and become energetic in the repose now enjoyed through the world. How could it be otherwise? Has the human heart been tempered of other elements than divine by the hand of its author? This divine principle in the soul revolts against the dryness and the materialism of those interests purely terrestrial, the life of politics, which is the religion of time.

“Society has not only a head to think; it has a heart also, to aspire and palpitate under the hand of religion. It does not live by ideas alone; it lives, above all, by sentiment. It has thought much, has put in motion millions of ideas, for a hundred years past;—sentiment is wanting to it, and this it feels a want of seeking at its source, which is the one faith. It feels the need of believing, adoring, loving, acting, devoting itself, filling and opening its heart, confessing God by faith, seeking him by philosophy, manifesting him by discourse, serving him by worship, embracing him by love, and exercising this love in acts of adoration before heaven, in brotherly kindness towards men.

“If the law has forgotten this, nature knows it; and you see that, in spite of you, humanity prostrates itself to all altars. It is because here, in devotion, is, in reality, the great object of all true civilization. Be not so proud of some conquests of liberty over despotism, or of science over matter. These victories win no peace, unless in as far as they bring man nearer to God. All civilization which does not tend to piety and morals, is an abortion. But time has no abortions. What it conceives is of God, and it brings forth for eternity.

“Leave, then, to the religious sentiment its place and freedom; and fear not that religion will fall, because it may not be sustained by the frail and odious hand of human power. Fear not



that the fire of the altar will be extinguished, because you do not reanimate it by the profane, often the deadly, breath of power. Let all the gales of beliefs and doctrines blow upon it freely. Instead of a smouldering and solitary household fire which you keep alive under your hand, you shall have a blaze, ardent and unrestrained, scattering sparks in all directions, to relumine light, and to diffuse heat over your chilled society."

Here we conclude—thankful to our eloquent author for his faithful picture of the genius of Romanism, and for his enunciation of a principle which advocates of religious voluntarism could adopt, without disgracing themselves. A free state cannot make an alliance with the modern Church of Rome, or with any church of which the distinguishing character is intolerance. Are we asked whether we would admit the application of Larmartine's principle to the union between church and state in Great Britain and Ireland? We answer confidently—yes.

"*Hæc ego compellar imagine, cuncta resigno.*"

We admit the principle in its full extent, without reservation. A state should not separate from the church with which it is associated, because enemies of either church or state desired the separation; but if the ecclesiastical system professed and acted upon principles opposed to the principles or interests of the civil, we freely admit that the union between church and state should be dissolved, or that the terms on which it had been formed should be readjusted. We do not fear to have the test applied to the United Church of England and Ireland. That church subsists upon its own revenues—receiving from the state nothing but a consideration, which it amply repays and over-pays. It does no violence to human understanding. It imposes no pernicious restraints upon thought. And it is so far from retarding civilization and intelligence, that, containing within itself the twofold provision for permanence and progress, which is to be found in fixed principles and a spirit of inquiry, it has been the great agent through whose favoured operation the unexampled rapidity with which England has advanced in power, and wealth,

and greatness, has been found consistent with security.

Some may doubt whether such security is justly ascribable to the agency of an established church; indeed the question whether it be, is now "sub judice" in Ireland. The national education is withdrawn from the supervision of the clergy, and has been adjusted on a principle which seems to prohibit them from taking any part in it. An endowment is given by the state to a system of education which reverses the rule of former times respecting holy Scripture, and which thus excludes the great mass, almost the whole body, of the clergy, from profiting for their parochial schools by the public bounty. We do not hesitate to affirm, that such a rule as this should never have had the sanction of a British legislature; and we are visited with serious apprehensions, that the country will suffer because of it. We could understand an arrangement which placed funds at the disposal of commissioners who left it to the patrons of the schools under their charge whether, and with what qualifications, instruction in scriptural truth should be given—we could understand an arrangement which bestowed the public money on schools of two descriptions—of those where religious (including of course scriptural) instruction was given—of those also which concerned themselves only with secular knowledge; but that a grant of the public money should be given only on the condition that, in the school on which it was bestowed, the Bible should not be read in any of the hours of public instruction, that is, in any one of those hours of which the commissioners of education took cognizance—this we cannot understand in such a sense as would be creditable to those by whom the scheme has been devised or adopted.

But are we correct in our representation of this unhappy scheme? Yes; and we are scarcely less mortified to see false representations of it abusing the public, than to know that it is so thoroughly objectionable. Advocates of the National system of education insist that it leaves the Scriptures free. They rest their argument on professions made by commissioners placed on their defence; and they leave out of sight the principles pro-



nounced fundamental by the National Board, and the rules from which it said no departure can be allowed. We regret that the discrepancy between these principles and professions has not yet been adequately exposed—we regret that the tables of both houses of parliament have not been laden with earnest petitions for the correction of such an evil; and we shall be disappointed and distressed if the present session of parliament pass away like the last, without an ample exposure of so grave and culpable an inconsistency. One of two things ought to be done: either the commissioners of national education in Ireland should be required to rescind their original rules—to change their “essential” principles; or they should be deprived of the advantage they obtain from representations made in a spirit clearly at variance with that in which the constitution of their system was framed.

Many a modern politician refers to France for examples and arguments—why not seek them in its system of education? The state endows its schools of secular instruction, but it endows also the far more numerous seminaries over which the church has a right of supervision, and in which the faith which that church preaches is freely propagated. Why shall such an example be despised or disregarded? If the British government desire to erect a system of secular instruction in Ireland, why will she hold it necessary to withdraw her countenance and support from schools where there is only one offence—that of requiring that all pupils of competent age shall read the Bible.

But we do not propose such a

scheme; we would desire rather that all rules respecting Scripture, devised by the National Board, should be rescinded. Let the country make a grant for purposes of national education, let neither parliament nor commissioners pronounce the national system unscriptural. The church might then resume, at least partially, its place as an instructor of the rising generation. Its exclusion from such a place is, to a very considerable extent, a divorce from the state, and we have very strong fears that, if of long continuance, it may be attended by consequences far more serious than have entered into the contemplation of any political party.

We offer no argument on this momentous subject. We have already, more than once, expressed our opinions upon it, and we have no wish, as we see no necessity, to repeat ourselves. We have shown that every pretext for setting up the national system, and giving it, so far as government could give it, a monopoly of education, was hollow and delusive; we have shown the inexpediency, no less than the impiety, of giving from the public funds an exclusive support to schools in which Scripture is prohibited or disparaged. We have made these exposures in vain. To be effective they must be made in the British senate. An occasion will soon call for them there, and we earnestly hope they will be forthcoming. The grant for purposes of education in Ireland is to be enlarged. Shall the principle on which it is given be left unimproved and unexamined? If it be, the advocates of scriptural education in parliament will have much disappointed us.

## ZOOLOGY AND CIVILIZATION.

A Lecture delivered in the Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society, on the evening of Friday, the 1st of December, 1843, by ISAAC BUTT, Esq., Member of the Council of the Royal Dublin Zoological Society.

[THE following lecture was the last of a very interesting and instructive series of lectures by different gentlemen, arranged by the Council of the Royal Dublin Zoological Society, and delivered in the theatre of the Dublin Society during the last year. The interest excited by this lecture among those who were present at its delivery, and the conviction that it well merits preservation, have induced us to obtain it from the author, in the assurance that it will be interesting to our readers.]

Inadequate as I may feel myself either in command of time for preparation, in knowledge, or ability, to do justice to the wide field of inquiry opened to me by the subject which my friend, the secretary of our society, has assigned to me this evening, I did not, I confess, feel myself at liberty to make any one of these perhaps more than sufficient excuses in reply to his request, that I would give whatever little assistance is in my power to the present effort to interest public attention on behalf of our Zoological Society. I resolved to accede to that request, a compliance with which I had too long deferred, and trust to your indulgence, for any defects in the mode of treating a subject, which I feel no deficiency on my part can make altogether uninteresting, rather than by a refusal appear to exhibit a want of interest in the success of an institution for whose prosperity I feel deeply anxious.

It would be impossible, within the limits of such an address as this, fully to enter into the subject upon which I am to speak. I can only hope to suggest to your own minds thoughts and reflections which I am sure will well repay the trouble of a further consideration to follow up.

The science of zoology is one too obviously connected with our state of existence on earth, to permit us to overlook its history in considering the progress of the human race. That man should remain in ignorance of the habits, the instincts, and the modes of

life of those inferior animals whom his Creator had constituted fellow-tenants with him of the earth, is an anomaly incompatible almost with the lowest advance in knowledge or in civilization. Almost the first promptings of that curiosity which is the first guide to knowledge would lead him to inquire what was the bird that flew by him on the wing, or the beast that grazed in the meadow as he passed, or darted angrily from him as he walked abroad into the recesses of the forest. The very instinct of self-preservation would teach man to shun those savage or venomous animals that would destroy him. It is scarcely possible to conceive any advances in civilization in which man has not employed the services of those animals, which seemed formed by an all-wise Creator to be the assistants and the servants of our race. So far, then, as an acquaintance with the habits of animals is necessary to determine which of them were to be shunned as enemies, and which to be turned into servants or courted as friends, a knowledge of zoology—for even such an acquaintance with animated nature is the science of zoology—appears manifestly to be a necessary consequence of the condition in which we are placed.

The fact, however, that our Creator has placed along with us upon the world, sharing with us the joyousness of existence, the bounties of his goodness, gladdened like us by the rays of the sun, breathing with us the cheerful air of heaven, fed with us from the great storehouse of his providence, animals different indeed from us in nature, innumerable in their varieties, in their forms, their modes of existence, their habits of life, yet all united to us by the one common sympathy of sharing with us that mysterious, that inexplicable property—life, is sufficient to excite in the contemplative mind thoughts of the deepest and the gravest import. And when we add to this, that these creatures that surround us, differing from us as they do in the absence of all that

constitutes the higher portions of our nature—deprived, as we perhaps too readily conclude them to be, of the immortality which is our portion—yet share with us, in some sense, even the faculty of reason, possess like us a memory that retains the past as a portion of the present, are actuated by affections and disturbed by passions, if not entirely the same, yet very closely resembling those of which we are conscious in ourselves—sensible like us of joy, of sorrow, and of rage, many of them susceptible of even the finer emotions of gratitude and love, or capable of the more sustained affections of hatred and revenge—with instincts of natural passions and yearnings of natural affections like our own—the contemplation of their existence, wonderful in whatever light we consider it, becomes, in this mysterious analogy to our own, a subject of awe as well as wonder, impressing us perhaps more than any other consideration with a deep and trembling sense of the mystery which, except so far as it is illuminated by a light from above, envelopes all the relations of our condition here.

To the animal creation we may then well believe the earliest investigations of man into the nature that surrounds him were directed. The very necessities of life compelled him in some degree to be informed upon the subject. Every instinct of curiosity forbade him to remain in ignorance. His daily avocations brought him constantly in contact with new forms and varieties of these his fellow-tenants of earth. There is no pursuit which we can follow in the fields and in the open air that will not force upon us some knowledge of zoology. The farmer, as he gathers in his crops or sows his seed, must almost of necessity observe the feathered flocks that surround him. The most unobservant clown that ever passed three summers in the country, could scarcely fail to be able to tell you that the cuckoo made her appearance here in the spring, and disappeared with the summer. Other habits of animals he would soon find it useful to watch—the indications, for instance, of changes in the weather, which the different flights of birds so frequently afford. All these things would naturally make men practical zoologists, even if the name of zoology were never heard. It would, indeed,

be as impossible for men long to remain on earth in ignorance of the habits of the animals that share it with him, as it would be for the inmates of one house to pass their lives together without becoming acquainted with each other.

While I thus show that in any state in which we can suppose man to be placed, an acquaintance with animated nature is almost a necessary consequence of the most imperfect advance of civilization, you will not, I trust, suppose me as for one moment lending countenance to that most foolish dream, that man has emerged from a state of barbarism through the gradual stages of improving civilization to his present state. It is hard to conceive how such a theory ever became current in a country where men professed to believe the account that is given us in the book of Genesis; almost equally hard to conceive how ever it gained credence among any men ever so moderately acquainted with the facts of the progress of our race, to every one of which it is unequivocally opposed. The fiction of such a gradual progression is no less inconsistent with all that we know of our own nature than it is opposed to all the experience of the world.

I am not now about to bring before you all the arguments by which the truth is, I conceive, incontestibly established upon this subject. They will be found all summed up in one of Archbishop Whately's lectures on political economy, in a manner which has left nothing for others but to repeat what he has said. There are, however, one or two observations that even on this occasion will not be out of place. That man has never emerged without external aid from a savage state within the memory of any record of our race, is a fact that might make us at least seriously question his power to do so. That civilization has always, so far as we can trace its earliest progress, extended from civilized to uncivilized nations, might make us ready to believe that it never was the result of any accident that threw into some lucky combination the powers of men, but proceeded from some influence extrinsic to ourselves. That the savage state, wherever it has been found, bears with it traces of being one of degeneracy, never of progress, seems to set the matter at rest; and every

indication of our nature, every fact in our history, leads us irresistibly to the conclusion, that for the rudiments of civilization, for all that raises us above the inferior animals around us, even in our physical and temporal condition, we are indebted not to any exercise of our natural faculties, but to a direct communication of knowledge from a superior being. That when man was created he was not left a savage on earth to the chances of rising by his own unaided powers from a state of degradation from which all experience, indeed all common sense, forces us to believe that he never would have emerged. That the gift of civilization, including in that term the position which enabled him to attain to all the arts that adorn, and all the comforts that soften life, was a direct gift of revelation. That man was created a civilized being, or rather was taught by direct communication from above all that qualified him to be one, under the tuition, if I may use the expression, of higher intelligences and powers.

To hold any other view of civilization appears, as I confess, as infidel as it is absurd—opposed any such view certainly must be to the plain narrative of the bible. No one reading the first chapter of Genesis can possibly believe that Adam was created and left in the condition of a New Zealander or a Carib of the present day. To believe that all that we may admire in the wonderful social system of civilized man—all the intellectual and moral and physical grandeur with which that system is now dignified—arose no matter through what series of progressive improvements—no matter by what long succession of fortunate accidents—each accident a miracle greater than a revelation in itself—by any chance discoveries effected by men like the New Zealanders and the Caribs, is just as wild and monstrous a fiction as that of those who, to escape from the interposition of a living intelligence in the formation of the less wonderful mechanism of the material world, attribute to the chance collection of atoms the glories and the grandeurs of the universe.

That man, once placed in a state of civilization, was capable of improving, is quite true; but it needed the communication of knowledge from above to make him a civilized being. As

of the heavens, perfect in all its parts, and apparently self-sustaining in all its powers, was forced to declare that it needed the impulse of the Almighty arm to give the planets the impulse in the direction of the tangents to their orbits, just so the philosopher, who examines the most closely the progress of men, will be compelled to acknowledge that even in these matters, which our foolish conceit is fain to call secular knowledge, it needed the impulse of knowledge from above to give us the first tendency toward civilization.

When, or how, or at what interval, or by what communication this elementary knowledge was conveyed to man we are not expressly told. Of the hints of such communications which wise men have discovered or thought they have discovered in the inspired records—the only authentic account of man's early history—this is not the time to speak. To one remarkable fact, distinctly recorded, I may call your attention. We are plainly told that the science of zoology was the matter of express instruction to the first man. "Out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them. And whatsoever Adam called every living creature that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field." It is singular that of whatever else may have been thus communicated to our first father, there is no express record. That he was taught agriculture may indeed be reasonably inferred, but this instruction in the names, classes, and forms of the animals over whom he was to rule, is the only express account of knowledge divinely conveyed. Many of us have heard with feelings perhaps more akin to irreverence the light expression that Paradise was the first zoological garden; how few of us have thought of the deep and solemn truth which is spoken even in these careless words.

It would be a curious and instructive subject to consider the various lights in which in the history of the human race the inferior animals were at different times regarded by mankind. It would appear that in the earliest ages the study of zoology was not altogether neglected. Among the Egyptians, the people of whose learn-

ing the most remote monuments have come down to us, it unquestionably was not. Of the origin and character of their zoological information I shall presently have occasion to speak. Among the Jews the precepts with regard to clean and unclean animals in themselves contain a mass of zoological information. The book of Job, the most ancient on record, contains sublime allusions to the wonders of animated nature; and the poetry of the prophets abounds in references of similar import. That Solomon was well versed in natural history we are expressly told. "He spake three thousand proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five; and he spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is on Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. He spake also of beasts and fowl, and of creeping things, and fishes;" and when we read that his navy was employed in bringing to the city of his abode the birds and the animals of foreign countries, is it too much to believe that they were brought to adorn some park in the neighbourhood of his palace? It will suggest itself at once to the classical scholar, that no palace in ancient times was without its *παράδεισος*, the literal meaning of which is a garden in which animals were kept. So that we may, perhaps, claim the wisest of men not only as the earliest writer upon natural history, but as the first who ever exhibited to the people of one country the animals that were imported from another.

Among the Greeks the name of Aristotle—among the Romans that of Pliny—at once suggest themselves to the mind. Whatever of learning or information on natural history had before his day been preserved in the secret mysteries of the priests of the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, or the Indians, had never before the time of Aristotle been methodised and arranged. The zoological lectures of Aristotle, delivered at Athens, are the earliest essays on natural history of which any traces have come down to us. Whether he had the advantage of a zoological garden I am not sure; but it is a curious fact in the history of science, that his illustrious pupil, Alexander the Great, placed at the disposal of his preceptor the services of many thousand persons to be employed in the collection of such infor-

mation as might help him to complete his zoological inquiries. From the scene of his most distant conquests—from the banks of the Indus and the plains of Babylon—amid all the anxieties and the hazards of war, Alexander, with a love for science that has been singularly followed in modern times by the great conqueror of the French revolution, forwarded to the philosopher at Athens specimens of the zoology of every country which he subdued. By such aid it was that the philosopher was enabled, in completing his natural history, to give the first impulse to any correct or accurate knowledge of natural history among men. In such assistance to science Alexander is said to have spent the enormous sum of 800 talents—a munificent contribution, worthy of the great conqueror and statesman—the mention of which may well put to shame the falsely-called economy of modern finance, that refuses to such institutions as ours even the smallest pittance from the national exchequer. Yet the fruits of this probably lavish expenditure have descended in their practical effects even to us, when every trace of the impression that was made on the surface of society by the gigantic conquests of the warrior is utterly effaced; the monuments of men's mightiest achievements pass away—the memorials of truth are eternal. Time, that has worn away the memorials of conquest—the traces of which its hand, as it passes over, moulders into dust—has but deepened the impressions which were graven by the pen of science on the rock for ever.

Among the Romans we meet with no writer who deserves the name of natural historian before Pliny; and his writings exhibit that which it is of some interest to note in the progress of zoological science—a curious mixture of reason and truth, with fables of the most grotesque and ludicrous character. We find for instance, in his treatise on fishes, the old stories of the dolphin carrying drowning human beings on his back, metamorphosed into new ones, in which he performs the same kind of offices for schoolboy acquaintances of the naturalist's own.

We are assured, upon authority as good, perhaps, as that by which many graver stories are every day vouched, that a good-natured animal of this



species every day carried a boy to school from Baianum to Puteoli, and regularly came to bring him home again at the close of school hours. Another of them, who took similar charge of a young lad, unfortunately suffered him to be drowned. All the atonement that the poor dolphin could make, he did. He sought out in the waves the lifeless form of his charge, and bore it to the sorrowing parents of the boy. Nor did his sorrow end here; the dolphin could not drown himself for grief; but he did all that a fish could do—he flung himself on shore, and, absent from his native element, died beside the corpse of his youthful friend.

Equally well authenticated with these incidents is the fact, that a king of Caria having caught a dolphin, and made him prisoner in the harbour, a multitude of the species came to the tyrant in a deputation, to beg the release of their brother—a prayer which, I am happy to tell you, was complied with.

Of wolves we are told the well-known story, that when a man and a wolf meet, if the wolf observes the man before the man sees him, the man loses his voice, and is unable to speak for some time. Of the transformation of men into wolves, and subsequent restoration to their proper shape, Pliny supplies us with some well authenticated instances. He quotes from Enanthes, a Greek writer, a narrative found among the records of the Arcadians, that each year a gentleman was chosen by lot from the family of Anthes. He was led to a pool in the woods, and taking off his clothes, hung them up on an oak tree, and swam across the pool. On crossing the pool, he found himself transformed into a wolf; for nine years he wended with the wolves. If during his transformation he had the grace to conquer his wolfish appetites, by refraining from eating human flesh, he returned to the same pool, and re-crossing it resumed his ancient form. “Fabius adds,” says Pliny, “that he found his clothes again,” a statement that the great naturalist evidently considers as apocryphal, giving up perhaps too favourable an explanation both of the climate and the honesty, even of pastoral Arcadia; although, it must be confessed, an addition very convenient to the hero of the story, who, if we

reject it, would certainly find himself in an awkward predicament on resuming his old form. It stated, too, as a well observed fact, that this animal, however hungry he may be, should he happen to look back, forgets the food he was eating, and goes to look for some elsewhere.

From a translation of Pliny, made by Dr. Holland so long ago as the year 1601, I have made an extract as to lions.

“To come againe to our lions: the signe of their intent and disposition is their taile; like as in horses, their ears: for these two marks and tokens certainly hath nature given to the most couragious beasts of all others, to know their affections by: for when the lion stirreth not his taile, he is in a good mood, gentle, mild, pleasantly disposed, and as if hee were willing to be plaied withall; but in that fit hee is seldome scene: for lightly hee is alwaies angrie. At the first, when hee entreth into his choller, hee beateth the ground with his taile: when hee groweth into greater heats, hee flappeth and jerketh his sides and flanks withall, as it were to quicken himselfe, and stirre up his angry humor. His maine strength lieth in his breast: hee maketh not a wound (whether it be by lash of taile, scratch of claw, or print of tooth), but the bloud that followeth is blacke. When his belly is once full, all his anger is past, and hee doth no more harme.

“Herein also is seen rather his noble heart and courage, that be there never so many of hounds and hunters both following after him, so long as hee is in the open plaines where hee may be scene, he maketh semblance as though hee contemned both dog and man, dismarching and retiring with honour, and otherwhiles seeming in his retreat to turne againe and make head; but when hee hath gained the thickets and woods, and gotten once into the Forrests out of sight, then hee skuds away, then hee runneth amaine for life, as knowing full well that the trees and bushes hide him, that his shamefull dislodging and flight is not then espied.

“If he chauce to be wounded, hee hath a marveilous eye to marke the partie that did it, and be the hunters never so many in number, upon him hee runneth onely. As for him that hath let flie a dart at him, and yet missed his marke and done no hurt, if hee chauce to catch him, hee all to touzeth, shaketh, tosseth, and turneth him lying along at his feet, but doth him no harme at all besides.

“This creature, so noble as he is,



and withall so cruell and fell, trembleth and quaketh to heare the noise of cart-whecles, or to see them turne about; nay he cannot abide of all things charriots when they be void and emptie; frightened he is with the cock's comb, and his crowing much more, but most of all with the sight of fire. The lion is never sick but of the peevishnes of his stomacke, loathing all meat: and then the way to cure him is, to tie unto him certain shée apes, which with their wanton mocking and making mowes at him, may move his patience and drive him for the verie indignitie of their malapert saucinesse, into a fit of madnesse; and then, so soone as he hath tasted their blood, he is perfectly well againe: and this is the onely remedie.

"*Q. Scævola* the sonne of *Publius*, was the first at Rome that in his *Curule Ædileship* exhibited a fight and combat of many lions together, for to shew the people pastime and pleasure; but *L. Sylla*, who afterwards was Dictatour, was the first of all others that in his *Pretorship* represented a shew of an hundred lions, with manes and collars of haire; and after him *Pompeius* the Great shewed 600 of them fighting in the grand Cirque, whereof 315 were male lions with mane. And *Cæsar* Dictatour brought 400 of them into the shew-place. The taking of them in old time was a verie hard peece of worke, and that was commonly in pit-fals; but in the Emperor *Claudius* his daies it chaunced that a shepheard or heardman who came out of *Getulia*, taught the manner of catching them; a thing (otherwise) that would have been thought incredible, and althogither unbecoming the name and honour of so goodly a beast. This *Getulian* I say, fortunèd to encounter a lion, and when he was violently assailed by him, made no more adoe but threw his mandilion or casocke full upon his eies. This feat or cast of his was soone after practised in the open shew-place, in such sort, that a man would hardly have beleevèd, but he that saw it, that so furious a beast should so easily be quailed and daunted so soone as ever hee felt his head covered, were the things never so light; making no resistance, but suffering one to doe what he would with him, even to bind him fast, as if in very truth all his vigour and spirit rested in his eyes. Lesse therefore is it to be marvelled at that *Lysimachus* strangled a lion, when as by commaundement of *Alexander* the Great, he was shut up alone together with him. The first that yoked them at Rome and made them to draw in a charriot, was *M. Antonius*.

"It is reported, that *Hanno* (one of the noblest Carthaginians that ever

were) was the first man that durst handle a lion with his bare hand, and shewe him gentle and tame, to follow him all the citie over in a slip like a dogge. But this device and tricke of his turned him to great damage, and cost him his utter undoing; for the Carthaginians hereupon laid this ground, that *Hanno*, a man of such a gift, so wittie and inventive of all devises, would be able to persuade the people to whatsoever his mind stood; and that it was a dangerous and ticklish point to put the libertie of so great a state as Carthage was, into the hands and managing of him, who could handle and tame the furious violence of so savage a beast: and thereupon condemned and banished him."

In these extracts, the allusion to the shows of wild beasts at Rome suggests some interesting reflections. Those who sought to obtain popular favours at Rome, had no readier way than to exhibit species of wild beasts. I think it will be found that originally these exhibitions were prized, because they were the most expressive emblems of conquest. In the captivity of the wild beasts of a strange country, the proud Romans saw the representations that best realised the subjugation of the country itself; and the more strange and frightful the forms of the animals that were thus presented to them, the more complete and wonderful was regarded the triumph of the Roman arms that had subdued the birth-place of monsters so remote from all the ordinary conceptions of men. This will help us to understand the enthusiasm with which the conqueror was greeted who first showed them an hippopotamus.

Those shows and spectacles, harmless in themselves at first, by the natural tendency of all Pagan countries, soon degenerated into cruelty. Fights between the wild beasts themselves first gratified the appetite for blood. As the taste for animal exhibitions became more refined, criminals were thrown before the populace to the wild beasts. In process of time the desire for sanguinary spectacles could only be gratified by those gladiatorial contests carried on by slaves of the conquered nations, which have disgraced in the annals of mankind the Roman name—when in their magnificent circus, devoted almost entirely to those scenes of blood, all that was

noble, and elegant, and refined in imperial Rome, thronged with her populace to gloat the eye of cruelty with the spectacle of thousands of miserable slaves slaughtering each other in cold blood, to gratify the appetite for bloodshed of their imperial masters. You remember the description of the poet—

I see before me the gladiator lie;  
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony;  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,  
And through his side the last drop's ebbing slow,  
From the red gash, full heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the  
wretch who won.  
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away;  
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay.  
There were his young barbarians all at play,  
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire, )  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—  
All this rush'd with his blood.

But even these contests, inhuman as they were, were mercy, were charity itself, compared with the exhibitions that were made when criminals were cast to the lions. That this savage mode of punishment prevailed among other nations of antiquity, history supplies incontestable proofs. At Rome it was the most usual, perhaps the most merciful punishment inflicted upon the persons guilty of the crime of being Christians. Of all modes of torture, this was the most revolting to the common feelings of our nature. It was, for the sake of inflicting torture upon our own species, the surrender of the supremacy of man.

The representation of the conquest of a country by bringing its wild animals in chains, perhaps naturally suggests itself even to our mind; but in the eyes of the ancients there was an appropriateness of which we know nothing—it was connected with that most extraordinary form of idolatry in which superstition ever debased the intellect of man, CREATURE WORSHIP. There are extant inscriptions on ancient Egyptian monuments, in which the conqueror is represented as bringing in chains the animals that were the tutelar gods of the conquered country. Such was the strange mythology of degenerate men.

The worship of animals by the most learned nations of all antiquity, is perhaps one of the most melancholy, as assuredly it is one of the most humbling chapters in the history of the aberrations of the human mind.

That man, proud man, the lord of the creation, should voluntarily descend from his high position as God's vicerent upon earth—should prostrate himself in debasing and sickening adoration before the most noisome beasts and reptiles—implies a degradation which, were it not for its too indisputable attestation, we could scarcely believe credible. Yet this debasing form of idolatry stands out in broad and distinct relief in the religious history of man. In all those forms of religion and philosophy which we may trace to the common source of Egyptian mysticism, the worship of animals holds its place. In the three great divisions of this mysticism, in Egypt itself, among the wise men of the Chaldeans, and in the Hindoo superstition, this inexplicable idolatry held—in one of them still holds—its sway. To the Egyptian worship of animals we owe much of the knowledge of natural history which the priests of the Nile unquestionably preserved—with them the study of animals was, in the strictest sense of the word, ZOOLOGY. The ibis, the serpent, the cow, and even the crocodile, were the objects of their adoration. Of the veneration with which the ibis was regarded it is not necessary to speak. There are few who have not heard of that sacred bird, so sacred that even the person who accidentally killed one was punished with death—the remains of which were embalmed with the same solemn care as their own parents—the bird, whose very feathers struck terror into the serpents, and which in every temple regulated its food by the changes of the moon. But these extravagant honours were not confined to the ibis, the utility of which bird in destroying serpents has been assigned as the reason for its adoration. The bull, the cow, the ichneumon, the cat, and even the crocodile, were the objects of a similar worship. The sacred bull at Memphis was honoured with divine adoration. Distinguished by peculiar marks, his death, which, even though he was a god, occurred after the way of all bulls, was mourned with natural sorrow until a bull with similar marks was discovered, and the consecrated calf installed with all the pomp and mysticism of their religion into the temple of the god Osiris, whose name he bore. At Heliopolis similar honours were paid to a cow; and, worst of all,

for a long period this brute worship numbered among its rites the offering of human sacrifices to these gods. It is said that the religion required the victims to be red-haired, a colour rarely met with among the natives of Egypt themselves, and which, therefore, confined the honour of those immolations to strangers, principally Greeks, who were offered up to appease the terrible wrath of the ibis and the ichneumon.

Among the Chaldees we find the traces of the same religion. It is enough, perhaps, to refer to the story of "Bel and the Dragon," when the prophet Daniel destroyed the living dragon, which was the object of Babylonish adoration without sword or stave—a story, by the way, which I saw within the last week rather oddly represented in some popular print—Bel being represented by a little woman wearing a neat petticoat, whom the dragon is obviously intending to devour, when the prophet Daniel interposes just in time to rescue her from her fate.

Among the Hindoos the worship of the brute creation is to be found in its most degraded and degrading form. There the mother is said to cast her babe upon the sacred waters of the Ganges, and look on with complacency, and even joy, while the sacred crocodile rends the little innocent limb from limb. So true is the sentence, "all the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty." Throughout Hindostan there is no hospital for the decayed and impotent of our own species; but at Surat is an hospital for animals, supported by Hindoo piety, and in which it is beyond doubt, their care for the animal creature is carried so far as to provide wards, in which are tended by the Brahmins the most noisome and disgusting reptiles—nay, even insects, which, but for this singular exception, we might well believe the common consent of mankind would unite to exterminate. But in the hospital at Surat there is absolutely a ward appropriated to the reception and care of bugs. Of course it is a part of the Brahminical religion to eat no animal food. The stricter Brahmins will not sit down until they have carefully swept the floor, lest inadvertently they might take away animal life; nay, those who aspire to peculiar sanctity very commonly wear a thin gauze covering over their mouths, lest peradventure by swallowing a stray

fly they might make themselves guilty of taking away animal life.

In Thibet a form of animal worship, not indeed as gross or cruel, but still sufficiently degrading, is kept up.

These instances of human folly might be amusing, were they not also humbling and instructive. They occurred among the nations of antiquity, the most polished and the most learned. Carry back your mind to the proudest day of Roman pride, to the most solemn or the gloomiest splendours of Egyptian mysticism, or the palmiest hours of that religion and that people of the east, whose institutions boast a far off antiquity, that makes, in the language of Burke, the oldest institutions of European nations but the mushroom growth of yesterday. Recall the scenes of the unrivalled circus, the vastness of whose amphitheatre no effort of modern architecture has dared to rival—all that was great—all that was glorious in the conquerors of the world assembled there—the multitudes of imperial Rome thronging the tiers of that mighty amphitheatre, in a dense mass of human beings, unknown to the dimensions of any modern arena; but all waiting—all that was polished—all that was elegant—all that was virtuous in the capital of the world, waiting with anxiety the moment when some hapless victims must be flung to the lions—until the wild beasts would rend, before their eyes, the aged and venerable form of the Christian prelate, whose only crime was that he preached the religion of the cross; while the rank and the philosophy, and the refinement, ay, and the beauty of Rome, was assembled in that gigantic amphitheatre, to feast their eyes with the spectacle of his agonies!

Look again to the banks of the Ganges or the Nile. The priests of a religion to which the uninterrupted dominion of countless generations had brought no humanizing influences, stand beside the sacred stream. Bring to your mind's eye, if you can, the mother, under the guidance of these priests, throwing her helpless babe upon the stream, an offering to the crocodile gods of the river, and watching with complacency while the monsters tore and quarrelled for their prey.

Or turn to the mystic land of learning and knowledge—the cradle of science—where every inscription upon

each stone spoke some hidden mystery of profound philosophy, and the form of every building shaped itself into some teaching of wisdom. Beneath these wondrous pyramids, to explain the mode of whose construction baffles all the skill of modern art, as to explain their origin perplexes all the investigations of modern research—the very priesthood who had taught Pythagoras wisdom, and in whose learning Moses was learned, who preserved alone the astronomical and mathematical knowledge of ancient times, bow down in degrading idolatry to worship the ibis, the serpent, and the ichneumon.

May I ask you to contrast with this the purposes for which we are assembled here this evening—the purposes for which our Zoological Society has been formed? We have the lions within our walls—we have the ichneumon of the Egyptian idolatry—the one harmless to be viewed by the artizans and mechanics of our city, the other tended I am sure with so much care as is necessary to its comfort in its captivity—but without its altar or its priest. I fear, I confess, no comparison for ourselves. The light of Christianity has fallen on us since, and I am bold to say, that, even here this evening, in the very fact of such an assembly as this—in the existence of such an institution as the Zoological Society—there is a dignity and a grandeur, compared with which the imperial glories of the Roman circus, and the venerable solemnity of the Egyptian pyramids, sink into nothing. By us, it is true, no mighty amphitheatre has been raised in its gigantic proportions to collect together the population of the metropolis of the world—no mystic pillar stands in solemn grandeur, bearing, in inscriptions graven on it in elder times, the hidden lore of ages. We have raised no massy columns of a solemn temple, where a priesthood, claiming their origin from the unknown remoteness of a far-off antiquity, may wait; but when we consider the moral purposes of our assembling here this evening, and of the occasion that assembled the might of imperial Rome in her gigantic amphitheatre, or brought the wisdom of Egypt to the rites of their mystic temples—when we remember that their animals were kept as the agents of a cruelty more savage than the instruments it employed, or as the gods of

a worship that degraded its worshippers far below the unconscious objects to whom they bowed, and that here they are kept harmless and unharmed, to give our people an opportunity of improving in knowledge—of becoming acquainted with the wonderful works of God—who is there that does not feel that in all that constitutes true civilization our own Zoological Garden, with its simple rustic paling, and its unpretending iron gate, is a prouder, far prouder monument of our progress than the mightiest building of which imperial Rome could boast, or the most solemn grandeur of Egypt's mystic shrines!

It would be a very singular and a very interesting inquiry to collect together information relative to the different lights in which the superstition of men has regarded animals. The subject of creature worship, at which we have glanced, would in itself supply an abundant field of investigation. But there would remain the wide and more interesting subject of the superstitions relative to different animals which have prevailed among men. Who is there that is not familiar with the superstition of the death-watch, a little insect that lives in wood, and by striking a hard-cased forehead against the sides of his dwelling, produces the sound that in the stillness of a sick room, and in the silence of the night, so alarmingly predicts the dissolution of the patient? Who is there that does not know how unlucky it is to kill one of the little crickets that chirp upon the kitchen hearth? Is there any one here, who, if he went on a long voyage—certainly there is no one who has read the *Ancient Mariner*—would venture to harm the albatross? Among a people of poetical temperament like our own, the tendency to such superstition is common. With us the croak of the raven, the chattering of the magpie, and the flapping of the wing of the owl or the bat, have all their named and understood interpretations. The auguries of the ancients are revived among us in another form; and to many an Irish female the flight of birds, or their note, is an object of nearly as much consequence as to the Roman generals before commencing a campaign.

These superstitions with regard to animals are confined however to no country, although every country may

have some peculiar to itself. It is difficult to account for these superstitions meeting us in every country and every climate, without referring them to some general and ruling principle of the human mind—perhaps to that instinctive conviction of the heart that there is a world different from that of sight, with which we are fain to believe in any possible communication. Certain it is, however, that the poetry or the superstition of every country and every age has invested some of the inferior animals with a mysterious character. Popular legends have preserved and perpetuated this feeling. To this day every St. Stephen's day in England and in some parts of Ireland is observed by the ceremony of hunting the wren, an annual persecution of these unfortunate little birds, for which different reasons have been assigned, but which I believe owes its origin to some libellous legend that attributes to the wren some insult either to the martyr Stephen, or to our Lord himself. The barbarous custom of throwing sticks at cocks is said by some to have had its origin in some similar offence of these birds. Many of the superstitions relating to animals will be found to have reference to popular belief in regard to some of the events of Christian history. There are few perhaps who have not heard the popular explanation of the form of the cross on the ass's back, or the marks resembling that of the human hand in the haddock's mouth. Legends, however, unconnected with any of the truths of religion, have had their influences almost as powerful. For the universal popularity of the robin-redbreast, that quarrelsome and ill-tempered little bird is indebted to the story of the Babes in the Wood—at least as much as he is to the fearless audacity with which he trusts himself among men. The stork has, in some places on the continent, attained a respect almost rivalling that in which his cousin the ibis was held in ancient Egypt, because he is believed to be the very model of filial piety to his aged parent; and doves, and even the common pigeon, have rashly got credit for that unalterable conjugal fidelity which poets have attributed to them.

I cannot pursue this subject further than these mere hints, but I do think that were the materials relative to this

subject collected together by any one qualified, by taste, by industry, and by information, for the task, a most interesting and instructive volume might be compiled from them, embracing fairly within its compass all that could be thought or said upon the subject of that most extraordinary phase of human aberration—creature worship; including, too, some inquiry into the ancient auguries, and opening all the poetry and pathos that may be found in the different legends and traditions relative to the inferior creatures that in different countries have become a part of the popular mind. I know of no subject that could better employ the best faculties of any one who had leisure and ability for the task, than a history of the superstitions relating to the animal creation. Shall I be forgiven, if I say that I should regret if even the progress of zoological knowledge went to deprive us of the popular belief in many of those superstitions? That knowledge may tell us that it is but the light in the sick man's apartment that attracts the raven to his window; but who is there possessed of even so much knowledge, who, watching by the sick bed of a friend, would hear without a thrill the flapping of the night wing of the raven at the window. I do not, I confess, envy the temperament that would hear in the dismal howl of the hyæna round a besieged city, nothing more than the call of the animals for their prey. Who that has heard on a still and calm night that peculiar piteous howl which dogs sometimes use, and in which they are said sometimes to bemoan the coming death of their master or friend, without giving an involuntary and momentary credence to some dismal forebodings of its melancholy tone?

These features of life, if we do not let them master our reason, can do no harm. They do good by giving us, even in sense, something beyond the mere grossness of sense. Foolish they may be, yet in the enjoyment of such illusions I do believe that many a spirit has found its joy, more capable, far more capable of meeting with stern and downright common sense the practical emergencies of life, than any of the matter-of-fact persons who would be ready to laugh at the folly of such feelings. Time, however, is warning me to draw to a close. I do not wish



altogether to weary your patience by continuing too long these hints on a subject, the surface of which I can do no more than touch. I had intended to have reviewed a subject upon which on a former occasion like this I slightly glanced—I mean the analogies which may be discovered between the provisions by which animal life is sustained, and animal society, if I may use the expression, is perpetuated on earth; and that wonderful system by which the industry and the power of mankind are combined into one great system for the supply of the wants of our common race. These phenomena should not excite our mind only, because they pass every day before us unobserved. I do believe that a close examination would satisfy us that between this system of God's providence for the supply of the wants of men, and the arrangement by which the wants of the inferior animals are provided for, there are many more analogies than might at first appear. Upon this, however, it is impossible for me now to enter. To treat this matter with brevity would be to do it injustice; to discuss it at length would be greater injustice to you. There is, however, one subject upon which, perhaps, I ought to say a few words in speaking of zoology as connected with the progress of civilization, and that is, the salutary effect which such studies generally diffused, do unquestionably produce upon the popular mind. I believe that it will be found that a knowledge of natural history is almost the only secular knowledge, to the universal diffusion of which no possible objection can be urged. If you give political knowledge, there are others who will tell you, whether truly or not, that you are unfitting the people for their proper sphere, and drawing them from their proper place. Give them a taste for these inquiries, which are included under the somewhat comprehensive name of metaphysics, and you run the risk of kindling up the unhallowed fire of those hazardous speculations, which, in minds not stored with knowledge as well as trained in truth, often end in a conceited and shallow infidelity. But give the people a taste for the studies of natural history, and you cultivate, perhaps more than in any other possible kind of education, all the faculties in their proper place and degree. you give ample employment to the

observing power without permitting the reflective faculties to remain unemployed. I believe that all men, even statesmen and philosophers, are too apt to overlook and forget the operations of those unseen but all-powerful influences of society, which, while legislators are making laws, are silently modifying the character of our people, to which the laws must sooner or later be moulded. And perhaps it would not be too much to say, that those who would successfully labour to make our people, generally, students of natural history, might produce more important effects on the nature, mind, and national character, than many whose names will go down to posterity as legislators and statesmen. Indeed, the study of natural history seems, as I have already observed, that which would naturally present itself to men. It is the first business of our early years. To acquire a knowledge of what is around us seems the proper, or at least the first direction of our faculties, and the inquiries of natural history present themselves at once to every mind. And as these pursuits are those to which our faculties seem most naturally directed, or are those to which our faculties are most universally adapted, requiring no great powers of analysis, drawing on no abstruse power of calculation, they need nothing more for their ordinarily successful pursuit than an application of those powers of observation and classification in which few men are wholly deficient. They fatigue the mind by no difficult calculation, they weary the intellect by no abstruse investigation; calling into healthy action all the powers of the mind, they overtask none; while in our moral nature they introduce no disturbing problems, they startle us with no perplexing subtleties, they harass us with no inexplicable difficulties, and lead us to no hazardous speculation, in which we have neither fact to guide nor knowledge to control; on the contrary, they beget in him who follows them an humble and a teachable spirit. Their first requisition is, that he should be taught facts; their second is, that he should reduce what he learns of them to order. Thus do they instruct him in order and method, producing in him a regular as well as a cautious mind, tranquillizing the passions as well as disciplining the intellect, and, above all



they lead him directly, and in the way in which the Creator himself has willed that he should be known, by a contemplation of his work to have an awe for the greatness and a love for the goodness of God. And in speaking of zoological studies in connection with civilization, how can I better conclude than by a reference to their influence on that which alone deserves the name of civilization—the subduing of man's unruly will to the precepts of virtue and religion. I am not one of those who are fond of speaking of the effects of that which is called natural religion, as if it could dispense with revelation; but yet I do believe that in the contemplation of the works of the Creator there is good for the moral and the intellectual nature of man; and where shall we find such striking proofs of the power of his providence and his goodness, as in the wonders that zoology discloses to our view?

The myriads of animals that people that small portion of our globe which we know, the myriads more that may people the unfathomed depths where no line has ever sounded, the myriads that some philosophers suppose to people the hollow centre of that globe—the things in the waters under the earth, the fossil remains of which we now find where they were cast when the fountains of the great deep were broken up—these, indeed, do not properly come within the range of zoological studies. But confine ourselves to these—go even to our own Zoological Garden, inadequately and poorly stocked, because inadequately and

poorly supported, as I regret to say it is—consider the variety of climate, of modes of life to which even the numbers of this small catalogue of animals are adapted—by what wonderful contrivances, no less of animal mechanism than of instinct and temper, they have been suited to the state of life in which they are placed—what various food, obtained by what different means, is to be supplied to all these; and when we are told that the Almighty knows all the cattle on a thousand hills—that of all the myriads of feathered fowl that people the fields and the forests over the earth, not a sparrow falls to the ground but he knoweth it. In the words of that beautiful zoological hymn in which the psalmist praises the power of the Creator—

*He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.*

*And they give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst, &c. &c.*

I am sure that you will not conceive these reflections out of place. I have, perhaps, too long detained you in the observations I have offered; but I confess I do feel for myself an obligation to my friend, whose request led me to inquiries in which I have felt an interest I never can forget. In the time that I have been able to snatch from other avocations, and devote to studies such as these, I have felt an enjoyment for which I would gladly exchange a great deal. That I have failed to communicate that interest to you, I can readily believe; but if I have, it is most assuredly the fault of the speaker, not of the subject.

## THE LATE PROSECUTIONS.

THE law has triumphed. The career of the agitator has been arrested. The "monster meetings" are at an end. The demagogues who rode so triumphantly upon popular delusion, have been brought to a stand still; and instead of exciting a misguided population to acts of phrenetic defiance, by which an empire was to be convulsed, they are compelled to take the attitude of convicted misdemeanants, and to await the sentence due to their misdeeds from the offended laws of their country.

Had the course of action adopted by Mr O'Connell been suffered to proceed, there is no man of any party who must not acknowledge that it was big with national ruin. Either Ireland would have been torn by violence from Great Britain, or a rebellion would have broken out, which could only be extinguished by an ocean of blood. What was this course? To enflame, by the most seditious representations, the Romish population of this country; to pledge them to a determination, "*coute qui coute*," to carry "the repeal;" to familiarize them with the idea of their own physical power, by assembling them in enormous masses, such as must strike terror into all who were opposed to their designs; to organize them in such a way as to make that physical power most available for the objects of their leaders; to combine the Roman Catholic priesthood as one man, as zealous co-operators in the same design; to employ a most able and most malignant press to aid in the dissemination of the views and principles most adverse to British connection; to tamper with the army, by inculcating doctrines hostile to the duty which the soldier owes to his superiors; to bring the courts of justice into contempt, by instituting tribunals to which were to be referred the legal business of the country; and to levy an enormous taxation, by which funds were to be provided to cover all the expenses of this formidable machinery, and to be ready for any ulterior purposes upon which the leaders

might resolve, when a mock parliament of three hundred members were assembled in Dublin, to propose to the British minister the terms upon which, and upon which alone, they would consent that Ireland should any longer continue as an integral portion of the British empire. Was such, or was it not, the course of action upon which Mr. O'Connell resolved, and which he was suffered to carry so far into effect that there could be no mistake as to his real object? And will any man say, that it could have been persevered in without causing a tremendous convulsion, which must shake the empire to its centre, if it did not eventuate in the disruption of Ireland? No sane man, who fairly estimates causes and their effects, can hesitate for one moment to acknowledge that the plans of the arch-agitator were wisely contrived for the accomplishment of the object which he had at heart; and that, had they been only suffered to ripen to their intended maturity, the British minister would soon be confronted by an angry and insurgent population, and have to choose between concessions, which would have been ruinous, and resistance, which, however it terminated, (and of *that* there could be no absolute certainty,) would be frightfully destructive. Then there were the chances of foreign interference, the chances of foreign war, the chances of internal embarrassment, of which the old incendiary well knew the value, and of which he would have ably availed himself in any conflict which might arise; while the concession in twenty-nine, and the still more recent concessions in Canada, by which turbulence and rebellion were rewarded with a large extension of constitutional privileges, were no small inducement to him to calculate upon a degree of supineness and timidity on the part of our rulers, which must prompt the hope that a similar regard would be shown, under similar circumstances, to the sacred rights of insurrection in Ireland. We repeat it, had this conspiracy been suffered to go on, either Ireland would be plunged into

all the horrors of rebellion, or the conspirators would stand upon a vantage ground, which would enable them to command the terms upon which they would consent to defer, for a little longer, the dismemberment of the empire.

Can we hesitate to commend the wisdom and the vigour by which this system of sedition has been brought to an end? Could we, could any one contemplate its continued existence, without the most frightful apprehensions? We do confess our fears were great during the whole period of time in which the government suffered these meetings to go on. And we felt even a sense of dismay when parliament was suffered to separate without passing any measure which might have guaranteed the peace of Ireland. But we knew not then, as we know now, that a watchful eye was kept upon the disturbers; that their every movement was vigilantly observed; and that, if the declaration in the queen's speech had not the effect of allaying the repeal agitation which had proceeded to so alarming a height, it was the full intention of our rulers that other and more vigorous means should not be wanting. We now see that the quiescence of government was not supineness. They were desirous of acting decisively if they acted at all. And we fully agree with them, that it was most important to see how far they might or might not be able to grapple with this most atrocious system of agitation by the ordinary instrumentality of the law, before they had recourse to any other, and thus afford their enemies a handle to represent them as doing an unnecessary violence to the spirit of the constitution. The course which they did pursue was at once bold, judicious, constitutional, and comprehensive. Upon a calm survey of all the acts and proceedings, the sayings, the doings, and the writings of the repeal body, it was deemed judicious to indict their leaders for a conspiracy—a crime which implied concert and combination, and in which the acts of each and of all could be made available for proving the alleged offence, while every fair opportunity of justification or of extenuation was afforded to the traversers, who were at perfect liberty to produce, on their own be-

half, all the evidence which could be available for their exculpation. Never was an indictment more fairly laid; never was a prosecution more temperately conducted; never was a wider latitude allowed to the accused in their defence. Their counsel were the ablest men whom the Irish bar could furnish; and fearlessly and energetically did they discharge their arduous duty. For four-and-twenty days this important trial lasted. During all that time the public were kept in an agony of suspense; and had a single juror been taken ill, (an event not at all unlikely,) the whole proceeding would have been in vain. Most onerous was the duty which these honest men had to discharge; most heavy the responsibility which rested upon them. Many and various were the arts, both of seduction and intimidation, which were employed to bias them in their honest endeavour “well and truly to try” the issues which had been submitted to them, and “true verdict to give, according to the evidence.” They withstood them all. They bestowed upon the whole of the case a most discriminating attention. They marked the peculiarities which presented themselves in the cases of the several traversers, and either acquitted, or assigned his distinct portion of guilt to each of the misdemeanants, according as he appeared more or less, or not at all, a participator in the offences alleged against them.

We must say we feel proud of our fellow-citizens. We feel a pride in belonging to a city which could furnish such a jury. They took, as they were bound to do, the law from the court, *which was unanimous* that if the offences charged were proved, they would amount to conspiracy. The *facts* were the acts and the declaration of the accused. They were acts in which they gloried, and declarations of which they have never pretended to feel ashamed. The jury were simply to consider whether these acts and these declarations proved the intent with which they were alleged to have been done or spoken; whether they implied concert; whether, for instance, the alleged assumption of the judicial functions was really and *bona fide* made for the purpose of quietly arbitrating differences, just as takes place amongst the Society of

Friends, or whether it was done for the purpose of bringing her majesty's courts of justice into contempt; whether "the monster meetings" were held singly and solely for the purposes of discussion and petition, although discussion must have been impracticable, because of the immensity of the multitudes, and no petition ever emanated from one of them; or, for the purposes of seditious excitement, and intimidation; whether the advice given to the soldiers was given to them purely and solely with the innocent and laudable view of improving their morals, and not for the purpose of tampering with them in the discharge of their duty, should they be called upon to act against insurgents in the field; these were the issues which this jury had to try; and did it, we ask any reasonable man, imply in them any monstrous incredulity that they could not believe the newly established arbitration courts to be a mere adoption of the Quaker practice, by the repeal association; but that, on the contrary, a settled purpose was manifested in the erection of them, which clearly implied the guilt with which the traversers were charged? And if each separate overt act bore upon the face of it an obvious intention to accomplish the repeal of the legislative union by means of a formidable combination which was to overawe the government, surely the whole taken together amounted to a demonstration of the views and the objects of the accused too cogent to be resisted. What means, then, this libel upon the Roman Catholic population, of which we hear so much, that if members of their body constituted the jury, there would have been an acquittal; or that if even a single one of them was suffered to remain upon the panel, there would have been no verdict? Do those who make this statement really believe what they say? If they do, it can only be because they believe that Roman Catholics would, in such a case, act the part of deliberate perjurers; or, that they would be so blinded by prejudice as to be unable to distinguish between truth and falsehood—suppositions which we do not presume to entertain, as they are neither of them very complimentary either to their integrity or to their understandings. If the verdict was an iniquitous verdict—

if it was found in disregard of law or contrary to fact, let this be proved, and it has our unqualified condemnation. But let no one seek to raise a prejudice against it, because it was the finding of members of the Church of England. If it be said that the verdict was a very just one, but it would be more satisfactory if it were found by members of the Church of Rome, we can scarcely understand how this could be so. The verdict could not be more satisfactory to us than it is; nor would it, we fancy, be less unsatisfactory to the agitators because delivered by their friends rather than by those whom they call their enemies.

And here we beg to offer to our English readers one or two very plain remarks upon a notion which seems very current, even amongst very well-informed persons, in their part of the empire, namely, that a suspicion pervades the Roman Catholic population that justice is not done them when the law is administered, especially in party cases, by Protestant judges and Protestant juries. We deliberately say that this impression is most unfounded. The Roman Catholic population labour under no such delusion. They are exceedingly sagacious observers of men and things, and know full well when justice is really done, or when it is withheld or perverted; and our experience has been, that in nine cases out of ten they would, if they had the choice, *prefer* submitting their differences to Protestant magistrates rather than to those of their own communion. Every one knows, that Roman Catholic servants prefer Protestant masters, and Roman Catholic tenants Protestant landlords. This is so notorious a fact, that few there are who could be hardy enough to deny it in Ireland. The instances, also, are very many in which the poor Roman Catholic, who emigrates to a distant country, and is able to spare a little money for the use of his poor relations, sends it to the Protestant clergyman of their parish, rather than to the Roman Catholic priest. And we can assure our English fellow-subjects, notwithstanding the surmises of honest men, which have been prompted by the asseverations of dishonest demagogues, that the very same feeling of respect and confidence is evinced towards the Protestant gentry and their Protestant neighbours in

the administration of justice. But this we must also state, that the Irish are quick-witted enough to take advantage of the impression that they are under this sense of wrong, whenever it may serve their purposes to do so; and they know well how to avail themselves of *the supposition that they imagine themselves thus aggrieved*, in order to work upon the sensibilities of those who are thus misinformed as to their real feelings. This trait in the character of our countrymen never was more happily illustrated than by Carleton, in his story of Phelim O'Toole. That compound of rustic waggy and villany is at length detected in the commission of an offence where the evidence is so overwhelming as to baffle all his arts of evasion. But is he reduced to silence? Has he nothing to say? No—the following is the outburst of indignant virtue with which he recriminates upon his accusers:—

“To the devil's warmin'-pan wid ye all,” he continued, “you may do your worst; I defy you. Ha! be the heavens above me, you'll suffer for this, my fine gentleman. What can yees do but hang or thransport me, ye villians? I tell yees, if a man's sowl had a crust of sin on it a foot thick, the best way to get it off 'ud be jist to shoot a dozen like you. Sin!—oh, the devil saize the sin at all in it. But wait! Did yees ever hear of a man they call Dan O'Connell? Be my sowl, he'll make yees rub your heels together for keepin' an innocent boy in gaol, that there's no law or no warrent out for. This is the way we're thrated by thim that's ridin' rough-shod over us. But have a taste o' patience, ye scoundrels! It won't last, I can tell yees. Our day will soon come, an' thin I'd recommend yees to thraavel for your health. Hell saize the day's pace or happiness ever will be seen in the country, till laws, an' judges, an' juries, an' gaols, an' gaolers, an' turnkeys, an' hangmen is all swept out of it—saize the day! An' along wid them goes the parsons an' proethors, tithes an' taxes, all to the devil together. That day's not far off, ye d---d villians. An' now I tell yees, that if a hair o' my head's touched—ay, if I was hanged to-morrow, I'd lave them behind me that 'ud put a bullet, wid the help an' blessing o' God, through any one that'll injure me! So lay that to your conscience, an' do your best. Be the crass, O'Connell 'ill make you look nine ways at wanst for this! He's the boy can put the pin in your noses!—he's the boy can make yees

thrimble, one an' all o' yees, like a dog in a wet sack; an' wid the blessing o' God, he'll help us to put our feet on your necks afore long.”

This is sufficiently amusing, and will no doubt, in our English readers, provoke a smile. But we assure them that the very same thing, only varied according to men and circumstances, takes place, whenever, in cases where substantial justice has been done, their sympathies are sought to be enlisted for felons or misdemeanants, who, however guilty, may be represented as labouring under the delusion that they are the victims of prejudice or partiality.

Never was there a country respecting the inhabitants of which the statesman might more confidently act upon the maxim, “be just, and fear not.” But it must be added, never was there a country in which any vacillation or timidity on the part of government in dealing with disturbers would be sure to produce more fatal effects. This we say with special reference to the late prosecutions. The government have obtained a verdict. The misdemeanants are awaiting the sentence of the law. We will not suffer ourselves to entertain a doubt that the law will be properly vindicated. We cannot believe that those who have done so well hitherto, can hesitate to follow up the blow by which they may at once and for ever put an end to a most pernicious agitation. To do so would be not only to throw away their victory, but to put themselves under the feet of the disturbers.

Of Lord John Russell's speech in the House of Commons we have not left ourselves room to speak with the fulness which it would seem to demand, nor to bestow upon it the chastisement which it deserves. It was characterized by Lord Stanley as an able opposition speech, but was met by him with a withering reply which in that house will be long remembered. The remedial measures, as they are called, on the part of government, have only been just indicated. Their substance is not yet clearly ascertained; but this much is very certain, that they tend to recruit the strength of the enemies of British connection. Is this wise? Was it wise to announce that the registration bill was to be accompanied by provisions for enlarg-



ing a constituency who have proved to be nothing more than the serfs of the Roman catholic priests? Have that body, during the repeal agitation, so entitled themselves to respect and confidence, that this augmentation of their power can be deemed expedient?

We wait, however, and suspend our judgment, until we know what it really is to be; but this we need not wait to decide, that, pending the landlord and tenant commission of inquiry, no such measure should be entertained. We should first see what the relation between landlord and tenant is to be, before any adjustment of the franchise should take place, from which good results might be expected. To anticipate it, as has been done by ministers in the queen's speech, was to let in a *disturbing influence* upon that commission by which all its proceedings may be deranged.

Of the repeal of the law which at present prevents the acquisition of property for the use of the Romish Church, we have not much to say; nor do we think that in so acting, ministers will have done much that is censurable, *provided they go no further*. But of the increase of the education grant we must express our unqualified condemnation, unaccompanied as it is by any provision for modifying the principle of the National Board, so as to render it available to the members of the Established Church for the education of the children of their communion.

The debate is not yet concluded in the commons, and we therefore reserve much that we have to say upon it; but one thing has pleased us well—*Lord Stanley has spoken out upon the subject of the Roman Catholic oath*. This is as it should be. He has brought no railing accusation against Roman Catholic members; but he has solemnly called their attention to the terms in which they have sworn not to disturb or unsettle the property of the Established Church. He has clearly intimated to them the spirit in which the oath was framed, and the object which it was intended to serve; and he has solemnly called upon them to ask their own consciences, whether, in assisting to subvert or unsettle the Established Church, they are complying with its obligations. We say we are well pleased with this. We are sorry it was not done before; for assured we are that, had a similar tone

been taken by men high in office when first a laxity on this subject was observed, public feeling could not have been outraged as it has, by a system of political casuistry, which, to use the words of the immortal bard, "from the body of contraction plucks the very soul, and sweet religion makes a rhapsody of words." Lord Stourmont is, we perceive, about to bring the subject formally before the house of lords. There, we have no doubt, it will be thoroughly discussed, and the true intention of the legislature in framing the oath placed in such a light that no one can henceforth be ignorant of the restraint which it imposes upon all who are required to take it.

We are persuaded that, had not the leaders in the House of Commons forborne, from motives of delicacy, to press the subject upon the Roman Catholic members, these latter would never have been led to outrage public feeling as they have done. They cared not for imputations out of doors. These they could afford to disregard, as long as Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley, and others of the same class, did not join in the cry against them. The crow knows the range of the fowling-piece, ay, and whether it is a double or a single-barrelled gun; and with a similar instinctive sagacity, Mr. O'Connell and his clique anticipated the precise amount of the forbearance upon which they could calculate, while they used their parliamentary privileges for the purpose of compassing the destruction of that establishment which they had solemnly pledged themselves to defend. But if Lord Stanley's speech may be taken as an indication of the intentions of ministers, that forbearance is at an end. They will now be plainly told what is thought, in high places, respecting the apparent inconsistency between their acts and their declarations. And we have very little doubt that they will be more cautious in dealing with matters, by intermeddling with which, as they have hitherto done, they may bring upon themselves some heavy imputations. We repeat it, we are glad of this, both for their sakes, and that of the House of Commons. That assembly by no means rose in public confidence by the exhibitions which took place when individuals, at their entrance into it, swore an oath not to subvert or to injure an in-



stitute which, when they took their seats in it, they used all their abilities and their influence to destroy. Nor did the passive connivance of those who saw this frightful dereliction of principle, and, by their silence, "consented unto it," fail to excite, amongst the serious and the moral portion of the community, a very grave disapprobation. We entertain a good hope that this scandal will no longer continue, and that the exposure which must take place, if the other ministers do their duty as Lord Stanley has done his, will induce a degree of circumstriction in Roman Catholic members which may render them careful, for their own sakes, not to provoke any withering animadversion.

But what is to done with the misdemeanants? O'Connell has taken his seat amidst the cheers of his friends in the house, as though he had returned from some great victory. And Lord John Russell has taunted ministers with their inability to visit him with any punishment suited to his offence. He all but openly proclaimed that they *dare not* punish the great delinquent. If, after this, the law is not suffered to take its course, all that has been hitherto accomplished will only serve to signalize the triumph of the demagogue over the government. For any remission of penalty he will be indebted not to the clemency of the executive, but to the terrors of the opposition. Sir Robert Peel will have all the odium of being "willing to wound," and all the disgrace of being "afraid to strike;" and the success of the attorney-general in the assertion of the law, will only confirm the multitudes in this country in the delusion that O'Connell bears a charmed life, and enhance the influence of the great delinquent.

Such is the feeling with which the government must boldly and firmly grapple, if Ireland is to be effectually tranquillized, and her people held in their allegiance. The whole Romish population are looking this moment with intense interest to see who, in reality, are their rulers; the men in power by whom the law has been asserted, or the delinquents by whom it is defied. It is not, surely, against the persons of the agitators, the government have condescended to wage war. It is against their principles; it is against their pernicious influence; it is against that belief which they have

succeeded in establishing, that by threats, and terror, and the physical power which they can command, they must in the end succeed in the accomplishment of all their objects. *This is the delusion that must be dissipated, before the country can be restored to its right mind; and it needs no spirit of prophecy to foretell that it will not be dissipated, but confirmed, if a mistaken lenity be extended to the delinquents.*

One word more, and we have done. The *cheval de bataille* of the opposition, as far as the debate has yet gone, has been the Irish Established Church. Most rancorously and vigorously has it been assailed; and we must add, most ably has it been defended. Lord John and his friends have manifested all their venom; but ministers have at length taken their stand upon constitutional ground, and if they only maintain it with firmness, they may defy their assailants. All their arts will be in vain, and all their fury will break into foam around them. The Established Church has been maintained because it is the church established; because it has been incorporated with the state; because it is part and parcel of the constitution; because, in every relaxation of protective enactments, provision was made for its security—a provision as readily offered when such relaxation was sought for, as forgotten when it had been obtained; because the security of the Irish branch of the Established Church was one of the most express stipulations of the act of union; because equality between the conflicting churches is impossible, and any thing less than equality would be unsatisfactory. Lord Stanley treated as a self-evident absurdity the notion of admitting Roman Catholic bishops, appointed by a foreign potentate, into our House of Lords. It would, no doubt, be monstrous so to do. But let us whisper in his ear, is it not equally monstrous that such foreign-made prelates should nominate to seats in the House of Commons? And if it be, we again venture most respectfully to ask his lordship, is it wise, at the present moment, to increase their power of so doing, by such a multiplication of *proper* voters as the new registration bill threatens, and which may render their influence predominant in Ireland?

# DUBLIN

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# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIII.

## THE IRISH QUESTION.

It Sir Robert Peel had reason on his side when he proclaimed that Ireland would form the "great difficulty of his government," he might have extended the prediction with equal truth, and pronounced that it would be the "great difficulty of the opposition." Never was there, in any country, a state of things less likely to benefit the trading politician than our country now presents. Great and complicated evils—great in their influence upon the welfare of the whole empire—complicated by conflicting interests, passions, and prejudices, which have taken centuries to grow—weigh down the land; and however difficult it may be to examine into and detect their origin, the result is palpable to men of every party and leaning: that pauperism and discontent prevail on every side—wretchedness and disaffection stalk together over the land—insecurity to life and property, unknown in every other state of Europe, are rife with us: and that, with the most bountiful share of this world's wealth—living beneath a government whose characteristic has ever been to foster industry and develop national resources, misery such as ours is not to be found, from one end of Europe to the other.

Were the elements in opposition no more than wealth and intelligence on one side, with numbers and pauperism on the other, the difficulty might present some hope of solution. But not so the case. Rival religions, antagonist races, ancient feuds too well remembered, more recent struggles per-

petuated, conflicts which partake of the animosity of private, as well as the dangers of public hate, are all present, tending to produce a social condition to which nothing is comparable in the ingredients of anarchy, save that which preceded and followed the great revolution of France.

For many years our condition sufficed for the mere sport of party. We offered the great battle-field where rival factions met and fought. Some great "Irish question" was the ordeal by which Whig or Tory tested his skill in debate, and whereon a ministry founded their claim to the confidence of the country. These were frequently important and momentous battles to those engaged—the fate of governments hung on their decision; but as for us, we had little interest in the conflict. We were like the tennis ball, pitched from hand to hand, and cared not who won the game. Each used us for the purposes of party. The Tories, as a colony where bolder views of ascendancy might be experimented with less fear of investigation. The Whigs, as a species of model farm of liberalism, where, if the crop were a failure, the fault might be attributed to the soil. Neither approached the government of the country with "a principle"—neither possessed any decided convictions what course, followed out to the end, would most contribute to our welfare. Neither would disembarrass the question of its passing and party colourings, and look on the land in its naked truth.

fulness. We were bandied from one to the other, with such fortune as the fate of other portions of the empire necessitated; and, by a judicious employment of castigation and conciliation, the equilibrium of parties was so balanced, that a feather could at any moment turn the scale.

Had this state of things continued—had we remained in such perfect equipoise—we never would have afforded the minister the plea for declaring Ireland the “great difficulty of his government.” The old system would still have sufficed. A little cajoling here, and a little condemnation there—some patronage, administered with true clap-trap tact—and some discouragement in the same taste, would have done as of old; and while we should not have presented the happiest specimen of national prosperity or agreement, still we might have travelled along without calling for any peculiar attention, or directing to our difficulties other regards than those of the speculative and thoughtful.

Time wore on—emancipation was granted—the Whigs obtained office—conciliation, as it was called, became the order of the day—concessions were daily made to that party, which, numerically stronger, needed but certain strongholds to become the more powerful—“great discouragement” was dealt out to those who once vainly thought that their loyalty had met favour in England, and who believed that some debt was due to them, because through every difficulty and danger they had cherished an attachment to England and her institutions, in the midst of a hostile and overpowering party. The game was pushed farther. The influence of strength was added to the weight of numbers, and the few were despoiled of those privileges which were conferred in compensation of their weakness, and meant, in some slight measure, to equalize the pressure of mere force. With what success the system worked, different opinions will be formed. The Whigs assert they tranquillized Ireland—and certainly Ireland would be ungrateful if she denied the price paid for the boon. The whole patronage of the crown was given up to Mr. O’Connell. It is notorious that he read every despatch which arrived in the Secretary’s office from England—that his will dic-

tated not mere appointments but measures—and that his concurrence was an essential to every act of the state. It was impossible, under such circumstances, that a spirit of triumph should not display itself. It did so; and from that hour the equilibrium which so long, with slight variations, had existed, vanished; the popular party became in the ascendant, and their opponents, few, unprotected, and even insulted, were trodden under foot.

That the Whigs obtained the success they so loudly vaunted, must, however, be doubted. The lavish expenditure of the spendthrift might seem munificence, if he died the day before his ruin were effected. So with them; they passed away from power when they had exhausted their coffers. They had, like the shepherd, given the last lamb to the wolf, and they could not bide the morrow. Of this no stronger evidence is needed than the speech by which Lord John Russell opened the present session. His best bid for place is—what? Popish ascendancy? Repeal? Romish Bishops in the House of Lords?—None of these. An increased grant to Maynooth! a few thousand pounds to educate a priesthood, which it is the aim of the hierarchy to derive from the very humblest classes of the people. Such is his panacea for the evils of Ireland—such the grand resource on which he bases his future government of the country. It is evident from this how far they had pushed their system of conciliation. It is sufficiently clear, that they left office as beggared in gifts as in character. They had spent their last guinea—and now they evoke the shades of their benevolence to assist them once more to power.

When the Tories succeeded them, Repeal demonstrations were already in progress. The machinery by which Mr. O’Connell effects his operations was at work—cautiously, it is true, and guardedly. The liberal party halted suddenly—they saw that no longer their old enemy was in the field—for such, despite of every concession, they called the Whigs—and such they still call all who resist any of their demands, no matter however great the benefits previously conferred on them. They knew the Tories of

old—they had experience of them as of men who repudiated their alliance, and despised their aid—who, secure in the affections and confidence of the nation, needed not to stoop to any base compact with false-hearted allies, to compass their ends—they halted, fear in their hearts and trepidation in their looks. They knew not what bold and decided line of action might have been determined upon by the government. They saw one, at least, among the names of the cabinet, whose energy and courage might well have daunted bolder spirits than theirs. They could not doubt that little favour was due to them, and slight regard, from that party whom they had assailed and reviled on every occasion; and therefore they feared.

It were little profitable to speculate now on what might have happened, had the government at that time acted energetically. We may differ from some of those who are accustomed to state their opinions in this journal, but we say it advisedly, and with confidence, “the Repeal movement” at that moment might have been crushed at once. The government was stronger in every element of power than any which preceded it for years. England was with them—a large portion of Ireland also. Many, indeed, who dissented from them on particular questions still regarded them as the only rampart against the sweeping torrent of revolutionary doctrines, and deemed that the safety of the state depended on their advent to power. It needed, then, but the will and the courage to grapple with the agitation, and the success was certain. The doing so involved no difficulty—compromised no future line of acting; it would not even have interfered with that pleasant path of conciliation, so admirably devised, as to affront one side, and outrage the other. No, it merely required that degree of foresight, which nine out of every ten intelligent men possessed, to anticipate what must come of such a movement if unchecked, and then a very ordinary exercise of vigour to repress it. It might even have been the basis of that system, so fashionable in our days, of alternate chastisement and caressing. The suppression of the repeal could have been followed by a boon to the priest; and thus Sir Robert could have commenced his

career with a palpable programme of his future intentions.

“*Diis aliter visum.*” The ministry scoffed at Daniel and his followers. The greasy rabble of the Corn Exchange, and the rabid violence of a party press might well have excused the indifference, if experience had not shown that such were exactly the ingredients which composed the agitation for emancipation, and that with such auxiliaries they conquered in '29. Repeal, then, went forward unnoticed and unrestrained. A paragraph in the Queen's speech appealed to the loyal subjects of her majesty to discourage an agitation they never joined in. This but furnished to Mr. O'Connell an occasion for inveighing against the minister, who had, by tyranny, imposed his sentiments on the Queen; he told his crowds, that of his own actual knowledge he could vouch for her majesty's anxiety to dismember the empire, and gave them very clearly to understand, that his own influence at Buckingham Palace rested on a surer foundation than the mere accident of power.

Repeal, recruited and strengthened, fostered by the supineness of the minister, and swelled by the energy of its leader, filled the land. From the bare history of the manner in which the union was carried, down to the last apparent slight to Ireland, nothing was omitted which could stimulate the prejudices, and excite the passions of the people. The advantages, political, commercial, and social, to be gained, were descanted on with no common ability—fascinating pictures were drawn of a prosperity which but awaited the event, and promises of future benefit were held out, which needed not the sanguine temper of the listeners to make them overjoyed at the prospect. Still the ministers gave no sign. Whether it was that the Irish agitation had become so ordinary an event, its continuance afforded no surprise; perhaps, like the miller, they would only have awakened when the wheel stopped. Tranquil Ireland might have called forth their attention; her troubles were sounds that but lulled to slumber and repose.

From whatever cause arising, they noticed not the repeal agitation, or did so in such a manner as best served the object they would affect to dis-



own. The petty discouragements dealt out by party are the crowns of easy martyrdom, which induce many men to go farther than utter indifference to them had ever produced. The dismissed magistrates bought a cheap popularity, which suited their parsimony. The chancellor's letters were small titles of nobility to those who never thought of an effort for such distinction. Meanwhile, equal-handed justice was proclaimed the rule of the government. We were told, favoritism was at an end; equal protection of the laws to every class and denomination of the people, and the extension of the crown favours to the most worthy, was to be the golden rule of government, and every good man rejoiced at a consummation so devoutly to be wished for.

Never, perhaps, did a ministry succeed to office with a greater prestige of success—strong, in the several individuals selected to fill the offices of state—stronger, in public opinion—and strongest of all, in the incapacity and unfitness of those to whom they succeeded; the game of government presented, amid all its difficulties, a great and glorious career, wherein the abilities of statesmen should be conspicuous, and the far-seeing politics of faithful servants of the crown should be triumphantly displayed.

It is true the Whigs had left them many embarrassing legacies. The wars in India and in China, the difficult negotiations with America, the scarcely subdued rebellion of Canada, the ruptured alliance with France—these, coupled with a failing revenue, and an increasing debt, and great mercantile distress, needed not Ireland to fill the cup to overflowing, and yet, with all these circumstances of danger, a British minister asserted that Ireland was the greatest difficulty of the government.

The expression, weigh it how one may, shows that a deep consideration had been given to the conflicting agencies which disturb our social and political condition, when the head of a government professed, that of all the storms which darkened and gathered around them, the cloud, not bigger than a man's hand, which hung over our country, was most charged with danger.

The great evils of Ireland, from what-

ever cause arising, or howsoever complicated in their origin, lay palpably enough on the surface. It needed not a cabinet, four of whom had served the office of Irish secretary, to perceive that there were anomalies of which no other land presented any thing comparable; that great natural wealth and the most miserable poverty, high natural intelligence and darkest ignorance, warm and generous emotions, and a course of crime and violence unequalled in Christendom, cannot coexist without causes peculiar to the state that begets them; that, to investigate these causes patiently, zealously, and dispassionately, must be the first step to their remedy, and that, however it might suit the partizan and the journalist to ring the changes on certain trite topics, certain smooth worn grievances, a British minister, determined to approach his task in a higher spirit, should go deeper than this—should penetrate into the strata of prejudices and passions—should dive down into that vein of hopes and fears, which forms the core of a nation's temperament, and there study the secret springs of those troubles which have so long convulsed the land, and made its prosperity a thing for men to despair of. All who know any thing of Ireland, and whose opinion is worth caring for, have long seen that the evils of the country were less political than social; that however modified by time and circumstances, however impressed by misrule or by misconduct, the habits of the people were unsound and unhealthy; that disregard of life, distrust of law, indifference to those reproaches which, in better-ordered communities, affect men with shame and remorse, largely prevailed in the land; that a code of their own devising had usurped the place of the statute law in their minds; that a system of force and reprisal, fearfully organized, was set up; and that a settled conviction—partly the fruit of hopeless poverty, partly impressed on them by designing agitators, rested on them, that they could not hope for justice, and that a strong arm alone was their protection against the tyranny of the rich.

There is no need to dwell here on the agency of Romanism. It has worked both for good and for evil in

the struggle. Even when least well-affected towards the cause of order and government, its object could be only attainable by other and very different paths than the wild justice of revenge. The priests have often been arraigned, and, as we deem it, unjustly, that their efforts to repress crime and bloodshed have not been more freely used. Among that class where such notions prevail, the priest is powerless. The priest, even setting aside his personal feeling, could have no object in the perpetration of these outrages; he could but foresee that their existence might call forth some coercive act, some stringent law, which should press heavily on the innocent as well as the guilty. Mr. O'Connell could not derive advantage from them; on the contrary, they retarded the course of that peaceful, but not less deadly treason he perpetrated. To the Whigs alone were they welcome. To them they were a war-cry of attack against their opponents. Every murder of Tipperary was an open charge of Tory unfitness to govern; and they who evoked the treason were loudest in their taunts that the law was unvindicated.

The great mistake, then, as it appears to us, in the consideration of the question at issue is, the habit which prevails so largely of coupling the demands of Mr. O'Connell and his party with the disturbances which have no connection with them. The distress of the people—bitter, grievous poverty—unrelieved even by hope, may, and will make men grasp at any thing which promises relief. Want is a bad counsellor; and Irishmen have had for many years no other. The lavish professions of the demagogue fall pleasantly on the ear of him who has never heard the words of encouragement from another. He knows not, it is true, how a registration bill or a corporation act, how decimating the bench of Bishops, or cashiering Kildare Place, can benefit him and his starving children; he sees not how the elevating to power or place of some rich member of his creed can bear on his interests: but the wily speaker soon supplies the deficiency; he traces a course of prosperity to the eager eye of famine, that is maddening in its ecstasy; he displays a picture before him which no reasoning powers of his

can combat. The poor peasant is taught to think that some miserable pittance, rung from the hard hands of labour, will contribute to that glorious consummation wherein his own personal welfare is concerned. The newspapers keep the flickering flame alive; his very sacrifices but endear the cause for which he suffers martyrdom. Religion lends her aid to the delusion; and thus from his poverty arise in succession the trains of causes, which, like a mountain rivulet, fed from many sources, swells as it goes, till at length the stream becomes a torrent, which none may stay.

It is here, then, that Romanism and treason step in to seize the prey which misery and want have left at their disposal. The priest and the demagogue find willing agents in the starving peasant, whose wants are easily translated into wrongs, and whose ill-will to his landlord can be readily converted into hatred of a Protestant.

Crime, treason, and disaffection have no privileged place in the hearts of Irishmen. It is poverty which has given them a home there. But for this human life would not be accounted a thing of nought—but for this rebellion would not find an echo within them. The agitator would plead in vain to a happy peasantry the woes they never felt—his appeals to daily sufferings would have no force. The journalist might revile the Saxon with little prospect of exciting violence among those who had learned to love the Englishman. The cruelties of the landlord would afford no ground for disaffection to those who revered him as a protector, and regarded him as a friend. The blessings of abundance are a rich train—they come many-handed. Like mercy, they bless both the taker and the giver. Look upon Ireland for once with the eyes of benevolence and humanity, and not with the one-sided glance of a partizan. Help the people. In doing so you will contribute largely to your own welfare and prosperity. Away with the notion that *our* poverty is essential to *your* wealth. There may be a rivalry; but let it be in mutual benefits and good will. And, to begin. The time is now propitious for the great experiment. You have succeeded, by legal and constitutional means, in bringing to justice the party

who have mainly contributed to the present unhappy crisis. Do not shrink from their punishment. This is no common case—this is no mere misdemeanour, where the semblance of severity will suffice. The disturbers of the public peace have been tried and convicted. Let them pay the penalty of their offence. This is not the demand of party—this is no exaction of revengeful animosity. It is nothing save the just retribution of a long course of unrestrained iniquity; and loyal men have a right to demand it. If you claim support from the well-wishers of your government, you must punish the rebellious subjects of your queen. Any affectation of magnanimous mercy were not only misplaced here, but contemptible. Such a line would alienate from you those who through every discouragement have remained true and loyal—such a paltering with justice would bring you down to the Normanby level of gaol delivery—would reduce you to that low estate in which your popularity must bear a ratio to your imbecility—and that you are revered, as the journalist said, on the same principle as was the toothless terrier by the housebreaker who came to rob. Do this, and whom can you punish, and for what? Let loose the rebel, and will you dare to imprison the ribbonman? Pardon O'Connell and his guilty associates, and if you do not subscribe to the rent, you are traitors to your opinions. Show weakness now, and Tom Steele may with truth and justice call you all repeal wardens, and boast that you have done more for the cause than every member of the association.

Whatever sentence the judges of the land pronounce upon the convicted conspirators, let it be enforced. The purity of that bench—which is not the less unsullied that the rancour of party spirit has dared to asperse it—will not visit their crime with any strained infliction. They will be treated like other men so circumstanced. See to it, then, that you mitigate not their doom, as you would not that of others. Let not Irish treason have favour that is withheld from English. Let not popery press her claim, that a divided allegiance may excuse disloyalty, and be not lenient to the papist where you have been merciless to the Protestant. This point, so insignificant in some re-

spects, is all-important in others. For the individuals we care nothing; or, if we have any feeling, it is the ordinary one of regret, that men of education and position should have compromised themselves and their liberty by a course of wanton agitation and disturbance. But for the cause of peace, for the hope of future advantage to Ireland, for the success of that better state we look for with longing and anxiety, we say, punish the evil-doers, set men an example of the fruits of rebellious disturbance. Disabuse the peasant mind of the invulnerability of their arch deceiver. Let them know that he who boasted the fertility of his wiles, has found the law too strong for him. Show them the libellous disseminators of rebellion in rhyme, and prose treason, at the bars of Kilmainham. Let the "Freeman" be a misnomer as palpable as the "Nation," or the "Pilot." Do this, and your career, however surrounded by difficulties, will have the sympathies of all honest men to cheer you. Do this, and your measures of conciliation—if such a name convey no false impression—will show that you can be generous while just, and that a sense of right, whether to punish or reward, is among the characteristics of your country.

Show any hesitation here. Let any false sense of compassionate mercy—but we will not, we cannot discuss the point. With such a policy we can have no concern—we will not believe such to be in store for us; and amid all the disasters of our land we have not yet taken into calculation, the evils which might flow from a cowardly cabinet.

Some will say, that in punishing Mr. O'Connell and his fellows you do not retard the agitation, but rather encourage it. We ask on what grounds is the assertion made? Does the history of any false leniency to treason bear out its truth? Is Irish rebellion an instance in point? or does the discouragement you have already dealt among repealers, by your prosecution and conviction, favour the assumption? Has not the verdict of those twelve honest men done more to pacify the country than all your acts of the last session and your promises of the present? Did not that one word "Guilty," strike deeper despondence into treason than your arms act? Or are you still to be convinced that repeal of the union is

a great and formidable threatening of a divided empire? Have you not yourselves taught agitation the arts by which success is won? Have you not yourselves supplied the arms by which the most apparently hopeless victories have been gained? By what means was the relief bill carried?—by an agitation that sickened the very heart of the nation—that made men, at any sacrifice, cry aloud for peace. How was the reform bill carried?—and how will repeal be carried, if now, as then, you palter with the party you should crush—you truckle where you should annihilate?

The other road is indeed open to you, and we fear you show too many leanings towards it, that admirable legacy the Whigs bequeathed you—Conciliation. Popery may be pampered; treason caressed; the loyalty of those who it is supposed must be true under every defeat and under every discouragement may be insulted; the repealers may receive that mild correction which evinces love and affection rather than anger, and a few years more of disturbance purchased without the final result being attained. For this course, apparently, you are prepared. Like Eugene Aram you are “equal to either fortune.” You have so trimmed your sails that you can stand out to sea, or run for shore, as you deem fit. Already your declarations in parliament give a foretaste of your intentions. With what shrinking delicacy you receded from any defence of Protestantism on the ground of its truth; with what sensitive tenderness you avoided attributing any corruption to Romanism, or idolatry to Popery. How admirably just—what Irish justice!—your letter to Lord de Grey regarding Mr. Howley’s appointment, that of two men equally qualified the Roman Catholic should be preferred, because of the previous disabilities under which he rose to the equality. And so, because one man has embraced Christianity according to the state religion, and another in opposition to its avowed preference, this latter is more to be trusted, sooner employed, and higher honoured for his opposition sake—the question of eternal truth or falsehood, either way, being a matter quite beside the point, and one which, not to ruffle certain susceptibilities, must not be agitated at all.

You may follow this path—it is smooth worn and easy—Lord Normanby’s footsteps are still there to guide you; but we would ask you, is it as safe for *you* as for *him*; can *you* do with impunity the acts *he* performed with such success? No: very different are the hopes men conceive of your government. They know you to be independent of that faction by whose aid your rivals held place; they hope, as you have the power, you may have the will to be honest. They regard you as the depository of that trust which secures to them the advantages of their free constitution, and the enjoyment of that religious truth which you have sworn to uphold. Take care that you betray not these expectations; take care lest, in your efforts to conciliate the traitor you discourage the true man; above all things, take care lest you suffer this miserable land to linger on under the slow and consuming fever of decay. If concessions are to be made, make them; if the axe is to be laid to the root of the tree, do not begin by lopping off the branches; if you mean to remodel the social system of our island, let us not first moulder away to ruin; do not halt between two opinions. “I would that you were cold or hot.” The capricious bestowal of the patronage of the crown may, for a time, simulate that even-handed justice it affects to be; but men grow weary of this at last. The zealous and the active grieve to see that the rewards of government are bestowed upon the cautious and expectant politician who consults his ease and his interest together, and who, by doing nothing for his country, does every thing for himself.

Every country abounds in such “artful dodgers” of politics, but their promotion disgusts honest men of all parties. Take care then—the time is creeping on—some vague assurances of respect for the church as by law established, and for the rights of property generally, will not suffice. Men are beginning even now to exclaim—

*Quousque tandem Catilina abuteris patientiâ nostra?*

Approach your task in a spirit of determination, and resolve that, acting under the dictates of that constitution you have sworn to defend, you will govern Ireland.

The physician who would spend

hours and days vainly endeavouring to investigate the malady of a patient and losing the precious time he might employ in his cure, would be little short of a madman. The very symptoms of disease suggest their remedies, and the most successful practitioner is frequently the one who tracks out the course of malady by the operation of his own means of cure, and patiently seeks for the restoration of health by the daily combat with difficulties as they arise. The evils of Ireland are manifold and complicated. No man has yet been able to suggest any specific remedy for their cure; but on that account the case is not a hopeless one—far from it. There is sufficient on the very surface which needs amendment—there is enough legibly written on the land to call attention towards it. Poverty is to be relieved—ignorance to be instructed—lawlessness to be restrained. These three comprise no small share of Irish grievances, and in their treatment you may do much without the slightest partizanship or prejudice.

You have before you a mass of information respecting the undeveloped wealth of the island—you know that her resources lie unapplied—you feel that English capital seeks every other investment, because no safety is to be found here. Remedy these things. Reclaimable lands lie waste—navigable rivers are impassable for want of slight means of improvement—mines are unworked—fisheries unproductive—a season of famine, occurring on an average once in every five years, ravages the population. Provide resources against this calamity—establish public works on a great and permanent scale—better the condition of the peasant—relieve him of every possible burthen which taxation imposes—open new means of communication in remote districts—diffuse, as your example and your industry soon will, habits of order and obedience among the people—concede much to their prejudices, and offer freely to their rewards. You have a long arrear of kindness due to them; begin to discharge it in a good spirit. Already a great impulse has been given to improved agriculture—follow up the movement—foster societies of this nature—do not forget you gave twenty millions to emancipate the negroes from slavery—you can

afford to bestow two millions nearer home, and to relieve others from a bondage to the full as degrading. Real substantial benefits will well supply the place of mock efforts at conciliation. Improve the condition of the people, and you need not hunt out third-rate lawyers to elevate them to the bench—diffuse comfort and competence, and you need neither promote your antagonists, nor increase the grant to Maynooth—feed the people, and you will be to the full as popular as though you paid the priests;—and if you care for so slight a matter, you will barter no principle to expediency in so doing, but simply perform the duties which humanity and justice equally claim at your hands. A government strong to repress outrage, and punish lawlessness, and at the same time disposed to benevolence, and willing to aid the suffering, will need no assistance from partizans to rule Ireland—promoting the ablest and the most efficient men to office—showing no favour or affection save where honest services have incurred a debt—studiously bearing in mind that while the integrity of the empire will be best consulted by identifying the interests of the two countries, that still it will and must be a work of time to accomplish, and never can be forwarded by false and hollow concessions, made without sincerity, and determined never to be carried out.

The great fact to be borne in mind is this: by neglect and indifference to the condition of the people, you surrender them into the hands of designing and selfish agitators, who find but too ready instruments to their ends, in the victims of misery and despair;—by an opposite policy you will win them over to yourselves, while rescuing them from want and starvation. The distrust—a great and formidable element in national character—will soon give way to the permanence of benefits they will receive. The patriotism you have surrendered to Mr. O'Connell and his party will then really be yours, and nationality, a thing neither to be scoffed nor sneered at. In the attempt you cannot be met with opposition in any quarter—no sectarian views nor party leanings are involved in affording work to the idle, and food to the hungry. Your course is an easy one, and compromises nothing. You have



been advised to buy the priests—we say, buy the people; the price will not be one-twentieth of the amount, and the bargain will be an honest one on both sides. There is hunger to be fed and nakedness to be clothed—try and disabuse the sufferer of the impression that these things can only be done by pulling down the church or dismembering the empire. You have want on every side—endeavour to show its victims that a “registration bill,” or a “poor-law,” or an “appropriation clause,” cannot be its remedy. Open the poor man’s eyes to the fact that his poverty is the stock in trade of selfish politicians, and that his misery is the standing grievance on which whiggery and radicalism assert their claim to power. In any case, you have tried many remedies to relieve the woes of Ireland—this, at least, you have not experimented.

If you succeed, the victory is a great one. The restoration of the social state of the island to a condition of health is a subject pregnant with high hope. Every Irishman must conceive the strongest expectations of national greatness from such a consummation. If you fail, it is failure in a great and a good cause; nor can you fail altogether. The habits of industry you can introduce—the tastes you can foster—the wants you can inspire, will remain, and suggest the means of their own gratification finally. While the experiment is being tried, there will be some respite to the contest on

either side; a breathing-time will be allowed; and who shall say, that having tasted the blessings of peace, we shall recur with the same avidity to our ancient grudges and animosities.

Before we conclude these brief remarks, we would beg to observe, that in attributing many, if not most of the evils of Ireland to poverty and its consequences, we neither undervalue the baneful influence of Romanism, nor overlook the powerful sway of its priests.

We would merely point attention to the facts, that misery and ignorance are the materials among which bigotry and treason finds its most fitting instruments; and that, in removing these, one great source of outrage and lawlessness would be remedied.

If we take, as some may deem it, low ground on such a subject, it is because we feel satisfied to aim at the practicable, rather than aspire to the merely possible; and we have the firm conviction within us, that with the aggressive sway of Romanism in this country, no ministry will have courage or energy to engage; and we are satisfied to look forward to the slow, but certain, march of enlightenment, for the propagation of a purer, and holier, and higher form of belief. Meanwhile, enough has been said to moot the subject; and its discussion by the public will be the surest and safest test of how far its efficiency should warrant a prosecution of the plan.

#### THE THREE SUITORS—A LEGEND OF RHEINECK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

A feast was held in Rheineck’s halls,  
And banners waved o’er its ancient walls,  
And knights and damsels in pomp and state  
Rode gaily under the castle gate:  
    And minstrels played,  
    And chargers neighed,  
And pages in silken vests arrayed  
Announced the company as they came,  
Lordly baron and beauteous dame.  
From Köln, and Mainz, and Hattenheim,  
From Bonn, Coblenz, and Rüdesheim,



From Draiserhof and Ehrenfels,  
 From Nonnenhof and Drachenfels,  
 From Lahneck, Braubach, Dreyeckshausen,  
 From Bingen, Lorch, and Asmannshausen,  
 From Godesberg and Keisterbach,  
 From Johannisberg and Andernach  
 Came young and old, (for he asked them all),  
 To Conrad von Rheineck's banquet hall.

The wars were over,  
 And each bold rover  
 Had nothing to do but to live in clover ;  
 So Rheineck's lord  
 Laid by his sword,  
 And, anxious to try how his cellars were stored,  
 Being thirsty with marching, and charging, and storming  
 Sent out his invites for a grand housewarming.

The tables groaned 'neath the ample cheer,  
*Too* ample by half to be quoted here,  
 Tho' a French cook would stare  
 At the "too solid" fare  
 Which the *chefs* of the old time were wont to prepare,  
 And which now one ne'er sees, except *chez* the lord may'r .  
 Then the wine, which most folks thought the cream of the feast,  
 In huge extra-sized flasks, holding four quarts at least ;  
 Not the sour washy stuff travestied into wine,  
 And sold in the steamers that ply "up the Rhine"  
 As what the Americans call genuine,  
 But sound, strong, and sparkling, so wholesome withal,  
 That a man safely might  
 Drink his gallon at night,  
 Yet next day, when he woke, feel no headache at all ;  
 Tho' its tipplers were legion, not one ever showed a  
 Particular liking for seltzer or soda ;  
 Nay, Conrad himself, who for fashion's sake drank hard,  
 Took nothing next morning save a toast and a tankard.

Hot from the castle kitchen came  
 Meats and pasties, fowl and game,  
 Giant joints on giant dishes,  
 Monster pies and mighty fishes,  
 Eel and salmon, carp and sole,  
 Lambs and porkers roasted whole,  
*Sauerkraut*, whose odour rose  
 Grateful to each German nose,  
 All substantial, solid cheer,  
 Flanked by jugs of Munich beer.

'Twas a pleasant sight for Rheineck's lord  
 To see his board  
 So handsomely stored  
 With dainties few princes could then afford ;  
 And he might be forgiven, perhaps, for feeling  
 A glow of pride o'er his senses stealing,  
 For tho' no word  
 From his lip was heard,  
 Yet, if looks can speak, it might well be inferred,  
 That he meant by his gay, self-satisfied smile,  
 "I flatter myself I have done it in style."

And so thought the guests, or at least *seemed* to think,  
 For they never ceased eating unless 'twas to drink,  
 First hacking the boiled meat, then maiming the roast,  
 As if wagering who could eat fastest and most ;  
 Or if some few *did* pause, it was only to try  
 If they couldn't attract Lady Kunegund's eye,  
 (And these, *entre nous*, were mere boys, by the by ;)  
 For in *her* presence none, not the loveliest dame,  
     Any homage could claim,  
     And one cannot well blame  
 The men for their taste, tho' she *had* such a name.  
 She was pretty enough to win hearts by the score,  
     But tho' one and all swore  
     They desired no more  
 Than herself, yet it wasn't that made them adore,  
 Aye, and flatter her more than folks do a new may'ren—  
     What then ? Why, forsooth,  
     If we must tell the truth,  
 She was Conrad von Rheineck's sole daughter and heiress !

Yes, whene'er the spoiler Death  
 Should stop her gallant father's breath—  
 Whene'er the old ancestral tomb  
 Should for his honoured bones find room,  
 Then would the castle's moss-grown walls,  
 Its turret grey, its banquet halls,  
 The vineyards sloping to the Rhine,  
 The fertile meads, the lowing kine,  
 Mountain and valley, stick and stone,  
 All be hers, and hers alone.  
 This it was that added grace  
 E'en to her bewitching face—  
 This it was that, when she smiled,  
 Fancy, sense, and heart beguiled :  
 Love may fail his prey to hold,  
 If he forge no chain of gold ;  
 But where love and gold enchain,  
 Who can e'er be free again ?  
 In her soft eye's twinkling light  
 Priceless diamonds glittered bright,  
 And in each delicious dimple  
 Lurked the magic charm, "see simple."

But tho' her glance was soft, 'twas keen,  
 And they were mistaken who thought her "green ;"  
 She knew how to value their cringing and bowing,  
 Their sighing and ogling, protesting and rowing ;  
 She saw thro' their arts, clothed in words sweet as honey,  
 And wished they might get either her or her money.

So, anxious to be  
     From such "followers" free,  
 She gave a cool *congé sans cérémonie*  
     To each, one by one,  
     For (excuse a bad pun)  
 Like Miss Burdett Coutts, she'd no wish to be *Duett* ;  
 Nay more, to prevent all mistakes on their part,  
 At the same time to give ev'ry beau a fair start,  
 Her conditions once fixed, she determined to state 'em,  
 And therefore declared, as her *ultimatum*,  
     She never would,  
     And she never could,

And, moreover, she felt sure she never should  
 Marry Prince or Baron, or Count or Knight,  
 Unless he consented her love to requite  
 By dislodging a troublesome family sprite,  
 Which of late (said report) in the still midnight hour  
 Had chosen to haunt a particular tower.

If this he effected  
 (Which she scarce expected)  
 All she could say was—he should not be rejected ;  
 But—if he should fail,  
 And to meet the ghost quail,  
 Why, then, he should pay down at once, on the nail,  
 A thousand gold crowns, as a sort of black mail :  
 And that this to all parties concerned might be clear,  
 'Twas drawn out by a clerk with a pen at his ear,  
 Duly witnessed by Conrad one bright summer noonday,  
 And signed at the bottom in full

KUNIGUNDE.

Conditions like these  
 Any passion might freeze,  
 So no wonder her lovers fell off by degrees ;  
 For tho' Germans like ghosts in a novel or play,  
 Yet to stand face to face, and by night, not by day,  
 With a family goblin, was too much, thought they.  
 But there still remained three, when the others fought shy,  
 Each resolved to "go in  
 And (if possible) win"  
 Lady Kunigunde's hand, or at all events try :  
 First, a Baron who dwelt in a *chateau* hard by,  
 Then a Count from Vienna  
 Less wise than most men are,  
 Whose nose was as red as the dye they call *henna*,  
 With which Turkish dames, at least nine out of ten, are  
 Adorned, by just tinging their fair finger tips,  
 Till they rival in colour their sweet cherry lips.  
 The third was a knight, poor as any church mouse,  
 Without castle or cash, but with plenty of *nous* ;  
 These decided by lot  
 Who should be, and who not,  
 First to go and encounter—they couldn't tell what—  
 And it fell to the Baron, who looked rather blue,  
 Why, he only knew,  
 When the highest he threw,  
 And he looked bluer still, and more nervous he grew,  
 As the evening drew near,  
 Which (coincidence queer)  
 Was the very same evening when gay folks came swarming  
 T'assist (as the French say) at Conrad's housewarming.

The feast was o'er, the revel done,  
 The guests retired, one by one,  
 With weary eye and wine-flushed cheek  
 Their pillow's soft repose to seek.  
 Still one in lonely watching sat,  
 One shiv'ring heart beat pit-a-pat,  
 Alone in Rheineck's haunted tower,  
 While solemn tolled the midnight hour.  
 Eleven, TWELVE—with boding clang  
 The last stroke thro' the turret rang ;

The Baron quailed the sound to hear,  
 His wiry locks grew stiff with fear ;  
 Still there he sat, nor stirred a limb,  
 He gasped for breath, his eyes were dim,  
 His useless sword beside him lay,  
 A maiden blade in scabbard gay ;  
 When, if he dared believe his sight,  
 A phantom, clad in spectral white,  
 Passed noiseless thro' the turret door—  
 His senses fled, he saw no more.

The morning sun on the castle shone,  
 But, before day broke, the Baron was gone ;  
 Yet, tho' they tried in vain to find him,  
 They found the crowns which he left behind him,  
 In ten small bags of a hundred a-piece,  
 Each numbered like cabs, or the New Police.  
 Lady Kunigunde smiled as she took the gold,  
 And the Count from Vienna (if truth be told)  
     Looked uncommonly vext,  
     For his turn came next,  
 And he longed to get off it, but had no pretext ;  
 While the penniless Knight, who had nothing to lose,  
 Thought, "what wouldn't I give now to stand in his shoes!"

And very shaky shoes they were  
 To climb that fatal turret stair,  
 And at each step they shook the more  
 That brought them near the turret door.  
 His lantern shed a flick'ring ray  
 To guide him on his dreary way,  
 But yet his progress was so slow,  
 He stopped, and shook, and shivered so,  
 That, ere he'd fairly reached the tower,  
 The bell chimed forth the midnight hour.

But what he saw, or what he heard,  
 His lips ne'er breathed a single word ;  
     Enough to say  
     That he sped away,  
 And was twenty miles off before dawn of day,  
 In his hurry forgetting the forfeit to pay :  
 While the penniless *Kitter*, whose name was Sir Franz,  
 Began to imagine that he had a chance,  
     For in good sooth, thought he,  
     The goblin must be  
 Something out of the common, to frighten all three :  
     And, as evening drew near,  
     He felt hope banish fear,  
 For, unless he mistook, he had seen pretty clear  
     Lady Kunigund's eye  
     Once or twice glancing aly,  
 Aye, and lovingly at him when no one was by :  
     And besides, on reflection,  
     He'd some recollection  
 That often before (tho' with due circumspection)  
 She had smiled so sweetly, and with such a meaning,  
 That he, who love matters was shockingly green in,  
 (Unlike the gay lisper who courted Miss Julia)  
 Yet couldn't help thinking 'twas "wery pekoiliar."

At length night came, and with it the hour  
 When he must enter the dreaded tower ;  
     As the most potent charm  
     To defend him from harm,  
 He carried his naked sword under his arm ;  
 Aye, and stamped as he walked up the turret stair,  
 And frowned with that sort of *insouciant* air  
 Which some people are apt to call "devil may care ;"  
 And he opened the door, and sat down in a chair,  
 And surveyed the old walls, and the rafters all bare,  
 And then paused to take breath after climbing four pair.

    That knell, 'tis the clock,  
     And that sound, 'tis a knock,  
     A most goblin-like din,  
     And the Knight cries, "Come in !"  
 And it *does* come in, a figure in white,  
 About five feet five inches in height,  
 And it points to the door with its left forefinger,  
 A hint to Sir Franz that he'd better not linger.  
 The Knight draws back as the ghost approaches,  
 As fast as one yields, the other encroaches,  
 Round, and round, and round the table,  
 Dodging as fast as their feet are able,  
 They get by degrees very near the door,  
 Where the Knight had laid his sword on the floor ;  
 And he snatches it up, all ready to strike,  
 And he says, "Come on, now, as soon as you like !"  
 But Sir Franz plain enough without spectacles can see,  
 The ghost doesn't seem any fighting to fancy,  
     But suddenly, ere  
     Of the trick he's aware,  
 Throws the turret-door open, and makes for the stair.  
     Yet there's many a slip  
     'Twixt the cup and the lip,  
 Folks who *will* wear long clothes can't complain if they trip ;  
     Whether goblin or baby,  
     Just learning its A. B.,  
 They're likely to tumble, whichever they may be ;  
 So down goes the ghost with a quick easy slide,  
     Like a Chamounix guide,  
     When he wishes to glide,  
 Without hurting himself, down a steep mountain side ;  
 And, as fast as he dare go, the Knight follows after,  
     When, hark ! he can hear,  
     Ringing full on his ear,  
 A few paces beneath him, a strange burst of laughter ;  
 He turns round the corner as sharp as he can turn,  
 O'ertakes the grim goblin, and holds up the lantern  
 (Whose dim feeble light makes him hope 'twill be soon day,) .  
 And sees—not a ghost—but his own Kunigunde !

## GLIMPSES IN THE MOUNTAINS—NO. I.

"WELL," said I to myself, as I stood for a moment to gaze around me on the heather, "this is a pleasant trysting place for a hungry and a weary man. The sun is down, it is dark and cold, and it is many a year since I was here before. I wish I could eat heath—O sweet Pythagoras, metamorphose me for twenty minutes into a grouse-cock! Let me see; that is Fairhead looming over the sea to my right; I must be near him here, for this is Ultima Thule, or geography is drunk. Surely I could not mistake," said I, pulling a well-thumbed note from my wallet, as I struck a light and read for the fortieth time:—

"MY DEAR JOE.—If you can sleep on heather, will you leave your melancholy, love, metaphysics, and cigars, and eat a few breakfasts and dinners with us here in these hills. Tón Dubh and Glenstachey are with me. When you come near Fairhead, ask the way to Coul Goppagh; if I am not there, ask for my man (Murlough), he will do for you if you give him the countersign.—Ever yours,  
"COUL GOPPAGH."

"'Sleep on heather,' and no thanks to you for that," said I, muttering; "'man Murlough,' where the devil am I to find 'any man or any body of men?' 'do for me, if I give the countersign'—likely enough, for such a savage name and such a grisly password never were uttered before, nor in such a wilderness."

So saying, I trudged on in the darkness, but found nothing only heath. At last, on a bare moor-ground, I almost walked over a collection of huts, whose roofs were as if the soil had risen into hillocks, all covered with heath "as before." I saw an old woman like an hyperbole of a cat sitting within an open wicker-work door.

"Is this place Coul Goppagh, good woman?"

"Devil a more or less," was the reply.

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"Do you know Murlough?"

"Troth I do."

"And Coul himself?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"The Lord be atune us and harm," she said, crossing herself with devotion.

"And where is he?"

"Och, then, sorra know I know, if he's not up beyant under the green hill, or maybe, the Lord be about us, sailin' out on the wild say there wid the divil at the helm."

A pleasant reception, quoth I to myself, and a gracious host, as I sped toward the green hill as well as darkness availed me to follow the way she marshalled me to go. When I arrived there, I found a doorway with stone lintels in the face of a hill, but neither light nor sound. About to despair, I saw a gorsoon driving sheep, to whom I again applied myself.

"Is it Murlough?" he said; "do you see yon fire on Fairhead?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you go, I'm thinkin' you'll find Murlough there."

The devil take Murlough, and Fairhead, and all—but no: patience is philosophy, and I am a philosopher; so let's on. After a world of stumbling and falling, and getting up to fall over quagmires, I found myself nearly half killed, and among a scene of little tarns, wherein the stars were glancing. I knew I was on Fairhead, and shortly approached the fire. On the very brink of the precipice, not far from the grey man's path, a tremendous fire of peat was blazing, and threw a lurid glow over the heath, every sprig and blossom all around standing clear out in the fierce light.

"Murlough!" I shouted, as, worn out, I dropped down at the side of a monstrous figure, who stood fronting the sea, and feeding the flame with bundles of heather. His height was some six feet, without coat or hat, and with long black hair curling down to his shoulders. "Murlough!"



"Who's there?"

"A friend of your master's."

"He has more friends than he'll trust."

"But he has trusted me."

"With what?" and he turned on me a countenance, I am sure modelled from the living basalt, with such a brow as only precipices wear. His black eyes gleamed in the flame; his nose, like a headland, threw its shadow upward; and a handsome mouth firmly awaited the verdict of his eye. He's surely going to do for me now, thought I, as I looked over the abyss—there's nothing for it but the word.

"Murlough," said I, "*do the dead stir?*"

"Ha!" said the smiling mouth—"look there." He took up a large bull's horn from the heath, and blew such a peal as made rock and valley ring again. "Look there," he said, pointing out to sea; and scarce had the echoes died away, when I saw, about a mile to sea, a grim white skeleton, with wings wide spread and one arm uplifted, appear on the murky waters. It was surrounded by a pale glow, and came gliding on as I marked it, an object of solemn and terrible mien.

"Is this your master?" said I.

"And your's, too," replied Murlough, with a solemn air—"we must all obey when Death takes the helm: but if you'll be good enough to sit here for a little," he added, in a more civil tone and manner, "and don't forget to keep the fire bright, you'll be all right in less time than I can tell."

So saying, he lighted a small lantern, and, diving down the open mouth of the grey man's path, was swallowed into the jaws of darkness. I had often enough been here long ago, and was familiar with the scene. Left alone, I piled the fire with turf, and, drawing aside from the glare, looked around me. The red gleam burned on the face of every tarn, and the wings of the teal now and again glittered as they flew across, disturbed by the light, like passing meteors. Behind, all was dark as death. The mighty flame illumined the savage forehead of the precipice over which I stood and the chaos of tumbled rocks beneath, while a long path of gleaming red stretched out on the

rolling channel into the deep gloom, whereon the ghastly apparition trode with his arm raised on high, and his motionless wings outspread like a poising eagle. I felt a kind of sublime terror as I saw him sailing slowly on; and, as the dismal shape came nearer, I thought the mortal message sped for me. Nearer and nearer it came gliding on, and, at last, seemed to pass slowly under the foot of the pinnacle, when, all at once, a solemn harmony broke upward on my ear, and I could hear three manly voices chanting forth, as it flitted by—

Swift and still the night-winds blow,  
The big black wave goes strong and slow,  
And Death fleets over the deeps below:  
Many a fathom down also  
The white bones lie, where the tangles grow,

For evermore.

The laughing foam sits on our bow  
Like Love on youth's undaunted brow:  
Time runs like the steadfast prow,  
In the wake, like memory, now  
Vainly mingling, fades the vow  
For evermore.

The song ceased, and, in a moment, the phantom vanished from the deep. Chill with the night wind, I returned to the blaze, and, stretching my cramped limbs on the sod, began to meditate "what new varieties of untried being" I was about to experience. Where had that savage Murlough gone? Perhaps to return with that hideous visitor from the ocean. Full of these confusions, I fell asleep.

I may have slept about an hour, when I heard voices around me, and, opening my eyes, found myself covered with various garments. The fire still blazed, and Murlough stood stirring the turf with a long boat-hook which he held in his hand, while with the other he carried on his shoulders several oars, some ropes, and an unshipped rudder. The well-known countenance of Coul Goppagh, who stood near with Tón Dubh and Glenstachey, was regarding me intently.

"Ho!" said he, "*Do the dead stir?*"

"Why," said I, rubbing my eyes, "I believe they do; for I saw one of them not long ago walking out towards Rathlin, and, I promise you, as grim looking a fellow as Tón Dubh there, himself."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Glenstachey, as he rose up, displaying brawns like Murlough beside him, "our friend is not sober yet!"

"I was thinking as much," growled Murlough, "when I left him."

"Why," said Tón Dubh, "I thought myself he never drank any thing stronger than whiskey."

"Gentlemen," said I, "or Ghouls, or Gnomes, or whatsoever ye be here, you dare not say these things in Tipperary. Look here," I added, as I produced a medal from my fob, "this is a real silver token from the hands of Father Mathew."

"And this," said Glenstachey, pushing his hand into my wallet, from which he drew a small quart flask—"this is pure holy water." So saying, he gulphed the remnant with a smack.

"Temperance cordial," said I, "on my honour."

"And devil a better stuff need be," quoth he, "only for one fault it has."

"What is that?"

"Why there's too little of it," he answered, "to yourself be it told."

"Now," said I, "Murlough, you big rascal, do you mean to say that I did not see?"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Do you mean to say, you great Ursa Major, that you did not?"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"That I did not?"

"That who did not?" said Tón Dubh, composedly.

"That big thing there," said I.

"Did not?"

"That he did not blow?"

"A whole gale of wind," said Glenstachey.

"No, but a bull's horn," said I.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Horn mad," said Coul Goppagh.

"And that I saw," continued I, furiously—

"A bull's horn," quoth Glenstachey.

"No," said I, "but a great pale skeleton"—

"Murlough is not a great pale skeleton."

"I saw it sweeping along the water a mile off at sea."

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep," said Glenstachey, solemnly inverting my empty flask on his nail.

"I say, Murlough, drop the spars; we must lay him on the rudder."

The giant crossed the oars, and, laying the rudder over them, I was placed thereon, covered with many coats, and carried by a short way to the green hill which I had left. I had no objection to such a palanquin, for I could scarce have made the way on my legs.

It was so dark I saw nothing but the door unlocked, and forthwith I was ushered into an apartment which I saw, by a light from an inner room, to contain a huddled collection of ropes, masts, sails, oars, and other sailor-like apparatus. Pistols and guns hung round the walls, and a brace of large pointers bounded from within, whinging round their master's knees. He told me it was a large natural cave in the little mount, with apertures into the air through the broken crags above, through which chimneys were conveyed, and it afforded space enough within for two sleeping-rooms on each side, besides that already mentioned, a small kitchen, and a large central apartment, from which, by the edge of a heavy curtain, the light shone through into the outer room. Lifting the edge of this curtain, he welcomed me within his sanctuary.

I found a large and lofty room, the walls of polished black oak from the bogs, and the floor of the same. All the chairs were shining and carved from the same material, as well as a large central table, seemingly immovable, and a few of lighter construction round the walls. There was no grate, but a recess, cut into the rock behind, was red with glowing turf and bogwood that sent a yellow, cheerful light round the glistening walls.

"Do you eat stones here, honest men?" said I; "for if so, I will chew a few pebbles; I think I could eat a closet for myself into the rock."

By means of Murlough, however, the table presently looked glad with a saddle of goat's venison, which to my eager nose "grisamber steamed." No other dish appeared. A huge vase of roughly hewn white limestone, whose rim was carved into a serpent biting its tail, with wings extended, stood in the centre, full of clear water. Beside it were placed four wooden "methers" of the olden time, inlaid with silver; and, with a twelve hours' appetite, I fell to, slice after slice disappearing from Coul Goppagh's knife

as he drew it six—yea, ten times, on each side of the back-bone.

"Come," said he, grasping a mether, as Murlough cleared away the relics of the feast, and placed a notable earthen tankard on the table—"Come, Tón Dubh, and all of you, fill up your quaighs; I drink one toast every year, and it falls this night. Murlough—in darkness."

Murlough drew a bar; a heavy stone slip falling across the hearth, left the room as dark as night, and he withdrew.

"To-night," said Coul Goppagh, solemnly, "I am a hundred years old. I drink to the Dead!"

We rose in silence. A pale glow-worm light glimmered about, and, as we drained the mortal pledge, I beheld on the curtain through which we entered, the spectral skeleton again, his wings outspread, and, with uplifted arm, calmly regarding us from his empty eye-holes—the mether dropped from my hand, and . . .

I heard a great sound of rushing water in my ears, and was conscious of a swinging motion. I looked up, and saw a little light, as from the dead-lights on a deck. My bed leaned to one side, and, ever and anon, I was bumped against the boards. Presently I heard a voice I knew cry, "helm's a-lee!"—there was a trampling of feet, and a pulling of ropes, and a screaming of blocks, and, next moment, my bed turned to the other side, and I soused over on the floor.

"Holy Virgin!" I said in awe, "can this be Charon's boat?—am I among the dead?—and that spectre?"

"Dead man, ahoy!" cried the voice of Glenstachey, entering what seemed to me a cabin door, "have you got soundings yet?"

"In the name of"——

"In the name of eggs and rashers," said he, interrupting me, "will you eat breakfast?"

"Where's Coul Goppagh?"

"He's in the mountains, to be sure, expecting you and the rest of us; we'll be in Red bay in an hour, and there you lie like a lump of pig-iron. Come on deck, man, and take a turn before breakfast."

"On deck," thought I—"on what deck? or where am I? or what's all this for?" So muttering, and ill at

ease, I dressed and stepped up what did seem a companion-ladder, on what was as like as like could be to a deck of a neat cutter of about thirty tons under a mainsail and jib, spanking down along a panorama of majestic forelands and precipices, at the rate of about ten knots.

"Will you be kind enough," said I to a sailor, "to give me a box on the ear?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," he replied, laughing; and, turning to Tón Dubh, "please your honour, I don't think he's (winking his eye) yet."

I sat down on the taffrail in bewildered.

"Where's Murlough?" I asked Glenstachey.

"Far astern: we left Murlough an hour ago."

"Where?"

"Close by Fairhead."

"Will Murlough follow to the hills?"

"O yes," said Glenstachey, "and, next, the hills will dance after Murlough."

"Pshaw! you are fooling me."

"By the holy Bridget, the man's mad!"

"Will you answer me," said I, "a plain question: did I not get here by Murlough last night?"

"Yes."

"Then I wish to speak to him—where is he?"

"Be it known, then, to thee," said Glenstachey, "if you are so serious, that the same Murlough with whom you wish to speak is"——

"Close under Fairhead," said Tón Dubh—"come to breakfast."

"Is known to me," continued Glenstachey, "as a pleasant bay, eastward by Fairhead, with a rocky winding shore, affording good shelter to a few trees, and a safe landing to fishing boats; any commands will be faithfully delivered to the anxious waves and listening rocks on my return."

"What the deuce do you all mean?" said I, "is not Murlough six feet"——

"Deep at low water," said Tón Dubh. "Look the chart."

"Six feet in his stockings," said I, sitting down on the companion, "and has abundance of black"——

"Soles," said Tón Dubh.

"Hair," I continued—"moreover, a heavy"——

"Swell," said Tón Dubh, "with an east wind."

"Brow," I went on, "and carried me with your help"——

"In this good boat, 'the Barnacle,' by Coul Goppagh's invitation, over a stiff sea since ten o'clock last night, to where he waits us in the glens."

"Carried me," said I, "you infernal rascals, on a rudder and a pair of oars, with a lantern."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"And I saw a skeleton on the sea, and heard a song which I forget."

"Ho! ho!"

"And I ate half a goat, and drank a toast to the dead, and saw it again."

"Brian!" shouted Glenstachey, "have you a prayer-book on board? this poor gentleman had better go to his berth. You can twist a bit of spun-yarn on his wrists if he gets furious."

"Are these real rashers and eggs," said I, advancing to the table, "or a fond delusion?"

"Veritable swine," quoth Glenstachey, "have grunted on these hams in Glenshesk, and the hens that laid these eggs have cackled round the ruins of Bona Margy. Lo, he eateth; *fuge! teetotallissime demon!* behold the evil spirit hath gone out of him!"

"Tell me, then," said I, "did we not meet last night in that oaken chamber in a cave?—were there not four wooden methers, a toast to the dead, and a plumed skeleton? Did I not"——

"Out hyperbolical fiend! is not thine hour past?"

"Well, then," said I, "heave me up to the yard-end, toss me over the stern, for I have seen the devil and the dead, and cannot live."

"Tell me now," said Glenstachey, "did you see a living man last night, before you saw the dead?"

"An old man," said I, "on Tor side, showed me the way; when it came dark, I remember a spring well and water-cresses where I sat down to feed alone on the herb of the field."

"Was there nothing of a flask?" asked Ton Dubh.

"Truly," I said, "my memory is sometimes at fault, but once I had such an utensil before the day when I took this pledge."

"And by the soul of Meave Roe," swore Glenstachey, as I handed to him

the case which hung by a ribbon in my bosom, "I would take this pledge, if the devil offered it, not to speak of the holy man," and, with these words, he swallowed a glass of brandy: ogling the symbol of my vows, he handed it to Tón Dubh, who gulped a glass again, as he held it to his eyes, exclaiming, "O, holy pledge, blessed be the lips that gave thee."

"You take a strange way to honour it," said I, snatching it from his hands, when, to my shame and confusion, instead of a temperance medal, which I thought I had hastily assumed on my departure, I saw the image of my dear Mary Dempsey exposed to the eyes of these rambling Celts, and pledged in naggins of brandy.

"I am resigned to destiny," said I, "but surely I am beset with sorcery. Answer me, is this the upper air, or art thou Beelzeboul, the prince of flies?"

"Answer me again," said Glenstachey, "how came we to find a philosopher like thee by thy eldritch giggings and yells in the dark moor, with thy feet in a spring well, in whose stream thou wert seated, with an empty flask in one hand, hurraing to the air, while, ever more pressing to thy lips that bauble in thy breast, and murmuring 'dear Mary Temperance,' 'holy Father Dempsey,' and anon, like one in agonies of death, roaring out 'Murlough!' till the grouse sprung from the hills?"

"If it be so, then," said I, abashed, and half recording something such in my memory, "that cold, and hunger, and darkness, and a single indiscretion"——

"Except a similar drama in London, one evening, coming home from Mrs. Closecram's ball, when a Sir Something at the police court ordered a fine of five pounds, because you had long hair."

"But was there nothing of a fire on Fairhead?"

"Why, a boy told us you asked for Murlough, and he directed you by a fire accidentally burning there."

"And Murlough?" said I, "read this note—there must be a Murlough."

"A Murlough there is, as beautiful a bay as ever drank a wave; Coul Goppagh is but a poor penman, and his note refers you there for his man. Here, Brian!" he shouted, "where do you live ashore?"

"At Murlough, sir."

"Well, but the bull's horn, and that grisly phantom, I heard with these ears, saw with these eyes."

"Why I blew, myself, as sweet a bugle-call as ever Murlough echoed to, and the winged death is Coul Goppagh's ensign—it rose from no tangle forest, but glimmered from that magic lantern on the white sail. Coul was cruising in Rathlin Sound, and came ashore at the call."

"Did he not drink to the dead?"

"Yea, for he found you dead."

"Drunk," said Ton Dubh,

"Such tricks hath strong intoxication."

"But we are opening Red Bay, and yonder is Coul Goppagh, pacing on the strand."

Glenariv now opened its mountain bosom as if it wooed the sea within; as I gazed up this glorious valley, Glenstachey threw the bowsprit into the wind, the peak dropped, the foresail flapped, over went the anchor, and we rowed ashore under Ardclinis.

"It is ten years, Glenstachey," said Coul Goppagh, "since you and I were pilgrims in these glens. My limbs are as young as ever, but death and life have written many a page within our hearts since then. Do not answer me, for you are not mortal man if, in ten years, you stretch out your hand and feel no vacancy where truth, and hope, and love, then grasped it with a welcome. Still your heart beats on. This little river runs as cheerily into the sea beside us as ever, but the bells that sparkled on it, since then, have hung in dews on the unvisited African forest, broken in the foam far in the Pacific solitudes, from waves unheard, round isles unknown to man."

"I am an old man since then," said Glenstachey, "I see these hills as of old, but the dawn has mounted into day, the gold and purple and the azure light is gone:—

'The beautiful is vanished—and returns not.'

"Nay, never," answered Coul Goppagh, "while a drop of blood is warm in your heart, if it has truly loved what nature revealed around it in its youth, whether in age or poverty, or all misfortune, does the beautiful forsake it. The thought is sick that says so; but let it come forth from its chamber into the pleasant sky, and acknow-

ledge the flowers and the sun. The sun of life itself may be darkened, but it goes to dawn in other climes, and carries day around it; beyond the horizon of the grave there is glorious morning still, and memory sends its evening beam softly backward over the scene, like sunset gazing on the dawning hills."

"Ah," said Glenstachey, "but who can redeem the darkened hours gone by?"

"We must not count upon the passing clouds," said Coul Goppagh, "but on the everlasting sun beyond them. I know, even in mortal love, there are agonies no pen has ever written, unutterable only by the silent despair, with tearless eye and hollow cheek—but if it be true, there is a divinity within it that leads the mortal into immortality."

Thus speaking, we followed as he traversed the rising ground, until we passed within an inclosure of thorn trees, where stood the last remnants of an ancient seat of religion. Nothing was left but a space of graves, themselves in ruins. The whole place was covered with bur-weed, whose broad leaves stood almost to our shoulders as we entered. A mountain ash of remarkable form and age, had clasped the ruined wall in the centre, and twining round it, spread out its graceful boughs and foliage, rich with the crimson clustered berries, over the graves. There was one mound richly covered with the wild clover flowers, and seemingly newer than the others on which he sate down, and we beside him. Tón Dubh busied himself with a huge tobacco-pipe, or rather kiln, which he produced from his knapsack: it was circled with a golden rim, a winged serpent. Glenstachey sat pensive, with his hands clasped over a sloe thorn cudgel, black, knotty, glossy, on which I now perceived the same device, with the serpent winding up, most exquisitely carved, like a Caduceus; on Coul Goppagh's finger, where his hand lay in the green grass of the grave, I saw a ring with the same symbol; the snake was gold, and the wings set with minute brilliants, and the glittering eyes the same. I rubbed my eyes, remembering the bowl in the cave.

"Did I not," said I—"did I not drink"—



"Too much last night," said Tón Dubh, observing my perplexity. "This is a mystery of our ancestors, older than Egypt. From this tradition Hermes derived his rod and Typhon sprung. It was old when Chronos was young, and on these hills our grey fathers adored the sun." With these oracles he ceased, and the clouds slowly issuing from his lips, withdrew him from my sight.

"Ave Maria!" said I, internally vowing four threepenny tapers to the Virgin, "they are sorcerers, leagued with creeping things of the earth."

"Do you remember, Glenstachey," said Coul Goppagh, "on that morning, ten years ago, when you and I first traversed these hills together, when on a hot July noon, weary and thirsty, we stooped down to drink from a stream by the road side in the glen hard by, and heard a voice from some one unseen"——

"A voice," said Glenstachey, abruptly laying his hand on his friend's arm, "such as wails out of little falls in a mountain rill—a voice such as the dead speak with in our dreams—such as those who utter have caught from the confines of the other world, forlorn and sweet like the wind in the long summer grass, that said these words—'here is a purer spring.'"

"The same," said Coul Goppagh; "and we stared around as we stood up, with the docken leaves from which we drank dripping in our hands, then crossed the little fence and saw, sitting on a green knoll beside a spring that ran away from her feet, a woman——"

"No woman," said Glenstachey, "but the faded remnant of a woman—a body in which the soul did not abide, but only lingered by, leading it away out of the world, holding by fits the light of memory to her feet, as one who guides a pilgrim on whom the night has fallen unawares."

"I think," said Coul Goppagh, "as we sat down by her on that green over the spring, and looked around us, a nobler vision did not salute the eye of Adam new woke in paradise. The mountain sides diving steep into the glen with many a mount and dell; the river laughing through the sloe and hazel, as it curled on its way like the secret nymph glancing through her shaken hair; the half-hidden village; the tumble of the rocks toward the

coast, soft with heath and hazel as far as Garron of the breakers, its black brow wreathed with the wheeling gulls, and its feet among the foam that ran round the edge of every little bay; right below lay the curving strand of Red Bay, with its blue surges breaking into snow, and glancing in the sun."

"But there she sat," said Glenstachey, "like an image of sorrow in the temple of joy, her arms folded in her lap, and her hands clasped together. Her cheeks were pale and worn, her lips curved down and colourless, her hair, carelessly tied, hanging down her back, and no motion to be seen except the little rise and fall of the bosom, and the eyes full of inward meaning, that rolled but with little recognition on the scenes without. 'This is fine water,' I said, as I drank it greedily, 'and we may thank you for it.'

"'You're strangers,' she said, 'and maybe you'll do more than that yet for some poor wandering body that doesn't know where to put her hand. Oh, but there's a deal of trouble—sore, sore trouble,' she said, with a long interrupted sigh, 'in this world, and for all that, the summer day's as fine as ever.'

"'I hope,' said I, 'you have none that won't easily pass over.'

"'I'll soon have mine over, thank God,' she said, 'but it's a sore burden.'

"'Are you in need of any thing?'

"'I am; what nobody can give. No, no,' she said, observing me put my hand to my pocket, 'I thank ye; but it must cure a broken heart, and if I'm poor I have enough, and kindness with it.'

"We were silent. The aspect of the ruin she spoke of was too plain in her face for trifling words.

"'How did you come?' she asked vacantly.

"'By Glenariv.'

"For the first time she moved, and a most mournful smile just rose with the sigh into her eyes, and sunk with it again within the dungeon of her bosom. She raised her hand and drew it along by the curve of the bay, and a deep regretful earnestness was in her manner as she said——

"'And isn't it a lovely shore down by Glenariv?'

"We warmly assented. 'Ah,' she said, 'you are merry-hearted, an'



there's life in your cheeks, and I know by myself ye feel nothin but a blissin' in every thing you see. May ye never know the day that the brighter the sun sits in the sky an' the flowers on the grass, they only make your heart the heavier and the darker.' And she began, with empty eyes cast down, to pick the daisies from the grass, and throw them in the stream. 'If there's any body ye love,' she said, 'be kind to them now, for there's a day comin' when it will be hard for ye.'

"If you have trouble, poor woman," we urged her, 'don't give over hope, for time cures all.'

"It does surely, an' it will," she said, 'an' my time's coming fast.'

"Have you lost friends?"

"I have lost all I looked to in the wide world. There's one to be born yet," she said modestly, 'but it won't have a mother to heed it, poor thing, an' its father'—she ended with a long sigh, and again folding her hands in her lap and shivering, said in an under-breath, 'God help me!'

"There was such an utter and meek misery in her voice, her look, and demeanour, that we waited to hear her story. It was a simple one. She was young, and wasted beauty hung about her form and features, like a dress from which the body had shrunk away. She was born and bred 'down by Glenariv.' At the well where she sat, and used to lift water often in the day, her innocent heart was lost and won; and every knoll and curve in that glorious glen, and on the sea shore, was living and haunted in her memory. 'Oh,' she said, he was tender-hearted and kind, and I sometimes think I hear him speakin' to me out of that stream when I sit here, for it was runnin' the same when we were here.' They were married, and soon after he took a fever and died. Now here she sat, and, like a dream, beheld the glorious summer mocking the ruins of her heart. All consolation was in vain.

"Oh, if you could cure me of dreams," she said: 'of dreams every night, till I cry when I waken to think I am alive. I see him, I see him as plain as you before me; and often there does be a wee, wee child as like him as himself, and it keens and calls me till my very heart is broken.'

We urged her to leave this haunted

spot and walk down through the glen or by the shore, hoping that exercise and change of objects might chase away her grief; but in vain. 'There's not a spot of them all,' she said, 'I haven't played about since I was as high as my knee; and oh, to think of them happy days and the days since—there's some of his voice in the very waves, and when I die I'll be happy.' We left her with her portion, and she blessed us as we went. 'Maybe,' said she, 'if ever you come here again, you'll come up to drink at the well, and if you believe in them things, like us, say a prayer for them was once happy here before you.'

"We will go up now to that well," said Glenstachey, "and drink. The face and the voice of that one has never left my mind since. Often when I saw sorrow, and heard outcries in the rich man's chamber for little ill, has that living woe, pale, meek, hopeless, and tearless, risen before my eyes with her ruined love, bootless beauty, and youth in vain:

'Sorrowful and sad—  
Most sorrowful and sad that ever sighed.'

Perhaps she lives yet, for time holds miracles in his unshed sands, and the faded eyes may be bright now, and the lips that could not smile may sing; I have seen such things, but never misery more sincere. Come let us seek her."

"You shall seek her nearer," said Coul Goppagh, "for I came here that you should find her. We are sitting on her grave."

"May she rest in peace," said Glenstachey; "I could have wished her no fairer inheritance. Let us go."

We strode away through Ardclinis and by the "waterfoot," over a little bridge at the end of the glen where it meets the sea, and presently ascended the northern bank of Glenariv, where, a little withdrawn from the path on one side of a green mount, a grass-brimmed fountain uttered its waters, bubbling and singing among daisies, to the sun. We sat in silence.

"I drink to the dead," said Coul Goppagh, filling his palm from the rill—"may her soul have peace."

"Sorcerer!" I said within myself, "this is nor dreaming nor waking;" and I turned fearfully round, expecting

to see a skeleton behind, with unfolded wings and warning hand uplifted, and I saw a vision that made me dumb.

Through a gap in a little ring of hazel brushwood hard by, a voice broke out singing; and there, unconscious of our presence, was a child—a very little maid, the very incarnation of all joy and innocence, leaping, dancing, singing, laughing to herself. Not more cheerily sang the brook, nor more graceful ran its ripples down the lea. In every way her pliant form bent like the long grass-stalks in the wind, as she plucked whin blossoms and daisies, laying them in rings, and dancing, now within and now without the little labyrinths she formed. Her hair was of that colour like the sunbeams through the brown autumn woods, and fell in waves round her shoulders. It hung before her face as she stooped, and her eyes glittered within; then she balanced over her doings thoughtfully, and then fell to such a tripping as elves on midsummer eve, while that long hair flew athwart her cheeks and bosom. Sometimes she put her finger to her lip and stood still, like Silence descended from the blessed calm of the summer heaven, whose azure lay within her eyes; then stooped to either side like a young tree whose buds feel the first kiss of the spring winds; anon she paced about in many a maze, as the happy heart within her led her footsteps. Her little lips were apart as she sang for joy—to kiss them were to drink anew the fount of innocence. I never saw her like in the world.

"It is Faith," said Glenstachey, "arisen from the grave."

"It is Hope," said Tón Dubh; "that smile annuls the tomb."

"It is Love," said Coul Goppagh, "that never dies."

I arose to approach her, but she heard the voices, and, looking to our group, stood, with her hands full of blossoms, in amazement. I advanced, but in a moment she was behind the bushes, peeping through. I called her, but she eluded me, and fled away swiftly through the thicket of whins out of sight.

"Let her go," said Coul Goppagh, "like a fawn to the wilderness—let her go, and ask not of her more. I have a belief now, and disturb it by no questions; I will hold her for ever-

more the unborn one who called in sleep to that departed soul, and she appeared to us with that joy in her countenance from heaven. Oh, sad humanity!—oh, joyful immortality! Here, where we learned the lesson of death and sorrow, unfailing nature has sent us this messenger of life and rejoicing; for her blossoms are faithful when they fade in autumn, full of seed for the spring. With this omen let us to the hills to-morrow."

We strolled down to the river banks, and wandered till evening in its winding nooks. The banks are steep and rocky, running into innumerable dells, thick with clustering blackberries and aloe. Here and there the boughs of willow and alder hang in the rapid stream. In one spot the river bed curves abruptly round by a limestone brink. We sat on a large shelving rock where, directly opposite, a rowan tree bent across a brawling fall, and the red berries hung, dancing on the broken foam like fire. Near where we sat, a long trailing spray of bramble was bowed over the water, and as the twilight fell, a little robin sat on it and sang. He sang so sweet we were afraid to move lest he should take wing, and the water rushed away, and evermore he sang.

"Interpret the song, Coul Goppagh," said Tom Dubh. "The hour is meet, and the place; and you were wont to know the meaning of all birds of the air and the bough, as of the winds, and the waves, and the streams."

"They are a portion of the nature that is in us," said Coul Goppagh, "and never without a meaning; he that hath ears to hear let him hear. But I have a song of my own at this hour. Hush! did you hear a voice in the stream?"

It seemed the waterfall that spoke, for his voice ran in a clear, soft unison as he chanted along—the red-breast shook his wings and listened.

Down by Glenariv's lovely shore,  
While autumn sheaves are binding,  
A-down Glen Dun, and yet once more,  
Through Ballyeman winding:—

Ten long-some years their tale have told  
Since first we wandered here,  
The rocks are steadfast as of old—  
The waters run as clear.

He paused and gazed around—a  
sigh of the wind passed through the  
grass—the Robin sang out a momen-  
tary cadence, and he went on:—

The sky rejoices, and the air  
Breathes down the blessed boon  
Into my bosom, as I fare  
Once more with pilgrim shoon.

Up from the waves the mountains  
stand—  
Reporting to the sky,  
In echoes from the gladsome strand,  
The tales they murmur by.

And the long dash of the surf on  
Red Bay came rolling drowsily up the  
valley, and mingled with the sounding  
of the river falls. He dropped a leaf  
in the rapid stream, and uttered, like  
one speaking in a dream:—

The woman of the well is gone;—  
No voice was there to greet,  
Only the water murmuring on  
As ever, at my feet.

From where the wells of life are hid,—  
A voice beside the way  
Has spoken, like her own, to bid  
The weary stranger stay.

Beside a purer spring, whose brink  
Is by a better shore,  
She lingers now, where those who drink  
Shall thirst again no more.

He paused again. The descending  
sun came from the edge of a long  
cloud, and shone down one side of the  
glen. We looked upward to the knoll  
where the well sprung, and there was  
a holy gleam gilding it round, and the  
child was there again among the  
beams, like an angel of the sky! We  
could see the smiles on her face, and  
the motion of her hair, and, as we  
looked, he broke forth:—

This is that child—my bosom o'er  
A strange fond vision fell—  
That nightly came in dreams, before  
The woman of the well.

Angel of life from o'er the grave!  
I wonder now no more  
That from her soul such sighs she gave,  
Down by Glenariv shore.

No wonder if her heart was sore  
With earnest following there,  
For I, with such a guide before,  
Would follow to despair.

Evermore, as we looked, she leaped  
and fell still, like music made visible  
in the air; and his voice went with  
her:—

Like the lithe willow leaves, all day  
A-fondling with the wind,—  
So restlessly she must obey  
The fancies of her mind.

And now a moment's calm is sent,  
A hush falls in her bosom,  
And, drooping so, her head is bent  
As bends the summer blossom.

Then, as the wind a-down the glen  
That shakes the bells apart,  
Imagination stirs again  
The bloom within her heart.

She sate down for a space, and  
seemed to bury her face in the soft  
clover flowers, and anon sprang up, as  
if inspired, and I thought I saw her—  
as the odours of the wild flowers,  
rising on the air. Still he chanted  
on:—

With clasped hands above her head,  
She dances round and round  
To aptest music, for her tread  
Makes music on the ground.

And still her gold-brown hair, unbound,  
In many a revel twined,  
Forth from her cheek and bosom round,  
Shakes beauty on the wind.

Its rippled clusters go and come,  
Still ending and begun,  
Like little waves that curl and foam  
Against the setting sun.

Bright blossoms on youth's sapling tree,  
They swing across her brows:  
Her glancing eyes therein I see  
Like dew among the boughs.

Now, as she stood still, her long  
laughing notes came down into our  
ears. She stooped over the spring,  
and with her little hands sprinkled the  
water over the bloomy knove and  
sang away, while the level sun-light  
from the hill illuminated the drops  
that flew around her, till she looked a  
sister of the cherubim in glory, and  
Coul Goppagh held on:—

New-sprung within her youth's calm  
vale  
Life's holy fountain flows,  
That gushing laughter is the tale  
It murmurs as it goes.

As, far out, under main wide skies,  
 Some wave enjoys its mood,  
 Laughs out its foam, and sinks, and  
 sighs  
 In the great solitude.

So now, unweeting, o'er her face  
 A lapsing laughter goes:  
 Anon, becalmed in joy, apace  
 It sinks into repose.

She is not mortal in her look,—  
 She is not flesh and blood,  
 She never drank the water-brook  
 Nor tasted mortal food.

The sun was just sinking, and we  
 saw her crouching with arms-full of  
 blossoms in her bosom as she wheeled  
 round, plucking new daisies from the  
 green, and he continued:—

Such little whirlwind in its sleep  
 Beguiles the summer air,  
 Withdrawing, like a dream, to sweep  
 The forest corners bare;

Or eddy in the stream that wiles  
 The falling leaves aside,—  
 So, falling round her, she beguiles  
 My fancy to abide.

And she vanished from the spot.  
 We all arose as if a spell had faded  
 from the scene, and heard the rush  
 of the river, and the grey evening fell  
 over the glen, and Robin broke out so  
 sad and sweet, as if the evening star  
 sung from the brim of the sky.

"I will follow her," I said, going,  
 "into heaven."

"Peace!" said Coul Goppagh, re-  
 straining me with his hand. "You  
 must go the church-yard way there.  
 Enjoy the heaven you have:—

Imagination's fields are green,—  
 The flowers of Love are fair,  
 Deep in their bloom her lips have  
 been,  
 And drank the dew-drops there.

Within our hearts those fields are  
 spread,  
 Those blossoms do not wither;

With her, when winter leaves are dead,  
 We will be wandering thither."

We walked in silence down the  
 glen, threading the bank of the river,  
 sometimes over soft green moss, and  
 sometimes pushing through thickets  
 of sloe, brambles, and yellow furze,  
 and stood once more in the grave-  
 yard, under the branches of the rowan  
 tree, as the evening gradually with-  
 drew its curtain from the storied sky.  
 Southward over us Orion bound his  
 belt, and pursued his everlasting pil-  
 grimage, with darkened eyes seeking  
 the sun; the roaring sound hard by  
 was not the surf on Garron, but the  
 sledging Cyclops in grim Vulcan's  
 forge, whose din leads his blinded  
 way.\* Ha! there struck Brontes:  
 in that doubling roar came on Steropes  
 and Pyracmon, on the ringing thun-  
 derbolt!

"Who will deny immortality to  
 man," said Coul Goppagh, as he  
 looked upward, "when we hear the  
 voice of humanity calling to us—yet,  
 from unrecorded time, out of the host  
 of heaven, and with no more than a  
 droop of the eyelid—thus, behold the  
 wrecks among our feet? What bones  
 lie here! What youth—what lighted  
 eyes—what love—what sighs, with a  
 soul in every one—what ambitions—  
 what fears—what wrongs—what cha-  
 rities—what hopes! All blotted even  
 out of memory. Can we find nothing  
 here of all that was so warm and liv-  
 ing: is this ivy and this dewy grass  
 the whole? But still the very stars  
 are full of the light that seems extin-  
 guished here. The units change and  
 vanish, but the mighty sum goes on,  
 and life and death, and beauty and  
 disease, and every motion of the uni-  
 verse roll on the great problem of the  
 mind of God, before which Philosophy  
 yet shall fade away, as these stars  
 before the morning."

As we stood bending over the  
 mound where lay the woman of the  
 well, united to the bosom she loved,  
 Coul Goppagh's voice again, most

\* "Consulto igitur oraculo, responsum accepit: Si per pelagus ad Orientem  
 pergeret, ut oculorum concavitates semper haberet soli expositas, lumina recupera-  
 turum. . . . audito strepitu, ad Cyclopes pervenit," &c. &c.—*Carolus Stepha-  
 nus, Genes., 1000.*

"Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,  
 Brontesque, Steropesque, et nudas membra Pyracmon."—*Virgil Æn. 8.*

like the wind in the ruined walls,  
mourned out:—

With life within, and night around us,  
now,  
We bow before thy shrine—Forgetfulness!  
Thou dumb devourer of all loveliness,  
Taking, and giving not again. See—  
how  
It swallows silently all hope, all joy,  
All innocent things that do our hearts  
employ.  
There is no love but it will eat the  
bond:—  
No friendship, full of love, however  
fond,  
But it will gnaw the root. The bloom  
of years,  
Just as it ripens into fruit, drops down  
Into its gloomy jaws: our bitter tears  
Make it sweet nourishment. A skull,  
earth-brown  
And eye-less, full of twining worms, not  
speaking,  
Shall grin thee i' the face:—is this whom  
thou wert seeking?

With these dismal syllables on his lips he passed from the inclosure, and we followed, passing by the waterfoot, and along the sands of Red Bay. The moon was rising over the hills behind us, and every long surge to seaward heaved up a bosom black as night, until it curled over in the keen light, and rolled from our feet along the bay in a gathering ridge of snowy silver, hissing and whispering as it faded away. The little sand-hills all around were fringed with the sea-holly, whose chiselled leaves glistened in the moon, and threw their shadows, trembling like pranking fairies, on the yellow sands. The old ruin of Red Castle, hard by on the height, stood out clear into the sky, which showed with a star through its broken wall; far behind, Garron gloomed over the ocean like some new Titan, unstricken by the thunder; and round the mountains, and deep into the glens, the solemn sea-psalm swelled and echoed on for ever.

As we came up on the road, which here winds round the beach, I followed my companions, who seemed to my eye to vanish suddenly within a rocky brink of the overhanging hill. Finding an aperture, I walked into it, and through a narrow entrance, saw their figures obstructing a light.

"Do the dead stir, Nanny?" said Coul Goppagh in a loud voice.

"Holy mother!" was the answer from within, in an old and fearful voice, "livin' or dead, come in!"

They passed in, and I followed. The den was full of smoke, and a hearth of red embers showed me the form of an aged crone, bent up with years, and with small rheumy eyes, set in a wrinkled visage that closed them round, like the mouth of an empty purse, drawn close. She seemed to me so small and yellow, as if an animated ham had descended in a cap and blue apron from the chimney corner, in the nightmare of some drunken cook, to avenge the wrongs of centuries.

An indefinite sense of recognition came across my mind as I gazed round this dim cavern, and on its guardian gnome.

"Where are ye from now?" she asked of Coul Goppagh, "I thought I wouldn't live long, when I saw that skeleton on the sea—for ye said long ago, when I saw ye last, 'when I come back, Nanny, you may be measurin' out your grave'—but ye wor grim and fearsome then—and where is she?"

"Hush, Nanny!" he said, and I thought his features changed—"her heart is quiet as the grave long ago. But you'll live a year or two yet. Where's the cruiskeen? Peace to the living and the dead."

"Amen," said the old one, and kissed the cup. They drank round, and handed it to me. I declined it.

"You wern't so squeamish when you wor here afore, I'm thinkin'," said she, looking me in the face.

"I never was in this hole before," said I, dubiously.

"Troth wor ye, and more by token, you gev the password of Coul Goppagh, an' ye slep' an them peats the whole night as quiet as a lamb."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Glenstachey and Tón Dubh.

"An' more than that," she said, "you tuk away my big quart bottle in your wallet."

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"I remember nothing of all this folly," I said with dignity.

"Troth, and small blame to ye—and it's easy to forget what ye couldn't mind."

During this conference I observed Coul Goppagh to stand abstracted, with folded arms, gazing moodily



around: a deep sigh escaped him, and he started from his trance; "Come, Nanny," he said, "blow up, for we must go."

The old creature brought from an inner recess, in which I saw a bed, a long bull's horn, and going to the mouth of the cave, blew a peal that scared the daws and sparrows from the rocks; immediately I saw the skeleton on the sea with his motionless wings. I lingered a moment behind as they went out.

"Good woman," said I, "did I ever see this horn before?"

"Ay, and drunk the full of it too," said she.

I began to consider myself a badly used man. This old one, living in dens and caves of the earth, who can she be other than a familiar spirit he hath? They have practised on me foully, raising up delusions with bull's horns, demons at Murlough, skeletons on the sea, unreal children dancing by the fountains: my head yet reels with their sorceries.

"Have you known that man long," I asked, "with the black hair, and green belt about his waist?"

"Is it Coul Goppagh?" she said with a sneer, "do I know them ould skins of fingers?" and she held out two arms like old tangles drying on the beach, from which hung bunches most like a cluster of wizening barnacles.

"Where has he been lately? where does he live? where?"

"It's not me," she said, "it's not me's goin' to tell you the outs and ins of him; holy mother! an' you one o' the tribe."

"But," said I, "tell me who you think—I mean, did you ever see his father and mother?"

"Blessed Mary!" she cried, gazing incredulously in my face, "don't be jokin' a poor ould cratur—is it Coul Goppagh's father and mother? Look," she said, going to the mouth of her cave, where grew a few long docken stalks, clustering with dry brown seed. She plucked a handful, and rubbing them in her hands, they fell mizzling on the ground in the dim red light—"Look there!"

"What!"

"Look there, I say—them's his father and mother, and you may count his kindred over all the mountains in Ireland, wherever there's a runnin' water, or a bunch of heather, or a

green shamrock to grow—but, away with ye, for I hear Glenstachey's trumpet."

I stepped into the moonlight and down to the strand, while my ears drank in such sounds as never sprung from brass or shell since Triton blew, or the Nereids on the foam. First there awoke a summons so vehement and urgent, that the black seaward surges seemed to leap from the ocean, bounding to obey: then it fell like coming sleep descending on the soul, and they softened into snow advancing: anon, like a spring new opened in the heart, it purled as the waking waters to the air of spring when the ice has broken, and ran on and on, slowly, softly, purer, clearer—till the outward world faded away, and it seemed the river of life, rolling, dancing, ever flowing, leaping, falling, through peaceful dreams of childhood, over glittering fancies, along valleys of youthful imagination, over deep still fears, and foaming hopes, winding under blue skies of love-land, and far backward amid the enchanted melody fell in the faint sad echoes of memory, and over it, dying, drowsing down, hung the immortal Amaranths. The rocks heard it, and murmured it over; and the glens, and the shores, and the expiring waves sighed as it panted and passed away. The little boat came in to the stones at the horn of the bay, and stepping in, we rowed slowly on board the Barnacle, and the skeleton vanished.

"How is the wind, Brian?" said Coul Goppagh.

"About sou'west, sir."

"Trip the anchor, then; we'll have a race down to Ballygally, and back."

"For the sake of breakfasts untasted," I pleaded, "let the anchor stick; I wish for sleep, and I don't admire these great glistening swells rolling out in the channel."

"They will rock you to sleep, man," said he, and the chain came rumbling in, the canvas spread on the stays, the boom swung free, and with a dip and a dash we gained a bit to leeward, and then came up in the wind with a hiss, as one who draws a deep breath for his speed, and the Barnacle sprung away among the billows: the fire-dew glanced in the singing foam down the lee, and her moonlight shadow glided over the heaving waters like the spirit of the wind.



"When I look on these wild rocks, and hills, and bays of Antrim," quoth Coul Goppagh, "I think they know me, for many a living thought of mine inhabits them. In early youth I breathed over them—in the summer wind and the winter hurricane, fancies as gentle or as wild—in every bay and bend of the shore my life has flowed with the voluble wave to which I gave my heart; and I ran down, in dreams, with the mountain streams to meet the sea. But I can think sometimes here I sail the old Baltic, where the tide never ebbs,—those dark hills bristle in my fancy, with pine forests, as when I saw them first in childhood, coming from bold Norway, where hard by the Polar sea, I was an infant pagan, and adored the great gods of Valhalla. Like a dream, but very sweet in memory, are the hours when the sudden spring called the green things from the ice, like souls out of mortality, and I heard old Ian tell me of Freia,\* beautiful and boon, whose eyes are everlasting spring; and of Heimdal, pensive as the evening, who hears the grass growing on the plain and the tender wool on the lambs, singing the fate of Igdrasil.

"I wish," said I, "I had hold of one of those pines, for I shall certainly throw a summersault, and as for Heimdal, let him sing the fate of Ig—ig—ig, oh!"

"Drink this," said Coul, "you land crab, and crawl away to your berth." He gave me a few drops in the top of a small flask, and I obeyed him.

The motion now gradually became pleasanter, and, at last, celestial. I swam up to the stars and sunk into soft clouds, and summer-evening sounds of homeward bees hummed in my ears. Coul stood beside me with his arms spread to the sky, and I heard him chanting like a Scald—

"Hail, Braga!† Thee I worship as of old:

This is thy throne; the very voice of wisdom

I bow to hear, twined in thy volumed song.

I see thee, with Induna,† down the vale  
Through that way cloven o'er the mountain top,  
Serene and holy with the living stars,  
Afar into the heart of paradise.

I see the apples blooming in her lap;  
A keen ethereal hunger gnaws my heart:

Give me, Induna! ravin lures me on  
Whose sacred lust no quarry can appease  
Short of the fruit of immortality.

I come Induna! o'er the glittering hills  
Rolling, I hear the venerable song  
Thy lord is chanting to eternity.  
In every solemn pause, his golden strings

Inspire me with Deity: my limbs  
Thrill to eternal vigour: o'er my brows  
The dews of wisdom gather, and my heart

Drinks deep the nourishment divine.—  
The harp!

Give me the harp, for I will charm the hills,

And poetry, unheard before, shall go  
Like river voices down the dells of Heaven,

Coursing the echoes into harmony  
Through all Valhalla's bounds; its breath shall pass

Like spring-winds through the boughs above the sky,

Like sighs of evening through Igdrasil's leaves

That overshadow the universe. The  
TREE†

Shall tremble and, beneath, the WELL  
OF TIME†

Down to the drop that ripples from its heart

Stilled at the melody, forget to flow."

Glenstachey beside him stood, like Tyr, the son of (Odin, tall as mountain pine, waving the storm from his wing; Tón Dubh rested supine, like Vidar, the lord of silence, filling the sky with the clouds from his inextinguishable pipe; and Coul grew bright as the son of the thundering Thor on his throne in Ydalir.

We rode on the gloom of the tempest. "Sound!" said the lord of Ydalir, with the silver halo round his chin, to Tyr, the son of Odin, and Vidar of

\* The Northern Venus—of a mythology the most sublime in the world.

† Some intellectual Columbus shall yet discover new worlds on the confines of the great ocean of universal mythology. Its echoes are akin from all time on every region, but the northern mythology is sublime as the billow, and the iceberg round its native shores.

silence raised his deep eyes and listened.

The trumpet of the son of Odin gleamed like the lightning: he raised it to his lips, and the torrent thunder tore the gloom in twain, and he swept it with his pinions from the sky.

Forfete unfolded his rainbow plume. Freia looked on the world, and it sung and blossomed.

Suddenly she stood on the rolling sea, and her blooming limbs wasted to a skeleton; her eyes melted into the water, and her wings were still. She signed to us, and sank into the deep; we followed into pits of the darkness of hell, where hollow eyes glanced, with eyebrows of mossy sea-weed, and yellow limpets moved within. Sea-serpents with dragon throats vomited pearls by millions, that showed by their own light as they sank in cataracts, blue eels devouring slime.

"Sound!" said a voice like a northern billow, and the grandson of the giant Mountain-gate, the mighty Odin, handed me the trumpet. Its mouth was the dragon, and living, and it gnashed on me with teeth churning forth venom. I tried to grasp it, but failed.

"Sound it ere it devour thee!" roared the god; and the monster opened earthquake jaws. I grasped it and it swallowed me into a region where I saw green fields and a setting sun, and an old woman sate in the mouth of a cave—very skinny was she, and dry, and leathery-cheeked, and she blew a long bull's horn.

"Ho! ho!" she shrieked, "do the dead stir!" and she blew again, and at every tantarara there sprung up round the wide horizon, dockens in thousands, in millions, in kingdoms, in empires, in nations. She blew, and they sprung into leaves, and seeded, and withered, and the wind shook the seed that fell and grew a thousand more. They came to life and waved long branchy arms, and giggled with grinning faces. She ceased and they decayed; from out their multitude arose a youthful form of a female who hung her head, and her long hair fell waving downward, and she wept floods of tears. The aged woman picked up a small seed from the millions

around, and pushed it in the earth. "Come up!" she cried, and Coul Goppagh rose out of the ground. The phantom weeper melted away from his gaze, and turning to me he said: "why do you call me?" I rubbed my hand over my eyes, and found myself once more in my berth in the Barnacle. Coul Goppagh was standing beside me.

"Begone!" I said, "and quit my sight, son of a thousand dockens!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Glenstachey; and Tón Dubh, looking over his shoulder, "is he at it again?"

"And ye too," I said, "Norse demons, hence to your volcano-cups, and swill thunder till the earth reels round ye, and torture me no more!"

"He hath seen blue devils once more," said Glenstachey, "he tarried behind us last night in the cave and drank of Nanny's enchantments."

"Lying devil!" said I, "I waited but while you blew the trumpet."

"He confesses," said Tón Dubh, "he dallied with the bull's horn till his ears rung again!"

"Nay, then," said I, "if that cursed bull's horn is to be for ever cast in my teeth"——

"Exactly," said Glenstachey; "if you will not leave it off, you will rave for evermore. Oh blessed Father Mathew! what a disciple hast thou here!"

Much bothered in my brain, I arose, and Brian struck the gong for breakfast, just as we swept by Benna-Bannion. I eat in fear and trembling, expecting every egg I chipped to whelp some devouring dragon, or to be blown in thunder from the trumpet of Tyr. Tyr, meanwhile, the son of Odin, sipped coffee as black as his sire, and Vidar, the lord of silence, eat a fresh herring, the emblem of death.\*

"There are the bonny braes of Knappan," said Glenstachey, as we went swiftly by, returning to Red Bay; "and I see the gleam of the waterfall just as it turns the hill."

I saw Coul turn away his face toward the sea, as one who strives to forget what yet he loves to remember.

"Look there, Coul," said Tón Dubh; "there is the great ash-tree under the hazel woods; do you re-

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\* "As dead as a herring." (Quere—how dead is a herring? perhaps the British Association will determine.)

member when we sate under it long ago, in the moonlight, and what royal songs we sang?"

"I do remember," said Coul, but his eyes were fixed, and conversing with memories of his own. "I do remember; and I remember other forms than yours under that tree. Were it not for memory, a man would never sigh. We are made of memories. We cannot be enfranchised: and such as they are, be they calm or tumultuous, bright or dark, comforting or despairful—such are we. Time is life, and life is memory. Strike off the chain that drags us to the grave with new links every hour, and we shall walk with immortal youth within our hearts, in heaven upon the earth. Chained to the earth inexorably, by affections strong as life, and ever aspiring to the sky, man mourns the weight that fetters him here. He murmurs out his life like a prisoner gazing with hope at the holy stars; and at last, when the bars are broken, he murmurs at the stroke that sets him free, and goes down, contending for his bondage, to the grave."

"Ay," said Glenstachey, "it is folly:

"But that the fear of something after death,  
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No traveller returns—puzzles the will."

"Never," said Coul Goppagh; "or seldom indeed. It is the mere want of thinking, the utter neglect of real humanity, and the base dread of mortality. He who regards life as a varied passage, only looks for his journey's end. But, lo! what wringing of hands, tremblings, paleness of face; what sending for doctors; what whipping and spurring; what despairs, making of wills, groans, tears, and then—forgetfulness! He who fears for the undiscovered country, will hardly die with a cruel and unjust testament; but men do it every day, and tremble at the tomb. Happy he who is indifferent, knowing that here or there is the same in immortality."

"Indifferent!" said Tón Dubh. "Men have burned at the stake for less dubious orthodoxy."

"It may be," said Coul; "and for truths the flames could never reach; but happy he who is indifferent alike to life or death; for never was he indifferent to death, who was so to the claims of man and human charities."

"Here is Red Bay again," said Glenstachey; "let fly jib sheet then, Brian—peak hal-yards—all clear?"

"Ay, Ay!" whirr went the anchor, and we rowed ashore.

We kept the beach, avoiding the village of Cushendall, crossed the river, wound round the sandy bay at Laig, and making a circuit inland, ascended the sloping ground, and gained the top of Tievora. Here, among the furze, on this commanding vestige of forgotten times, within its broken green circle we sat down in the sun, and cast our eyes over the mountain forms which fronted us. Right over us hung Lurig-edan, like some king of chaos, stayed in his march on creation at the song of the morning stars, nursing eternal ruin in his heart for the sound of the archangel's trumpet. A thin mist veiled Ballyeman and Glen Aan, over which Tieve Boulla and Tromla showed their dusky crowns. A wind passed down the glens, and as it rolled away, the mountains seemed to rise into the sky, over glittering streams and knolls that fell into light and shadow in the sun.

"Come," said Glenstachey, rising, "let us go up to the mountains."

"Oh!" said Tón Dubh, as we arose, holding out his arms to the glorious hills and the sky. "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

"WINGS!" said Coul Goppagh. "Not from one human heart alone, since first the breath of life was breathed into the clay, has that aspiration arisen. Childhood, holding up its little hands with glittering eyes, to reach the thrush among the blossoms, has sent the wish with her whirring wings into the morning air. Boyhood has breathed it to the holy sky, from many a whispering beach, and pleasant lea, and cottage window; from many a dismal slavery, black or white; from the plains where Liberty hears her prostituted name rung in the ears of victims perishing, by generations, in the swamps of Carolina; or from the steamy dungeons in our own Britain, where (O God!) innocence and childhood breathe pollution into the opening heart, and decay into the budding body. Youth has sighed it forth to the blue firmament from glade and hill; from leafy nooks, by streams, whose murmurs shall never leave its ear; from sea-beaten soli-

tudes, where it would bound with the foam from the thundering wave. With the sound of spring and summer leaves, with the drowsing brooks, with the hum of cities, with the voice of the forlorn mountain-winds and the ocean lamentations, love has pleaded it, heart-broken, to the heavens. Manhood has uttered it, with groans, to the passing glimpses of nature, that wooed it back to peace. Age has mourned it out with trembling voice to its visions where the past, unveiling, preached only 'Vanity,' until the clay on the coffin-lid said the last Amen.

"To be 'AT REST.' Answer, O childhood, with thy many tears, thy laughter, thy ever and ever wonder, and the sunrise of thy eyes. Answer, unstable boyhood, grasping with one hand, flinging away with the other. Say, youth, bewildered in the mazes of thy sleepless heart, for whom ocean, earth, and air are not enough. Tell me, love, that lies like the unbroken deep, in its own solitudes, plumb, boundless, heaving for ever and for aye. Say, manhood, thou broken river, tumbling from the rapids with foam and din. Whisper me, age below, stealing away with the eddied foam and the sticks and straws, ruins of many a glorious bloom before, to the end.—Is it for man to be 'at rest?' The blood that rolls through his veins says 'No,' and the restless imagination, and the limbs fashioned for action, the open eye and ear, the ready touch—it is only weariness that can rest—indolence never felt it. And even in sleep, there come dreams to remind us of life, and the work that it must do.

"Pleasant it is—of all pleasures of sense the sweetest—to lay down the weary aching limb, and let the heavy eyelid drop the curtain on the world. Dear luxury, how dear! let him confess on his miserable bed, whose arm has never toiled, whose foot has seldom trodden farther than from his nicely marbled hall to his carriage cushion. Miserable fool! Not vain was the fable of Midas—that groan I would not earn for El Dorado. Welcome, welcome, honest toil—hard-handed health—rough-spoken peace—right welcome!

"But there are some who toil, and earn not; alas! there are who seek for toil, and cannot find it! Though

the curse of God was—'Thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow,' this bitterer curse has been devised by man—'*The sweat of thy brow shall not earn thee bread.*'

"Where shall the weary mind and the worn heart find rest? Innocence shall not escape the burden of the world. Death will tear away the blessing from the heart of friendship. Jealousies and change will steal into the paradise of memory; and love has wings, but not for rest it spreads them to the hopeless sky.

"But, whether for rest or no—wings! —wings! cries out the heart of man. Let me hence. Let me try the untried. Give me forth from this slavery. I would float off from care, like a vapour from the valley, and go with the winds under the sky, like liberty. Why, on this fresh spring-tide, when every bee is winged for the unborn blossoms, must I circle round this narrow den, like a hooded hawk; loose the jesses, and let me fly!

"Ay—but whither? Alas! the restless heart knows not. It would flee away; it would be free; but seldom thinks what freedom it would seek. Freedom from hunger, cold, and bodily necessity?—the wings that shall bear it beyond these, are those that fan away the sands of time. Freedom from sorrow, disappointment, care?—the wings it needs for that, must soar beyond mortality.

"Wings! The earth compels her children; the bond is strong that ties us to the clay; the aspiring spirit seeks for its heritage on high, but the flesh will balance backward to the clod. No flight but the Eternal can bid the world farewell. Vain is the dreaming fable that tells how the albatross slumbers on its pinions; the rock of the ocean nightly feels its solitary foot. The boldest wing that ever eagle spread beneath the sun, is folded on the cliff when the prey and the day are over. The swallow comes to the eaves, and to her young. The lark, so joyous and so strong, invisibly showering her rejoicing anthem down from heaven, returns to the dewy nest she sings over—

'True to the kindred points of heaven and home!'

and the buttercup and the daisy nod over her wings.

Peace, then, unsatisfied heart of

humanity. No wing can bear thee to rest. Humanity has wings more enduring than the albatross, stronger than the eagle, with music round them, choiring like the lark; but they must fold at eventide below. Up, then, and soar; away into the holy dawn, and drink the day-spring: up into the unrippled noon: sing in the topmost cloud: hover in the heart of the sunset splendours on the ocean-rim; and then come home to thy native world. The sea-bird to his isle; the eagle to his crag; the lark to his grassy nest; and the heart of man to humanity.

“O, green and blessed world, offspring of the thought of God! on wings which they must use, who soar with us, I have poised on summer sunsets over the verdure of thy valleys, when the lapsing rivers sang their bloom to sleep, and the bird and the bee, weary of rejoicing, were still; and the leaves at fits, and the flags by the brook, lifted and drooped with a little breathless sigh, like one who is at peace, so calm in his youth, and love, he would not breathe it away even with the breath of life; and the closed flowers in their dreams felt the bliss of nature, and far and wide among the grass-blades stirred so in their multitude. I have hung over the spring in the whinny upland, where their golden life glowed and quivered over the water, pulsing up with an endless leap, but never a sound, so quiet that those mysterious walkers of the element, the little water-gnats, ran to and fro, over the crystal floor, and I heard it gushing out below into the evening air, on its way to quicken the life of every green thing in the valley, like a good man's heart singing its quiet hymn as it went to its deeds of beneficence. I have glided down the mountain ravine with the evening wind returning from the saddened cloud on the pinnacle where it bade the sun farewell. I have floated through the woodland, taking part in the kisses of the leaves and the embracing boughs. I have been between the ripple and the strand, coming and going, where the ocean sent his message far into the land, whispering, like parted love, of his great solitude. Under the cliffs I have sailed with the sea-gull on the frontiers of his empire, and heard the beat of his imperial heart as the shore qui-

vered for many a league to the emotions of the deep, to whose tale it has listened, ever new, sublime for ever, from everlasting. Well may it stir the rocks, that story—for it has summoned the rude infant Genius often from the chain of solitude, and poverty, and ignorance, to peal into the stony hearts of mammon men, with a voice most like its own—till for a moment the rocky heart trembles and is dumb. I have been round the bud till it grew to bloom, and with the fruit in the warm autumn air. Over ice-enchanted lakes and streams, and seas, with the winged snow, I have gazed on nature, as a lover on his mistress in a trance of love. I have been away in caves with the condor and his prey, as high as Chimborazo, built of the pillared icicles and damasked jewels, where the slanting sun threw the colours of the beam among my wings; and, returning, I have stood, well pleased, at my humble cottage door, and pulled the simplest flower—for her, who loves them all. Why should man wish for wings to seek his rest, far from a world so good!

“Ah! it is the lurking serpent. But for him, still couching where the grass is greenest and the bough is fair, we walk in paradise! Faith he deceives: Hope he strangles: Love writhes beneath his mortal sting. But let them go hand-in-hand, and fear not, while together, with their never sleeping eyes; they have wings to leave him crawling out his curse.

“Truly, we have wings all, stronger or weaker, or base indeed is he, who has them not, a breathing clod—no more. Who is he, who has never hoped, or feared, or prayed, or loved? I would not like to meet him in my way, for well I know the flowers would wither where he trod.

“That naked beggar has wings, for I saw her shed tears for sorrows not all her own, while thine were dry, old Mammon, burned up of the red gold. Are there not wings in the holy wish for riches heaped beyond the miser's dreams, that so in the very glut of gold his cursed hope might perish; nor are those outspread in vain that would reach the word of fruition to call from the earth the abundant sheaves, shaking themselves in the lap of hunger, though unheard and unknown. Imagination says, “I will,” and, lo! the cripple leaps and sings,



the maw of famine is appeased, and the gaunt jaw of ravin turns its grim howl for prey into a blessing. The oak is in the acorn; see how, like souls set free, the happy bacchanals of charity spring from their chains, and the hard-hearted, greedy handed, who never blessed a widow, or held out a penny with its substantial comfort to her begg'ing child, sink, (like devils in heaven,) confounded in the hell of happiness around.

"It is a winged thought, but the heart beats freer to know, hour by hour, as so many hundreds of immortal souls—like that thin exhalation—pass from among their fellow creatures (!) out of unwritten and unutterable miseries into the eternal fulness of heaven, that it took its flight from a firm and sure foundation. Even now, I think, I hear some feeble voice, worn down by squalid wants and fears too miserable for the tongue, and hopes so often blasted that their ruin chokes the buds, and houseless nights, and blue shivering cold, and base wants, at which the mind revolted, while they crushed the body, and orphan-prayers uttered in vain—(but not to God:)—even now, is there not in these brave broad isles of ours, the barn and coffer of the world, many a voice I might hear, expiring from damp ditch, or hovel, or damned den in the big heartless city, the sigh of joy to the welcome pestilence that gives it wings and is kinder to misery than man!

"Man surely has wings, strong and bright as the archangels and seraphim. Bear witness—that old widow, forlorn among the ruins of her heart, who with that gospel-balm between her trembling hands—

\* *Sits by the fire, and builds her hope in heaven.*

"Over the desert of woe, and ruin, the wasted hope, and love drinking its own heart's blood, and crucified charity, and death, I hear the sounding wings of Faith, like the unbound wind chiming the music of liberty; lord of the years of eternity. So, as she hovers by, the drooping hope uplifts her arms, sorrow smiles, and love despairs no more, bound for the region of the everlasting day.

"The 'winged-words'—even so small a breath as shapes a murmur, no length of days, nor violence, nor

bigot-fire can wither. It is a moment's emotion, and, if the heart's zeal be in it, it soars when the tempest tires, steady and bright as the imperial sun. Hark! I hear the blue Egean wave, and Homer chanting to the gushing foam beneath the 'rosy-purple dawn.'\*

"O man! be earnest and be true; so, never iron or stone, though cased in chains and dungeon-darkness, can bruise a plume of the pinions born with thee to train over this lapsing world, for flights not narrower than infinity—beyond all dreaming hope, as far as from despair.

"Fold them up, and defile them with the clay, and feather by feather let them drop away from thee, till, no more than the toad or the old serpent, thou canst win thy venomous way, crawling under stones till the heart within thee turns cold as they: or, in the charnel of selfishness, till thy very breath becomes poison. Choose as thou wilt. Be thy name Mammon, with gilded scale, lurking under the rank night-shade. Look up in vain at the holy sky, and the lark rejoicing there, whose home on earth is yet happier than thine thou glistening evil—lure the straying wing from the bough with the lie in thy glance, gorge it, and to thy sweltering sleep!

"Slimy serpent: ugly worm: blind sloth:—consume thy portion. Defile innocence: eat the root of the amaranth; burrow into darkness, and be damned at thine election. Yet, for thee, O man! the universe is free; the glories of the world so great; the host of heaven; the heart's more boundless empire, and intellectual satraps sceptred for thy nod. There around thee lie the ocean and the plains of life, and eternity above thee, like the sky. Then, who has wings, unshackle! and away!"

Having gained the foot of Lurig Eden, ere he concluded this harangue, he addressed himself to the ascent. As for me, in no wise disposed to more exertion of mind or body than necessity may compel, I was fain to repose on a green bank, where now the heather began to show, at once to ease my limbs and my comprehension. I saw no better for it, than hands and feet, for all I heard of wings, and they were already far above me.

\* *Ὁς μὴ ἀγωνίσῃ, ἔσθ' ὀπίσθ'.*—*Iliad*, 9. 1.



## THE PERILS OF THE NATION.\*

EVERY one who analyses his ideas must be conscious, how frequently that all-pervading fallacy reappears in our mental processes, under a thousand Protean disguises, which employs, as convertible terms, our *welfare* and our *wealth*. Moralists may inculcate that happiness is the great end of life, that wealth is but one mean towards this end, and that he manifestly is a fool who pursues the means in such a way as to frustrate the end. We all admit the justness of the philosophy—while she speaks we assent; but we are not the less ready on the morrow to forego enjoyment, to sacrifice health, peace, and freedom for the sake, not of obtaining happiness, but of becoming rich.

That society does act, and think, and speak, as if wealth were not as it is—one of the constituents of earthly prosperity—but, as it is not, *itself*, prosperity, nobody can question. That such is the general rule will, perhaps, appear most clearly from the astonishment elicited by the conduct of him, who dares to be so singular as to assert, that he can see cases in which the path of his happiness, i.e. of his *real interest*, diverges from the road which would conduct him to wealth. Is not the practical philosopher who, even for this world, (we leave out of sight all considerations of a future state,) lives to be happy, not to be rich or great;—is not he who *really* pursues not gilded phantoms, but what he himself knows to be in truth the very pith and marrow of worldly prosperity, the “*mens sana in corpore sano* ;” is not such a person—if such there be here and there, few and far between, performing their eccentric orbits through the regular order of the world—regarded as a phenomenon, observed as a specimen, stared at as a prodigy as unnatural as if an ox had spoken, and admired (for true philosophy will be “justified of all her children,”) not as a model to be followed, but as something altogether different from the rest of his species—as a “*rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno* ?” Suppose, for instance, a lawyer, (and

such an instance we have heard of as existing at the Irish bar,) of abilities so superlative as to place him amongst his gowned brethren, *facile princeps* ; the sought, not the seeker, of all attorneys ; who should assert his liberty, and refuse to become a *slave* to business ; who should decline to set up his fee-book as an idol to which his existence should be offered up a living sacrifice ; who, perchance, in the midst of term, if he felt that he would thereby really enjoy himself, should cast aside wig, gown, and briefs, and—leaving far behind the strife which “*exercet cauidicos rancos*” in the musty Four-Courts—should follow health across the limpid lakes of the West, or the incense-breathing hills of the North, and should thus venture to act out what others admit only as a truth in speculation which in works they deny, namely—that money is not the end of life, but one of the means of fruition : we ask, if such a man is not really a philosopher ; and yet is not his line of conduct as opposite to the general maxims and feelings of society as the stoic’s paradox, who maintained, that he who killed a cock was guilty of a crime as black as parricide ? And if the ruralising juriconsult be the wise man, does not the strangeness, the singularity, the unusualness of such acting in this peopled world, remind us of another, and a truer paradox of the porch, that the wise man is a being rarely to be found, and that almost all men are fools !

We are not indeed the advocates of that sort of hyper-romantic, love-in-a-cottage philosophy, which sometimes intoxicates young boarding-school ladies in their graduation through their teens, and which denies that money is a very principal ingredient in the cup of earthly bliss. We know full well that when want comes in at the door, happiness as well as love is apt to fly out at the window. We freely acknowledge, that wealth is to the individual a very great constituent of enjoyment, because it is a master-key to open locks without number under which pleasures are confined. “To

\* The Perils of the Nation. Second edition, 8vo. Seeley & Co. London. 1843.

have what all men wish to have," says the most elegant of mental anatomists,\* "with the power of transferring it to them, is to have a dominion over every thing which they can transfer to us equal to the extent of the wishes on their part. Of the power of gratifying these wishes wealth is the universal representative. To the rich man, whatever he wishes seems to come merely because he wishes it to come. Without knowing who are they who are contributing to his idle luxury, he receives the gratification itself, and receives it from hands that operate as invisibly as the fairy hands at the magic banquets of romance. He gathers round him the products of every sea and every soil. The sunshine of one climate, the snows of another, are made subsidiary to his artificial wants; and though it is impossible to discern the particular arms which he is every instant setting in motion, or the particular efforts of inventive thought which he is every instant stimulating, there can be no doubt that such a relation truly exists, which connects with his wishes and with his power, the industry of those who labour on the remotest corner of the earth which the enterprising commerce of man can reach."

Thus powerful is money as an instrument of happiness; for it can often procure for the individual what his heart most fondly desiderates. But the dangerous illusion is, when in pursuit of this confessedly most important means of happiness, we lose sight of the end. When the *symbol* of enjoyment takes the place in our thoughts of enjoyment itself; when the value of money begins to appear *intrinsic*, not merely relative to the desires which it can gratify; when it is habitually forgotten that the roads to our *welfare* and to our *wealth* do frequently diverge from one another. The melancholy consequences of this delusion, when in extreme, we can all pity in the self-inflicted torments of the wretched miser. But, alas! is not the same miserable mistake but too visible in many who are looked on as the wise and prudent of the world? Are there not thousands into whose very soul has entered the iron of vo-

luntary slavery? How many of our men of business, who have enough and to spare, are yet so thoroughly imbued with the notion, that to get money is the great end of worldly wisdom, that they would smile at you as a visionary, an unpractical person, if you suggested that possibly an alteration in their course of life might make them more happy, even though it might be attended with pecuniary loss. Yes; mammon is the giant idol of this age, and full many who little dream it, yet worship him in their soul of souls. His fetters are not merely iron chains to manacle the body, but golden threads of finest tissue, to entangle the intellectual faculties, and implicate the moral feelings. He successfully demands from all ranks, and orders, and conditions, a worship as universal as was required by the bloody edict of the Babylonian tyrant, which compelled "the princes, the governors, the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces" to fall down and worship the golden image on the plain of Dura.

It is not strange, that the same illusion which leads men to confound their own welfare with their wealth, and to make the latter not the means, but the end, should be transferred from their own individual concerns to the more extended system of national affairs. Those who habitually act and feel as if wealth was their private "*summum bonum*," will assume it as an axiom that the wealth and the real prosperity of the nation are the same thing, differently expressed. It is indeed much easier to identify the national prosperity and the nation's wealth, than the individual's money, and his happiness. The voice of truth and reason speaks to us about ourselves through a thousand feelings, which a metaphysical hallucination may puzzle, but cannot suppress. The splendid phantom of national prosperity may continue to dazzle, while national wealth continues to increase, and yet national virtue, national honour, national happiness, are being eaten through, as by a cancer. But the fallacy is more easily disentangled in the less complicated concerns of the

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\* Dr. Thomas Brown, Lect. LXIX.

individual, who will be sometimes forced to perceive, despite his habitual illusion, that happiness and wealth is not the same, and that it is after all but madness "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*"

The wealth of the nation bears pretty much the same relation to its general prosperity that the individual's wealth does to his whole well-being. The riches of a country are a most important *mean* towards the great end of national welfare. This is the general rule, subject to innumerable drawbacks and qualifications. For instance, there may be cases in which it would be doubtful whether what would plainly increase the national wealth might not injure the country, and there are circumstances, under which manifestly additional wealth might be procured by a nation, at the sacrifice of what all well-judging men would consider the true interests of the country.

Every intelligent student of history must have observed how powerful an influence has been exercised by *names*, in embodying, diffusing, and perpetuating the prejudices and the errors of mankind. How many thousand disputants would have found their occupation gone, if nominalism and realism had been expunged from the metaphysical vocabulary? How many zealous controversialists now rage and swell at the very sight of terms, to which they affix no ideas whatsoever? How large a mass of political partisans abominate their opponents, for no other reason but because they are called by some, *infandum nomen*. But our present subject supplies, perhaps, the most striking example on record of the influence of a name upon the destinies of mankind. Since the days of Adam Smith, political economy has been the guiding science of our legislators and public men. Political economy, understood in that amplitude of signification which the terms would appear to denote, might seem to comprehend every subject which need occupy the attention of a statesman. The political economy of Plato was the most extensive and the most glorious of sciences. Its object was to bring man up to the highest per-

fection, and to make the body politic on earth an exact counterpart of its antitype in heaven. All that divine philosophy could reveal, was practically applied to the benefit of human kind; *ἐν οὐρανῷ παράδειγμα ἀνάλυσται τῷ βουλευμένῳ ἐπ' αἰ.*\* Just laws, good government, salutary institutions, sanatory regulations for the body, and fitting instruction for the mind, individual happiness, and national renown, and the paramount importance of religion as the foundation, and culmination, the Alpha and the Omega of the social system, (for in Plato's Republic, all happiness depended upon goodness, all goodness upon wisdom, and wisdom was the knowledge of God†)—such was the boundless range of political economy truly understood. So understood, it had for its subject matter all the means by which the national prosperity could be promoted, and for its end, the happiness of society, individually and in the aggregate, and the glory of the world's great author.

But in these latter days, which might well adopt for their motto the utilitarian inquiry of Hudibras,

"What is worth in anything,  
But so much money as 'twill bring."

the science of political economy has been curtailed of these magnificent proportions, and cut down into the "*science of the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth.*" The economists, dazzled by the splendid name of their favourite study, imagine, and make others imagine, that they are occupied about the nation's *welfare*, while in reality, their speculations soar no higher than the nation's *wealth*. Thus the same bitter root, whose shoots are, as we have seen, often so baleful to individual enjoyment, expands into a gigantic tree of poison, whose withering branches overhang and blight our national happiness. It is assumed as a fundamental maxim, that the general welfare of a nation increases exactly in the same ratio of its wealth, and therefore the entire science of political economy is devoted to this latter subject.

\* Plato's Republic, lib. ix.

† Repub. lib. vii.

"And yet," to borrow the lucid language of an eminent writer in the *Quarterly Review*,\* "it is utterly false that every increase of wealth is a proportionate increase of the aggregate means of enjoyment. Nay, some kinds of wealth may be vastly augmented with little or no increase of the means of enjoyment, and a very small increase of some sort of wealth is often more beneficial to mankind than a large increase of others. Suppose, for illustration, a race of absolute sovereigns to have a taste for jewels, and to employ several thousands of their subjects or slaves, generation after generation, in toiling to procure them. These treasures will be wealth of enormous *value*, but add barely any thing to the aggregate means of enjoyment. Suppose another race of sovereigns to have employed equal numbers of workmen, during the same time, in making roads, docks, and canals through their dominions, and in erecting hospitals and public buildings for education or amusement; these acquisitions to the wealth of the country, having cost the same labour, may be of equal exchangeable *value* as the diamonds of the other sovereigns; but are they to be reckoned only equally *useful*, equal accessions to the aggregate means of human gratification? Suppose two tracts of ground, of equal extent and fertility, one laid down as a deer-park, for the mere pleasure of a wealthy individual, the other divided into a hundred allotments, each affording to his landlord a fair rent, and each, moreover, furnishing employment and abundance to an honest farmer and a tribe of contented cottagers. Both may be equally valuable, but, are they equal in their influence on the sum of human enjoyment. Who can doubt that slavery is a means of increasing the quantity of exchangeable wealth in the world? But will any one recommend it as a means of augmenting the mass of human happiness? The economists have hitherto, we believe, without exception, considered wealth to increase in proportion to its increase of exchangeable value. If it is to be viewed in this light, then increase of wealth assuredly is no true measure of the increase of the means of human enjoyment; and the principles of the science of wealth, understood in this sense, *may just as frequently lead to what will injure, as to what will benefit the human race*. If the greatest happiness of the community is the true and only end of all institutions, it follows that a government which should

take political economy as a guide in its legislation without continually correcting its conclusions by reference to the *moral code*, or the principles on which the happiness, not the wealth, of man depends, must often sacrifice the *real interests* of the people it presides over, for a *glittering fiction*."—pp. 43, 44.

The great practical mischief which has been operated by the application of the general name of political economy to that *small branch* of it which treats of the wealth of nations, was so strongly felt by the Archbishop of Dublin, that his Grace has proposed to confine this too encroaching portion of the science of national prosperity, within the more straitened limits of a new appellation. *Catallactics* (from *καταλλάσσω* *permuto*) the Archbishop suggests† as a fitting name for that branch of political economy which has so long arrogated to itself that exclusive title; a name which prevents the confusion of the partial science of wealth with the general science of political economy, and confines what is now usually called by that ambitious title, within its true meaning, "the science or study of exchanges, or of wealth, the subject matter of exchanges."

So far is it indeed from being necessarily the case, that the nation's happiness and wealth must progress, *pari passu*, that it is notorious that misery and discontent have been widening and deepening throughout England almost in a ratio proportionate with the growth of capital. The master mind of Mr. Gladstone, quick-sighted to unravel the mysteries of this awful subject, has been likewise magnanimous enough boldly to unveil the real truth of the case, however unpalatable and alarming. In his place in the House of Commons, on the 14th of February, 1843, that philosophic statesman observed, that "it was one of the most melancholy features of the social state of the country—that while there was a decrease in the consuming powers of the people, and AN INCREASE IN THE PRIVATIONS AND DISTRESS OF THE LABOURING AND OPERATIVE CLASSES, there was at the same time a constant *accumulation of wealth*

\* Vol. xlv. p. 43.

† Lectures on Political Economy.

in the upper classes, and a **CONSTANT INCREASE OF CAPITAL.**

The facts stated by Mr. Gladstone were echoed from the other side of the house. Mr. C. Buller also remarked, that "we see *extreme destitution throughout the industrious classes*, and, at the same time, *incontestable evidences of vast wealth rapidly augmenting.*" That this was a true picture of the condition of the country there seemed to be a general consent. All parties agreed that the wealth of the country had been for years augmenting; while few felt any disposition to dissent from the assertion of Lord Ashley, that there was "danger, wide, deep, and fierce." Nor were there many, we firmly believe, who heard without alarm, lest they were but too true, the still gloomier forebodings of the noble lord, "No one can hope that twenty years will pass without some mighty convulsion, some displacement of the whole system of society."

How then has this most appalling, most deplorable state of things been produced? In the work whose title stands at the commencement of this article, and in which we think we can trace the vigorous hand of the author of "Essays on the Church," published, like the "Perils of the Nation," without a name, this confessedly grievous posture of affairs is traced to that fundamental and fatal misconception of which we have already spoken at large—the misconception of identifying the national *welfare* with the national *wealth*.

"How has this happened?" says our anonymous instructor. "How has it happened? Strange that such a question should be asked! The answer lies upon the surface; it is open to every man's view; though in this, as in other cases, the answer which is most obvious is often the last that is thought of. It has happened, *because we have been labouring that it should happen.* The wealth of the wealthy has accumulated, because all legislation has made this its chief object. **CAPITAL** has increased, because statesmen, and legislators, and public writers have all imagined that the *increase of capital* was the *summum bonum* of human existence. The poor have not advanced along with the rich, because no one has thought it desirable that they should. Desirable, we mean, politically speaking; for many of those

who have discountenanced all legislation in behalf of the poor, have been personally humane, and have afforded them many *good wishes*, and even many charitable donations. But the prevalent doctrine has been, that **CAPITAL** was the object to be chiefly desiderated, and that the wiser course with **POPULATION** (meaning thereby the labouring poor) was to employ the *preventive check*. Encouragement for capital, prevention for population—these have been the two leading ideas with statesmen and legislators for the last thirty years. They have now succeeded in their object. They have immensely increased the growth of capital, and, *pari passu*, the growth of misery and distress also; and the end of their success is a public acknowledgment that, if some stop be not put to the existing mischiefs, a few years more must land us in a bloody revolution."—*Introduction*, pp. xi. and xii.

The parentage of this giant evil is ascribed by our author to Dr. Adam Smith.

"The nature of this master evil was discernible fifty years ago in the erroneous drift and object of Adam Smith's great work, which treated of the wealth of nations, when the *happiness* of nations would have been the wiser and more Christian topic of investigation. The distinction is all-important; and the error branches forth into a thousand departments of evil."—p. xiv.

The most melancholy, perhaps, but not the most obvious example of the deleterious effect of this destructive principle, is to be found in our agricultural districts. Time was when rural life in merry England was the liveliest picture of *paradise on earth*, which even poetry's fairy colourings could paint. The loveliest visions of Arcadian bliss. Horace's—

"*Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,  
Ut prisca gens mortalium,  
Paterna rura bubus exercet suis;*"

Or Virgil's

"*O fortunati nimium, bona ei sua norant  
Agricolæ! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus arvis,  
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus!*"

seemed all realized in the wooded glades, the laughing fields, the woodbine-covered cottages, the happy peasantry, of highly-favoured England. Time was when the traveller, as he reached the summit of one of her ver-



dant hills, might truly have expressed his rapture in these strains :—

“Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and  
spurs,  
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into mist decays !  
Happy Britannia ! where the queen of arts,  
Inspiring vigour, liberty abroad,  
Waits unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,  
And scatters plenty with unsparring hand !”

It was a peasantry such as this who, when atheism had desecrated the altars, and revolution trampled on the throne of France, still offered to religion and to loyalty an asylum amid the bocage of La Vendée. Would that our agriculturists would ponder the lesson taught the world so lately by the chivalric devotion of the Vendéans, and consider how it came to pass that these faithful men were bound to their landlords by ties which all the infernal machinery of the reign of terror could not burst—that every swain was a champion of legitimacy, and every hedge-row a barrier against the advance of anarchy. We cannot refrain from giving a somewhat lengthy extract from the elegant pen of Mr. Alison, and we beg our readers to remember that what has been may be again :—

“There are no manufactures or great towns in the country. The land is cultivated by *métayers*, who divide the produce with the proprietors ; and it is rare to find a farm which yields the proprietor a profit of £25 a-year. The sale of the cattle constitutes almost the whole wealth of the country. Few magnificent chateaus are to be seen ; the properties are in general of moderate extent, the *landlords all resident*, and their habits simple in the extreme. But what chiefly distinguished this simple district from every other part of France, and what is particularly remarkable in a political point of view, is the relation, elsewhere unknown, which there subsisted between the landlords and the tenantry on their estates. The proprietor was not only always resident, but constantly engaged in connexions either of mutual interest or of kindly feeling with those who cultivated his lands. He visited their farms, conversed with them about their cattle, attended their marriages and christenings, rejoiced with them when they rejoiced, and sympathised with them when they wept. On holidays, the youths of both sexes danced at the

chateau, and the ladies joined in the festive circle. No sooner was a bear or wolf-hunt determined on, than the peasantry of all the neighbouring estates were summoned to partake in the sport ; every one took his fusil, and repaired with joy to the post assigned to him ; and they afterwards followed their landlords to the field of battle with the same alacrity with which they had attended them in those scenes of festivity and amusement.

“These invaluable habits, joined to a native goodness of heart, rendered the inhabitants of the Bocage an excellent people ; and it is not surprising that while the peasantry elsewhere in France revolted against their landlords, those of La Vendée almost all perished in combating with them against the Revolution. They were gentle, pious, charitable, and hospitable, full of courage and energy, with pure feelings and uncorrupted manners. Rarely was a crime, seldom a lawsuit, heard of among them. Their character was a mixture of savage courage and submissive affection to their benefactors ; while they addressed their landlords with familiarity, they had the most unbounded devotion to them in their hearts. Governed by ancient habits, they detested every species of innovation, and knew no principle in politics or religion but to fear God and honour the king.

“Religion, as might naturally be expected with such manners, exercised an unbounded sway over these simple people. They looked up with filial veneration to their village pastors, whose habits and benevolence rendered them a faithful image of the primitive church. But little removed from their flocks either in wealth, situation, or information, they sympathised with their feelings, partook of their festivities, assuaged their sorrows. They were to be seen beside the cradle of childhood, the fireside of maturity, the deathbed of age ; they were regarded as the best friends of this life, and the dispensers of eternal felicity in that to come. The supporters of the Revolution accused them of fanaticism ; and doubtless there was a great degree of superstition mingled with their belief ; as there must be with that of every religious people in the early stages of society ; but it was a superstition of so gentle and holy a kind, as proved a blessing rather than a misfortune to those who were subjected to its influence ; and while the political fanaticism of the Revolution steeped its votaries in unheard-of atrocities, the religious fanaticism of the Vendéans only drew tighter the bonds of moral duty, or enlarged the sphere of Christian charity.



"When the Revolution broke out in 1789, the inhabitants of this district were not distinguished by any peculiar opposition to its tenets. Those who dwelt in the towns were there, as elsewhere, warm supporters of the new order of things; and though the inhabitants of the Bocage felt averse to any changes which disturbed the tranquillity of their rural lives, yet they yielded obedience to all the orders of the assembly, and only showed their predilection for their ancient masters by electing them to all the situations of trust of which they had the disposal. In vain the revolutionary authorities urged them to exert the privileges with which the new constitution had invested them; the current ran so strongly in favour of the old proprietors that all their efforts were fruitless. When the National Guards were formed, the *seigneur* was besought in every parish to become its commander; when the mayors were to be appointed, he was immediately invested with the dignity; when the *seignorial* seats were ordered to be removed from the churches, the peasants refused to execute it; all the efforts of the revolutionists, like throwing water on a higher level, only brought an accession of power to the depositaries of the ancient authority. A memorable instance of the kindly feeling which necessarily grows up between a resident body of landed proprietors, and the tenantry on their estates; and a decisive proof of the triumphant stand which might have been made against the fury of the Revolution, had the same kindly offices which had there produced so large a return of gratitude on the part of the peasantry, existed on the landlords' side in the other parts of France."—*Alison's History of Europe*, &c., vol. ii., pp. 185-6.

But now, alas! how mournful is the change. Hear the report of Mr. Twisleton, one of the commissioners whose evidence is published in the "Sanatory Inquiry," instituted by parliament, and whose prejudices were not in favour of the agriculturists:—

"The English agricultural labourer, even if he has transcendent abilities, has scarcely any prospect of rising in the world and becoming a small farmer. He commences his career as a weekly labourer, and the probability is, that, whatever his talents and industry, as a

weekly labourer he will end his days. If he cherishes the ambition of becoming a small farmer, his wisest course is to emigrate to Canada, or New South Wales, or some other of the colonies, where alone he can put forth all his energies for the attainment of that object with a reasonable prospect of success."

Upon this melancholy report upon the condition of the labouring classes our author thus pathetically comments:—

"Ploughing and harrowing machines they are, and nothing else can they ever be. No matter how transcendent their abilities—no matter what their talents and industry—the sum total of human existence for them consists in something less of enjoyment and more of care than marks the life of one of the horses with which they plough their fields. Toil, regular, unceasing toil; food, poor in quality and deficient in quantity; scarcely clothes enough to cover them; and but a miserable hut to cover them; thus must pass some sixty years of the labourer's life, and then, when capable of enduring such a life no longer, there remains

'In age the workhouse;  
A parish shell at last, and the little bell  
Toiled hastily for a pauper's funeral.'

"Such is the state, and such the prospects to which the modern system of political economy would deliberately consign the great body of our agricultural poor."—pp. 22, 23.

But how can this sad condition of things be traced to the influence of that false principle of which we have spoken? The answer is not difficult:

"A century back, England was full of small farms. A thousand acres would then be parcelled out into twelve tenancies of various extent; and among the twelve fifty-eight labourers would be employed. But in comes the political economist, and argues, that large farms conduce most to the *wealth* of nations, meaning thereby the growth of *capital*. Accordingly, the twelve little cultivators are gradually dispossessed, and one great farmer monopolizes the thousand acres, employing only fifteen labourers where before there were fifty-eight. Thus forty-three working men are

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\* Sanatory Inquiry, Local Reports, p. 142.

away from their cottages, and into the towns to seek for employment; but then a larger surplus is added, and thus CAPITAL is augmented."—p. 14.

It is very customary to speak of our manufacturing system as if it were compatible with the entire, or the principal part, of our present pressing

Such, however, is a very unfair representation of the true state of the

There are no words more common in men's mouths, as explanatory of the causes of these ills, than "our wretched manufacturing system," "unhappy manufacturing districts." The evil must be traced to a higher source. It is in our rural polity that we must seek the "fons et origo" of our bitter streams.

How comes it that our great factory-towns grow to such frightful size? Manchester and Glasgow, with their pestilential disease, cannot keep up with their own population. Cut off supplies of labourers from without, and the towns in sixty years would be empty of inhabitants. They are fed and clothed up to their present enormous numbers, and filled with an excessive number of labourers, depressing each other's wages by the constant immigration of new labourers. But how come the villagers to leave their green fields and fresh air to immure themselves in the lanes of factory towns? Simply because in the villages they are reckoned as 'idle'—are half-starved—are driven from farmer to overseer, and from miserable huts to union work-houses, until life is rendered a burden to them, and they crowd into a town to seek for a kind of labour to which they are quite unaccustomed, merely because the farmer has promised some sort of shelter and food for their offspring; while thus 'got rid of' them is reckoned a matter of rejoicing—ay, of actual rejoicing—on the part of the gentry and farmers among whom they have dwelt! We have often overheard, with silent indignation, long contentions between adjoining parishes touching which of them they were to receive the 'pauper' labourer; and when at some expense of lawyers, one of the parishes had 'got rid of' him upon the other, great was the joy at having 'got rid of him.' We have listened to these contentions, and we have said to ourselves—How can England ever be aught but wretched and discontented in such a state of things."—p. 19.

The mistake of confounding the increase of capital with the well-being of the people is therefore not merely a speculative error; it has brought upon our agricultural poor a legion of calamities.

"The false principles so long prevalent have led in practice to the striking away all the lower rounds of the ladder. The little farmer, the happy cottager, are systematically left out of the system; and nothing is left, and nothing is considered by the advocates of this system but the farmer of a thousand acres, and the day-labourer left wholly to his mercy."

In short, the factory system is being gradually introduced amongst that rural peasantry which was once their country's pride and boast. The little farms which formerly were tenanted by independent happy families, are to be by degrees absorbed into enormous farming manufactories, directed by some capitalist whose only idea is to make money, and worked by the hireling hands of a broken-hearted and hopeless race of serfs! And this too in a country of which the resources are at present, *e. confesso*, most imperfectly developed. Mr. Alison has proved by arguments, which have received no answer, that "on the most moderate calculation, Great Britain and Ireland are capable of maintaining in ease and affluence one hundred and twenty thousand millions of inhabitants." This is the country which is driving from their fathers' homes its honest rural labourers; and proclaiming to the vast majority of its children that it is vain for them ever to hope, by united abilities and industry, to obtain a few acres of her soil even at a high rent; and that if they cherish the desire of ending their toils by becoming a small farmer, England is not the place for them—they must seek a kinder mother in America or in Australia!

But the farming economists are not without some plausible benevolent talk, which they take care we shall hear in all varieties of form. They are perpetually reiterating, that even for their own happiness, the daily-labourer is better off than the small farmer; that nothing can be more miserable than a cottier with four or

five acres of land—or more comfortable than a labourer in employment. We should think the poor the best judges of what does make them happy; and we have never yet known any single small farmer who would voluntarily exchange his tenement for a day-labourer's life, or a single day-labourer who would not hail with delight the offer of a few acres at a reasonable rent. And few persons who have given the matter the slightest consideration, can have failed to observe how much real comfort and decent neatness can be attained by an industrious family upon a very few acres held at a fair rent. And this all over and above that spirit of independence, that joyous *ἀντάξις*, which the pensioner upon another's caprices can never have. We must give an example of what we mean; and we ask, without fear of receiving any but an affirmative reply, whether the instance we are about to cite from the "Labourers' Friends' Magazine" does not dissipate all the shadowy benevolence of those who argue that no small farmer can live in decency and comfort:—

"Samuel Bridge, of Stork-groen, near Fakenham, in the county of Worcester, has occupied four acres of very inferior stiff clay land, on the Blue Lias, for twenty-seven years. He grows two acres of potatoes and two acres of wheat, every year; and sells all his produce—even his wheat straw. The stubble from the wheat, and the tops from the potatoes, serve to bed down his pigs; and the manure from this source . . . is all that he gets for the use of his farm.

"The crops obtained are not at all extraordinary, for the result of spade husbandry; but it is very extraordinary that such crops, with so little manure, and from bad land, could have been obtained for a quarter of a century together; and coupling the duration of the operation with the quality of the land, it must be admitted that nothing more is needed to prove the superiority of the spade system over the plough system; for although the same crops are obtainable by the plough, on good land, it is quite certain that the plough would fail to compete with the spade on equal qualities of soil.

"The produce obtained on the average of a quarter of a century, by this exemplary man, is twelve tons of potatoes per acre, and forty bushels of

wheat per acre; and the following account may be taken as a close approximation to the truth.

Sold annually:—

	£	s.	d.
24 tons of Potatoes, at £2 10s. per ton	60	0	0
60 bushels of wheat, at 7s.	28	0	0
4 tons wheat straw, at 50s.	10	0	0
	<u>98</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

Deduct as under:—

Manual wages, at £4 6s. 4d per acre } per annum	17	5	4
Seed potatoes for two acres	5	0	0
4 bushels seed wheat, (being dibbed) at } 7s. 6d.	1	10	0
	<u>23</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>4</u>

Subject to rent and parochial payments 74 4 8

"It may be safely stated that the average of all the land in England, under cultivation, does not yield five pounds sterling per acre, gross produce, and also, that twenty shillings per acre per annum is more than is paid in manual wages; whereas in this case, off very inferior land, above twenty-eight pounds sterling per acre, gross produce, is obtained, and four pounds six shillings and four pence per acre, per annum paid in manual wages; or in other words, you get by the spade, on small allotments, near six times as much produce, and employ four times as many people, as by the plough." 1842, p. 183.

We have considered, at length, the application of the false principle, that wealth and prosperity are the same, to our agricultural system, because its poisonous operation on our fields is often overlooked by those who are able to perceive its horrific consequences in our factories, and mines, and collieries; and also, because the discontent and misery which have been produced thereby in the rural districts are the fountains from which that surplus population is perennially flowing, which inundates our crowded marts with fresh streams of woe, and wafts daily supplies of victims to the altar of Mammon. Our limits do not permit us to trace out the development of this fatal principle amongst the other great classes into which our author divides the labouring poor—the mining, the manufacturing, and the commercial—the latter embracing a vast variety of occupations both of male and female artisans. In all these departments the same deadly poison is at work—from those subterranean Pandemoniums, whence the cries of the collier-children, who have scarce ever looked upon the face of heaven,

and whose little life has been one night of horror, have ascended into the ears of a righteous and repaying God—to the elegant millinery establishments of the great metropolis, which seem to the eye too beautiful for aught but the visions of some fairy land, but which are, in reality, so many Aceldemas, stained with the blood of unprotected youthful females, whom too great patience of toil too cruel for their tender frames, days of unvarying labour, nights torn from sleep by the most ingenious contrivances of self-destruction, Sabbaths (to them no Sabbaths,) toilsome, painful as their other days, have sacrificed to death in his most hideous and appalling forms.\*

But all this is the necessary consequence, it will be said, of what is England's pride and boast, the perfect freedom of her subjects. In a free country, if a man chooses to engage in a particular line of employment, if he is paid his wages he has no claim for any thing else; and if he finds his occupation distressing, he can assert his indefeasible rights, and transfer himself to some mode of life which he prefers.

Away with this mockery of God's eternal truth! Away with this vain boast of freedom in a land whose population is sighing and crying under a worse than Egyptian bondage. Talk of freedom to the wan, pale, broken-hearted manufacturer, whose three parts of life are dragged on in some noisome pent-house—tell him he is born a Briton, that he may stay away, and starve. Or tell the faded sempstress, who plies her needle through the livelong day, often through the feverish watches of the night, to earn what is hardly sufficient to perpetuate this sorrowful existence—tell her that she is free—that all her toils are voluntary—that she is at liberty to become a prostitute, or go home and die in company with her famished babes. We ask, what sanction has Negro slavery to enforce its Draconian code, more terrible than a death by famine? What then, in the name of common

sense or common humanity, is the meaning of mocking by the taunt of freedom the millions of our countrymen, who *MUST labour through a life of misery, or DIE BY STARVATION.*

Such, we maintain, is the actual condition to which the major part of our labouring poor are at this moment reduced. The tyranny of capital, fostered, instead of checked, by legislation, does subject England's free-born children to a slavery as degrading and as real as if the chain clanked after them, and the lash compelled them to their daily tasks.

"Wealth is power. The rich man can so employ his capital as to diffuse comfort and prosperity to the limits of a sphere, regulated by the amount of his possessions; or he can so employ it as to multiply guilt to himself, and doubly to aggravate the sufferings of his fellow-creature; he cannot indeed in this country purchase the brother of his nature, and, using him as a beast of burden, wring from him the daily labour of his sinews, and make a clear profit of all his service over and above the price paid for him, and the food he eats; but he can serve himself of his poor neighbours as a hireling, oppressing him in his wages, and grasping all but the wretched pittance that the law compels him to allow, and which is, in fact, *the purchase-money of the toil-worn sufferer's life-blood.* By withholding from him all other aid, he can compel him to work on his own terms, or to perish for lack of necessary sustenance; and thus he wields in his wealth an engine of oppression quite as effectual as the sceptre of the most despotic eastern monarch."—p. 14.

On the other hand—

"Poverty is weakness. The man who has not bread to satisfy his own hunger, or that of his children, and is restrained by law, or by principle, from robbing his wealthy brother, must submit to whatever hard terms this latter may choose to impose upon him. He has a choice indeed, but it is a choice *between oppression and starvation.* He may not, if he would, stretch forth his hand to grasp of the superfluity of the other, so much as would purchase a

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\* The terrific state of the milliners in London has lately attracted so much attention that we think it unnecessary to dwell on the painful topic. Seven nights in succession, spent in constant work, is not unfrequent. And the expedients to drive away sleep are such as these: keeping the feet in cold water, sitting on a high seat without any support, &c.

crust of bread; nor may be appropriate to appease the cravings of intolerable hunger, what the rich man has assigned to feed his dogs. Nothing then remains for him, but to crave the liberty of making merchandise of such bodily skill, or strength, as he may possess; and it is not his to dictate terms; the labourer who has a little, may, on the strength of that little, refuse to work for less than a fair remuneration; but he who has nothing, must procure at any price of personal suffering the morsel without which he cannot survive until the morrow."—pp. 14, 15.

How wide, how deep, how fierce must be the *Perils of the Nation*, which contains myriads of justly discontented spirits thus rankling in her bosom. So wide-extended, so terrible, are the evils which have germinated from the root of ONE FALSE PRINCIPLE, which has been fostered by legislative nurturing, and ramified through every department of our social system. How fearfully exemplified in our political condition is the apostle's declaration, "The love of money is

the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, *they have pierced themselves through with many sorrows.*"—1 Tim. vi. 10. And as we look around on this idolatry of mammon, this despotism of tyrant selfishness, can we fail to recall the same apostle's warning, "This know also, that in the last days *PERILOUS TIMES shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves!*"—2 Tim. iii. 1.

Such and so imminent are our perils. How are we to escape them?

"Facilis descensus Averni,  
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad 'aunas  
Hic labor, hoc opus est."

This more interesting department of our subject we must defer until a future occasion. Our author promises the immediate publication of a "Way to escape from the Perils of the Nation." When we see the clue by which he proposes to escape from the labyrinth, we may unfold our own speculations upon that all-important and pregnant subject.

#### THE MISHAPS OF MISTER LATITAT NABHIM, DURING A SHORT PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO THE SISTER ISLAND.

##### CHAP. XII.

##### The Faint—The Doctor.

Bob had tried his hand for some time in pouring cold water into the mouth of Mr. Latitat, while two of the polis continued pulling the unfortunate little fat man's corpus, from the top of the sofa to the bottom, and to the top again, without success; when it struck the minds of Bob and the "polis" together, that it would be right to send for a doctor.

At the door of No. 2, which stood open, were all the supernumeraries that could be spared at so short a notice to consume the pure air of the room, and to prevent any fresh air from coming into it. Among the idlers were two or three of the stable boys. To one of these, called "Clar-

gee,"—he had two uncles priests—Bob addressed himself on the subject of a doctor.

"Clargee, ye thafe, run immediant-lee an' bring us the docthor."

"An' where would I run to, Bob?" said Clargee, not wishing to give up the capital place which he had to see all that was going forward on the sofa, in such a hurry.

"Down the sthrate, or up to the abbey, for Docthor Doherty to be ashure."

"Arrah, now, aint the docthor an' all belongin' to him at the 'Lioshin,' Bob," replied Clargee.

"Well, thin, go over to Mither Phelim the apothecaree," urged Bob.



"An' aint Phelim in the jandis this couple o' days," said the not-to-be-stirred Clargee.

"If ye don't run an' fitch a docthor, ye spalpeen ye," observed one of the police, pulling out his staff, "I'll make ye."

"O, be gor, but I will," promised Clargee, "be gor but I will, Misther Polia, I'll run for Docthor Pale,\* he's the lad for ye, I know," and away went Clargee for a doctor in earnest.

To their work again went the police and Bob, with a hearty good-will; and whether it was, that "tired nature," recovering something of her native strength, revived of herself, or whether it was that the rubbing of the 'polia,' or the drenching of Bob, did the business, Mr. Latitat's lips and eyes soon began to move—his legs to twitch upwards—his hands to open—and himself—to sit up."

"What's all this?" asked the little fat man, as he put his hand to his saturated shirt collar, and to the breast of his waistcoat, still streaming with water.

"It's thim beggars," explained Bob.

"Yis, yer honour," witnessed the police.

"O—now—I know," said Mr. L. "Yes, yes—take them up police—take them up—I'll have the law of them—I will—I charge you to do your duty."

"Yis, yer honour—we'll do it," replied the police; and they left the room to do their duty, which, if it was taking up about one hundred ragged vagabonds, they did not do.

As the police left No. 2, Clargee returned with the docthor.† He could make out no other regular practitioner, so he brought, at the top of his speed, one who had gained great fame by his skill in curing the black and the red murrain, and in docthorin, i.e. setting the bones of "humans."

"There he is, that's him," said Clargee, pointing to the recovered Mr. Latitat, who was sitting upright on the sofa, and pushing into the room before him, the docthor.

"What does all this mean?" demanded the little fat inside turned out,

as he cast his inquisitive eyes on the person of the practitioner; "what does this mean?"

Nobody told, perhaps nobody could tell.

The docthor met the eye of Mr. Latitat with a firmness which astonished the latter; and what abashed the now fast-bewildering Mr. Latitat, the docthor kept his own uneven, grey, piercing eyes fixed on his intended patient.

"There, darlint," soothingly spake the bone-setter, moving with a sideway and stealthy step towards Mr. Latitat as he spake. "There, darlint—be azeenow—don't ye taze yerself. Ps—o! Don't be fermagis!" and then the docthor turned up the sleeve of the right arm of his big coat, and the sleeve of his shirt, and sprawled out a long, bony, lean arm, with fingers at the end of it not unlike the talons of a bird. To guess, by the eye, the docthor stood about four feet eleven. His head was very large, and covered with a lank, yellow-coloured, strealing kind of hair, which fell over his shoulders from beneath his straw canbeen. His countenance was strangely misshapen, and hugely ugly—a wide mouth, opening *ad libitum*; deep-set, grey, cross-sighted eyes; a short nose, with distended nostrils; high cheek bones; and a protruding lower jaw; could not make up much beauty. The big coat which enveloped the body of this medical gentleman was large and loose; and being caught together by three buttons, over the little man's diaphragm, which were not fitted into corresponding button-holes, something of the tiny legs upon which the docthor's head and shoulders stood, was visible. The leathern inexpressibles into which these legs had got were made for some post-boy of a decent size, now, alas! *non est inventus*! thus the original knee-breeches were surprised into being pantaloons! Strong shoes, with the docthor's feet in them, and stockings, without any feet in them, made up the man.

"There, darlint, there; don't be fermagis an vixin yerself, honey," urged the bone-setter, as he approached nearer to Mr. Latitat, much as he would a

\* Query, Sir Robert!

† This is a picture from real life. The disease discovered by this doctor is fact.



cow in a cholic, of the temper of which he was something doubtful.

"I don't understand this himpertinence, sir," remarked Mr. Latitat, rising from the sofa.

"Ha!" said Bob, being at a loss what else to say.

"Whisht, me darlint—whisht—darlint," in a most oil-like voice re-urged the docthor, still moving, with extended bared arm, and with considerable caution, towards Mr. Latitat.

"Sir!" thundered Mr. Latitat, out of all patience; "sir, this is himfamous!"

"Mad—mad—be jaburs!" exclaimed the "Clargee."

"Mad!" echoed the supernumeraries at the door.

"Ahem!" cautiously articulated the docthor; and he took off his straw caubeen, and he looked into it, and then out of it, and then, with a tearing scratch of his head, he looked at Mr. Latitat.

Mr. Latitat stood mute with amazement. He begun to believe it all a hideous dream.

"Ha!" said the docthor, after a sharp scrutiny of Mr. Latitat's countenance and position; "ha! I have it!" and the little shock-headed creature suddenly gave his thigh so ringing a slap that the nerves of every one in the room were shaken.

"Och!" shouted every one, "what is it? Is he mad, docthor dear?"

"Mad!" contemptuously sneered the man of knowledge and experience. "Mad, ye crathurs!—what do ye know?"

"An' what is it, docthor jewel?" asked the "Clargee;" "what is it?"

"As I'm a livin' docthor," asserted the little man, with all the pompousness of professional gravity; "as I'm a livin' docthur, it's an aurora-borealis!"

Terrible was the declaration, and terrible was its effect. Every ear belonging to the supernumeraries, of the Clargee, and of all, heard it; the panic was general—was instantaneous. Away rushed stable-boys, and kitchen-maids, and milk-maids, and all kinds of maids, helter-skelter, screaming and yelling in all the discordance of terror

and alarm. In a few minutes, the Royal was turned "house out of windows," into the inn-yard, where the gentleman in No. 2 was soon afflicted with more fearful and nameless diseases than ever visited the whole human race since the time of Adam.

Confronting each other in No. 2, stood the docthor and Mr. Latitat; the former so lost in self-gratulation at the terror which his knowledge had created, that for some seconds he forgot his patient; and the latter "struck in such a heap" by the wild and almost unearthly confusion which surrounded him, that he stood like a statue—almost turned into one. But the first wave of excitement passed, and the "docthor" came to himself. He had made a great discovery—he had found in a new patient a new disease!—Oh, the ecstasy of discovery! Now, then, he was to act. He was ever a prompt man in taking the most unruly cow, or bull, by the horns, and in salting the mouth of the beast,\* or in wedging a strong board into its mouth, by which to fasten the crathur's loosened teeth into their sockets! and was he to be baffled by a man? Dropping his hat, with a sudden and cat-like spring he was upon his patient, and had him by the collar before he had the chance of avoiding him.

"Blood alive," screamed the intoxicated bone-setter, "I'm right! I'm right! who could desave me?"

"You murderer!" retorted the justly indignant Mr. Latitat; "take that!" and in a towering passion, he seized the unhappy "docthor" by the neck, nearly squeezing the life out of his little body; and as the hands of the practitioner relaxed in their hold on his collar, the bum dashed him with all his force to the ground.

The docthor prostrated, Mr. Latitat hastily quitted No. 2, and perceiving "Coffee-room," in large letters, on a door opposite, he rushed in there instantly, and commenced a vigorous pulling of the bell.

"Blur-an-ages! here's thratemint for a docthor. Mither Borealis," muttered the bone-setter, as he recovered his legs and his senses again; "here's thratemint!—av I don't mint-

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\* A genuine cure.

shin it to the mimber, and have it be-foore parliment, my name aint what it is."

Thus consoling himself, the docthor

left the Royal, where he has not been called to attend any other remarkable patient, or to make any more extraordinary discoveries, since.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Cooling down—Flaring up—What bells are made for in some coffee-rooms—A mistake explained; a greater mistake made—True blue—Going to the poll, but not getting there—The spare store, and its uses.

HAVING applied himself to the bell-rope of the coffee-room for some time, with great vigour, and with no effect, as far as it regarded the coming of a waiter, or the shade of a waiter, Mr. Latitat's impatience began to work itself off. He let go the bell-rope handle, and occupied a vacant chair which stood by the fireside. Whether he would have thus acted if there had been but one individual beside himself in the coffee-room, or not, need not be discussed. It is the case, however, that men act themselves out with more fervour when some one plays audience, than when in an empty room, with nobody by but themselves. But for our little fat hero, at this moment, it was a real benefit to be alone. He had been tossed about since morning, from post to pillar, without a moment being allowed for grave consideration. The very pious fraud which he had played off until it made game of him, had bewildered him. Now, though drenched to the skin with the tumblers of cold water that had been poured so lavishly between his shirt collar and his neckerchief, for the purpose of coaxing back animation—though starved with discomfort, and in a sea of liquid and moral troubles—yet was he in a position—alone—without mortal eye to see what he had to think about—to give himself up to a something, as like, as in such a man-kind it could be like, to sober reflection. Sober enough the little man was!—water enough he had had to sober twenty Irish process-servers, "let alone" an English bum!

"Well," thought the bum, to himself, "here's a go! I'm sold everywhere!" Such a reflection filled Mr. Latitat's stomach with feelings of bitterness—it almost produced a sensation, lower down, like that of the cholic. "Sold! It's a hard word! Nabhim and Dooall—sold! Gods! is it come to this!"—"Never!"

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ejaculated the sheriff's deputy; and he stood up from his chair—dived his right hand into the curious pocket inside his double-breasted waistcoat, where sojourned a bit of dirty-looking paper—and, inspirited by its magic touch, strode right forward to the coffee-room window and back again. O! it was a beautiful change!—to see the man, but a few minutes since no better than a dish-cloth, now revived in all the instincts and sharpness of a ——— bum!

Glorying in his "self" again, Mr. Latitat once more approached the bell, and, standing on tip-toe, applied his hand to a part of the rope, as high as he could reach above the handle, so that he might, as he philosophically concluded, pull the bell more gently than he had before.

Soon after the bell answered the gentle intimation given by Mr. Latitat to it, that it was to invite some one of the waiters to look into the coffee-room, the door of the coffee-room opened, and a very respectable-looking person introduced himself.

"Waiter," remarked the little sharp-looking man, still perhaps under the "soothing" influence of his pseudo-commissionership—"waiter!"

"I beg pardon," observed the supposed waiter, as he closed the door, and, bending his head slightly, moved towards the fire-place, where Mr. Latitat had just contrived to locate himself, with the tails of his coat turned up, and his back to the grate—"I beg pardon, sir, but I'm not the waiter."

"Oh! sir," politely replied Mr. Latitat, bending his body to an angle of forty-five—"Oh! sir, I see—I see!" which the little man did, for he looked very hard at the new comer. Something had whispered to him that this stranger might be useful to him. He had, too, in the promptitude of profes-

sional determination, made up his mind, a moment before, to go to the poll, "come what will." No—Nabhim and Dooall were not to be done—not at any price! They might duck, and, if possible, drag through the mire the ill-treated firm—but so long as that little bit of suspicious paper was in their possession, nothing—not all that Ireland and England, and Scotland and Wales, and beggars and blackguards could attempt, should divert them from using every legitimate and illegitimate means of compassing at once a solemn and responsible duty, and an undeniable capture!—Nabhim and Doall to be done, brown as potatoes under a leg of mutton—and by the half-civilized, wild Irish! Bah!"

"Sir," continued Mr. Latitat, apologizing for his mistake, "I was foolish enough to fancy that the waiters in this place answered bells; and when the door opened, and you entered, I fell into a—a mistake, which—a——"

"Don't, pray don't say any thing more about it, my good sir," considerably responded the stranger. "This is a time when all kinds of mistakes are made. We allow a good deal of licence in Ireland at elections."

"I suppose so, sir," said Mr. Latitat; and he thought of the beggars, &c.

"We do indeed, sir," continued the stranger; "but, for my part, I take every thing as it comes. You see me in this coffee-room, one of the party which is not in favour with the people. This hotel is the duke's, and of course not in our interest."

"May I ask what is your interest?" inquired Mr. Latitat, with not a little interest of his own behind the scene.

"Oh, certainly, certainly, my good sir. We are never afraid of acknowledging our party. We, sir, are Tories. We have no connexion with the boys without breeches! Ha! ha! a frize-coat, sir, is a capital thing in its proper place!"

The drift of this speech Mr. Latitat understood, though he was at fault about the breeches, &c. He had had enough of Mr. Popularity's friends; and now he determined to try the other party. As he made up his mind to this, the stranger came to the end of his tether; and Mr. Latitat, as in duty bound, laughed for want of knowing what to say. The stranger

took this laugh as a compliment—certainly it was intended to be one!

"Ah, sir," recommended the gent of the "blue" party, "I really believe we are friends!—you must be one of us. Come, if you are a friend, don't disguise it. You look as if you had arrived per coach—and we expect a man—a '*gentleman*,'" emphasised the "true blue," "for whom—ahem!—to say the truth, I just dropped in to this blackguard hotel."

"Why," said Mr. Latitat, puzzling out his way to use this gracious Tory as well as he could, and yet not to appear to use him—that would be odious—"why, I did come by the coach, sir, and I am going to the poll."

"Glorious!" shouted the "true blue;" and as he rejoiced in this way, he pulled forth a beautiful bunch of blue ribbons—"there, sir, there are your colours—I brought them for you—fix them to your button-hole—tight. I'll order a car instantly; and your expenses—fifty or so—never mind—all's right!"

Mr. Latitat's hands were warmly shaken by the "true blue;" the bunch of blue ribbons were fixed to the button-hole; and the honest Tory hurried out of the coffee-room to make the necessary preparations for sending another man to the poll. Little or no time was left to Mr. Latitat for reflection. Almost instantly an inside car drove furiously up to the door; and the Bum, setting his life upon a die, (*i. e.* another *lie*), was seated solus in it.

"You'll take this gentleman to the committee-room instantly—without a moment's delay," in a tone of some brief authority, observed the "true blue" to the boy in the box; and then addressing himself to Mr. Latitat, he said, "My dear sir, we have no time to lose. I will take a short-cut towards the court-house, and meet you at the corner of the mall, close to our committee-rooms, where our men muster for the poll. Glorious, sir! we're not beaten yet, and never will be!"

"G—wan," observed the boy in the box to his quadruped, accompanying the same with a lick of a piece of blackthorn.

In an election time neither man nor beast minds your whip. Away trotted

the beast; but, alas! both boy and beast were a bad "sorte" of Tories—they were a kind of sham Conservatives; and hence, the one guided, and the other went, with Mr. Latitat, and his bunch of bonny blue ribbons, right into the midst of the enemy, which had assembled in great heart and force in front of a long line of stores standing on the water's edge, and not far from the court-house. To describe the yelling, and the hooting, and the noise, and confusion which prevailed here is impossible. All really was, as Mr. Latitat thought—and now his terror must have been roused, when he could have caught at the words of the immortal bard to embody his feeling in—"horrible! horrible! most horrible!"

\* "Pull him out, the Sax-in Tory," was echoed and re-echoed round the car. "Out wid him in a jiffey." "Ye'll vote for the colonel, will ye?"—"Down wid him!"—"Smash him!" rung, like death-warnings, in the ears of the sheriff's deputy.

"Oh," thought the little sharp-looking man, now, alas! more flat than sharp, and so he thought himself—"oh! these wicked colours! If I hadn't been an ass, I'd never have been ruined this way. But I won't—I won't die like a pig!" exclaimed Mr. Latitat aloud, starting to his feet, and big with the determination of tearing the hateful ribbons from his button-hole, and throwing himself on the mercy of the populace, he raised his right hand to his breast, and seized on the bonny blue. Those about him could not divine his intention, of course; but, as was most natural, they construed the act of touching the blue ribbon as an appeal to party. One terrible vociferation rent the air. Mr. Latitat's hand literally palsied. The car on which he stood rocked to and fro under him. Death,

in a thousand shapes, danced before him, and grinned at him; a mighty "capias," smothered in brimstone, passed under his nose; and over went the car, the bonny blue, and the fated bum.

What followed this burst of popular indignation Mr. Latitat, for a time, was ignorant of. But the truth is, no body thought of murdering the little man; while every one was bent on capturing him. And captured he was; and when captured, and in a state of senselessness, he was walked off by four stout fellows, and safely lodged, as was thought, till the election was over, in a spare store, which two days before had been opened as a refuge for the destitute, or a place of safety for "blue voters!" and for all those voters who, upon consideration, deemed it advisable to seclude themselves from the busy world during the storm of a contested election! Here, too, were voters who, not having the sense to take the world easy, had, in the "hoith" of their patriotism, fought their way all but up to the poll, and who, covered with glory and bruises, had been carried hither, by a generous foe, to have their heads beplastered, and their stomachs warmed with whiskey and water, hot and strong. The "docthering," with a good deal of ill grace, was submitted to. The very confinement, to these bits of blood, was more grateful; they were shut up, and martyred! but the whiskey and water was imbibed with less difficulty. They had nothing for it, they knew, but to make the best of it, and themselves the most comfortable, in the best way—and what is so comforting in a spare store as whiskey and water? Oh! there is nothing like a spare store in the difficult times of a contested election, and something comfortable in it, to keep the "cowl" out and the "hate" in.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Sentiment—The back-room in the spare store—Gents a leetle overcome—A national mistake—Horrors!—Not dead yet—Telling truth for once—Boating—Sea-faring!—Ashore again—Old friends—A dinner-party—The moral—All friends again—The song.

UNFORTUNATE, ill-treated Mr. Latitat!—shade of a sheriff, how we pity

thee! To faint not once but twice within the twenty-four hours!—over-

powering sentimentalism! Talk of Sterne's Maria after that! What was she, with her lamb or lap-dog, tied up with a long piece of halfpenny tape, to Mr. L.—a bum—twice fainted—with his dirty piece of white paper in the breast-pocket of his double-breasted waistcoat! Poh! Maria—Maria was a fool to Nabhim!

In a state of the happiest unconsciousness, Mr. L. was carried, by the stout arms that took him up after the upset, to a back room of large dimensions, on the ground floor of the spare store.

This back room presented a most remarkable appearance. Dark and dingy, and without any colour, save that which time had dashed over the walls, without ceiling—where the ceiling ought to have been, nothing showed but bare rafters—and without the smallest peep of daylight being admitted; it looked more like a place chosen for the wild plottings of treason, stratagem, and spoil, than, as it was, a mere temporary asylum for reflective, self-willed, and independent borough-voters! In default of shutters, the long narrow windows (four in number) had been boarded up, and the boards fastened to the window-frames with tenpenny nails of a hard and sound constitution. Fortunately for the "misfortunates" who found themselves here, "holus bolus," the window-frames were unglazed; thus some fresh air did manage to get into a room, which otherwise, from the fumes of tobacco with which it was filled, and the steam curling up from jugs and tumblers of hot water, and of the material, strongly brewed, would have been suffocating. No daylight being admitted, the dim, dusky, and clouded atmosphere was lighted up by "muttons," some burning in their sockets, very blue; others flaring to one side, or the other, as the drafts from the chinks in the boards at the windows bore on them, and some two or three with long mushroom-topped wicks, which added to the smoke more than to the lightness of the room. Through the dense fog of tobacco-smoke and punch-smoke were seen, on either side of a long deal table, the many three-quarter lengths of men asleep, awake, and half-seas, and full-seas over! Some of the faces of these worthies were

enjoying the full luxury of repose, accompanied by the most mellifluous sounds from their nasal organs, their mouths being half-buried in the untied neck-cloth; others were yielding up, apparently with great reluctance, their knowledge of the outer world—now shutting one eye, then the other, then opening and twinkling, eye right, and eye left, alternately, until so much dust was thrown into both eyes, that they shut, for a time hermetically sealed, upon the pride, and pomp, and circumstances

"of this weary life!"

But it must not be supposed that all who were seated round this table were either in the arms of Murphy, or in any other arms. Some were awake; a few—a very few—wide awake, to party and discussion, both of politics and punch—this man denouncing Mr. Popularity, and his myrmidons, in every dialect of genteel vilification, and drinking his native to spite him; that man, true to the back-bone, shaking hands with two friends at once, and concluding his fervent prophecy of the colonel's success, by proposing to drink "the glorious, pious, and immortal," in a stiff mixture of the only comfortable they left to them, and ending all by sliding most pompously under the mahogany.

Here, too, were several, enjoying what they pleased to term "country air;" and these, as many as had not forgotten every thing, were happy, very happy! laughing all the face over, joking, and poking each other in the ribs, and taking in, with the greatest zest, the strong expressions of those few who had independence enough to get them into captivity. This class of country-air-loving persons formed the great staple of the company; but to do them justice, except to a friend, no one among them exactly let out that he was more captivated by present jollity, and by the hope of future "consideration," than taken captive by the rude fellows who elbowed and pushed, and drove him into "the refuge," in the back room of the spare store.

At the time that Mr. Latitat was introduced into this select company, the chair had become vacant. The chairman had left his place of honour, it is to be supposed, to receive the



thanks of the meeting. Poor, humble man, he was seated with his back to the wall, waiting in patience for business to proceed in the usual way. It did appear that the ex-chair was dosing; and that, too, might be; for he had squatted, in his humility, against the wall immediately under one of the long store-windows, through an odd chink in the boards of which came blowing the sleepy sea-air, and vibrating through the splashing noise of the tide, then at flow, which beat against the strong foundation of the store. However, asleep or awake, there sat the ex-chair; and into the ex-chair's chair was voted, by common acclamation of the gentlemen who carried him into the spare store, Mr. Latitat.

"Be jaburs!" said one of these worthy personages as Mr. Latitat was dropped into the seat of honour—"be jaburs, but I'm afeered our friend's kilt, Barney."

"(Och, be no manes," replied Barney; "he's nawthin the worse for his tostification, Tim, barrin' a taste over-kum."

"An' how'll we git him to sit up, an' behave wid dacincee?" very wisely asked another of this philosophical school, who was pushing Mr. Latitat with some violence against the back of the chair—"how'll he be dacint, boys, av he won't sit up?"

At that moment Mr. Latitatsneezed. We doubt the tobacco fumes, &c. stimulated him to perpetrate this evidence of returning life.

"Av ye plaze, sir," politely remarked a fourth of these election porters to a gentleman—one of the country-air-loving people—who sat next to the chair on the right, at the same time taking a well-filled pipe bodily out of the independent voter's mouth—"av ye plaze, sir!"

"Now, boys," continued the same polite person, "I'll tache ye to cure dhropsies of thim kind; onlee be azece."

The hot bowl of the pipe was then smartly and smartingly applied to Mr. Latitat's nose. A shock from a galvanic battery could not have proved more effectual. Mr. Latitat started to his legs, and the porters started off on theirs. The identifying of persons so employed might not be convenient.

In the intensity of mental agony

which Mr. Latitat had endured at the time of the upset, it may easily be conceived that all thoughts of escaping with life from the hands of an excited populace were put violently to flight. In fact, Mr. Latitat, when he felt the car heave under him, gave up the world, Nabhim and Do-all, and flung himself into the arms of certain death. He believed that he did die; and now, conscious of something of life again, he believed that he lived in another world. Terrible! He was surrounded with miserable beings—the spirits of departed bums, runners, sheriffs, officers, un-officered. But the atmosphere which he breathed, thick, heavy, murky, composed of sulphur like tobacco-smoke, and of ether like burnt whiskey. Then the eyes that glared on him—revolting, without meaning, expressionless; and the faces—surely, they were no better than faces to be found in the cold and comfortless coffins—pale, sallow, bloodless. The whole scene was one of embodied terror.

As wild in his look as in his ideality, Mr. Latitat, when he got on his legs, could not get off them. There he stood, at the head of the table, with arms stretched out, and eyes flashing the dismay which sat on his heart. There he stood, a little, fat man, blown out, and almost blown up with the delicious conception that he had at last passed the Stygian tide!

Those of the company who could see or sympathize were, for a moment, astonished, alarmed, and violently rifled of their courage. The capables rose to their feet to a man; the incapables, to a man, rolled off their chairs. Every body who believed or fancied he possessed a heart, believed or fancied it was in his mouth. Those sceptical about hearts, felt their stomachs ache. The gentleman on the right of the chair, who had been plundered, as he considered, of his pipe, (which, by the way, the porter omitted to return,) was the first to break the ice.

"Who the blazes are ye?" vociferously demanded this gent of Mr. Latitat.

But Mr. Latitat heard him not. He stood still, statue-like.

"An' is thim yer manners, ye haste?" indignantly roared this now insulted gentleman. "Is thim yer



bradin' ?—cock ye up, indade !” and, with the view of either “cocking up” Mr. Latitat, or knocking him down, this considerate person threw the contents of his glass, steaming hot, into the face of the unfortunate bum.

“Lo—r—r—r !” bellowed Mr. Latitat. “This,” thought the wretched creature, “is my first punishment—lead melted in hot spirits !—Lo—r—r !”

“What do you mane, ye etarnil cat-face ! Grin, grin ! Do ye grin at me, ye——” and then the glass, with a more unequal aim, whizzed by Mr. Latitat’s head.

Down dropped the worthy bum on his marrows.

“Spa—a—re ! spare ! Mr. Dev—Dev— !” besought and sobbed the little fat man, his chin scarcely over the end of the table.

“Be the powers,” observed the gentleman who had thrown his glass, and its contents, and his passion off so well, and who was now pacified by the prostration of the individual whom he believed had intentionally insulted him—“be the powers, but I b’lave yer as dhrunk, sir, as a sow !”

“Spare, oh, spare me, Mister Dev— !” continued the sobbing, little prostrate fat man.

“Spare ye !” reiterated the fast-cooling gentleman on the right—“Spare ye !—for what ?”

“Oh ! Mr. Dev—il !” exclaimed the bum, in a tone of voice yet more piteously beseeching.

“Misther Divil !” echoed the person appealed to. “Ha ! ha !—but he’s so dhrunk, he takes me for owld Nick !”

A roar of laughter burst from the company.

“Me poor fellow,” compassionately urged the gent on the right of Mr. Latitat, as he walked, by the aid of the table, towards the bum—“me poor fellow, don’t give up that way. Av ye must be goin’ undher the table, get up, an’ go down like a man. Niver be snivelin’ wid half a skinful.”

Mr. Latitat stared, rubbed his eyes, felt himself from the throat, down the chest, to the pit of the stomach. It wasn’t a dream. He wasn’t naked. He hadn’t a winding-sheet on. He was buttoned up and down, coated, breeched. He believed he had a shirt on. The voices he heard, though the dialect was not very English, were certainly human. The smoke he sniffed, and the spirits

which he smelled, were such as he had sniffed and smelled before. He could not have died. No ; Nabhim and Do-all were yet on this side of the Styx—yet in existence, to serve, and serve out the public.

“Come, mister chairman,” kindly remarked the gentleman, who, without a pipe to smoke, flattered himself that he smoked the slate of Mr. Latitat. “Come, sir, our chairman mustn’t giv up so azily ! No, no ; here we onlee help ourselves, by driving dull care away. Gentlemen,” continued this gentleman, as he pulled at Mr. Latitat by the scruff of the neck, holding on, of course, by the table, “gentlemen, let us have a—a toasth !”

Up stood Mr. Latitat, and as he regained his legs, every one cried out, who could cry out, “A toasth, by all manes ! Mister chairman, a toasth !”

“A toasth, sir,” said Mr. Latitat’s friend to that functionary.

The little fat man looked round him with delight. Yes, he was alive. His eyes sparkled, his lips began to move, but they didn’t speak ; the strong emotion of delight which spread all over him, tied up his tongue.

“A toasth sir,” again urged the gentleman on the right, as he pushed a glass brimming full of the genuine brew before Mr. Latitat, which glass had walked up the table nobody knew how.

“A toast, gents, is it ?” asked Mr. Latitat, raising his glass in the air, and looking round on the company, and through the smoke, as well as he could.

All replied, “Yis, the toasth !”

“Here goes, gents, then,” immediately responded the chairman. “Fill your glawsis ! No eel-taps ! I ate eel-taps ! Here it is, Nabhim and Do-all !”

“Nabhim and Doo—oo !” echoed all the mouths that could wag tongues.

“That’s a quare toasth—a mightee quare toasth,” soliloquized the chairman’s right-hand man, who had contrived to sit down on his own chair, and to finish, what he wouldn’t for good manner’s sake have left a drop of, a smoking libation to Mr. Latitat’s sentimental toast.

For a short time, Bacchus was triumphant ; but “pleni bacchi, or whiskey-i, sleepers and snorers increased wonderfully.

Mr. Latitat's steam was up again; again he was plotting thick and fast how he could extricate himself from the limbo in which he was (for by this time, some of his convivial friends had told him, in great confidence, a thing or two), and how he could manage to get Mr. Popularity into a durance yet more vile. The sharp eye of Mr. Latitat had detected, amid all the confusion that surrounded him, the appearance, two or three times, of a very decent, quiet looking person, who did not appear to drink, or to talk, or to do anything at all, except to change bottles and glasses, &c., and to look on. Where he came from, or where he went to, Mr. Latitat could not divine. To see to the end of a long smoke-filled room, was more than mortal eyes could do—and Mr. Latitat's eyes could see as far as most people's. To the end of the room, however, this decent, quiet looking man always went.

"Ah!" cogitated Mr. Latitat, "if I could but coax that gent to let me give these people the slip, wouldn't I?"

At that moment it would seem his good genius was supreme; the decent, quiet looking man walked up the room again, and approached Mr. Latitat's chair.

"I say," half whispered Mr. Latitat to this quiet person, "I say."

But the quiet looking man didn't seem to hear him.

"I say—s—sir!—I sa—a—ay!" in yet longer whispers urged Mr. Latitat.

The quiet looking man stopped, and put his finger on his mouth.

"Mum!" very knowingly observed Mr. Latitat, and he put his fore-finger of his right hand on the right side of his nose, which meant *something*—"Mum!"

The quiet looking man walked down the room, and Mr. Latitat, prudently or imprudently, followed. Whether Mr. Latitat's new acquaintance was aware of his great powers of attraction or not, does not appear; however, scarcely had he passed through the door, which, by some curious hocus pocus, he had opened without apparently using either lock or key, when Mr. Latitat introduced his own peculiar corpus between the door and lintel.

"O!—a—dear!" facetiously whispered the bum, as he caught sight of

a dark look which stood upon the countenance of his friend.

"Who the blazes——" gruffly remonstrated the quiet-looking man, as he collared the smiling bum.

"O don't ye," said Mr. Latitat, undergoing a serious alteration of feeling—"don't—my good—man!"

"Go back, sir," yet more gruffly spake the quiet looking man.

"Back!" repeated Mr. Latitat,—  
"No, no—I'll—I'll—make it worth your while—no, no, not back," and the fat little man really slipped forward, which caused the door to close behind him rather quickly.

"Now, by the ghost of me grandfather, av I don't powther ye," violently asserted the quiet looking man, and he gave Mr. Latitat a shake by the collar—such a shake.

"Don't, don't, and I'll tell you every thing," in fear and trembling besought Mr. Latitat of his quiet friend.

"Out wid it, then, or be the Lor——" asseverated the quiet man.

Poor Mr. Latitat, he did out with it. Under the fearful influence of more bodily suffering, "he up and told" who he was, what he was, where he came from, what he came for, and what he had in a curious pocket in the inside of his double-breasted waistcoat. As he related all this, a smile, with a little bitter and a little sweet mixed with it, played over his quiet looking friend's countenance. It was evident that Mr. Latitat's narration affected him. Mr. Latitat thought it had softened and interested him.

"Ah!" thus inwardly did Mr. Latitat gratulate himself, as he finished his piteous tale—"ah! this is the benefit of truth-telling. I'll give up lies; I see they don't serve one as much as they might. It's a shocking thing, that lying."

"Ye've towld me all, hav' ye?" demanded the quiet man.

"I have—I have indeed—upon my veracity."

"Well," half questioned and half soliloquized the quiet man.

"Well," imitated Mr. Latitat.

"Well—and what would ye?" more plainly spake the quiet man.

"(Only—only—that you'll get me out of this prison, or whatever else it is—at any price—my friend—I'll pay it."

"But supposin," replied the quiet, decent-looking man, "I was hired here

by somebody, an' towld by thim as hired me, to ax no questshins, an' to let nobody out, how would that do?"

"Do, my good friend—my dear sir," said Mr. Latitat, warming to the discussion in proportion as he felt self-endangered; "do!—is that all?"

"All!" iterated the quiet man, with something very like astonishment; "all!"

"Why, what's a promise of that kind? If the law's against you, what's the worth of your 'all?' I should like to know that."

"As to the law," calmly pursued the quiet man, "that same an' meself ain't first cousins! It does for sessions boys, an' their kind; not for—honest min!"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Latitat, "and will you keep me here to rot like a dog? Remember!"

"Oh! honey! I *do* remimber!" said the quiet man; "but I've made up my mind."

"Have you!—Oh, Mister What's-your-name!" obsecrated the bum.

"I have," reasserted the quiet man.

The bum's countenance fell below zero.

"I have," again said the quiet man, "I have made up my mind to set you free!"

Mr. Latitat took a spasmodic leap into the air.

"Onlee," continued the quiet man, "be quite now. Av ye make a rucshin, ye'll have the whole bile-lin of the boys in the back room on me back, an' thin, ye'll niver git out."

"Never!" echoed Mr. Latitat, in a tone of voice at once touching and tragical. "Never!—But I'm—num—mum's the word. Do with me as you like, my dear friend—the only friend I've met with in this cursed country—my dear friend, do with me as you wish. Put me into a hat-box, carpet-bag, dirty-clothes-bag!—anything—anything—and carry me off! Do, do—without loss of time—for mercy's sake—take me to your arms—put me only out of this infernal hole, and—I'll—I'll—yes I will—indeed I will—believe me! oh, believe me!—I'll pray for you!"

So touching an address could not fail to move any one; and coming

from one of Mr. Latitat's kidney, it would have moved the statue in College-green. It did move the quiet man; who, walking towards a dark flight of steps at the end of the passage in which they stood, he looked across his shoulder, and bade the bum to follow.

"Come, now, an' no bother—we must go by wather. It won't do to face the papil forenint the sthore. Didn't ye hare thim schrache like murther just now? O! they'd murther the both av us. Here: down thim steps—that's it—aisee while I open this small door." There was a noise of the turning of a lock, of the opening of a padlock, and of the dropping of a chain. "Now, thin, Mither Bum," said the quiet man, as he opened the small door, from which was seen, moored at the bottom of some half-dozen stone steps, a small boat; "now, thin, Mither Bum, yer all but safe; but yer shure ye've the bit of parchmint—a good workman always carries his tools with him."

"Havn't I, my dear friend? Don't you wish?" asked the little fat man, as with eyes beaming with pleasure, and a heart thumping with delight, he held forth the dirty bit of white paper.

Satisfied to his heart's content, the quiet man walked down the steps, and Mr. Latitat, rejoicing in the blessedness of freedom, hopped gaily, as a water wag-tail, down the steps after his mentor.

Both\* seated in the boat, and the painter cast, and the pair of oars taken and plied by the quiet man, the bum soon found himself in the middle of a wide reach of water, which lay between Y—— and the opposite shore. The tide was running out, and of course the boat made for sea.

"May I ask you," inquired Mr. Latitat of the quiet man, "may I ask you—where—a—where—we are—a—going to, my dear friend?"

"Wid pleashure, Mither Bum," replied the quiet man, as he lightly shipped the oars, and crossing the thorns between him and Mr. Latitat, sat himself right opposite to his guest in the stern. "Wid pleashure, Mither Bum—we're goin' no further, by yer lave."

"No further," almost stupid with

---

\* This boating excursion is *fact*.

ment, exclaimed the little fat  
"id yer lave, sir!" repeated the  
nan; and he looked at Mr. La-  
if he were going to eat him.  
an!—what do you take me for?"  
reamed the sheriff's deputy, at  
ne time, making a nervous at-  
to find his legs somewhere.

take ye, Misther Bum, for what  
sir," quietly retorted the quiet  
looking yet more savage, and  
ng the weight of one very bony  
avy hand on Mr. Latitat's shoul-  
d diving the other inside the  
-breasted waistcoat, from the  
s pocket in which, the dirty bit  
ite paper was drawn forth. "I

e, sir," repeated the quiet man,  
what ye are—as I've towld ye  
mough—a raskil of a bum. Now  
to me, an' take me, Misther  
for what I am—a man av me

An' me word is this—ye'll  
ry bit of this parchmint, or I'll  
n ye in the channil—an' who'll  
kin' afther a drowned bum?"

s passed every thing. Ideas,  
, were put to flight; and yet, a  
painful state of conscious exis-  
remained. The firm must suffer  
edom!

Will ye ate, ye thafe av cra-ashin?"  
ided the quiet man of Mr. Lati-  
olding, at the same time, the  
bit of white paper to his lips.

ak Mr. Latitat could not, but he  
d assent.

pen yer mouth thin," commanded  
iet man; and the mouth opened,  
e dirty bit of white paper was  
l in.

te, will ye?" more imperiously  
e quiet man command, when he  
e jaws moving not. "Ate, or  
ke ye. There—there—there!"

ie strong hands of the quiet man  
med the offices of those muscles  
aid in the great business of mas-

n. "Tare-an-ouns! but it's me-  
at'll make ye ate it." Then the  
were forcibly opened, and the

s of mastication inspected.  
er and another compulsory ac-  
of the jaws, and another and  
r inspection followed. "There,

do now, Misther Bum," re-  
d the quiet man, on the third  
tion; "we'll now wash that same

honey. Ye'll take a dhrop,  
er Bum," jocosely observed the

quiet man, and he held back the un-  
resisting head of Mr. Latitat, and  
poured down his throat about a quart  
of salt water, which he raised for the  
purpose in a large old shoe that lay  
"handy" in the bottom of the boat.  
Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, went the  
water down Mr. Latitat's throat; and  
as it gurgled its way downwards, so it  
carried downwards that which had  
been the very bone and sinew of Nab-  
him and Do-all's courage. His autho-  
rity, brief as it was, gone, Mr. Latitat  
yielded himself up to fate. Had the  
quiet man wished to throw him into  
the sea, he would not have objected—  
alas! he was un-bum'd.

The bum's repast past, the quiet  
man left him alone in the stern of the  
boat again, and taking the oars, with  
many a long and a strong pull, ran  
alongside the pier in the Mall. There  
he moored the boat, and giving his  
arm to Mr. Latitat, walked that re-  
spectable crest-fallen shadow of him-  
self across the thors, up the steps of  
the pier, and straight away to the  
Royal.

But few people were in the streets,  
as the poll had been closed for some  
time. It was also getting fast on to  
respectable people's tea-time. Mr.  
Latitat, however, remarked not the  
stillness of the town, or the lateness  
of the evening. His heart was tat-  
tered, his hopes widowed! He had  
been compelled to do an act which,  
except in Mr. Saturn's case, is without  
a parallel in history! He had, one  
might say, eaten his own offspring!

"Be the sowl av me phut!" ex-  
claimed the voice of Barney, as Mr.  
Latitat and his quiet friend walked  
towards the Royal door, across the  
space before the hotel. "Be the sowl  
av me phut! but here's the commish-  
ner!"

A deafening yell rose from Barney's  
fraternity, who were then crowded  
round the hotel listening to the noise  
of the gratulatory speeches, and of  
the knives and forks of Mr. Popula-  
rity—the successful man—and his  
friends, and to the clatter of their  
plates, and to the ringing of their  
tumblers; and who were also taking  
in the smell of the cookery with almost  
as much pleasure as if they were in  
the midst of the fun.

"Howld yer tongue, howld yer  
tongue, Barney," was the rebuke.

which Barney's political enthusiasm received. "Don't ye see—he's a frind av mine! A commishner!—he!—more likely a bum!"

Barney burst into a loud laugh, which shook not only his own sides, but the sides of all his people. "Och, murther!—the crathur—to think what lies he's towld!" and again he laughed, and again, and the whole mass of beggars laughed louder and louder—little Flan not the least loud.

"The misfortnate villain!" said Flan to his bigger half, "but it's a pitee thim bums are sich liars!" and then the little man laughed yet more loudly than before.

But this jesting, how it went to Mr. Latitat's heart! Now it was that he really saw what a series of miseries his own want of truth, his duplicity, and cunning had stored up for him.

"Oh!" internally soliloquized the cast-down sheriff's deputy undone; "oh! if I were but honest—all this comes of lying!"

In this highly moral frame of mind, Mr. Latitat permitted his quiet friend to lead him up the steps of the Royal, and then into a large room in the hotel, brilliantly lighted up, and filled with people, merry as grigs, and with the hot stews of a just finished, first-rate, election dinner—on which no expense was spared, could be spared, or ought to be spared, no matter what people in the house of commons may say—and with the reeking steam of whiskey-punch, and the more distingue perfume of some dozens of the best of good claret.

"A frind, yer honours," said the quiet man, introducing the little fat man—now, indeed, looking almost lean and lank—to the gentleman who evidently occupied the chair.

"Ah!" said the chairman, who was no other than Mr. Popularity in *propria persona*; "ah! I do know that gentleman. I believe we came over in the steamer to Cork together—did we not, sir?"

Mr. Latitat felt himself addressed; he could not avoid his friend to-day, though that friend had certainly, to some purpose, avoided him yesterday.

"I believe," said Mr. Latitat, a real tear stealing into his eye, and his voice really trembling with emotion; "I believe—sir——"

"Oh!—ah!—yes!" in the most

gentle accents interrupted Mr. Popularity; and rising from his chair he directed the gentleman at the bottom of the table—"his excellent vice," as he called him—to hand a glass of claret, and a letter which he had in his keeping, to Mr. Latitat, "the well-known, and able, and experienced, and clever head of the firm of Nabhim and Do-all. That wine," continued Mr. Popularity, "will do you good, sir. I know you have visited us in troublous times—times which draw upon the constitution a little." This hit drew down thunders of screams and shouts of applause. "But," went on Mr. Popularity, "we have too good an opinion of you, sir, to think that difficulties or dangers, by the way, can prevent you from the strict performance of duty." Fast, fast, did Mr. Latitat begin to recover himself, and rapidly did his misfortunes begin to vanish from his recollection; actually, he raised his right hand, and thrust it into—his empty double-breasted-inside-waistcoat-pocket! Finding nothing there, he did look a little blank, and Mr. Popularity saw it. "Ah! my good friend," urged the new member, drink your wine—you must—it will serve you, believe me—and then run your eye over the letter which you hold in your hand. It contains, I believe, a settlement of our small account, together with your expenses, which I hope will prove satisfactory. We have won the day, sir, it is true, but we must not, in our success, forget moderation, sir, and justice—strict justice!"

Shouts of applause again danced attendance on the favourite's words, and Mr. Latitat (having, by the way, skimmed the letter in question, which was a letter of credit with a remarkable sum total in the corner,) was seen to join with considerable warmth in the joyous demonstration.

As the applause subsided, Mr. Popularity sat down, and Mr. Vice was on his legs.

"Mr. Chairman," commenced the vice, "with your permission, I will address a few words to our friend of the notable firm of Nabhim and Do-all."

Mr. Chairman, of course, assented.

"I feel obliged, sir," said Mr. Vice, and he turned his face full on Mr. Latitat. It was the gent. who had so

y complimented  
steamer. Mr. L.                      va.  
"Mister Latitat," o  
ous vice, "I pe                      e v  
me. It was re  
ve—but no matter, let bygones  
bygones. That letter in your hands  
uns my reasons!"  
r. Latitat smiled outwardly, but  
ally laughed most immoderately  
is sleeve. He would have been  
ied with less elaboration of argu-  
; however, he thought something  
ool and his money, and the thought  
ied in his brain till it almost in-  
ated him.  
I see," said Mr. Vice—he paused  
moment to observe the movement  
r. Latitat's facial muscles. "I  
we understand each other, and  
you will let me now take a last  
ty with you. Will you not?"  
r. Latitat looked graver, but  
d assent. His hand, however,  
ened in its grasp, and squeezed  
closely the letter of credit.  
You are about to return to Eng-  
sir," continued Mr. Vice, "where  
re you may prosper. But, when  
find yourself on the other side of  
channel, do not flatter yourself  
you have seen Ireland. All that  
have seen amounts to this—a re-  
able series of exaggerations,  
b, one and all, have been pro-  
d—if not wholly, at least in a  
: part—by yourself. I will not  
cent on what you have seen and  
-I leave that to yourself. If you  
to do yourself and the little you  
seen of this country justice, pon-  
over, on the other side of the  
r, your haps and mishaps, and ask  
self—whether, if you had not ex-  
us to act a broad farce, you would  
ave played your part in a more  
cal and less eventful drama—the  
wo days! Sir, I have done, but  
ow part friends, and as a friend,  
rely request that you will allow  
o fill your glass again, while one  
or committee-men—an acquaint-  
also of yours—gives a song."  
ie glass was filled—all the glasses  
d the table were filled, when the  
nittee-man—whom Mr. Latitat  
net in—Hotel, Cork, previous  
s start per coach—in a fine, deep,

—  
"THE FRIENDS WE LOVE BEST.

CHORUS.

"Fill the cup,  
Lift it up,  
To each lip be it prest!  
'Tis the toast  
We prize most—  
Here's the friends we love best!

I.

"The sage is he here?  
It is wise to be gay!  
Who lives 'mid dark clouds,  
Never blesses the day!  
What sage would refuse  
To join lip and heart  
In one last cup of wine,  
Ere in friendship we part!"  
Chorus.

II.

"The pale scholar here—  
Old in study, not years—  
Knows Learning and Mirth  
Are the closest conferees!  
Nor will he refuse  
To join lip and heart  
In one last cup of wine,  
Ere in friendship we part!"  
Chorus.

III.

"The bachelor here,  
Care-worn in his dreams!  
Awake, unoppress'd,  
He is gay as he seems!  
And cannot refuse  
To join lip and heart,  
In one last cup of wine,  
Ere in friendship we part!"  
Chorus.

IV.

"The married our guests!  
Pledg'd heartfelt to their vow,  
Must chorus the toast  
Which we celebrate now—  
Love could not refuse  
To join lip and heart  
In one last cup of wine,  
Ere in friendship we part!"  
Chorus.

V.

"True hearts throb around,  
Their full music I hear!  
Ev'ry pulse is as sweet  
As the song of a sphere!  
These cannot refuse  
To join lip and heart  
In one last cup of wine,  
Ere in friendship they part!"  
Chorus."



## SCHILLER'S HERO AND LEANDER.

BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

## I.

SEE, upon each other gazing,  
 Yon grey towers, their heads upraising  
 In the golden dawn, where swells  
 Hellespont, with rush and roar,  
 Through the proud gates evermore  
 Rolling of the Dardanelles.  
 Hark! the breaker bursting yonder,  
 How it roars the rocks above!  
 Asia it hath torn from Europe,  
 But no terrors hath for Love.

## II.

Yonder walls were Hero's dwelling,  
 And the old tradition, telling  
 Of Leander, haunts the place;  
 Fair was she as Hebe blushing,  
 And among the mountains rushing  
 See him lead the stormy chace.  
 Plighted are their hearts—but Fathers  
 Frown, and theirs are foe and stranger.  
 Sweet the fruit the bold hand gathers,  
 Hanging o'er the abyss of Danger.

## III.

On yon rock-tower, where the beating  
 Waves, advancing and retreating,  
 Fling on Sestos their white foam,  
 Gazing o'er "the ocean-river"\*  
 Sate the Maiden, gazing ever,  
 Ever, on Leander's home.  
 Swiftly o'er the bridgeless waters  
 Fly her wishes—oh that they  
 Were a bark to waft him hither!—  
 Vain—yet Love hath found a way.

## IV.

Love it was, whose silken thread  
 Through the Cretan mazes led—  
 Is the God less mighty now  
 Than when the fire-breath bulls he broke,  
 And bow'd their necks beneath the yoke  
 Of the adamantine plough?  
 Orpheus, though Hell's ninefold torrents  
 Roll'd in fire to bar his way,  
 From the sunless realms of Pluto  
 Rose with his Eurydice.

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\* Aubrey de Vere—"Search after Proserpine," &c., p. 97.

## V.

And—Leander's heart elated  
 With delight anticipated—  
 All on fire his eager blood—  
 Soon as daylight's fading glimmer  
 Dies away, the daring swimmer  
 Plunges in the Pontic flood.  
 With strong arm his way he urges  
 Onward—on—to that dear strand  
 Where the turret o'er the surges  
 Beckons him with lighted brand.

## VI.

Happy I—to the heart's soft pillow  
 Welcom'd from the warring billow,  
 Clasp'd to that confiding breast !  
 Bliss beyond all human measure,  
 Heaven on earth is in the treasure  
 To thy heart in secret press'd,  
 Till Aurora wake the lingerer  
 In his dream of extacy,  
 And from Love's soft bosom warn him  
 To the cold bed of the sea.

## VII.

And thus thirty suns in gladness  
 Set and rise upon the madmen  
 Of their sweet and stolen delight ;  
 —Gleam of joyance unabiding !  
 Yet do their young hearts confiding  
 Dream a future all as bright.  
 Know you not that toil and peril  
 Are the charms that heighten bliss,  
 And the bough whose fruit is sweetest  
 Smiles above the precipice ?

## VIII.

And Hesper and Aurora climb  
 The arch of heaven—but what is Time  
 To them, whose life is one long dream ?  
 They see not—they—the leaf that falls,  
 Nor hear they from his northern halls  
 The winter ice-wind scream.  
 Yea ! they welcome coming winter !  
 Happy, happy time—think they  
 Night, on swifter wings descending,  
 Lingers with more fond delay.

## IX.

And the Scale in Heaven is steady—  
 And the night and day already  
 Of one length—and rich in hope  
 Stood Hero watching from the tower  
 The steeds of Day, in that soft hour  
 When down the western heaven they slope.  
 And the sea was like a mirror.  
 The bright surface of the deep  
 Stirr'd not—not a wing of Zephyr  
 To disturb that crystal sleep.

## X.

Lo! the silver waves in motion,  
 Gay with dolphins. Nymphs of Ocean  
 On, in dim procession slow,  
 Are moving o'er the waters seen,  
 And Thetis, their majestic queen,  
 Is rising from below.\*  
 They the love-rites saw—they only—  
 And the secret unrevealed  
 Rests with them: in magic silence  
 Hecate their lips hath sealed.†

## XI.

With glad heart Hero looks upon  
 The sunshine sea—with flattering tone  
 And playful soothes—the sunshine sea.  
 “Bright God! they say that thou beguilest,  
 That thine are false smiles when thou smilest:  
 Oh! they say false, bright God, of thee!  
 Man is false,—and in their blindness  
 Fathers hard of heart reprove,—  
 Thou art goodness all—all kindness,  
 Thou canst feel and pity Love.

## XII.

“All alone I linger'd pining,  
 This drear rock my steps confining,  
 Longing still for that dear guest,  
 —Bridge, nor bark,—but thou upborest  
 Him, whom thou each night restorest  
 To this idolizing breast.  
 Horrors strange, wild sea, within thee  
 Dwell—and fearful is the wave—  
 But the prayers of Love can win thee,  
 And thou wilt not wrong the brave.

## XIII.

“Sea-God! thy own heart with human  
 Love was touched, and beat for woman,  
 When the Ram of golden fleece  
 Helle, from an angry mother  
 Flying with her flying brother,  
 Bore o'er Euxine's black abyss.  
 Thou didst see and thou didst love her.  
 From below a whirlpool dread  
 Uprose thy dark arm and bore her  
 Down, far down, to Ocean's bed.

\* Tum variæ comitum facies, immania cete,  
 Et senior Glauci chorus, Inousque Palæmon,  
 Tritonesque citi, Phorcique exeroitus omnia.  
 Læva tenent Thetis, et Melite, Panopeaque virgo,  
 Nesæe, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque.  
 VIRG. *ÆN.* v. 832.

† Nox arcanis fidissima—  
 Tuque triceps Hecate.— OVID. *MET.* vii.  
 Nox et Diana quæ silentium regis, &c.  
 HOR. *EPOD.* v.

## xiv.

" With the God & Goddess she  
 Deep in grottoes of the Sea  
 Now a life immortal leads.  
 Lovers doth she love—still soothing  
 Wild waves—thy vexed passions soothing  
 Safe to port the bark she speeds.  
 Star-bright Helle!—power benignant!  
 Goddess mild, to thee I pray—  
 Bring to-night my own Beloved  
 Hither on his wonted way!"

## xv.

Dark and darker grow the waters,  
 And she lights the torch that scatters  
 Its feeble glimmer o'er the wave;  
 Rash hand!—why wake the signal light?  
 Why in this tempest-boding night  
 Lure thy Beloved to his grave?  
 From afar it roars and threatens—  
 Darker curl the billows drear—  
 And the stars from heaven are blotted,  
 And the hurricane is near.

## xvi.

Night falls heavy—lightnings quiver—  
 Like the down-pour of a river  
 From the heart of the black cloud  
 Desolating rains are gushing,  
 Winds from all their caverns rushing  
 Over main and marsh moan loud.  
 Whirling round in that vast whirlpool  
 Thousand bristling billows swell,  
 Ocean's ghastly bed the tempest  
 Bares, and lo!—the jaws of Hell.

## xvii.

" Misery and misery!—  
 Oh, in this calamity,  
 Father Jove, look down on me!  
 What if my mad prayer, that sought  
 Him in such a night, have wrought.  
 All this ill and agony—  
 From the tempest every sea-bird  
 Landward hastening wings its way,  
 From the tempest landward flying,  
 Every vessel seeks the bay.

## xviii.

" But be sure, that spirit daring  
 Onward through the surf is bearing,  
 Nerv'd with Love's celestial might;  
 Vowing swift return he parted,  
 And he will be here—true-hearted!  
 And he will be here to-night!  
 At this moment with the tempest  
 In fierce agony he toils,  
 And the savage whirlpool round him  
 Wrings and clasps its strangling coils.

## XVIII.

“ Pontus false !—and was that smiling  
 Face of thine but the beguiling  
 Smile of one that would betray ?  
 Wert thou mocking and deceiving,  
 Seeming but at rest while weaving  
 Syren snares to tempt thy prey ?  
 Till to mid stream thy allurements  
 Win him, whence is no retreat,—  
 Fiend-like then upon thy victim  
 All thy thronging terrors beat.”

## XX.

Hark !—the tyrant storm raves louder,  
 And the sea swells fiercer—prouder ;—  
 From the cliff with foam and flash  
 Back the frantic waves are scatter'd ;  
 See ! the oak-ribb'd vessel shatter'd  
 Bends and shivers in the crash.  
 In the wind with trembling glimmer  
 Fades and dies the watch-fire brand ;  
 Fearful night to brave the waters !  
 Fearful night to seek the strand !

## XXI.

“ Aphrodite ! hear me praying,  
 And the tempest's wrath allaying  
 Calm the Ocean, Ocean-born !  
 To the Winds Aurora rising  
 Shall behold me sacrificing  
 Lamb and steer with golden horn.”  
 Every God of Heaven she prays to,  
 Every Goddess of the deep,  
 To pour oil upon the waters,  
 And the wild winds sing to sleep.

## XXII.

“ Could my voice of agony  
 Reach thy green hall in the sea,  
 Mild Leucothea divine !  
 Thou, that, when the winds moan drearest,  
 To the drowning man appearest,  
 Here in sudden splendour shine !  
 Reach to him thy veil, inwoven,  
 Warp and woof, with mystery,  
 Spell, that folded round the bosom  
 Saves in perils of the sea !”†

## XXIII.

And the winds are hush'd—and panting  
 Up the eastern pathway slanting  
 Their course the steeds of Eos hold ;  
 Ocean smoothes his face of terror—  
 Peaceful lies the mighty mirror,  
 Resting in his bed of old.

\* Tres Eryci vitulos et Tempestatibus agnam  
 Cædere deinde jubet. VIRG. *ÆN.* v. 772.

† *Odyssey*, Book v.

Softly, with a playful murmur,  
 As upon the rocky strand  
 Break the gently heaving billows,  
 Lo! they waft a corse to land.

## XXIV.

He it is, whose promise plighted  
 Death hath seal'd; and,—reunited  
 Now,—one glance—she sees him there.  
 Moan is none nor tear-drop falling—  
 Statue-like the heart-appalling  
 Chillness of that calm despair.  
 From the wave that gives no comfort  
 To the blank sky see her glance,  
 And a glow of kindling triumph  
 Lights her pallid countenance.

## XXV.

“ Powers, with whom is no relenting,  
 — Unresenting,—unlamenting,—  
 I bow me to the will divine.  
 Ended is my course full early,  
 But I loved, and was loved, dearly,  
 And Life's fairest lot was mine.  
 Venus! while I lived, true priestess  
 Of thy temple I have been,  
 And I die, a willing victim,  
 Thine in death, celestial queen!”

## XXVI.

With hair flying and robes floating  
 From the turret, self-devoting,  
 See! she plunges in the wave,—  
 And, their holy forms receiving,  
 Ocean's God, in triumph heaving,  
 Bears them onward—is their grave.  
 Pontus, with the rich spoil laden,  
 Thrills, his living depths below,  
 Pouring from his urn exhaustless  
 Streams that will not cease to flow.



## SOUTHEY AND HIS POEMS.

THE world is, alas! become thoroughly unpoetical within the last twenty years, as compared with that same world such as we remember it nearly half a century since, when we first discovered that eyes were intended for some better purpose than staring out of a window at the passengers, foot, horse, or car-borne. That was indeed a period of brief, but most brilliant, poetic light. Before the time of which we speak, the spirit of poesy seemed to have made her last effort in Thomson's Seasons, and the lyrics of Burns—none dreamt of any thing greater than Hannah More's well-bepraised *bits* (the worst and tamest of all her writings), or the dull sweetness of Hayley. Cowper was known to comparatively few—as wit and melody, as knowledge of human nature and a power of description actually pictorial, were not sufficient to sweeten the dose of deep piety and sound theology by which they were accompanied. The profligacy of infidel France, and the fatalism or licentious sentiment of Germany, were believed to be in full possession of the Castalian spring; and British readers, instead of seeking to call forth native talent, came to the magnanimous conclusion, that it did not exist, and settled down quietly on the lees of Voltaire and Kotzebue. Then was heard a sound of harps, and a procession of bards commenced, the most gorgeous witnessed in any land, and continuing in their magic power for well nigh thirty years. It was as though Chaucer's Pilgrims had risen again, different in their tastes, various in their ranks and habits, but all making the same journey together, and causing the land through which they passed to resound with the voice of melody.

And here they come—Gifford, clad in the mantle of Juvenal, leading the march, and he who administered the knout to Jeffrey bringing up the rear.

"Then was the time for admiration; then  
Gods walked the earth, or beings more than men."

Crabbe, clad in linsey-wolsey, farmer-

like, moved along on a rough but powerful beast, just rescued from the plough, beguiling the way by tales of cottage or of copse; and near him, wimpled and robed, on a stately palfrey, came Joanna Baillie, twining again those tragic lays which Mel-pomene had torn asunder in despair when Shakspeare died. Rogers and Campbell, scholar-like and gentlemanly, on well-managed steeds, chanted as they went couplets as justly measured, and as finely polished, and as full of rich harmony, as Pope might have recited to St. John at Twickenham, or Dryden have reluctantly laid aside, when

———"a riba'd king and court  
Made him toil on to make them sport."

And hark! a loud guffaw! Whom have we here? By Momus, and Comus, and all that is risible and queer, the Ettrick Shepherd! He has been to the tomb of Burns for a relic, and here he comes with the "murderous pattle" which he has abstracted thence, riding on a rough cuddie; and now, he caracoles with the proverbial animation and brevity of that creature's gallop; and now, springing off, or tumbling off, as the change of position may be occasioned by his own will, or that of his charger, he runs along, only stopping to scratch some merry conceit in the sand with the uncouth truncheon which he bears. And who next? page-like, in the vesture of green, embroidered with shamrocks—he who bestrides a beautiful, but extremely vicious and diminutive Shetland poney—he who never says much at a time, and who is silent, unless when he can make the attempt to be brilliant—and whose vile little beast flings at all respectable passers-by whenever he is touched by the spur—'tis Thomas Little, or little Tommy, as you will; and if you ask his surname, you must be a sumph, and deserve a kick from his nag.

"Not to know him, argues yourself unknown—  
The lowest of your throng."

Listen to the little fellow singing!

Does he not put you in mind of a wren, from the compass and sweetness, though there may be a want of depth. Ay, there it is! *Anacreon's* own lyre; and stay, he has got hold of an Irish harp, and brings such music out of its wires as you never could have expected from such small, and soft, and jewelled fingers as his. We could listen to him for hours, only lamenting that he is so short-winded as rarely to get beyond a third stanza of any thing. But here comes another who *will* be heard, whether we like it or not—another bard of the *Horatian* stature, five feet nothing. He is a masquerader, too; dressed up in a winding sheet, and riding a white garron, that seems to have been stolen from a knacker, because it looked like a skeleton. With what sepulchral tones he sings, as he beats time on a scull with a huge thigh-bone. Why should he not? If *Young* used a scull for a candlestick to his *Night Thoughts*, may not that mad Monk there employ another, either as a musical instrument, or a goblet, as he drinks

"To the health of *Alonzo the Brave*,  
And his consort, the false *Inogenet*!"

And now comes *Bowles*, imagining the thoughts of *Columbus* on the Atlantic wave; and *Merivale*, winding the horn of *Roncesvalles*; and *Herbert*, awakening the *Runic* song; and *Lydell*, wreathed with the seaweed of *Cadmusay*, and pouring the mermaid's wailing through the wreathed shell which *Corrievrekin* had rolled to his feet; and—but here are a crowd of imitators and plagiarists, who have intruded themselves on the procession, with intentions of petty larceny. You fellows with the knouts, do your duty like men! England expects it from you!—Hark!—the kettle-drum resounds. *Laura Martin* is gone. *De la Crusca* roars—Hark! who's and drives—they fly in every direction, and a clear passage is left for the "masters of the mighty scull," who come together in a goodly fellowship.

Look at the sturdy figure on the white horse, who's shield, charged with an emblem of his own, is his bearing, and his lance as a genuine *Troubadour*. What he is, or what he does, is not read in his garb, any more than in the ballad

rhyme that flows spontaneously from his lips, the descendant of *Wat of Harden*—the last minstrel of the *Border chivalry*—the benefactor of his native

"*Caledonia*, stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child,"]

by drawing aside the veil of neglect that had been thrown over her beauties. And that calm, thoughtful looking man, who ambles by his side upon a well-trained mule, whom call ye him? He moves, communing with himself—and as he moves, he sings; but it seems as though his verses were unmeant for any ear save his own—so full are they of the workings of his mind, and of the deep metaphysical realities of the unsearchable intellect of man. 'Tis the hermit of *Rydal Lake*—'tis *Wordsworth*. Alas! that, even deserving as he is, that laurel should have encircled his aged brow. The third, who rides an unbroken steed, and needlessly stimulates its native fire to rush on every rude and broken spot, in preference to the beaten road—who so often leaves the train, as if to visit some scene of loveliness, but still returns without completing the object of his wanderings—who sings with such wild sweetness, but still in fits and snatches, like him

"Who left half told  
The story of *Cambuscan bo'd*."

Look at his bearing, and his garb, and you recognize at once

"The *mariner* whose eye is bright,  
Whose hair with age is hoar,"

and you long to follow him, erratic though his steps may be, for you know that their track will guide you to beauty, and sweetness, and grandeur.

The central figure of the group is one that will attract the gaze of future ages more potently than that of the contemporary spectators of this wondrous cavalcade, because our children and grandchildren will not have their attention distracted by so many claimants—some more animated in their movements—some more gorgeous in their attire—none striking the lyre with a more vigorous hand, or accompanying its vibrations with a song more free from imitative meanness.

Grave and sedate in his appearance, he does not awake the same sudden surprise as some of his fellows in the tuneful art; but when the procession was closed, and that eccentric youth, mask on face and knout in hand, is the last of the strange travellers, memory will recur to the sweetness and depth of the notes that rung on the ear, and thrilled the heart, while the plains of "La belle France"—the "sands of the scorching Zehama"—the rocky defiles of Gwynnedel, or the rich savannahs of Aztlan—the tangled jungles of Hindostan, or the wooded sierras of Asturias—rose to the mind's eye with the accuracy of delineation, which none other hand could have bestowed.

And now the mask of the latest rider in the party is thrown aside, and one appears, noble by birth as well as by the loftier aristocracy of talent. The pilgrim's robe sits gracefully on that bold horseman, and yet he abandons it for the capote and yatagan of the "dark Suliote," or the jacket and wide trousers of the Corsair. And well does every change of garb become him, and closely does the Muse attend every footstep of her highly gifted son, until, at last, in wayward recklessness, he calls forth the deep, burning blush of shame, by lyrics of profligacy, and strains of pollution. She weeps, but leaves him; and the chords of that lyre, which once had rivalled Alcæus' self, ring powerless on the pallid and disgusted ear.

They have passed away, like the shadows in the wizard's glass—and where are they? Dead—all save a few, who, lingering in an honoured old age, are virtually dead to those who may recall their past delight, by returning again and again to the

"Notes they used to love  
In days of boyhood;"

but cannot hope to have their spirits refreshed anew by the gushings forth of those springs of melody, which seem to be drying up for ever. Rogers, Campbell, Moore have long ceased to write—Wordsworth's sweet lines on the death of Southey are too probably the last notes of the dying swan—the rest are in "the narrow house." Last March saw Southey added to the band of those whose fame had been fixed by death; and when he was removed,

hopeless as his recovery from mental imbecility might have been, we felt that his relief from the burden of premature infirmity was effected by the quenching of one of the brightest lights that had shone upon the earlier part of this century, and that we knew not where to look for a poet. Perhaps, we said, our own De Vere, unless he imitate his honoured father in writing too rarely, as well as in giving expression to tenderness and beauty—perhaps Starkey—perhaps some other who has hitherto confined his dreamings to his own secret thoughts, may aspire to the laurel likely to be soon again vacant. But we could not then look to the future; our hearts were too deeply wrought with the recollections of the past.

And it is with the past that we would now deal, in putting on record our views of the poetic genius of Southey. Others may review his merits as one of the ablest of the prose writers of our age; and great and manifold they were; but we loved him as the bard—his melody attracted our boyish ear, and the judgment of manhood has confirmed what the quick intuition of childhood had decreed. Wherefore, it is the object of this brief notice to explain.

That Southey had imagination, none are so bold as to deny. That he could weave the harmonious line, and, when he pleased, add rhyme to rhythm, is a self-evident fact. That he was original, both in the themes which he chose and the manner in which they were elaborated, every reader will declare; nay, this has been imputed to him as a fault by his unfriendly critics. His varied learning is well known; his labour and severe caution in the preparation of his works for publication is evinced by the fact, that in a period of more than twenty years, he gave to the world *five* poems of any considerable length, one of which, the *Curse of Kehama*, was commenced in 1801, and not published till 1810;—a truly laborious system of correction and revision, when compared with the multitude of productions in a lesser space of time, to which some of his contemporary authors gave birth. Scott's five metrical romances were all published within ten years—all Byron's almost innumerable poems, with the insignificant (in every sense) exception

of "Hours of Idleness," issued from the press in less than fifteen. With all these requisites for popularity, does it not seem strange that Southey's works should for a long time have been "caviare to the general?" And yet not more strange than that "Paradise Lost" should have remained unnoticed and almost unread until Addison brought it into repute nearly half a century after it was first published.

The genius of a poet is not to be measured by contemporary praise. Truth is unchangeable; and therefore poetry, whose essence is in its resemblance to the reality of things, must be the same in every age. But fashion and taste are ever varying; and the style which is in esteem with the fashion of to-day may be rejected by the fashion of to-morrow. Tragedies in rhyme were the fashion at the court of Charles the Second—would they be tolerated by the courtiers of Victoria? Those masterpieces, as they were then deemed, have died and been forgotten; but the once despised tragedies of Shakspeare—the once neglected *Paradise Lost*—have survived in the admiration of successive generations—and must survive whilst the English language exists. Those poems which derived their popularity from the fashion of the day, have expired with that which gave them birth; but those which originated in a just conception of the truth, and have been completed with a suitably just accuracy of detail, must live—because truth is eternal.

Let us apply this truism—for it is no more—to some of the poems of Southey. We say, to some; because it is neither necessary nor just to require every work of a deceased author to be conformable to a certain predetermined scale, before he be permitted to occupy his niche in the temple of fame. We do not judge Shakspeare by his *Lucrece*, nor Milton by his sonnets, nor Byron by his *Hours of Idleness*; nor should Southey be judged by any of his works, save those which marked his mental idiosyncrasy. He aspired to be the founder of a poetic school; and boldly told the critics that he would

mark his style, both of thought and expression, as contra-distinguished from that of his contemporary bards, require our sole attention; and this renders it unnecessary for us to say any thing of *Joan of Arc*, and the minor poems; or indeed to say much respecting *Madoc*. Those first mentioned were not only his earlier efforts, before he had fully proved his strength; but, from the leading facts being matters of history, left not sufficient scope for the exercise of his inventive powers; and therefore, whatever might be their beauties, they were not characteristic of him and his genius.

In the four great poems which remain, Southey had but a meagre hint on which to found the whole superstructure of his fable. The idea of *Thalaba* was suggested by the mere statement of the existence of

"The Domdaniel cavern  
Under the roots of the ocean,"

made in the last volume of the continuation of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. Whoever will take the trouble of referring to the book, will see that however great may be the obligations of the public for the suggestion, Southey lay under none for any assistance in the completion of his fiction. The gypsy crone who crawls out of her wigwam by the road-side, in order to pick your pocket while she pretends to tell your fortune, is not more unlike the wild majesty of *Meg Merrilies*, than is the Domdaniel of the Arabian fabulist, with its ruler *Maugrabhy*—a cheating kidnapper—a thing of shreds and patches—to the Domdaniel of Southey, with its *Afreet* warder at the gate—its hell-baptized denizens—its *Zeraph*, and round altar, and living image—and the terrible fire, co-existent with its predestined destroyer; and yet, from this feeble fragment he wrought out the "speciosa miracula" of *Thalaba*. In *Madoc* he had rather more extraneous aid;—as, the local tradition respecting the discovery of America by that prince—the history of the reign of the usurper David, and his wars with Prince Hoel—and the narratives of the first voyage of Columbus, and the expedition of Hernan Cortez—have all contributed largely to furnish him with materials. But in the *Curse of*

"The Domdaniel cavern  
Under the roots of the ocean."

Those volumes, therefore, which

Kehama he is again the "maker"—Ποιητης. A single article in the Hindoo mythology, and a fragment from one of the Tales of the Genii, comprise all that he seems to have borrowed for his narrative; whilst the huge mass of Brahminic learning which he has accumulated, serves to fill in and to ornament the bold and graceful outline which he had imagined from a glimpse at a single feature—"ex pede Herculem." And his last, and perhaps stateliest poem—Roderick—has little that may not be properly called the poet's own. The wrongs of Florinda, and the victorious invasion of Spain by the Moors, are historical facts; so is the guerilla contest maintained by Pelayo. The national tradition asserts that Roderick survived the carnage of Xeres, instead of perishing in the Guadalete; that he spent the remainder of his life in self-inflicted austerities, and finally died most strangely, and was buried at Viseu. This is all that Spanish literature has furnished; the remainder is the creation of the poet's fancy. Here then we have four poems in succession, the result of the imaginative powers of one man; distinct and widely different in clime, in age, in plot, in costume, and in theology; no one of them bearing even a family resemblance to its fellow; and we declare them to be four unquestionable proofs of the unrivalled power of invention in their author.

But the conduct of the fiction is of no less importance to establish the poetic character of the writer, than is its invention; and here we think that the genius of Robert Southey is pre-eminent. It may be remarked of many other writers that their hero is invariable, however their plot may be altered; and it was once said of Dr. Johnson that, whatever might be the subject on which he wrote, his deficiency in the power of personification was so great, that in his lighter works you found Dr. Johnson every where; sometimes a London merchant—sometimes an eastern sage—sometimes a street-walker—sometimes the maid of honour to an Abyssinian princess—sometimes a school-boy—sometimes an housemaid—sometimes a worn-out debaucher—always and unchangeably Samuel Johnson. His grandiloquence as certainly betrayed him, as it is said

that Napoleon's boot enabled Josephine to detect him under his domino. In the same way, whichever of Byron's poems we may take up, the hero is Childe Harold, with the proper change of costume. We were at first inclined to have so far modified this assertion, as to have made an exception in favour of Sardanapalus, Beppo, and Don Juan; but from our recollection of these pieces—two of them the very worst productions, in every sense, of their noble author—we feel inclined to say, that they personify the same spirit of selfishness as Manfred and the Giaour, but that it is dressed up in the garments of an Epicurean instead of those of a Cynic. And the mannerism of Scott is notorious—so much so, that one of the arguments employed to identify him with the Beltenebros of the Waverley Novels, was the striking resemblance between the insignificance of the heroes of the poems, and the insipidity of those of the novels—to say nothing of a strong propensity manifested by both, either to fall sick, or run away from the constable. And whilst we are on this subject, we cannot resist quoting an opinion given to us by a man who was well acquainted with fictitious narratives both ancient and modern—the late Dr. Barrett—better known to the world under his ordinary appellation of Jackey Barrett. We were enjoying a long walk with him (and an enjoyment it was, from the overflowing abundance of his anecdotes, and the naive willingness with which he imparted them) about the time when *Ivanhoe* was published—sometime in 1820. We asked the Vice-Provost whether he had read it, and what was his opinion of its merits.

"Why," he said, "any one who has read one of the novels of that writer, has read them all. There's a hero that does nothing at all, and there's a villain or two, and a buffoon, and that's all about it."

Now there is nothing of this mannerism in Southey; and for the best possible reason. Instead of identifying his personages with himself, he reverses the process, and identifies himself with them. Wherever may be the scene of his action, or whatever may be the era of his actors, thither he mentally transports himself; and now he thinks as a French-

man of the fifteenth century—now as a Welshman of the twelfth. Placing himself not merely in the situation but in the circumstances of his hero, he gives a faithful, because a natural picture of the working of the human mind, in all its various phases; and therefore we find his different works consistent with their subjects and themselves. His Welsh chieftain is not a pensive colonel of light hussars, nor his young Arab a Cynic philosopher; his personages are not Southey in masquerade, betraying themselves perpetually by some awkwardness in sustaining their characters, or adopting in despair the undistinguishing domino of all the virtues, consistent or inconsistent, heaped upon an hero of the true Gias and Cloanthus race. In Joan of Arc his actors are purely French; but in the noblest state of the nation, ere it had degenerated to the ugly cross between the tiger and monkey, which had been half developed in the days of popish persecution, and the Wars of the League, but showed itself matured and rampant in the reign of terror. But in *Thalaba* he shows his power of identification with his hero immeasurably more than in Joan of Arc. He is, from the first announcement of the Death Angel to the bewildered orphan,

"Remember, Destiny  
Hath mark'd thee from mankind,"

the Arabian and the fatalist; strong in his faith, and almost undeviating in his course; until the moment when the fatal blow is struck, which fulfils his destined work, and dismisses his sad and wearied spirit to its rest.

In order to maintain this unity of character it is necessary that the poet should himself assume, for the time, the same views as the being personated; should imagine to himself the state of mind depicted, and the line of conduct which must be its result. He must treat the dogma as though it were *truth*, and reason on it as such; and make it pervade not merely the thoughts of the one actor in his tale, but the whole tissue of the tale itself, so that the incidents of the tale may appear the natural and inevitable consequences of this axiom, so to speak, laid down at its commencement. Now this is won-

derfully the case in *Thalaba*. There are but two instances in the whole poem in which the writer, when speaking in his own person, lays aside for an instant his counterfeited Moham-medanism; and in these we cannot but see that he was irresistibly tempted by the beauty of the allusion. One is when, during *Thalaba's* wanderings in the desert with Lobabu—

"In that burning waste the travellers  
Saw a green meadow fair, with flowers  
besprent,  
Azure and yellow, like the beautiful fields  
Of England, when amid the growing grass  
The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup  
shines,  
In the merry month of May!"

No Arabian poet could know any thing of England and its meadows; and therefore the lines in italics depart from the general accuracy of the personification. But the second fault is still worse, the temptation being less, and the abandonment of Islamism being *total*, in lines perfectly unnecessary for the completion of a passage already perfect in itself. It is in the apostrophe to Bagdad:—

"O yet illustrious for remember'd fame,  
Thy founder the Victorious, and the  
pomp  
Of Haroun, for whose name, by blood  
defil'd,  
Yahia's, and the blameless Barmecides'  
Genius hath wrought salvation; and the  
years  
When science with the good Al-Maimon  
dwelt.  
So one day may the crescent from thy  
mosques  
Be pluck'd by wisdom, when the enlight-  
en'd arm  
Of Europe conquers to redeem the east!"

Compare the last three lines of this quotation with the many places in *Roderick*, in which, personating a Spanish Christian, he speaks of the false creed of the Moors, and the gross impropriety as well as inconsistency of their insertion here will be self-evident.

We were on the point of adding to these a still more beautiful passage, as one of the splendid blemishes of *Thalaba*, but we corrected ourselves in time; and, in amends for our temporary error, produce it as an evidence



of the truthfulness of our bard. It is in the description of the unsuccessful effort of Khawla to melt the waxen image connected by her spells with the life of Thalaba:—

“In the raging flames  
She cast the imaged wax.  
*It lay beneath the flames,  
Like Polycarp of old,  
When, by the glories of the burning stake  
O'er-raulted, his grey hairs  
Curl'd, life-like, to the fire  
That haloed round his saintly brow.”*

We thought, as most of our readers probably have done hitherto, the introduction of Polycarp, as a saint and martyr, on such an occasion, a solecism of the very worst description; when, happily for our critical reputation, we recollected that it was an article of Islamism, that CHRIST was the *third* great prophet sent from heaven, and that until the coming of Mohammed—the *fourth*—all true believers were bound to obey him; and that, therefore, all Christian saints and martyrs, previous to the hegira, were to be had in reverence. A poet of inferior learning, or of less skill in adapting his information to the illustration of his tale, or more sparingly endued with the moral courage necessary to tell the truth, at the risk of being misunderstood or misinterpreted, would have omitted these lines, and have escaped all danger of censure; but Southey knew better; and there they stand, filling up their proper portion of the outline of the doctrine of the Koran.

Whilst on this subject, we must extend this digression a little further, to point out another instance in which a seeming error is only an additional proof of the accuracy of our author, and therefore of his faculty for identifying himself with the personages and circumstances of his tale. It is the striking passage in which Roderick, in his priestly office, receives the recantation of the dying Julian, and reconciles him to the church:

“Then to the altar tremblingly he turn'd  
And took the bread, and breaking it,  
pursued,  
‘Julian! receive from me the Bread of  
Life!’  
In silence reverently the count partook  
The reconciling rite, *and to his lips  
Roderick then held the consecrated cup.”*

“A blunder!” cries some critic of the smallest possible size. “The Church of Rome denies the cup to the laity; Roderick was a priest of the Church of Rome; argal,” &c. &c. Thus we thought ourselves, some five-and-twenty years since, on our first perusal of Roderick. But how stands the case with us now. Why, thus: The Council of Bracara, in the seventh century, condemned the practice of dipping the bread in the wine (the first important approach to the refusal of the cup). The battle of Covadonga was fought in the year 719, and therefore the transaction referred to above took place at that date. But this is not all. The Council of Clermont, in the close of the eleventh century, and therefore nearly four hundred years after the death of Julian, decreed that none should communicate without taking the body apart, and the blood apart, except upon necessity, and with caution. And, as a closing argument, we cite these words from Delahogue's tract on the eucharist (one of the class-books at Maynooth, by-the-by):

“It appears that from the very days of the apostles until the twelfth century, the custom prevailed in the Latin Church that the eucharist should be received by the laity in both kinds, as is observed in the Greek Church at the present day. But from the twelfth century the custom of distributing the eucharist to the faithful in one kind only was gradually confirmed, no one opposing it.”

Returning from this digression, we trace fresh proofs of this power of identification in Madoc. It is true that the semi-historical character of his personages in some degree fettered the poet, but only slightly; for his Cymri of the twelfth century are wonderfully like their descendants at the present day. We have spent many happy days among the Welsh mountains; and have met more than one gentleman there who bore, in our opinion, no small resemblance to the friends of the British Columbus. Generous, frank, and hospitable; alternately sedate and ardent; sensitive and impassioned, they might pass for a modern edition of Cadwallon and I'rien, and the other comrades of Madoc Ap Owen Gwynedd. And

what though they have the reputation, (and sometimes, we fear, deservedly,) of loving "cwrw dda," and being occasionally quarrelsome in their cups, Southey's noble prince and his shipmates do not appear to have been, by any means, the forerunners of modern teetotalism. The ferocious explosion on the subject of his hatred to the Saxons, when a Saxon lady, and that lady his sister-in-law, and queen, was sitting opposite to him, might induce a stern critic to surmise that the seawearied mariner had been pledging the Hirlas horn, or perhaps even "the great old pint of Beddgellert"<sup>\*</sup> pretty freely in honour of his safe arrival; whilst the expedient by which the troublesome advances of the American prince were eluded, shows that good Cadwallon was no novice at "sewing up" an inexperienced toper. But a truce to this small criticism; they are genuine Welshmen, and respectable specimens of the genus; and no one who has ever tasted St. Winifred's well can mistake them for any thing else.

In the *Curse of Kehama*, a new phase of this self-transformation of the poet is exhibited. Thalaba had embodied the spirit of faith in destiny; Madoc, that of prudent, far-sighted energy. Ladurlad is the Avatar of patient endurance; and Southey chose, with beautiful fitness, to personify his characteristic in a Hindoo. But in this, as in all his poems, he has adorned what he has touched, and imparted no less grace to the moral constitution of the worshippers of Marriataly, than to the glimpses which he displays of the misshapen abominations which they adore. Ladurlad is not represented as patient, either from stupid insensibility or dogged hopelessness. He might have described himself in the words put into the mouth of the spirit of Arvalan, as "all naked feeling and raw life," so exquisitely sensitive does he appear under the withering influence

of his fiery curse. The "home scene" in particular, where he is seen wandering round the spot endeared by the remembrance of happiness long since departed, and affection only chilled by the hand of death, represents him as one whose every heart-string was attuned to the tenderest sympathies of our nature. Hence, though the first stunning shock of the curse had stupefied him, and the prolonged sense of his misery had led him to the selfish wish to suffer alone, religious feeling and religious hope sublime the fortitude of a strong mind to patience; and this, the humble and believing expectation produced by the influence of reliance on the justice and goodness of a superior power, is the mainspring of his conduct from the time that he has conversed with the immortal inhabitants of Mount Heemahoot. The falsehood and absurdity of Hindooism does not militate against this view of a character essentially noble in itself. The truth of the fables of the Vedas is as necessarily assumed for the purpose of the poem, as the reality of the enchantments of Armida for the carrying on of the action of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*; and unjust, as well as relentless, must the critic be, who would insist that a poem whose very basis is a false mythology, should be made to harmonize with eternal truth.

But what shall we say of Roderick, the grandest picture of the working of remorse upon a noble mind that has ever been presented to our view? Here again there is a vast, though gradual development of character; from the first, and almost hopeless, agonies of self-loathing, with which the fugitive monarch clings to the cross—working on in the solitude of the hermitage—advancing in its intensity, whilst it deepens in its self-torture, as its object mingles again with the world which he had forsaken for a time—until, after penitence, and self-renunciation, and faith have restored peace to a deeply-wounded

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\* A large and antique pewter vessel, which is kept in the inn at Beddgellert, bears this strange misnomer. It holds two quarts. The landlord is bound, by long established custom, to give as much strong ale as it will contain to every one who can grasp it round the middle, not touching the handle, and drain it without drawing his breath. The waiter told us, about four years since, that he had witnessed the successful achievement of the adventure of "the old great pint" three times; and, as he was a very young man, we suppose that it is not a very uncommon exploit.

heart, he disappears from the field of victory as he had entered on the scene in the field of defeat. We cannot analyse this noble poem; the limits to which we must restrict ourselves in a publication like this, would not admit of our occupying so much space as would be necessary for even a popular review of the tale and its actors. We are therefore constrained to restrict ourselves to one personage; but that one, so full of dignity and importance, that all the others cluster round him, and derive their interest from their connexion with him. Florinda, Julian, Pelayo, Rusilla, Adosinda—all, in short, are but inferior figures, grouped around one central form of majesty—and that one the Royal Goth.

Roderick is then introduced to us, at the opening of the poem, as the guilty king of a still more guilty people. A great, though solitary crime committed by him, has given the occasion for the chastisement of a corrupt nation; and whilst he, in the misery of hitherto inexperienced defeat, imputes to himself the sin, and all its consequences, the poet, not only in the introduction of his hero to the scene, but often through the narrative, impresses on the mind of the reader the fact that the general corruption of the Goths in Spain had been the true cause of the calamity; whilst, notwithstanding the one flagrant transgression, the character of their monarch was generally unimpeachable. On a mind habitually free from offence, and naturally delicate and refined, as well as lofty and honourable, remorse works tremendously; whilst a weaker spirit would sink at once in the struggle, and a hardened offender would stifle its voice at once. Here, then, exist in the heroic and romantic Goth the finest materials for the display of mental conflict; and the bard has accordingly traced it with the most beautiful accuracy, throwing his actor into situations by no means impossible, and in the way in which he is led to them, scarcely improbable, and yet such as at once evolve the strongest workings of his sensitive conscience, and steep it in the bitterest agonies. He exhibits him first under the dread—not of death, for he has sought it fearlessly and lover-like in the battle-field—but of a terrible hereafter, seeking for relief in the telling of his

sorrows to a human ear; then, for a year, under the spiritual guidance of the saintly Romano, learning, in the lonely hermitage, those lessons of penitence, of self-command, of faith, and holiness, which never had reached his pre-occupied ear when on the throne. The hour arrives for which this discipline had been the training; his preceptor dies, and he is left alone with his conscience; the most terrible companion for the guilty, since its monitions have a solemn and awful severity even for the innocent. His mind preys upon itself; the natural consequences of asceticism are about to follow in fancied visions and spiritual conferences, which, to his wounded and morbid sensibilities, would end in despair. But conscience drives him into action; and in his first communings with the world, he is more deeply agonized than even in his solitude. For, turn where he will, his sin finds him out, and reproaches him; the triumphant crescent—the Muezzin's call to prayer—the veiled females—the unblushing renegade—and, worse than all, the conversation in the posada, where the wretched father, whose daughter had left him in his old age for a Moor, curses Roderick as the cause of her apostasy—these all remind him of what he has been, and of the manner in which he became the fallen thing he is. Perhaps the minute circumstance of the dethroned monarch staring with an idiot laugh at his own head on the piece of money given him in charity, is more impressive than all the rest, since marked with a nearer approach to the very wreck of mind.

But action always brings a balm to sorrow; and Roderick is called to action now. Invited by the heroic Adosinda to unite in repairing the mischiefs that he has wrought, he enters on the office of emissary from the Primate of Pelayo. We might dwell on the anguish of his reminiscences when, travelling with the good old Siverian, he is compelled to listen to the record of his own past glories from the lips of that faithful retainer of his house, or refer to his surrender of the crown, by doing homage to Pelayo at the tomb of his father. In this, indeed, the reality of his penitence is set forth; for what is the crown of Spain to one who seeks to

crucify his rebellious self? But the heaviest, severest trial is yet before him. Florinda, "the dear cause of his offence," becomes unexpectedly, but most naturally the companion of his journey from Cordova to the Asturian hills; and as naturally, after the long period which she had spent without the ordinances of religion, applies to him, as the first priest whom she had seen for months, if not for years, to receive her confession. A more striking situation has never been imagined; and had we for a moment entertained a doubt as to the poetical powers of Southey, that scene alone would have led us to vote the laurel to him above all competitors. We are writing for those who have read the poem—none else could rightly understand us; but we would entreat them to turn from our remarks to Roderick, and, when they have closely examined the passage, to say whether there be not in it such a display of imagination, combined with knowledge of the finest workings of the heart, as few but the late Laureate could have made.

Some have carelessly condemned this as improbable; but they must have forgotten the many similar tales in the records of the confessional—that remarkable one of Theodosius and Constantia in particular. Every circumstance favours it: the change which grief has wrought in the appearance of both Roderick and Florinda—his priestly cowl—the peasant's weeds in which she has fled from Cordova—the darkness of the night—and the judicious addition that—

"her face, raised from its muffler  
now,  
Was turned towards him, and the fire-  
light shone  
Full on its mortal paleness; but the  
shade  
Concealed the lamp."

The particulars of this strange confession are of course already too well known to Roderick—all, except those feelings and wishes of his penitent which had been hitherto concealed in her own bosom. None can read them without at once feeling that he must have been stung to the quick by every word that she uttered; and, admiring the art with which the poet points this out—not by reflection of his own,

or by colloquial interruptions from the royal monk, but by the expressions of Florinda, indicating that either by his motions or his groans he gave her reason to think that he was wearied by the length of her narrative, or displeased by some of his disclosures. She interrupts herself by such interjections as these:—

"Nay, hear me to the end!" . . .  
"Oh, bear not with me thus impatiently!" . . .  
"Ay, thou mayest groan for poor mortality—  
Well, father, mayest thou groan!" . . .  
"A little yet  
Bear with me, reverend father, for I touch  
Upon the point." . . .  
"O let me close  
The dreadful tale!"

showing thus incidentally that Roderick was writhing in a greater agony at hearing, than she at making such avowals. Such art as this is above our commendation; it is a new and beautiful application of the Grecian painter's veil.

But we must not linger, though fain, gazing at a picture which has drawn tears from our eyes every time that we have looked at it. The self-denial of Roderick again prevails, and again he finds a blessing in its victory. He goes on, evidently more at peace with himself, and more energetic in the fulfilment of his mission. But the conflict is still before him: he meets his mother, and has to maintain his reserve, even to her, for a time; because Florinda and Siverian are in her company, and he would not be known to them. One old friend, however, more acute than all the rest, detects and, to a certain extent, betrays him—his faithful dog. Southey has been taxed here with plagiarism from Homer, but, we think, unjustly; for no circumstance is more common than the instinct of the dog discovering his master under any concealment. In one point we consider Theron preferable to Argus, as the latter did not, the former did, occasion the detection of the disguised king by his mother.

A strong temptation is presented to him now, through the generous expressions of Pelayo towards him—no less than that of disclosing himself, and resuming the throne which his

noble-minded cousin was ready to resign to him ; but Roderick's penitent and self-renouncing heart had resolved on leaving that pre-eminent station to one who, having never disgraced a rank scarcely inferior to royalty in the hour of prosperity, could bring a brow unsullied by reproach to the kingly circlet in the time of peril and distress. His sole ambition now was, to do the duty of a Spaniard and a Christian in the obscurity into which his crime had plunged him, and to seek, by any lawful means, to avert the consequences of his former fault. He therefore takes, if not the most prominent, still the most active part, in the acclamation and consecration of his successor ; and having thus, by his own act, willingly confirmed his forfeiture of the crown, and feeling his peace of mind assured by this voluntary sacrifice, he fearlessly exposes himself to his mother's eye, and encounters his mother's recognition ; whilst, still in the spirit of true contrition, he rejects, as utterly unworthy, the praise which she gives, and the future renown which she holds forth, as the meed of his self-renunciation.

From this time the conflicts of Roderick are at an end. He has indeed much sorrow, but such only as is compatible with the peace of a mind fully reconciled with God. He preaches repentance in the most touching and affectionate, yet faithful and intrepid manner, to Julian in the midst of the Moorish camp, and is called the next day to the delightful office of reconciling him to the Christian Church, of obtaining his dying forgiveness, and receiving not only his last breath, but that of his angelic daughter. Then, when the name of Roderick has once again rung triumphantly from a field of victory, he flies from the eager search of those who longed to greet him as their champion and king, to the solitary cell of Viseu, leaving his latter days and place of sepulchre a mystery for centuries.

We have dwelt thus minutely on the grand idea running through the entire of Roderick, because it is by the clue thus obtained that we can most easily unravel the mazes of our poet's fiction. None better understood, none more sensibly felt, than Southey did, the greatness of the encomium bestowed by Horace on Homer—

"Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile,  
quid non,  
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit ;"

and aiming at this highest, noblest object of his delightful art, he was not content with pleasing, unless he could instruct also. That he could have written narratives full of the most surprising incidents, none who read his poems can deny ; that he could have rivalled the metaphysical and ethic compositions of Wordsworth, his minor poems, as well as isolated passages in his greatest works, abundantly attest. But he felt that the precepts of philosophy fall coldly on the ear, unless they are illustrated by example, or scenically represented by action ; and hence, in all his works, but especially in those three which peculiarly display the impress of his mould of thought, the action is but the development of a principle, without which the narrative loses much of its life and beauty. Read *Thalaba*, *Ke-hama*, and *Roderick*, without reference to the principles which they embody, and, though their beauties of description or incident must be apparent to all, still the appetite for the new, the wonderful, or the interesting is not always gratified. But if these poems be looked on as representing and embodying respectively the principles of faith, of patience, and of penitence, each part appears at once conducive to the end, and a great moral truth is enforced with the majestic completeness bestowed on it by the sweetest verse.

As our object is not to analyse the poems of Southey for those who have not read them, but to assist those who know and admire them to find the true object of their poet, our review may now close. We do not enter into the consideration of his minor characters, though we might have said much of the loveliness of such female actors as *Oneiza*, *Kailyal*, and *Florinda*, and might have extended our list of specimens of womanly purity, gentleness, and truth, far beyond the mere heroines of the various stories. We might have referred to his scenery also, so grand, so varied, and always so individual. His landscape, his streams, his clouds, his nights and days, are Arabian, Indian, American, Welsh, or Spanish, as the poem may require, but never belong

to that nondescript class so well beloved by poets who know that they must have such things in their tales, but, having never been taught by nature, are unequal to such sketching as can be learned only in her school. Southey copied nature, whether animate or inanimate; and hence his pictures are always just. We could have wished to have selected a few examples; but it is better for our readers to select for themselves; they cannot be at a loss any where; but if they will compare the walk of Pelayo up the vale of Covadonga with the ascent of Thalaba to the gardens of Aladdin—the moonlight scene in the desert, where the broken-hearted Zeinab wanders with her son, with the conversation by the “Fountain in the Forest,” in Roderick—or the description of Aztlan, the “Queen of the Valley,” with that of Maha-Baly-Poor, the sunken city, and the palaces of Shedad, they will admire the variety of

the outlines no less than the gorgeousness of the colouring.

We take leave of our subject with regret, feeling that, so far from having exhausted, we have merely touched it. We must not, however, conclude without putting on record what is, in our estimation, the highest glory of Southey—one indeed which justice bids us add he shares with Scott, and some more of our modern bards. No parent, no brother, no husband, need fear to place his poems in the hands of those most dear to him. No lover will ever be induced to doubt the purity of thought of his betrothed, if he should surprise her reading the pages of Southey. His reputation, either for delicacy, or for a firm belief in the doctrines of Christianity, has never been sullied by a single line that he has written. Would that the same could be said of all whose works have been eagerly received and ardently admired in our time!

#### CANOVA AND HIS WORKS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF C. L. FERNOW.\*

BEFORE the first half of the eighteenth century had entirely passed away, the scholars of Bernini had gradually suspended their laborious efforts to crowd the Churches of Rome with apostles, saints, and monuments. Sculpture, exhausted as it were by these overstrained exertions, had sunk into a state of such helpless impotence, that scarce one new work of any importance was executed in Rome during the twenty years which preceded the appearance of Canova. Cavaceppi was the only sculptor of the time, who rose to any reputation, and he was chiefly employed in the restoration of ancient statues for the various collections of Rome.

The blind enthusiasm which for a century had been wasted on the tasteless extravagance of Bernini and his school, had at length died away. The master-pieces of antiquity—thanks to

Winkelman and Mengs—were again restored to honour and reputation; and the tasteless productions which had so long been admired and almost deified, became repulsive to eyes purified by the study of the antique.

The apparent pause in the progress of art, between 1760 and 1780, was but a necessary prelude to a new development of its resources. It was not enough that the corrupt mannerism of preceding years should have entirely disappeared—its injurious influence must have also died away, a reawakened feeling for the purity of the antique must have called forth the desire for a higher excellence, in order to stimulate the effort to attain it. Prejudice must have ceased to usurp the seat of truth, and left the public mind unfettered and disposed to receive it. And thus, at the end of this dreary interval, every circumstance appeared

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to favour a better direction of public taste. But the master-mind was yet wanting to embody these higher aspirations in new and important works of art. It was under these circumstances Canova appeared, and began his brilliant and successful career. To him more than to any other man sculpture is indebted for her regeneration then, and for much of the favour and sympathy with which she is now regarded by the public. For some years he stood alone, being in fact the only artist in this department in Rome, who was capable of undertaking large works. Busts, copies from the antique, and subjects of smaller size, were executed in other studios, but scarcely a single statue of life size was elsewhere to be seen.

So long as he had no living rival in the public favour, (it was ten years later, that Thorwaldson's Jason gave the first promise of his future fame,) Canova was compared by his admirers to the greatest masters of ancient and modern times; and it was by no means unnatural that the enthusiasm of contemporaries should be disposed to overrate the merits of an artist, who like Canova knew so well how to flatter the taste of amateurs, and possessed in an eminent degree those qualities of heart and mind which win universal regard. But it is the privilege of great minds only, neither to be intoxicated by success, nor disheartened by adversity—and unfortunately Canova cannot be classed among their number. Indications that cannot be overlooked in reviewing his artistic career, prove too clearly that he did not escape altogether the influence of the unmeasured flattery of his panegyrists, by whom he was constantly surrounded as a prince by his courtiers. On the other hand, the rare gentleness, modesty, and simplicity of his character, happily counteracted in a great degree the effects of this unceasing adulation. Many of his works were ranked with the antique. Connoisseurs, who piqued themselves on their skill in all the refinements and mysteries of the art, preferred his Perseus even to the Apollo Belvidere. According to them the beauty of this ancient masterpiece had been equalled, while its faults had been skilfully avoided; and when, to the shame of the despoiler, the Apollo was carried away to Paris, they ventured to assert, that the loss was by no means

irreparable. So little did the artist himself shun a comparison with the antique, that when occasion offered, he placed the noblest works of Greece beside his own, and seemed to challenge a comparison. When, for example, his Perseus was exhibited for public criticism, or rather for public admiration, a plaster cast of the Apollo was placed on a lower pedestal beside it, and certainly to unpractised eyes played but an humble part, when compared with the marble statue of the Gorgon-slayer, aided by all the charms of exquisite finish as well spotless material, and placed in the most favourable light. In like manner, the "Hercules of Glycon in repose" stood for many years next to Canova's frantic Hercules, hurling Lycus into the sea—in order as it should seem that he might place the merits of his furious rival in the most favourable light. Every impartial spectator must have felt the folly, to say the least, of courting such comparisons; but in the first case it was especially unwise, as the artist's misconception of the character of Perseus, was thereby made the more palpably evident.

Nothing indeed but Canova's rare happiness in having no enemy, could have saved him from the disagreeable consequences of challenging criticism in a manner so naively daring. The flattering verdict of the Roman critics was amply confirmed in word and deed by the reigning pontiff. The Perseus and the Boxers were purchased for the museum of the Vatican, into which no statues save antique had hitherto been permitted to enter. A papal decree of this time, which announces Canova's appointment to the office of conservator of the arts and antiquities in the Roman statues, designates him as the rival of Phidias and Praxiteles! Such an apotheosis was never before granted to any modern artist, and not to mention the honour of a marquise, a distinction to which many artists had been raised before him, Canova had now reached the highest worldly honour, which success in the arts can bestow. Nothing now seemed wanting but that posterity should ratify the sentence. But what is the guarantee for such a consummation? His merit, say his admirers, attested by the public voice, and sanctioned by a papal decree. But in the seventeenth century, Bernini himself

was equally lauded both by the public and the popes. The self-same works, which posterity has pronounced the most extravagant aberrations of taste, kindled among his cotemporaries an admiration which spread with his fame throughout Europe. So small is the dependence to be placed on the judgment of even the most cultivated public, during the lifetime of an artist.

A frequent examination of Canova's works, with a constant reference to the criticisms of the public and those fundamental principles of art on which they ought to rest, has led to the conviction that future critics will find much to moderate and correct in the decisions of their predecessors. But before we enter on a critical examination of the works, we will briefly state the principles on which we ground our judgment.

Among the arts whose aim is purely æsthetic, sculpture has the narrowest sphere, the simplest object, the severest precision of her forms. But despite these apparent restrictions, she alone can embody the ideal of the beautiful in its highest purity and strictest individuality of character. No art of antiquity so completely accomplished its aim, or left such perfect models for the guidance of all succeeding ages. In none is it more difficult for the moderns to equal the ancient masters, in none less possible to surpass them. The ideal of the human form has been carried to such perfection in the ancient statues of the gods and heroes of Greece, that modern art may seek in vain to reach a higher point of excellence in this direction; the very motive for efforts so lofty has ceased for ever to exist, unless she should vainly soar into the regions of the unrepresentable. But though the highest summit has been gained, the sphere of this art is by no means wholly preoccupied. The power of being new and original within the limits of the antique ideal is by no means denied to the modern artist. Despite the wondrous diversity of character in the ideal creations of ancient art, the source of its inspiration is still unexhausted. If the modern artist is resolved to be something more than a mere copyist of the ancients, if he has for his aim at being new or original by striking into by-paths at the expense of good taste, he must necessarily create new characters, and through them enlarge the

sphere of ideal art. But this can only be accomplished by a strict adherence to the *style* of the antique.

In sculpture as in every other art there is but one pure and perfect style, even as there is but one sound and true standard of taste. The former is determined by the distinctive form or by the essential character of each species of being as manifested in the peculiarities of its structure; the latter is grounded on the natural constitution of the human mind. Both, therefore, from the objective and subjective necessities of the case, are essentially unchangeable in their nature. Both assist and combine in the production of the beautiful in art, both are made sensible to our minds by the harmonious activity into which they are thrown in its presence. If the artist deviates from the pure style, he of necessity deviates also from the path of good taste—for the former is in fact but a representation—a reflection of the other. The great majority of modern sculptors must plead guilty more or less to such a deviation. No one has fully satisfied the demands of a pure style. The most eminent, who inferior perhaps to none of the ancient sculptors in ability, have felt the power of being original strong within them—knew not the laws to which even originality must bow, ere it can attain to true excellence. Instead of showing their originality merely in the creation of new types of character, while in style they reverently followed the antique, it was in this latter precisely, that they sought to display their invention, and drew from their own personal caprice a manner peculiar to themselves, in which but too often every trace of good taste was all but utterly lost. Thus too, in our own day, sculpture, with her sister, painting, still wanders from one manner to another, without recognizing the true aim of art, so clearly revealed to us in the works of the ancients; while each not unfrequently mistakes her own distinctive character. Sculpture seeks to paint in marble, painting transfers the abstract ideal of ancient sculpture cold and lifeless to the canvass. It would indeed be fortunate for art, if every master who exhibits a new manner was also able to originate new forms, and thus enrich the art not merely with works of sculpture, but with new

conceptions. But modern art commonly fails in character as well as in style. Poor and unmeaning figures seek too often to conceal utter inanity beneath affected grace, and the absence of mind under technical dexterity and charms that are wholly material, or endeavours to supply their entire want of truth in the expression of the passions, by the pretension of exaggerated forms and gestures.

We have said that the sculptor in using his undoubted privilege to be new and original, must yet adhere to the style of ancient art, and that every deviation from it is an error of taste. This brings us to the definition of style.

The style of a work of sculpture is the æsthetic character which belongs to it in so far as this depends upon the object; and this character is determined in every art by its peculiar ideal, and in each single representation by the relation which exists between the individual and the ideal, as grounded upon the nature of the object. We will endeavour to make this clearer.

The species man has its definite form, which, for each of the two sexes respectively, must and can be originally and essentially but *one*. There is therefore one ideal of the male and another of the female figure, which are the fundamental types for all the individuals of the species. These distinct ideals are again united in the higher merely mental notion of *man*, abstracted from all distinction of sex, but which can of course have no representative in nature.

Neither is the pure ideal form of either sex ever realized in actual nature. It is the indeterminate *type* or *scheme* of the innumerable creations of nature which may float before the mind of the artist, and which he may certainly realize in a far higher degree than in any living original, but can as little pretend to embody in all its perfection, as the mathematician can hope to produce the pure ideal of a triangle or other geometrical figure. In order to be presented to the senses it must assume a definite form, and therefore an individual character. So too in nature, in every separate existence the specific form is manifested through the individual, consequently more or less modified by it. In every separate being therefore there necessarily exists

a certain relation between the general groundwork of the specific form and the individual modification, which, as is evident from what we have already said, is merely the collective sum of the accidental variations from the *general*. It is this relation which determines the distinctive character of the individual as æsthetically conceived by the spectator and æsthetically represented in art, in a precise and suitable ideal.

To avoid misapprehension we must further observe, that the idealized individual of art is distinguished from the actual individual of nature by its always representing a particular *class* in the species; it therefore stands one step higher than the latter, which merely represents its own individual existence. Inasmuch as art can thus express the essential qualities of a particular class in one individual, it rises above the common level of nature, omits the faulty, accidental, and unmeaning, without sacrificing the characteristic. On the contrary, freed from all that is casual, it appears in the ideal individual still more pure, perfect, and palpable.

Every ideal of art is such a representation of a particular conception of the species in a corresponding form. When a natural object is merely reproduced in all its existent reality, it is a likeness, a portrait, which demands an appropriate treatment in order to be entitled to rank as a beautiful work of art.

Thus it is manifest that the style of sculpture rests upon an unchangeable foundation—namely, on that of the specific type of the human form; while the precise character is determined in each case by the particular variation, or, in other words, the individual element.

The style of sculpture, therefore, in essentials (that is so far as it presents under a particular form the primary ideal, which, in its absolute purity, is always *one and the same*) is and must be single and uniform; but there are innumerable variations of character with which the primary type may be invested, and by which this *one* style may be modified to an almost unlimited extent. On this ground also rests the truth of the above assertion, that the artist may be original in his characters, but in style must scrupulously adhere to the antique, in

which the ideal of form is developed with the utmost purity and perfection. The more perfectly he satisfies both these demands of his art, the more excellent will be his work; and if it ever be possible for the moderns to equal the sculpture of antiquity, or to emulate the ancients successfully, it can only be in the way we have pointed out.

Style embraces all the elements of representative art, but in sculpture applies chiefly to the Form. The individual, as well as the ideal character of a figure, (and every work must possess this two-fold character, which makes up the ideal of art,) can only be expressed by its forms and proportions, and both these depend in each particular case on the nature or essence of the represented object. Hence, to measure the proportions of the antique, which vary in every statue, and hope by these means to penetrate into the mysteries of ancient art, is unprofitable labour, if it be not the constant aim of the artist to discover in the multifarious varieties before him, the fixed ideal proportions of the specific form, as modified in every instance by its particular character.

Ancient art, in its gradual progress, always directed towards the ideal, derived from nature herself the essential elements of form and proportion, as she exhibits them in man, in the various modifications of his physical structure. These elements, reduced to a system of practical rules, formed a certain foundation, and was adhered to with a scrupulous fidelity, which may be easily recognised in all the works of the period, however different in subject; or, as we might rather say, the complete system of ancient art was distinctly visible throughout its whole extent, and each single work is an application of its principles to a particular case. The spirit and system of ancient art, therefore, can be learned only by the most comprehensive survey of all its remaining monuments: but unless the spirit of the *whole* be clearly seen and distinctly comprehended, single works are little more than beautiful hieroglyphics torn from their proper connection, and unintelligible to unlearned eyes. And since the most comprehensive survey of the existing remains of antiquity must still be far from complete, the philoso-

phy of art, grounded on the perception of its aim, must supply by theory and inference what is wanting to observation. The style of a work of sculpture also most especially applies to its expression, as manifested in the air, attitude, and action of the figure. So far as it is physiognomical, it is determined by the character uniformly diffused over the whole form. In as far as it is pathognomical and mimetic, it is determined by the situation and that precise moment of the action of which it is designed to be the visible expression. In every work of sculpture, the expression, like the form, should be at once both individual and ideal. But this ideal-individual expression, like the ideal-individual form, is entirely the work of the life-giving genius of the artist, which breathes like a creative spirit over the chaos of the rude material, separates the merely accidental from each different kind of expression, and represents only that which is essential, important, and characteristic.

We must content ourselves here with having merely laid down the chief conditions of style, and the reasons for which we maintain that the modern sculptor can never deviate from the style of ancient art without detriment to the aim he has in view.

The individuality of antique sculpture, though drawn from nature herself, is never mere imitation of any actual existence, but a creation of the imaginative power, for which her individual forms supply no more than the groundwork. This creative power is the very foundation of sculpture and of all genuine artistic genius; it is one of the rarest gifts of nature, without which no true originality, consequently no characteristic representation of an æsthetic idea, is possible. Even amongst the Greeks it was a rare endowment. Among the multitude of their sculptors, it was given but to few to represent the idea of a divinity or hero in such fulness and perfection, that the ideal-individual character was, as it were, entirely exhausted. When it was attained, it remained the permanent type for all representations of the same subject. That the ideas of the ancients were not mere assemblages of the beautiful parts of nature mechanically put together, but were organically created

in the imagination of the artist, is proved by the pervading unity, the harmonious combination of all their parts into one living, meaning whole, and the expression of a uniform character diffused over every part.

It is worthy of especial remark, that the works of ancient sculpture invariably present a purely objective representation of the particular hero or divinity, without a single trace of any subjective admixture. If this be the pervading character of ancient art in general, it is most strikingly revealed to us in sculpture. Freed from every bias peculiar to those who created them, the works of ancient Greece stand before us in all their marked diversity of character—hence there breathes but one spirit through all the noble relics of ancient sculpture. The diversities which we perceive in them are but modifications of the same style. In the different steps of its development we never detect the particular manner of this or that school, or this or the other artist. Perhaps such differences of manner might have been observable while it was still possible to survey the entire field of ancient art, and compare all the works of the different schools and masters; but certainly they were so subordinated to style, that they were never allowed to prejudice the objective purity and character of the statue.

This æsthetic self-negation may have been more easy to ancient than it is to modern artists, since in them a more definite national character, the greater harmony and unity of their perceptive and intellectual nature, and a more confined circle of ideas, induced a greater uniformity in the range of their conceptions. Imbued with a true and correct feeling for nature, the efforts of ancient art, even from the earliest period, were directed towards its real aim, and under the sure guidance of a genial understanding, thoroughly imbued with a love of the true and the beautiful, reached a height of perfection, to which, with all our academies, metaphysical theories, and æsthetics, it will never rise in our day again. It is a principle that has gained currency in modern times, that every artist leaves the impress of his character upon his works. The ancient artist was entirely lost sight of in his. In the present day it would

not be difficult to collect the individual character of many of our artists from their productions. Among the ancients we rarely find even a trace of theirs. This is a speaking evidence of the severe and universal authority of the principles which guided them in practice, and of the judicious culture of their happy instinct for art. On the contrary, the obtrusive individuality of modern works, which frequently injures their objective character by its uniformity and its mannerism, is a melancholy proof that modern art still suffers from the want of any fixed system of rules; and modern artists, from the want of a well-grounded course of instruction in the fundamental principles of art. There are but few exceptions to this general censure, and Raphael stands almost alone among the moderns, on the highest step of objectivity. But it may be asked, is then an artist to possess no distinctive character of his own? By all means, he is; but let him carefully distinguish that objective power which is the source of all true originality, from that subjective individuality which introduces a foreign element into any work of art. The former reveals itself in the power of forming new types of character, or placing those which previously existed in new situations. The latter can only display itself in mannerism, which must never be confounded with originality. Originality extends the domain of art, and enriches it with new forms—manner narrows it to an individual, and therefore imperfect mode of conception. True originality is self-dependent—mannerism is one-sided, and frequently a mere imitation of some peculiarity or another. The artist's talents may indeed be limited to some particular sphere of his art, but within this sphere his originality may unfold itself without hindrance. Genuine talent for art is a rare gift of nature, but the rarest of the rare is the all-comprehensive spirit; and it has probably never been given to any single individual to compass with equal success the opposite poles of art—the sublime and impassioned, as well as the lovely and attractive. Nature has herself prescribed bounds to the flight of genius, beyond which it vainly yearns to soar—but within the prescribed limit the inborn power should be judiciously developed to its fullest



extent. Despite these necessary limits, which are based on the various modifications of the æsthetic feeling, there still prevails in the most opposite spheres of art, but one and the same style, just as all the modifications of the æsthetic feeling converge to the feeling of the beautiful as their common centre. In all, one and the same ideal is the common ground-work of style; it is only the characters of the artistic ideal belonging to each several sphere which can differ, and to these the style itself must be strictly adapted in each individual instance, without renouncing its ideal ground-work, which is essentially the same in the Jupiter and the Ganymede, in the Hercules and Apollo, in the Juno and the Venus.

The true meaning of the assertion that there is but *one style*, may at first sight appear to contradict another principle, namely, that each figure must have its own style. But, both express the same meaning, only in different words. For style, we repeat, is the æsthetic character of a work of art, as inherent in the object—it springs from the relation between the specific form and the individual modification of it. This relation must exist in all works of art, and so far the style is in all essentially the same. But in every artistic ideal this relation receives a different shape, and out of this difference arise multiplied varieties of character. Thus far, every work of art has a style of its own, in accordance with the peculiarities of its character, but this style can only be a modification of that *one style* which is the æsthetic character generally of all the manifestations of art.

Since we here approach so closely to the idea of the beautiful in art, we add a few words in passing, for the consideration of those who maintain that it consists entirely in the characteristic, and who cannot comprehend that truth and beauty, both in idea and reality, are totally distinct, although blended so intimately in art as to make but one individual impression.

In the artistic ideal, which always consists of two elements, the permanent type, and the individual variation from it, by which it is limited to a precise ideal, the beautiful pertains to the former of these elements—the

characteristic, on the contrary, arises out of the latter. As without an individual limitation of the ideal, no visible manifestation could be possible, so, too, no beauty could exist without truth; and the individual character which limits the ideal, defines in each case the kind of beauty most appropriate to it. But this by no means justifies us in assuming that truth and beauty are the same quality. Beauty, therefore, belongs principally to the style, truth to character.

In the individual works of nature, beauty appears as an accidental quality, for in them the specific form is frequently overpowered by the accidental variations, so that it disappears as it were beneath them, or is obscured by their preponderance. But, for this very reason, they are only the more characteristic, nay, often approach to the very verge of caricature, which deviates so widely from the primary type of the species, as to disfigure it seriously.

It is only in the ideal of the human form, which excludes all that is accidental, that beauty appears as a necessary element—involved as it is in the essence, it must be outwardly displayed in the specific form of man. Beauty is inherent also in every artistic ideal in which the specific form ennobles, and prevails over the individual. An artistic ideal is therefore the more beautiful in proportion as the specific form is pure and conspicuous, and the smaller are the deviations from it; and on the contrary, the artistic ideal is the less beautiful, but more characteristic, in proportion as it circumscribes the specific form by strongly marked individual modifications, and thus approaches more nearly to the forms of actual nature. Beauty, therefore, so far from coinciding with the characteristic, although to our perception blended in one common feeling, differs from it in its essence, as in its source—as, to use a trite comparison, yellow differs from blue, though in their combination, green, they appear as one colour.

It is evident from what has been said on the nature of sculpture, that how different soever the spirit of our time, the tone of our culture, our religious, our social condition, our habits, and the whole range of our conceptions, from those which pre-



vailed formerly—still the aim, consequently also the style of ancient and modern art, are essentially the same; to us, as to the ancients, it can be no other than the manifestation of beauty in the ideal, under certain conditions of character. If it cannot be shown that the specific form of human nature is different in the modern, the ideal of form, and consequently the style of modern sculpture, must necessarily be the same as among the ancients. And if it be conceded that we moderns can practise sculpture at all, it can only be under the guidance of those principles (however different be our subjects) which carried the sculptors of antiquity to such perfection. In the invention of new combinations, as has been already remarked, the modern artist has free scope for the greatest possible extension of the domain of his art; but in the style of representing them there is but one path, and this the ancients have pointed out to us; the artist of our day, as far as style is concerned, has therefore no choice but to follow faithfully *the style of the antique*.

If we now proceed, on these principles, to pronounce our judgment on the most celebrated modern sculptors and their works, we shall, perhaps, draw upon ourselves the charge of undue severity. But when certain works have been ranked by the public with the highest of antiquity, we cannot see the injustice of instituting a critical comparison, or of testing their value] by the highest and only true standard of art. If it should ultimately appear that modern sculpture has been overrated, it would only prove what every really impartial critic has already admitted, that hitherto no modern has rivalled, far less excelled, the sculptors of antiquity. Moreover, a strict examination, based on the true principles of art, is the only] means of arriving at a precise and trustworthy opinion of the merits of a modern artist—though, at the same time, we must not lose sight of the various external circumstances, his period, his talent, and the other inevitable and controlling influences to which he is subjected. If modern artists, in the production of their works, have mistaken the principles of the ancients, or had the models of ancient sculpture less constantly before

their eyes than they ought, still the critic must not be deterred from judging them by those models and principles, which, in his estimation, are the only true and correct ones. Or else, it must be proved that modern art has other principles to guide it, and is consequently to be measured by another standard.

Among all the sculptors of modern times, none has possessed the gift of genuine originality, or the genius for producing individual characters, in so high a degree as Michael Angelo; or rather, indeed, he only has possessed it. His works, stamped with a peculiar and strongly-marked character, are ideal creations of the imagination. They are pregnant with all the energy and greatness of his spirit. The works of ancient sculpture threw the first ray of the ideal into his soul. But the originality of his forms, the wild gigantic grandeur which distinguishes them, he could not have learned from any ancient model; they are the offspring of his own creative-spirit, the impress of his own individual soul. All the ideal forms in his sculpture, as well as in his painting, are giants of a particular race, as different from the gods and heroes of the Greek world of art, as from our common human nature. The style of his works, like their character, is always grand, and always directed to the ideal; but his grandeur is never pure, rarely accompanied by beauty, generally alloyed with the accidentals of common nature, often little more than common nature on an enlarged scale, as is seen in his Moses more especially, and the allegorical figures on the monument of the Medici at Florence. The grandeur and power of his works belong to the individuality of the artist, but not always to the objects represented, intimately as they may appear blended with their character; hence the uniformity of expression, however varied the subject. Every where the daring manner of the artist obtrudes itself in his works, in the gigantic forms and proportions of his figures, in their vehement action and strongly-contrasted attitudes, in the dark and defying sternness of their gestures. The exaggerations of Michael Angelo's manner is only endurable in his works, because it is associated with true grandeur, with extraordinary feeling, and profound knowledge, and

so has been transferred as a constituent into the very character of his creations. That it is *manner*, strictly speaking, is proved by the uniformity of the impression produced by all his works; but through all this uniformity bursts the light of an original mind, and the sublime genius. If modern sculpture can in any case lay claim to a character of its own, it is assuredly in the works of M. Angelo; and if he had fulfilled the demands of art with regard to purity of style, and objectivity in manifestation, in at all the same degree as he satisfied those of characteristic individuality in his paintings and his sculpture, his works might have claimed the name of classical among the moderns; but by impurity of style and mannerism of expression, they have forfeited this distinction. It might, perhaps, have been possible for the Greek school, with its fixed rules, and systematic treatment of art, to have subjected this stubborn and gigantic spirit, to have tempered his wild daring to a calm and noble grandeur, and raised his original manner to a purer style. But in his age, when only a few fragments of ancient art had been rescued from the tomb of destruction, and the moderns, with uncertain steps, still tottered in the leading-strings of imitation, his genius could only follow its own strong impulses. Grand and vehement, like the creative genius of an Æschylus, a Dante, and a Shakspeare, he broke through the narrow limits of his art, and raised it, by his mighty arm, to the lofty region of the ideal; but, like them, too, he was incapable of moulding it to that beautiful union of genius and taste which Phidias and Sophocles, and, among the moderns, Raphael was privileged to effect, and which alone can give birth to works truly classical. Michael Angelo's merits, like his faults, are thus exclusively his own; but he has still a rightful claim, founded both on his original and truly plastic genius, and his profound knowledge of the human form, to the first place among modern sculptors. Anatomical correctness of form is, indeed, the mere means to an end, and, in æsthetic criticism, is not taken into the account, as in each case technical correctness is always pre-supposed; but the artist is bound to give to it his earliest attention, as a first and ne-

cessary condition of beauty; and it is as essential to the artist to have this means completely at command, as it is to the poet to have a perfect mastery of the prosody and grammar of his language—both are the necessary conditions of every classical work, for correctness is always the real groundwork of beauty. The study of anatomy is of such vital importance to the artist, that even great talent has sometimes failed to attain the excellence otherwise within its reach, because a well-grounded knowledge of the bodily structure was wanting. Without its aid the most fertile imagination can never embody its creations.

The sculptor, especially, whose art is strictly limited to Form, must thoroughly understand the structure and mechanism of the human frame in all its minutiae, and be completely master of all the leading outlines of its form. Then only his imagination can proceed, without obstruction, in accordance with the demands of his art, to mould and embody its creations. We should not have here touched upon this point, if we did not suspect that the want of precision, truth, and firmness of outline, which is to be seen in most of Canova's works, was partly owing to the want of a well-grounded knowledge of anatomy. It is true, that a preponderating inclination for the soft, tender, and melting, may seduce even a well-grounded artist into a want of decision; but a predilection of this kind is frequently itself in the way of any thorough course of study. Michael Angelo's anatomical knowledge was so great, so extraordinary, that it may be doubted if any ancient master, if even the creators of the Laocoon, the Borghese Gladiator, and the Wrestlers, possessed a deeper insight into the structure and mechanism of the human frame. But they made it subordinate to the real aim of art, the true and beautiful delineation of the object. Michael Angelo, on the contrary, gloried in his learning, and too often blended the means with the end. The greater number of his works seem to be designed and arranged purposely to display his amazing knowledge of anatomy. It was, however, eminently useful in his paintings no less than in his sculpture, and renders them an inexhaustible school of design for all

artists. No painter has more thoroughly understood the mechanism of the human frame, or given such relief to his figures on a flat surface, as Michael Angelo.

About a century after him, Bernini gave quite a different form to sculpture. He was the originator of a new manner, the founder of a numerous school, whose sway extended over the whole of Europe, and continued down to the middle of the last century. The talents of this artist were great, vigorous, and prolific, but his taste was as remarkably extravagant. Destitute of the creative power which reveals itself in the production of new combinations, his ill-regulated efforts after originality were unhappily directed to the style of art, which, in the very midst of the master-works of antiquity, he misapprehended and debased in an inconceivable manner; as though he would annihilate all truth and beauty in art, and leave it entirely at the mercy of the most unbridled fancy. In truth, extravagance of taste could scarcely be carried further in sculpture than in the works of Bernini and his school. Bones of exaggerated size, muscles swoln into mountains, in his men; soft, bloated flesh, voluptuous forms, surpassing even Rubens, in his women; ill-formed, scrofulous children; draperies, to be compared only to the waves of a stormy sea suddenly turned into stone; distorted features, frantic faces, wildly dishevelled hair and beard; attitudes in violent contrast, the gestures of insanity, impetuous movements, without aim or reason; and a treatment of the marble, giving it, by high polish, an almost gelatinous softness, are the chief beauties of that style, which, in its day, enchanted the amateur and connoisseur, and inundated France and Italy during a whole century with its deformities. But it was not sculpture alone that was

thus misused, a similar corruption of taste prevailed like an epidemic in all the other departments of art. Marino and his followers, in poetry—Lanfranco and Pietro da Cortona, in painting—Borromini, in architecture—were all guilty of like extravagance: but the enormities of Bernini were the greatest—most repulsive. Strictly speaking, this hateful manner had been transferred to sculpture from painting, and Algardi had already laid the foundation of it: but in his hands it was kept within bounds; Bernini alone had the hardihood to introduce into sculpture the license which Lanfranco and Pietro da Cortona permitted themselves in their ceilings and cupolas.

Canova is the third artist who has marked a new epoch in modern sculpture; and perhaps, as the founder of a new manner, he is also to be considered the head of a new school. Soon after his appointment as inspector of the papal museums, he was invited to Paris by the then First Consul, to execute his likeness. If his manner had once been introduced into France, he might, like Bernini, have ruled the taste of Europe, from Rome and Paris. But since this period several clever artists have appeared in Rome, and undertaken works of importance; the French academy has been also re-established, and its pupils have strictly adhered to the manner of their own school, and by a healthful emulation divided the interest of the public. The overweening predominance of one manner, which soon calls up a host of lifeless imitators, and might have drawn away the attention of the young artist from the study of the antique, was thus at least retarded, as was certainly to be earnestly desired, for the interests of modern art.

We now proceed to the examination of Canova's works in detail.

## ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. F. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &amp;c. &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"NAY, do not drag me so; I will go right willingly, my masters," cried poor Diggory Falgate. "I was there with them upon compulsion. It is hard to be made prisoner by one's friends as well as enemies."

"Hold thy prating tongue, liar," replied one of the troopers who were bearing off the painter across the country towards Hull, which lay at about ten miles' distance; the course that the earl and his party had pursued having been rendered, by the various accidents of the journey, very circuitous. "Hold thy prating tongue, liar, or I will strike thee over the pate. Did we not see thee at their heels, galloping with the best?"

"But no man can say that he saw me draw a sword in their behalf," answered Falgate.

"Because thou hadst no sword to draw," rejoined the man. "And thou mayest be sure that to-morrow morning thou wilt be swinging by the neck, in the good town of Hull, for the death of Captain Batten and the rest."

"I killed them not," said Falgate in a deprecatory tone.

"What! wilt thou prate?" rejoined the trooper, striking him in the ribs with the hilt of his sword. But at that moment one who seemed in command rode back from the front, and bade the man forbear.

"Come hither beside me," he said, addressing Falgate, who, in the darkness, could not see his face to judge whether it was stern or not. "You are a Malignant—deny it not, for it will not avail you. You are a Malignant; and the blood of Christian men has been shed by those who were with you. Your life is forfeit; and there is but one way by which to save it."

"What is that?" asked Falgate. "Life is not like a bad groat, only fit to be cast into the kennel; and I will save mine if I can."

"That is wise," answered the sol-

dier. "You can save it if you will. You have but to tell truly and honestly who they are who were with you, and what was their errand in these parts. You know it right well, therefore deny it not."

"Nay, I do not know, right worshipful sir," replied the painter.

"I am not worshipful," answered the man; "but if thou dost not know, I am sorry, for thou hast lost a chance of life."

"But only hear how I came to be with them," cried poor Falgate. "I met the long-nosed man by chance in Hull; and finding him in godly company, and some of the governor's people with him, I thought there could be no harm in going with him to York, whither business called me."

"But he in the buff coat," asked the soldier, "who is he?"

"Of him I know less than the other," rejoined the painter; "for he came up with us on the road, as we stopped at a little inn to bate our horses. There was with him then a Colonel Warren, who, after leaving us returned to Hull with a pious man, one Stumphorough, who had with him a troop of horse"—

"We know all that," replied the soldier gravely. "But as it is so, you must prepare to die to-morrow. I say not that you lie unto us. It may be that you speak truth; but it is needful in these times that one should die for an example; and as you are a Malignant, for your speech proves it, 'tis well you should be the man." Thus saying, he rode on again without giving time for Falgate to answer, and leaving him in the hands of the troopers, as before.

The party, however, had suffered such loss, that the number was now but small; and the poor painter, who by no means loved the idea of his promised suspension in the morning-air of Hull, could hear the buzz of an

eager but low-toned conversation going on in front, without being able to distinguish the words. He thought, indeed, that he caught the term "church" frequently repeated; but of that he was not sure. And though with a stout heart he resolved to say nothing, either of what he knew or suspected it must be, confessed he shook a little as he rode along.

At length, after an hour and a half's farther ride, they began to approach the Humber, and the moon shining out showed Falgate scenes which he had often passed through in former days, upon journeys of business or of pleasure. Now they came to a village in which was swinging, before a fast-closed house, a sign of his own painting; and now a hamlet in which he had enjoyed many a merry dance; till at length, passing over a long, bare, desolate piece of land, without tree or hedgerow or house or break, running along the water's edge, they perceived upon a slight elevation an old time-worn church, the resort of parishioners from a wide and thinly-populated tract, the old stone monuments and gloomy aisles of which had often filled the somewhat imaginative heart of the painter with strange and awful visions, when he visited it on the Sunday evening in the decline of the year. At about five hundred yards farther on was a solitary house where the sexton lived; and stopping suddenly before the gate of the churchyard, the commander of the party bade one of his men ride on and get the key.

"What are they going to do?" thought Falgate. "The profane villains are not going to stable their horses in a church, surely. Well, I shall be glad enough of rest any where, for Hull is three miles off, and I do not think my skin would hold out."

While he had been thus reasoning with himself, one of the troopers had got off his horse, and advancing through the little wicket of the churchyard, tried the door of the church:—

"It is open;" he cried, "they have left their steeple-house open."

The other man was instantly called back, and Falgate was then ordered to dismount. He observed, however, that the soldiers in general kept their

saddles, and he advanced with some trepidation, accompanied by the commander, to the door where the other trooper still stood. There he halted suddenly, however, asking in a lamentable tone:—

"You are not going to leave me here alone all night, surely?"

"Not alone," answered the man; "we will put a guard in the porch to watch you; and you will have full time to prepare your mind for tomorrow morning, and to turn in your head whether you will tell us who your companions were, before the rope is round your neck. You may speak now, if you will."

But Falgate was faithful to the last; and though he by no means approved of being shut up in the church all night, he repeated that he could not tell, for he did not know.

"Well, then," rejoined his captor, "here you must rest; but think well of the condition of your soul, young man, for nothing will save you if you remain obstinate."

Thus saying, he thrust him into the building and closed the door. The poor painter now heard some conversation without, in regard to the key, which, it appeared, was not in the lock; and a consultation was held as to whether it should be sent for; but the voice of the commander was heard at length, saying:—

"Never mind. We have not time to stay. Keep a good watch; that is all that is needed."

"But if he try to escape?" asked the trooper.

"Shoot him through the head with your pistol," answered the other voice. "As well die so as by a cord."

The conversation then ceased, and Falgate heard the sound of horses' feet the next minute, marching down the hill. The situation of Diggory Falgate was to himself by no means pleasant, and indeed few are the men who would find themselves particularly at their ease, shut up for a whole night within an old church, and with even the probability of death before them for the next morning. Silence, and midnight solitude, and the proximity of graves, and shrouds, and mouldering clay, are things well calculated to excite the imagination even of the cold and calculating, to damp the warm energies of hope, and open



all the sources of terror and superstitions awe within us. How often, in the warm daylight, and in the midst of the gay and busy world, does man, roused for a moment by some accidental circumstance to a conviction of the frail tenure by which life is held, think of death and all that may follow it, with no other sensation than a calm melancholy. It is because every object around him, every thing that he sees, every thing that he hears, and every thing that he feels, are so full of life, that he cannot think death near. He sees it but in the dim and misty perspective of future years, with all its grim features softened and indistinct. But when he hears no sound of any living thing—when his eye rests upon nothing moving with the warm energies of animation—when all is as dark as the vault, as silent as the grave—it is then that, if the thought of death presents itself, it comes near, horribly near. Clearer for the obscurity around, more distinct and tangible from the stillness of all things, death becomes a living being to our fancy, with his icy hand upon our brow, his barbed dart close at our heart. We see him, feel him, hear the dread summons of his charnel voice; and prepare for the extinction of the light within, the coffin's narrow bed, the mould and corruption of the tomb.

Poor Falgate had hitherto tried to fancy that the announcement of his fate for the morrow had been merely a threat; but now, when he was left alone in the old church, with no one near him to speak to, with not a sound but the sighing of the night-wind through some broken panes in the high casement, his convictions became very different. He felt his way with his hands from pillar to pillar, towards a spot where a thin streak of moonlight crossed the nave, and seated himself sadly upon a bench that he found near. He there sat and tortured himself for half an hour, thinking over all the bold and infamous things the parliament party had done, and clearly deducing thence what they might probably do in his own case. He loved not the thought of death at all as it now presented itself to his mind; the hero's enthusiasm was gone; he had no desire to be a martyr; but of all sorts of death, that of the cord seemed the worst. And yet,

what was to be done? Could he betray the confidence of others, could he flinch from what he conceived to be a duty? No; though he felt a little weakness, he was not the man to do that; and he said again to himself that he would rather die. But still he turned with repugnance from that close grappling with the thought of dying which the scene and the hour forced upon him; he tried to think of something else, he strove to recall the early days when he had last stood in that aisle, and many a boyish prank he had played in years long gone; but the image of death would present itself amidst all, like a skull in a flower-garden, and the very sweet ideas that he summoned up to banish it, but made it look more terrible.

In the mean while, the moon gradually got round, till she poured a fuller flood of light into the building, showing the tombs and old monumental effigies upon the walls, and in the aisle; and many a wild legend and village tale came back to Falgate's memory, of ghosts having been seen issuing from the vaults beneath the church, and wandering down even to the gates of Hull. The painter was a firm believer in apparitions of all kinds; and he had often wished, with a sort of foolish bravado, to see a ghost; but now, when, if ever, he was likely to be gratified, he did not quite so much like the realization of his desires. He thought, nevertheless, that he could face one, if one did come; but then arose the sad idea, that he might very soon be one of their shadowy companions himself, wandering for the allotted term beneath the pale glimpses of the moon.

Suddenly a thought struck him: might he not, perchance, employ the semblance of that state to facilitate his own escape. Doubtless, the man placed to keep guard would not long remain upon his dull watch without closing an eye, after a long day's march and a hard fight; the door was not locked; he could open it, and go out; and could he but so disguise himself, as to appear like the inhabitant of another world, if the sentinel did wake, he would, most likely, be so stupefied and alarmed, that he would let him pass, or miss his aim, if he did fire. Falgate remembered the words of the officer, as he had retired, "as



well die so, as by a cord ;" and he resolved he would make the attempt at least. A daring and enterprising spirit seized upon him ; he felt he could be a hero in ghostly attire, and the only difficulty was to procure the proper habiliments. At first, he thought of making a shift with his own shirt ; but then he remembered that the length thereof was somewhat scanty ; and he had never heard of ghosts with drapery above their knees.

However, as when one school-boy opens a door into a forbidden piece of ground, and puts his head out, a dozen after are sure to follow, and hurry him on before them ; so, the thought of becoming a ghost seemed to bring a thousand other cunning devices with it ; and at length, good Diggory Falgate asked himself if the vestry might not be open, and a surplice might not be found therein. He determined to ascertain ; and creeping up to the door which he had often seen the parson of the parish pass through, he lifted the latch, and to his joy found that it was not locked. All, however, was dark within, and the poor painter entering cautiously, groped about, not knowing well where to seek for that which he wanted. Suddenly his hand struck against something, hanging apparently from a peg in the wall ; but he soon ascertained that the texture was not that of linen, and went on, still feeling along the sides of the little room. In a moment after, he came to something softer, and more pliant, with the cold glassy feel of linen upon it, and taking it down, he mentally said, "this must be a surplice." He crept back with it into the moonlight in the church, treading indeed like a ghost, not only in anticipation of the character he was about to assume, but also in palpable terror, lest he should call the attention of the guard at the church door, by tripping over a mat, or stumbling against a bench. The white and snowy garment, however, the emblem of innocence, was there in his hand, and he gazed all over it, inquiring in his own mind how he was to put it on. He knew not the back from the front ; he scarcely knew the head from the tail ; and seldom has a poor school-boy gazed at the ass's bridge, in the dry but reason-giving pages of Euclid, with more utter be-

wilderment, and want of comprehension, than Diggory Falgate now stared at the surplice. As he thus stood, addressing mock inquiries to the folds of white linen, he suddenly started, thinking he heard a noise ; but after listening a moment, in his actual position, without catching any farther sound, he quietly crept up to the great door of the church, and bent both eye and ear to the key-hole, to ascertain whether the sentinel was awake, and watching, or not.

The only thing that met his ear, when he first applied the latter organ to the task of discovery, was a loud and sonorous snore ; and looking through the aperture, he found, by the light of the moon, which was shining into the porch, that the guard had seated himself on one of the benches at the side of the door, and with his legs stretched out across the only means of egress, had given way to weariness, and was indulging in a very refreshing sleep, while his horse was seen cropping the green grass within the wall of the church-yard.

The good painter was calculating the chances of being able to pass the out-stretched limbs of the sentinel, without awakening him, and screwing his courage to the sticking point—to use Lady Macbeth's pork-butcherish figure—when suddenly he was startled and cast into a cold perspiration, by hearing a sound at the farther end of the church. All was silent the moment after ; but the noise had been so distinct while it lasted, that there was no doubting the evidence of his ears ; and the only question was, what it could proceed from—was it natural, or supernatural ? Was it accidental, or intentional ? Diggory Falgate could not at all divine ; till at length, encouraged by its cessation, he began to think that he might have left the door of the vestry open, and the wind might have blown down some book. Yet, the sound had been sharp, as well as heavy, more like the fall of a piece of old iron than that of a volume of homilies, the prayer-book, or the psalter. He determined to see, however, and sitting down for a moment, to gather courage, and to ascertain that the trooper without had not been roused by the noise that had alarmed himself, he listened till, mingled with the beating of his own heart, he heard

the comfortable snore of the guard once more. Then, thinking that at any time he could call the good man to his aid, if he encountered ghost or goblin too strong for him, he shuffled himself into the surplice, and crept, with the stealthy step of a cat, up the nave, towards the vestry.

When he was about two-thirds up the church, and was just leaning against a bench to take breath, another sound met his ear. It was that of a deep voice speaking low, and seemed to come almost from below his feet.

"They must be gone now," said the invisible tongue. "You hear all is silent."

"I do not know," said another, in tones somewhat shriller. "Hush! I thought I heard a noise."

"Poo! the rustling of the casements with the wind," rejoined the other; "I cannot stay all night—unshade the lantern, and let us to work."

If a fragment of superstitious doubt as to the interlocutors of this dialogue being of a ghostly character, had lingered in the mind of Diggory Falgate, the words about unshading the lantern removed it completely; and the next instant a faint and misty light was seen issuing from a low narrow door-way, which had apparently been left open on the opposite side of the church, towards the eastern angle.

"Some vagabonds robbing the vaults," thought the painter to himself; "I will see what they are about, at all risks. Perchance I may frighten them, make them run over the sentinel, and escape in the confusion. If he shoots one of them instead of me, it will be no great matter; and of course, if these men are as anxious to get away as I am, we shall make common cause, and be too strong for him. But I will watch for a minute first; and let them be fairly at their work, as they call it, before I show myself."

Thus thinking, with a noiseless step he advanced towards the door leading from the main body of the building to the vaults below, guided by the light which continued to glimmer faintly up, casting a misty ray upon the communion-table. When he approached the arch, he looked carefully forward at every step; but nothing could he see till he came to the top of the stone stairs, when he perceived a dark lantern, with the shade drawn back,

standing on the ground at the bottom. No human beings were visible, however, though he heard a rustling sound in the vault, as if some living creatures were at no great distance; and the next moment there came a sort of gurgling noise, as if some fluid were poured out of a narrow-necked bottle. An instant after, the first voice he had heard observed in a pleasant and well-satisfied tone, "That's very good! genuine Nantes, I declare."

"Ay, that it is," answered the second voice; "the stomach requires comfort in such a cold and dismal place as this."

"Oh, 'tis nothing when one is used to it," rejoined the first speaker; "but come, we had better do the business. There stands the coffin. You bring the mallet, and I will take the chisel and bar."

Diggory Falgate did not like their proceedings at all, though he would by no means have objected to a glass of cordial waters himself. But they were, evidently, about to break open one of the coffins; every word showed it; to violate the sanctity of the grave—to disturb the ashes of the dead; and the poor painter had sufficient refinement of feeling to think that the drinking of intoxicating liquors, while so engaged, was an aggravation of their offence. The collocation of "Genuine Nantes, I declare," with "There stands the coffin," shocked and horrified him; and he paused for a moment to consider, feeling as if it would render him almost a partaker in the sacrilege, if he were to descend into the vault. A moment's thought, however, settled this case of conscience; and by the time that he had settled his plan, he heard a hollow noise, as if some hard substance had struck against an empty chest.

"Now is the time," he thought, "they are busy at their hellish work."

There stood the lantern on the ground beneath; the men were evidently at some small distance; if he could get possession of the light and shade it, they were at his mercy; and the only difficulty was how to descend the stairs without calling their attention. Recollecting, however, that it was the invariable practice of ghosts, whatever sounds they might produce with any other organs with which they may be endowed, to make no noise

with their feet, the good painter stooped down, took off his shoes, and put them in his pockets. Then with a quiet and a stealthy step he began the descent, totally unperceived by those who were by this time busily engaged wrenching and tearing some well-fastened wood-work.

Stooping down before he quite reached the bottom of the steps, Digory Falgate looked into the vault, and immediately perceived two men, both of them somewhat advanced in life, and one a thin, tall, puritanical-looking person dressed in black, raising, with a chisel and mallet, the lid of a coffin which stood upon the ground. Forty or fifty others—some small and narrow, some large—were within the pale glimpse of the lantern, and the painter's imagination filled up the dark space which the rays did not reach with similar mementos of our mortality. On his left hand, near the foot of the stairs, were four coffins placed in a row, with three others laid crosswise upon them, and all raised two or three feet from the floor by tressels. There was a narrow sort of lane behind, between them and the damp wall, and taking another step down, he brought himself as far on that side as possible.

Just at that moment one of the men turned a little, so as to bring his profile within the painter's view, and he instantly recognized a face that he had seen at the Swan inn in Hull, the day before his expedition with Captain Barecolt and Arrah Neil.

"I'll wager any money, it is that old villain, Dry of Longsoaken, whom I have heard them talk so much about," thought Falgate; but he was not suffered to carry his meditations on that subject farther, for Mr. Dry turning his head away again towards his companion, said—

"I cannot see; get the lantern."

The painter had just time to slip behind the pile of coffins he had observed, and to crouch down, before the other man, after having given another vigorous wrench at the lid, laid down the bar he had in his hands, and moved towards the foot of the stairs. The rustle of the surplice even seemed to catch his ear, for he stopped for a moment apparently to listen; but the next instant he advanced again, took up the lantern, looked round with

a somewhat nervous stare, and then returned to Mr. Dry.

"Did you not hear a noise?" he asked, in a low voice.

Mr. Dry stopped in his proceedings and evidently trembled. Their agitation gave courage to the painter, and creeping on so as to bring himself nearly on a line with them, he ventured to utter a low groan. Both the culprits started, and gazed around with hair standing on end and teeth chattering.

"Now's the time!" thought Falgate, and taking two steps farther towards the end of the lane formed by the coffins and the wall, he uttered another groan, followed by a shrill unearthly shriek, and then started up to his full height, as if he were rising from the midst of the pile of mortal dust upon his right. The rays fell straight upon the white garments and the face of this unexpected apparition, pale and worn as he was by fatigue and fear; and, struck with terror and consternation, the limbs of the two men at first refused to move; but when they saw this awful figure advancing straight towards them with another hollow groan, they both darted away, the one crying—

"Through the church, through the church! It will catch you before you can reach the other door," and Mr. Dry following at full speed towards the steps by which Falgate had descended.

Not liking to be left in the vault in the dark, the painter sprang after them with another wild shriek; but fortune favoured him more than skill, for just as the foremost of the fugitives was mounting the steps, Mr. Dry seized hold of his cloak to stay his trembling limbs; the other, who was the sexton, in the agony of his terror, fancied the ghost had caught him, dropped the lantern, and rushed on with his companion clinging close to him. Falgate instantly picked up the light before it was extinguished, and drew the shade over it; and almost at the same moment, he heard the door above banged to by those he was pursuing, and a bolt drawn; for they did not stay to inquire whether spiritual beings are to be stopped by material substances or not.

The painter paused and listened; he heard quick steps beating the pave-

ment above, and then a door open. The next instant came a loud shout, and then the report of a pistol; then a shout again, then a momentary silence, and then the quick galloping of a horse.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Diggory; "they have cleared the way for me, and left me master of the field of battle," and he drew back the blind from the lantern and looked about him.

## CHAPTER XXX.

It was a warm and glowing evening, though autumn had spread his brown mantle over the trees, and while fair Arrah Neil and Lady Margaret Langley sat in the old lady's usual drawing-room, with the windows open as in midsummer, Annie Walton was seated under a little clump of beeches at the back of Langley hall, with the Earl of Beverly, somewhat recovered from his wound, stretched on the dry grass at her feet.

They were happy enough to enjoy long pauses in conversation; for their mutual love, as the reader has been already given to understand, was known and acknowledged by each; and their minds, starting from one common point, would run on in meditation along paths, separate indeed, but not far distant, and then, like children playing in a meadow, would return to show each other what flowers they had gathered.

"How calm and sweet the evening is," said the earl, after one of these breaks. "One would hardly fancy the year so far advanced. I love these summer days in autumn, dearest. They often make me look on to after years, and think of the tempered joys and tranquil pleasures of old age, calling up the grand calm picture of latter life left us by a great Roman orator, when the too vivid sun of youth and manhood has somewhat sunk in the sky; and we have freshness, as well as warmth, though not the fervid heat of midsummer."

"I love them, too," answered Miss Walton; "and I think, that in every season of the year there are days and hours of great beauty and grandeur. Though I like the early summer best, yet I can admire the clear winter sky, and the dazzling expanse of white that robes the whole earth in ermine, and even the autumnal storm with its fierce blast, loaded with sleet, and hail, and withered leaves. But I was thinking, Francis, of how peaceful all things

seem around, and what a horrible and sinful thing it is for men to deform the beautiful earth, and disturb the quiet of all God's creation with wild wars and senseless contests."

"A woman's thought, dear Annie," replied the earl; "and doubtless it is sinful; but, alas! the sin is shared amongst so many, that it would in any war be difficult to portion it out. 'Tis not alone to be divided amongst those who fight, or amongst those who lead; it is not to be laid at the door of those who first take arms, or those who follow; it is not to be charged to the apparent aggressor; but every one who, by folly, weakness, passion, prejudice, or hatred, lays the foundation for strife in after years has a share in the crime. Oh! how many are the causes of war! Deeds often remote by centuries have their part; and always, many an act done long before, rises up—like an acorn buried in the ground, and springing into a tree—and is the seed from which after contentions spring. Even in this very contest in which we are now engaged, though we may see and say who is now right and who wrong, yet what man can separate the complex threads of the tangled skein of the past, and tell who most contributed to bring about that state which all wise men must regret. Years, long years before this, the foundation was laid in the tyranny of Henry—in the proud sway of Elizabeth—in the weak despotism of James—in the persecution of the papists of one reign—in that of the Puritans in another—in lavish expenditure in vicious indulgence—in favouritism and minions—in the craving ambition of some subjects—in the discontented spirit of others—in the interested selfishness, the offended vanity, the mortified pride of thousands—in weak yieldings to unjust demands—in stubborn resistance of just claims—in fond adherence to ancient forms—in an insatiate love of novelty and change:

and all this spread through generations, dear Annie, all of which have their part in the result and the responsibility."

"Too wide a range, Francis, for my weak mind to take in," replied the lady; "but I do know, it is sad to see a land that once seemed happy, overspread with rapine and wrong, and deluged in blood."

"To hear no more the church-bells ringing gaily," said the earl with a smile, "or to see the market and the fair deserted. They may indeed seem trivial things; but yet they are amongst those that bring home to our hearts most closely the disruption of all those ties that bind man together in social union."

"But there are in the homes of every one more terrible proofs than that of the great evil," answered Miss Walton. "Never to see a friend, a brother, a father, quit our side, without the long train of fearful inquiries, When shall I see him again? Will it be for ever? How shall we meet, and where? Oh, Francis, how many a heart feels this like mine throughout the land! Danger, accident, and death, at other times dim, distant forms that we hardly see, are now become familiar thoughts, the companion of every fireside; and calm security and smiling hope are banished afar, as if never to return."

"Oh they will come back, dear Annie," replied the earl. "This is a world of change. The April day of man's fluctuating passions has never cloud or sunshine long. No sooner does the calm light of peace overspread the sky, than storms are seen gathering on the horizon; and no sooner does war and tumult imitate the tempest in destruction and ruin, than a glimpse of the blue heaven gleams through the shadow, and gives promise of brighter moments at another hour."

"But that hour is often a lifetime," answered the lady. "We are but at the beginning. Shall we ever see the close?"

"Who can say?" rejoined Lord Beverly; "but one thing is certain, Annie. We are under God's will, my beloved. He can lengthen or shorten the time of trial at his pleasure; we ourselves and all the men with whom or against whom we may

act, are but his instruments. We can no more stride beyond the barrier he has fixed, than the sea can pass the boundary of sands with which he has surrounded it. Our task is to do that which we conscientiously believe it is our duty to him to do in the circumstances wherein he has placed us; and we may be sure that, however much we may be mistaken, if such is our object and purpose, the errors of understanding will never be visited on our heads as crimes by him who knows the capabilities of every creature that he has made, and can judge between intention and execution. God punishes sins and not mistakes, dear girl; he tries the heart as well as the actions, and holds the balance even between each; and though we may suffer in this world for the errors of others or for our own, there is exhaustless compensation in the hand of the Almighty for those who seek to do his will, and those who wilfully disobey it."

"I have learned a lesson on that score from the dear girl within there," replied Miss Walton; and as she spoke she naturally turned her eyes to the room where she knew Arrah Neil was sitting. "What can be the matter?" she continued instantly, "see, Arrah is making eager signs to us to come in!"

The earl rose slowly and with difficulty; and before he had advanced more than a step or two with Annie Walton, who hastened anxiously to return to the house, Arrah Neil, with her sunny brown hair floating wildly about her face, came out running to meet them.

"Quick, quick, my lord, for pity's sake!" she cried, "there is a large body of men before the draw-bridge. The people are holding them in parley—the Lady Margaret says she can conceal you from all eyes, if you make haste." She spoke with breathless eagerness; and Lord Beverly hurried his pace as much as possible, but with perfect calmness, turning with a smile to Annie Walton, and saying,

"Fresh evils of civil war, Annie! but I fear not the result."

The time occupied in crossing to the house seemed fearfully long to Miss Walton and Arrah Neil; but they found Lady Margaret waiting tranquilly enough at the small door

that led into the meadow, and the old lady's only words were—

"Follow!" to the earl; and, "Wait in the withdrawing-room—they will not let them in till I order it," to her two fair guests. Then leading the way with a calm step, she conducted Lord Beverly up the same stairs and through the same passages which she had followed with her niece on the first night of her stay at Langley Hall; but turning a little to the right at the door of Annie Walton's chamber, she brought the earl into a small detached room, which seemed isolated from every other part of the building.

"Here you will be safe," she said.

"I think not, dear Lady Margaret," replied Lord Beverly, with a smile at what he thought her want of experience in such matters.

"We will see," she answered, advancing to the other side of the room, where stood a huge antique fire-place, with a chimney-piece of rich wrought stone. "No moving pictures, no sliding panels here!" said Lady Margaret, "but place your hand upon that pillar, my good lord, and push it strongly—more strongly towards the hearth! There," she continued, as the whole mass swung back, displaying an aperture large enough for a man to pass, but not without stooping. "you will find a bolt within which

will make it as fast as masonry. The stairs lead you into rooms below, where no one can come without my leave. You shall be supplied with all you want.—But hark! On my life, they have let the men in. Quick, my lord, and bolt the door. I will send somebody soon; but I must go down, lest those girls make some mistake if questioned."

Lord Beverly entered at once, and feeling over the face of the stone for the bolt, pushed it home, and made the whole secure. He then paused, and listened, waiting patiently for several minutes. At first he could hear no sound in the remote and well-covered place where he was concealed; but at length he caught the noise of voices and steps running hither and thither in the house. They came near, passed away into other chambers on the left, returned, sounded in the passage, and then in the adjoining room. He could perceive that several men entered, examined the wainscot, tried every panel, moved every article of furniture, and at length shook the mantelpiece and the stone pillars on either side of the chimney; but the bolt held close and fast, and the receding steps showed him that these unwelcome visitors had turned their course elsewhere.



## SOME NEW JOTTINGS IN MY NOTE-BOOK.—FIRST GATHERING.

BY A DREAMER.

"I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair; with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up, catching the idea, even sometimes before it half-way reaches me!

"I believe in my conscience, I intercept many a thought which Heaven intended for another man."—STERNE.

"They tell but dreams."—MRS. HEMANS.

**One.**

THERE is one wish my heart has always faltered in, nor could I bring myself to give it to my friends; and yet it is so commonly spoken, and so generally esteemed a kind one, that it may appear extraordinary to refuse one's assent to it. I allude to the custom, on new-year's days, and birth-days, and the other little eras of a person's life, of wishing him many returns of them. I do not think the prayer a good one, and have always paused in uttering it. And wherefore? Because I may not recognize in old age a blessing. I remember the altered form, the failing memory, the palsied mind, the closed-up heart—and I ask myself, Are *these* the goods I would give my friend? And more than these; I call to mind that those who live long, die over and over again in losing their beloved ones; and that hope, and joy, and health, all perish, even while the poor body yet lives on. Thus the protracted life presents only the wider field for the sorrowful invasions of change and grief.

Schiller, with his wonted felicity, gives us a glimpse of the profound deep of desolation in this couplet:—

"Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,  
Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr."

And so, with the old man the world has truly become an empty place. His co-mates, who started with him in the same morning of life, are long since at rest in their dusty graves. Some died abroad, and some in their own land. Some lingered on through months, or even years, of pain; others were struck down in a

passing moment. Some died happily, and at peace; others in want and misery unspeakable. At all events, they are gone, and his heart sinks within him as he feels he is alone; and he wonders when he thinks how strange all things have become, and how differently people speak and act now from what they did when he was a boy.

"Whom heaven loves, dies early," was the sentiment of the old wise Greek; and I see nothing in it abhorrent to Christian feeling, or that would prevent one giving as their best wish—"A happy death, and—one in youth!"

**Two.**

Might not a curious paper be written on the last verses of our poets, and an attempt made to show that in them those glorious spirits took, perhaps unconsciously, no unmeet farewell of the muse? The last lines written by Lord Byron were:—

Seek out—less often sought than found—

A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest.

Shelley's last poem, and perhaps the most mystical of any he wrote, is called "The Triumph of Life," and was in great part composed as he floated on that fatal sea which was so soon to engulf him. Its conclusion is:—

After brief space  
From every form the beauty slowly waned;

From every firmest limb and fairest  
face  
The strength and freshness fell like  
dust, and loft  
The action and the shape, without the  
grace

Of life. . . . Thus on the way  
Mask after mask fell from the counte-  
nance  
And form of all; and long before the  
day

Was old, the joy which waked, like  
heaven's glance,  
The sleepers in the oblivious valley,  
died;  
And some grew weary of the ghastly  
dance,

And fell, as I have fallen, by the way-  
side;—  
Those soonest from whose forms most  
shadows past,  
And least of strength and beauty did  
abide.

*Then, what is life?* I cried.

The lingering sweetness of the last  
notes of the Hemans has not yet  
quitted our ears, and her "Sabbath  
Sonnet" was the tender adieu the  
daughter of music, with failing fingers,  
took of her harp. It followed—how  
fitly!—her magnificent lyric, "Des-  
pondency and Aspiration," and told  
that the restless longings of that lofty  
strain were all fulfilled, and oh, how  
abundantly! She died in early sum-  
mer, and this was the broken melody  
of the poor sufferer on her last Sab-  
bath morning. Memories of the sun-  
shiny fields of her own England came  
across her soul, the peacefulness  
which seems pre-eminently cast over  
nature during the hallowed hours, the  
happy groups wending their way, alike  
from hall and from hamlet, towards  
the grey church-tower, whence the  
sweet jangling chimes are issuing—  
and then the touching allusion to her  
own feebleness:—

I may not tread  
With them those pathways,—to the fe-  
verish bed  
Of sickness bound;—yet, oh my God!  
I bless  
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace  
hath filled  
My chastened heart, and all its throb-  
bings stilled  
To one deep calm of lowliest thankful-  
ness.

Another, and an altered, gust from  
the wind-harp! Yes; the breezy  
tones are changed, and the instrument  
obeys the unseen agent's ministration.  
Is not the human soul the instrument  
we speak of; and feelings, do they not  
sweep its chords, and shake out res-  
ponse, ay! and to widely different vi-  
brations?

William Motherwell, whose Scottish  
ballads have brought tears to the eyes  
of many a snooded maiden of his own  
country, and whose wild Norse legends  
have yet more powerfully affected the  
men, is the next I shall refer to for  
illustration of my position. With a  
sense of coming mortality creeping  
over him, and a feeling as though the  
long grass were already waving above  
his head, and with the natural desire  
not wholly to pass away from men's  
memories, the poet passionately en-  
treats, in his last lines, to be remem-  
bered. He asks himself, will there be  
any to visit his grave, and pace it  
round thinking of him, and sit down  
by his side, as he lies there cold and  
senseless, and name his name, now  
growing unfamiliar? And then, while  
half hoping and half doubting, he  
calls to mind that the dead have no  
need of this tribute, even as they so  
rarely receive it; and his conclusion  
is a kind of palinode of all his pre-  
ceding wishes. I quote from memory,  
but am sure I quote correctly:—

It may be so. But this is selfish sorrow  
To ask such meed,  
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow  
From hearts that bleed,  
The wailings of to-day for what to-  
morrow  
Shall never need.

Lay me, then, gently in my narrow  
dwelling,  
Thou sad heart!  
And though thy bosom should with grief  
be swelling,  
Let no tear start;  
It were in vain; for time has long been  
knelling.  
'Sad one, depart!'

I could extend this considerably;  
but it is often pleasanter to suggest  
than to enlarge.

**Three.**

One thing you will learn fast enough in the world, for it is potent in such teaching—that is, to be suspicious. Oh! cast from you for ever the hateful lesson. Men do not think how much of their innocency they are laying down, when they assume a clothing whose texture is guile. Beware of this mock protection; for you can hardly use it without practising deceit. I do not ask you to trust always; but I would have you think well of men until you find them otherwise. When you are once deceived, either by an acted or a spoken falsehood, trust that person no more.

I had it once laid down to me as an axiom, by a very dear friend, (and I am so satisfied of the precept's truth as to make it a rule of my life) that, persons rarely suspect others except of things which they are capable of doing themselves. Yes; these shadows of doubting are generally flung from some bad realities within. You are looking at your own image when you see so much vileness in your neighbour's face. How much better might not we ourselves become, if we used more largely to others that blessed charity which thinketh no evil!

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**Four.**

There can be little doubt but that, with all its absurdities, heraldry is a most ancient science. The twelve Hebrew tribes bore on their banners insignia, under which the dying patriarch Jacob had typified them (Gen. xlix). The supporters of our own national arms were regal emblems, even in the days of Balaam. When that bold bad man would speak of the victories and power of Israel, he selects those two animals in illustration (Numbers xxiii. 22, 24; xxiv. 8, 9)—the lion, as the emblem of conquest; the unicorn, of strength.

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**Five.**

I am assured by the friend who has favoured me with them, that the fol-

lowing spirited lines have never been printed. I do not think they will suffer from a comparison even with Shelley's, and only regret I cannot name the translator:—

**TO THE LARK,**

*From the Welsh of Dafydd ab Gwilym, a bard of the fourteenth century.*

**I.**

Sentinel of the morning light!  
Reveller of the spring!  
How sweetly, nobly, wild thy flight,  
Thy boundless journeying;  
Far from thy brethren of the woods,  
alone,  
A hermit chorister before God's throne!

**II**

Oh! wilt thou climb the heavens for me,  
Yon rampart's starry height—  
Thou interlude of melody  
'Twixt darkness and the light;  
And seek, with heaven's first dawn upon thy crest,  
My lady love, the moonbeam of the west!

**III.**

No woodland caroller art thou:  
Far from the archer's eye,  
Thy course is o'er the mountain brow,  
Thy music in the sky;  
Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,  
Thou earthly denizen of angel song!

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**Six.**

• • • With regard to friends. Our little being is so much wrapped up in our personal experience, and this experience so much constitutes our whole world, that any one who becomes dear to us, is invariably depreciated, as to his former life, when he was a stranger to us. This may be done unconsciously, but, I think, occurs almost assuredly. We never think that our friend's feelings were as warm, his thoughts as generous, his heart as open, long before we knew him; and should any chance divide us, how little do we deem he thinks as deeply, feels as sensibly, lives as completely as ever! Self so much constitutes with us every thing, that where we are not present, there is a kind of annihilation of all things

else. Let us take our departure from any place, and can we imagine then (at least with any degree of conviction) every thing happening as really as when we were there? Let friendship exist between us and any one, however worthy of it, and can we from our heart feel the same sympathy in that friend's former life, which passed ere our intimacy began? No! our present love may teach us to hear of it with gladness; but never can we dwell upon it with the same enduring pleasure as we do upon the scenes and incidents in which we have been ourselves sharers.

And truly we may become wise, if we thus keep present with us the littleness of our share in worldly matters. How comparatively less than nothing is our busiest conduct; and yet to us this little portion is every thing! And then, on all sides of us, the vast mechanism of the world is going smoothly on, and hundreds of events hourly occurring, of which we know nothing, simply because we do not witness them. Neither do we recollect that what we have seen occurred just as independently ere we were present, and shall go on just as uninterruptedly when we have departed—that not with them cometh a change, but with us—and that man falsely charges upon nature the alterations he himself is made to undergo.

### Seben.

Truly, the world is a lovely place. Not the minutest blade of grass, or the humblest flower, I pass by without a blessing; or the perishing ephemeron, or the everlasting hills; or the faint tinkling streamlet, or the full, far-sounding ocean—all alike in their perfections, though differing in their degrees—all these are glorious to my eye and senses. But man!—here is the rending of the divine link—man is the outcast, the spoiler, the doomed. He is no more what he once was, and what he ought to be; and I seek no further proof of the necessity for a change in his nature and destinies.

The world—I mean the world of nature—is lovely. Tell me, dear reader, have you ever looked up straight into the clear heavens, when

they were mirroring as soft a blue as your mistress's eye, and thought for an instant what Space was, without feeling a weight suddenly plucked off your head, and a moving thrill which made your pulses leap within you, from the vague sense of habitation bearing the same relation to locality that eternity does to time? And then, when you saw the smiling fields stretching far, far away on all sides of you, which led off your eye to rest at last on the distant hills, did you not pant to cast yourself abroad on that glorious scene, and involuntarily murmur—

"Oh, that I were  
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
With the blest tone which made me!"

Once more: is there not something inexpressibly awful in the solitary magnificence of the noon-day sun, as he pours down those ceaseless tides of glory on this lower world?—when you think that he is at one and the same moment shining for countless miles on the expanse of the glittering sea, and visiting the shady forest, the lonely country, the peopled city; the palace of the nobles, the hut of the beggar; the happy home of health, the heaped-up hospital; the rich, the proud, the rejoicing; the wretched, the dying, the dead, and the green graves. Yes, all these things, so widely differing, yet forming part of the same human life, that glorious eye takes in at once!

### Eight.

I do not think we sufficiently sympathize with our juniors in years. That false pride, that dearly-bought experience, through which we maintain a superiority over them, dispose us too much to overlook their many beautiful traits of character. We do not remember that these little people, in their own selves, and so far as their unripened sensibilities carry them, are each of them the centre of a circle, the moving point round which revolves the whole world beside. Neither do we think often enough, that there is a freshness in these young souls which may profitably revive our jaded hearts, and an honesty of purpose like an atmosphere

surrounding them, which it would be well for us sometimes to breathe ; and that lastly, by "becoming as little children" we are getting taught by those who, of all instructors on earth, are nearest heaven ; for they have come most recently from it, and its fragrance is still floating about them.

I envy not the man who can look on the open countenance of the true-hearted boy, or the fair and delicate face of girlhood, with those pensive eyes and long golden hair, and not call to mind his own by-gone years, nor seek to read for those untried spirits what is written for them in the book of daily life. Were I to try to feel like him, I should not succeed ; for I regard the young with an intense sympathy. Remembering most vividly, as I do, when I was one of them, and recollecting the upward feeling wherewith I used to regard the full-grown, I cannot help now shaping my thoughts downwards, and becoming one with them again. It may be, that we do not give in this world sufficient individuality to each with whom we mix. The selfish feeling of making the world one thing, and ourselves the other, closes up the heart against all the gentler sympathies ; and the apprehension of childishness, and its imputation to us, prevent our entering into their little feelings, and giving them their due weight and importance.

Yet who remembers not the days of his boyhood ? What traveller, even in the midst of toilsome and busy years, when manhood had hardened his heart, and disappointment taught him to rejoice no more in earth, did not turn his eye backward to his father's manly welcome, the tender reception from his mother, his young sisters' proud trusting in him, and his happy home, whither no care nor sorrow could pursue him—the family hearth was a sanctuary, and there he was safe.

The innocence of childhood, consisting, as it does, in the ignorance of evil, is for me the one charm which makes it so like what I dream of heaven. Alas ! how often, when I gazed on the fair hair of the young, and eyes that looked no evil, have I in my heart shed tears that such whiteness of soul was no longer mine own—bitter tears of repentance, but ineffectual ones

likewise, for they were the lament for what had long since departed. The fruit had been tasted, and the paradise of primeval harmlessness wandered from for ever. \* \* \*

### Fin.

O, the littleness of human knowledge ! All that we know is, nothing can be known. Mystery of mysteries are we full often to ourselves ; and if we know not what is in us—if when we cast the glance of anxious inquiry within, and ask individually, "What am I ?" the hollowness of vacuity only reverberates the question—how can we hope to comprehend what is not of ourselves ?

The world talk of "mental acquirements." Mental acquirements ! and what are they ? The astronomer will tell you that Science has now, like the giants of old, scaled the heavens ; yea, that he, even he, has in his wisdom meted out the stars—that he has computed their number, and discovered their positions—that he has observed their progress, and marked their varied revolutions. But turn, and ask the wise man something further, and behold his emptiness ! Ask him, What is any one of those glowing orbs of which he so vaunteth his knowledge ? Is it only

"A speck of tinsel, fixed in heaven  
To light the midnights of his native town."

Or, is it a world like unto our own ? Are cares, and fears, and sorrows all there, enveloping it like a sky ? and is it only its measureless distance which invests it with such lustre ? Do its tenants contemplate this earth with feelings at all akin to ours, when we regard their world ? Do they long to discover what beings people so glorious a fabric, and gazing do they

"Wonder what is there,  
So beautiful it seems ?"

Ask him then any of these questions, and where is his knowledge ?

Again, visit the physiologist, and inquire of him, where is that thinking portion of man, his true self, seated ? He can tell you much of its divine functions, but nothing of its real

nature; he can dilate on its mighty and mysterious powers, but what tangible idea can he afford you of *itself*? Bring him to the new-made corpse—the temple in ruins, from which the guardian deity is departed—the signet, whereon *Ichabod*, the word of wo, is engraven—and ask him, where in that tabernacle abode its inmate? whence arose that strange communion between earth and heaven? How came the worm and the god to be united in that weak frame? Alas, he can give you no reply; or should he try to reason out the question, he may lead you, apparently, a step or two further, and then will be compelled to desist.

The great Sanctuary of Knowledge mortal foot has never entered; the veil which separates it from our gaze has not yet been uplifted; and though at times we fancy we have advanced beyond our fellows towards treading its unseen recesses, we in reality but touch the curtain which trembles in our hold; and the densest mist that beclouds us is—ourself! Things alien to us we can fancy we understand; the world that is about us we can, in our hours of musing, contemplate and admire; but the world within passeth knowledge. The mind, though itself the seat of understanding, like the eye—so Locke compares it—cannot view itself; and thus remains in ignorance of its own true nature.

### Gen.

All persons of a highly-wrought and imaginative disposition, must have found how much clearer they are able to think in the night season than during the garish hours of day. Some say, the passions are more awake then; it may be so, but I am sure the intellect is more awake also. Jean Paul has a pretty conceit, to explain to us why our thoughts are more vivid, more marked, more copious, while the material world is wrapped in gloom. He says something like this, if I do not wrong him:—

“The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason that the cages of birds are darkened, so that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and stillness of

darkness. Ideas, which the day converts into smoke and mist, during the night stand about us, lights and flames; like the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, and which seems in the daytime a pillar of cloud, but is by night a column of fire.”

The superior claims of the ebon goddess are so well put forth here, that I need make no addition.

### Eleben.

We speak of the treasures of affection in this world—has the spirit-land none such? Even from the millions of bursten hearts, who have hence travelled thitherwards, may not stores of it be gathered, richer, purer, more disinterested, (inasmuch as lacking the impulse of the passions) than any this world can bestow? Have we dear ones dwelling with us above earth?—are there not some also beneath it?—and whose affection is the more unchanging? Which of them will love us on still without coldness or fretfulness—without caring for our imperfections—without heeding our unkindness—without blaming our injustice or wrong; but ever, ever, looking upon us with the same tender eyes, taking all wrong, giving none, and watching over us for good, untired, unwearied, undeparting!

Alas, alas! it is the living change, not the dead, in their affection and natures. I have read of the Arab city, in which the inhabitants were in one night changed to stone. Whatever had been the occupation of each at that particular moment, in that did the cold hand fix him—in that he remained for ever and ever. So is it with the departed: in those silent mansions no change ever cometh; the condition of the soul, its affections, its impulses, are all the same—firmly fixed for eternity. But we! we who talk of the changes of death, put out of the way the incalculably greater changes of life.

### Elwelbe.

How much is our dread of death—our shrinking from the pale shadow—



increased by the bugbear mockeries with which the grave and burial are now encumbered! Men are not satisfied that their friends should die, but they must heap up in addition such idle pageantry as can only weary and disgust. Think over some of them!—the satellites of Death who make up the funeral, his triumphal hearse-car, his monumental trophy (to give durability to his conquest), and his badges of servitude which the living weepers wear for the twelvemonth. And yet we may ask, why these sad and distressing symbols?—why add suffering to suffering—heap grief on grief, and tear on tear, by these cumbrous obsequies?

I will not, that friend however dear, or relation however nearly connected, place over me the graven work of the statuary. It is but making Death his trophy, as I before said, and I acknowledge not the conquest of the great victor. Rather lay me in the grassy bed, wherein I may repose quietly and unmarked; and save me from the incumbrance of such unwieldy struc-

tures. The couch of turf speaks better things in its symbolic simplicity; says it not, that the one within is looking for an awakening, and is patiently expecting the welcome tones of that voice which will not call to him unanswered? The marvellous sweetness of those divine accents will be sooner heard through the light covering of a few earth-handsfull.

Memorial, to be sure, I would have, for who would be without one?—but one more desirable than effigy in brass or stone,

“A sweet haunting murmur of my name,  
where it would rest;”

a constant presence with those I love; a word of blessing when thought of; sometimes, but rarely, a longing wish or a tender tear for me; and at all times an unmurmuring submission to His will who has given the weary rest, and glorified himself by the departure of one in His faith and fear.

Enough of this, and more than enough. I pause in the midst of my vain dreamings.

#### ORDNANCE MEMOIR OF IRELAND.

We have now lying before us a copy of the “Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the facts relating to the Ordnance Memoir of Ireland; together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index”—presented to both houses of parliament by command of her Majesty;—and though we have no doubt that before this number of the Magazine shall be published, the object looked for by the distinguished body of the nobility and gentry of Ireland at whose solicitation this commission originated, will be fully attained, we consider it nevertheless our duty to notice a document in every way so interesting, and to express our opinion on its great national importance.

This is, indeed, a parliamentary report of no ordinary value and interest—one that will not be carelessly thrown aside as waste paper, as such reports so frequently are—but that

will be carefully deposited in the libraries of intellectual and good men as a collection of opinions no less to be admired for their fine philosophy than for their pure patriotism. It is, in fact, such a document as the government would have been unwise to print, if it had not at the same time determined to carry into effect the objects which it recommends.

But before we enter further into the nature of this report, it may be necessary to say a few words respecting the origin of the memoir, and the circumstances which have led to the present imposing movement in favour of its continuance. There are few, if any, of our readers who are not intimately acquainted with the Ordnance Survey map of Ireland, which is so admirable for the minuteness of its details and the perfection of its execution; and they must be equally acquainted with the fact, that the intelli-

gent directors of this survey deeming, most properly, an illustrative memoir essentially necessary to the elucidation of this map, and having peculiar facilities at their command for its compilation, with this view made collections of all kinds, but more particularly of a topographical and historic character, to an extent absolutely surprising. As a specimen of such materials, and with a view to obtaining the opinions of the illustrious men of the British Association on its plan and arrangements, the directors, with the permission of the Irish government, printed that limited and unfinished edition of the memoir of the parish of Templemore which was submitted to the Association at its meeting in Dublin in 1835, and of which copies were presented to many of the most eminent men in the empire. In two years after, this memoir of Templemore was published in its finished state for public sale, and as the first of a regular series of such memoirs to illustrate the map of Ireland; but though this work, as it appears, obtained the approbation of the British Association, which addressed the government in favour of its continuance—of the grand jury of the county of Derry, who also addressed the government for the same purpose—of the public press of the British islands, and of some of the most illustrious men both at home and abroad—though Professor Pictet of Geneva pronounced it a work “*fort précieux*,” and Lord Brougham “a corollary from the Survey, more valuable than the Survey itself”—this most remarkable unanimity and amount of public opinion in its favour was regarded as nothing, and from some miserable feeling as to its expense, or pretext of economy, the publication of more of the memoirs was prohibited, and ultimately the corps of persons chiefly employed on its compilation were discharged as no longer necessary now that the map itself had been finished. Well might Dr. Romney Robinson, as one of the most distinguished members of the British Association, thus express himself on so marked a slight of the wishes and opinions of a body so illustrious:—

“The memoir was suspended without the slightest attention being paid to the memorial of the British Association, which I had the honour of laying before

you on Saturday, which was the expression of the sentiments of at least two thousand highly informed persons from all parts of the empire, whose intellectual rank entitled them at least to some consideration.”

We were about to say so much for the courtesy of a Whig government and their affectionate attention to the interests of Ireland! but we shall keep our political feelings under, and proceed calmly. Dr. Robinson was next asked in what year the memorial of the Association was presented, and he answers:—

“The memorial was presented in 1835; we were informed by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant that it was forwarded to the Treasury, but no answer was ever returned to us; and shortly after that the publication of this Memoir was ordered to be suspended. Afterwards a portion of the subject was resumed by the publication of the Geological Memoir of Londonderry, without either consulting the interests of science in general or the feelings of the Irish public. If I am correctly informed, the Geological Memoir was conceded to the entreaties of a deputation of geologists, but, at the same time, others felt that the branches of science in which they were interested should also have been taken into the account.”

But the feelings in favour of the Memoir which had fixed themselves in the minds of the educated classes of all parties in Ireland, though they might appeared to have died away, only slumbered for awhile, to exhibit themselves with increased vigour when a fitting opportunity for doing so should arrive. And such an opportunity seemed to offer itself shortly after the establishment of the present government in power, and the consequent advance of the empire in prosperity. The Royal Irish Academy, which may be said to constitute the *élite* of the educated classes in Ireland, took the initiative movement in the expression of public opinion by presenting to the Lord Lieutenant the following important memorial:—

“To his Excellency Philip Earl de Grey, Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, &c. &c.

“May it please your Excellency—The deputation from the council of the Royal Irish Academy beg leave to draw

the attention of your Excellency to the following statement.

"In the prosecution of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, it appears that, in addition to the usual details of such works, much valuable matter has been collected. The desire of enlarging our knowledge as to the productive resources of the country has caused the collection of a vast quantity of information respecting its geology, natural history, and statistics, while the necessity of fixing on some sure basis the orthography of the maps, has led to the accumulation of a treasure of antiquarian research, which is doubly precious from the perishing character of its materials, and the total neglect that previously attended such inquiries.

"The academy, as specially including these pursuits among the objects of their institution, welcomed the appearance of the 'Memoir of Derry' with a satisfaction too soon checked by the abandonment of that plan of publication, in which the materials of every kind, relative to the same locality, were brought together and exhibited in one view. Since, however, they find that a separate publication of the geological part of the survey has been permitted, they venture to hope that the public will not be deprived of the remaining matter—in no respect less important, in some respects far more interesting.

"Therefore, even were they not emboldened by the kind attention which your Excellency has ever shown to the national interests, they should feel themselves deficient in their duty, not merely to Ireland, but to the literary and scientific world in general, if they did not submit to your Excellency's consideration the propriety of continuing a work so well begun. They do not of course presume to suggest the best mode of effecting this; but while they are confident that it can be accomplished at a trifling expense, in addition to that which has been already incurred, and which is thrown away if its results are not published, they are also certain that the work will yield far more than a full equivalent of the cost, by exciting the gratitude of their countrymen, and reflecting honour on the government.

"WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON,

"President of the Academy.

"January 19th, 1843."

This step was followed by a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen (of all parties) connected with Ireland, held at the house of the Marquis of Downshire, on Monday, June 19, 1843, at which the following resolutions were agreed to:—

"At a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen connected with Ireland, held at the house of the Marquis of Downshire, on Monday, June 19th, 1843.

"The Marquis of Downshire in the chair.

"Proposed by the Earl of Clare, seconded by the O'Connor Don.

"Resolved—That the first volume of the Ordnance Survey Memoir was published in the year 1837, by government, and that at that time materials were in process of collection for illustrating the whole of Ireland by similar memoirs.

"That these materials comprise very valuable information on natural history, including geology, statistics, topographical history, and local antiquities, omitting nothing which could be considered as belonging to a survey, in the largest sense of the word.

"That it was hoped that this Memoir would have been the commencement of a series of publications, forming, on the basis of the ordnance maps, a work of the highest national importance.

"That this work was suspended, as this meeting much regrets, after the publication of that volume; but that in consequence of the representations made by a deputation of Irish members of parliament, the geological branch of the survey was separately resumed, by order of government.

"That in the opinion of this meeting it is a matter of great public importance and interest that the materials so collected should be made available while the organization framed for carrying on the survey exists, and which affords means for collecting, and facilitating, and methodizing facts never likely to recur.

"That on this account it is highly desirable that the work should be now resumed and completed, on the same plan as the volume already published, although probably on a less expensive scale, and entering into less minute details.

"Proposed by Lord Kenmare, seconded by Viscount Bernard.

"Resolved—That the foregoing resolutions be very respectfully but strongly urged upon the consideration of Her Majesty's Government, and that the following noblemen and gentlemen be appointed a deputation for that purpose, and to act also as a committee in promoting this important object—

Lord Downshire

Lord Clare

Lord Listowel

Lord Kenmare

Lord Bernard

Mr. Ross

Mr. Dawson Damer

Marquis of Clanricarde

The O'Connor Don

Mr. Wye

Mr. Shaw

Mr. G. A. Hamilton

Mr. Vesey

Mr. Carey

Lord Adair

Mr. W. S. O'Brien

"21, Hanover-square, 19th June, 1843.

"The following noblemen and gentlemen attended the meeting in Hanover square, 19th June, 1843—

Marquis of Downshire	Mr. Chapman
The Earl of Clare	Mr. Lefroy
Lord Carbery	Earl of Kenmare
Sir Denham Norreys	Sir David Roche
Col. Conolly	Earl of Bandon
The O'Connor Don	Hon. — Carew
Mr. Shaw	Mr. Wyse
Marquis of Clanricarde	Lord Bernard
Mr. Ross	Lord Adare
Earl of Clancarty	Hon. T. Vesey
Marquis of Thomond	Earl of Lintowel
Mr. W. R. O. Gore	Col. Verner
Mr. James H. Hamilton	Mr. Gregory
Mr. Archbold	Captain Taylor
Viscount Jocelyn	Mr. W. S. O'Brien
Earl of Glengall	Col. Wyndham, Petworth
Mr. Wade	Sir John Burke
Lord Castlemaine ;	Mr. G. A. Hamilton

The wishes of such distinguished bodies were not unheeded, as those of others, scarcely less distinguished, had been previously. The premier received the deputation with the courteous attention which might have been expected by such a body from one so enlightened and right-minded, and—with his characteristic sagacity—determined at once on the appointment of a commission, to take evidence, and report to the government on such points of inquiry as he considered it right the government should be acquainted with before they took any final step on a matter of such importance. The commissioners appointed were—Mr. Young, Captain Boldero, and Lord Adare—the first, as a representative of the government; the second, of the ordnance department; and the third, of the nobility and gentry, at whose solicitation the commission originated; and accordingly, the following official memorandum was presented to the commissioners on the 30th of June following:

"The accompanying representation has been delivered to Sir Robert Peel, by a deputation representing a large body of noblemen and gentlemen, residents and proprietors of estates in Ireland. A communication on the same subject, to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has been made by the council of the Royal Irish Academy, which is also annexed.

"Sir Robert Peel is desirous that, into some of the matters adverted to in these representations, an inquiry should be made before any proceeding be adopted, or decision taken, by her majesty's government; and he will be much obliged to

Mr. Young,  
Captain Boldero, and  
Lord Adare,

if they will undertake that inquiry, and report the result of it, together with such observations and suggestions as may appear to them deserving of the considerations of Her Majesty's Government.

"The following are the principal points to which it should be directed:—

"I. What is the nature and extent of that information respecting the geology, natural history, and statistics of Ireland, which has been actually collected, and to which reference is made in an accompanying letter from Captain Larcom, bearing date the 16th of May, 1843?

"II. To what counties, or districts, in Ireland does this information refer?

"III. By whom was it collected and arranged?

"IV. What provision has been made for the safe custody of the manuscript volumes, and other documents which contain it; and how far are they accessible to those who may wish to consult them?

"V. What progress has been made with the geological survey of Ireland?

"VI. In what manner is that survey now conducted?

"VII. What arrangements have been made in respect to the continuance of the geological survey, and the publications of the results of it? What has been the cost of such publications as may have actually taken place at the public charge, in respect to this survey; and how far has that charge been diminished, or is it likely to be diminished, by the sale of the work to private individuals?

VIII. 1. (a) Could the future progress of the geological survey be connected advantageously with historical, statistical, and antiquarian researches, (b) under the general superintendence of the Board of Ordnance, and upon a plan prescribed by that department; (c) such researches being made through the local and voluntary exertions of individuals interested in and conversant with the subjects of this inquiry, or by institutions formed for the express purpose of collecting and digesting materials?

IX. In reference to this part of the subject, it will be desirable to ascertain what has been effected by such means in Scotland; in what manner and upon what general principles the parochial statistical survey now in progress in that country is conducted; what is the cost of conducting it, of publishing the result of the inquiries made, and what is the actual and estimated return from the sale of the publications.

"X. In some of the papers attached to this memorandum, reference is made

to a memoir which is understood to have been prepared and printed at the public charge, containing a very elaborate and detailed account of a single parish in the county of Londonderry—that of Templemore.

“As the account of this single parish constitutes a work of nearly 400 pages, it is manifest that the labour and expense of continuing a publication for the whole of Ireland on such a scale would be extremely great; and, independently of the consideration of labour and expense, it may well be doubted whether the value of the memoir is increased by the great extent and variety of the detail into which it enters on many points of merely local and temporary interest.

“XI. It has been suggested, however, that the materials for a memoir for each county in Ireland, comprising information of a general nature connected with the statistics, history, and antiquities of each county, might be collected and digested; and that the progress of the geological survey of Ireland, combined with such information as officers in the employ of government in various public departments, parliamentary documents, and the contributions of individuals, might supply, would afford a favourable opportunity for such a collection.

“To this point, in particular, Sir Robert Peel is desirous of calling your attention.

“XII. It is important to ascertain what would be the best principle on which such a memoir should be prepared, in respect to the character and extent of the information to be comprised in it; what would be the best mode of preserving and digesting that information; the probable expense of the undertaking, including both the preparation of the materials and the publication of them; the probable future demand for the work, and how far the sale of it might contribute to defray the charge.

“Sir Robert Peel has reason to believe that useful information on some of the points referred to in this memorandum may be procured from the following persons whose attention has been directed to the subject:

Colonel Colby,  
Rev. Dr. Todd,  
Mr. Petrie,  
Captain Larcom,  
Rev. Dr. Robinson.

It would be important that there should be a full and accurate report of any opinions and suggestions which may be elicited in the course of the inquiry, and authority will be given to incur such expense as may be necessary for that purpose.

“Attached to this memorandum are certain papers and letters from Colonel Colby, and others bearing upon the subject of this inquiry.

“ROBERT PEEL.

“Whitehall, June 30, 1843.”

Thus authorized, the commissioners immediately summoned for examination, not only the distinguished gentlemen named by Sir Robert Peel, but also many others, equally eminent for their learning and acquaintance with the subjects to be inquired into; together with intelligent men practically acquainted with the bookselling and publishing business; and the result of their labours is the very valuable and interesting volume now submitted to the consideration of both houses of parliament, and the public generally. Of the report of the commissioners themselves, which constitutes the first part of this volume, we regret that our limits will not allow us to enter into any minute detail; but we may observe generally, that no duty was ever more faithfully or admirably performed, than was that imposed on the commissioners on this occasion. Every point suggested by the premier for investigation has been minutely examined and reported on—and though with, perhaps, a judicious caution, they refrain from expressing their own opinions, as they were not called for, it is quite obvious from the suggestions which they offer as those of experienced persons, that it is their ardent and unanimous wish, that the memoir in all its branches, should be continued. Let us add, that the public generally, and the Irish portion of it in particular, owe a deep and lasting debt of gratitude to these gentlemen for their valuable labours, and more especially to that distinguished young nobleman, Lord Adare, to whose untiring exertions the important movement in favour of the memoir is mainly attributable.

As a specimen of the style and spirit of this report, we extract the following remarks on the evidence furnished in favour of the topographical and antiquarian portion of the memoir—that portion in which we, as literary men, are of course most interested:—

“The publication of the topographical and antiquarian memoirs is advocated, not merely on the ground of their



inspiring general interest, and their important bearings on history and ethnography, but specially on the ground that a great mass of materials, whose value is highly appreciated by competent judges, has been already collected; that in its present state it is and must remain inaccessible and useless; and that there is no effectual mode of preserving it except by publishing. Much attention was excited, both at home and on the Continent, by the volume which has already appeared, and a resumption of the work would, it is likely, be acceptable in many quarters. If each county memoir were to be divided into three or more parts or sections, according to the subjects treated, and sold separately, different tastes would be gratified, and the number of purchasers probably augmented; but this is a minor arrangement, which had better be left to those who may hereafter have the conduct of the work, in case it be sanctioned and continued.

“ Much light has been thrown on the literary and ecclesiastical history of Ireland by Archbishop Ussher, Sir James Ware, and Colgan, while the topographical and monumental antiquities have had but meagre notice. The subject is therefore unexhausted, indeed almost untouched; and no inquirer, until the officers of the survey commenced their labours, has ever brought an equal amount of local knowledge, sound criticism, and accurate acquaintance with the Irish language to bear upon it. There are at present more monuments of early antiquity existing in Ireland than in England. Some districts are particularly rich in them; but from the injuries of the weather, neglect, and the increase of cultivation, they are rapidly disappearing. So that if Irish antiquities are to ‘escape the shipwreck of time,’ it would seem they must do so now or never—the best possible opportunity for collecting the materials presents itself—there are at hand admirable instruments for the task in Mr. Petrie and his assistants, trained, as they have been, in the orthographic department of the survey; such persons are of rare occurrence, and the limits within which the Irish language is spoken are year by year becoming narrower, while ‘the monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records, and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books that concern not story, and the like, from which an exact and scrupulous diligence should recover somewhat,’ *Brown* *Advancement of Learning*, in margin, are fading away and passing out of memory.”

The report concludes with the suggestions already alluded to, and which are three in number. The first relates to the contouring of the maps, the expense of which is estimated at £30,000. The second relates to the topographical and antiquarian memoir, including an economic section—that is, a section treating of the practical applications to the district of geology and agricultural chemistry, the expense of which it is estimated would be for the first year £3,350, and for each of the following years £5,500, or in all £60,000, to be provided in twelve years. The direction of these two branches to be under Captain Larcom, with the aid of Professor Kane, Mr. Petrie, and the other gentlemen already trained to the work. The third relates to the topographical geology of Ireland, to be committed to Sir Henry de la Beche, assisted by Captain James as chief in Ireland, and Professor Philips to examine the fossil and other organic remains, &c: the memoir to be completed in ten years, at an annual expense of £1500. So that the total estimated expense of the contour maps and the memoir in all its branches would not exceed £85,000, or an annual expenditure of £5,850, a small sum indeed for the necessary completion of a great national work, which, including the valuation, will have cost the country £1,060,029 18s. 9½d.

Can we for a moment suppose that, in the present position and circumstances of the empire, such a government as Sir Robert Peel's will hesitate, for such a comparatively trifling expenditure, to effect an object so sure to raise the character of that government in the esteem of the enlightened men of the empire and of Europe, and to ensure the gratitude of those in Ireland more particularly? Is Great Britain, the most powerful and wealthy nation in the universe, the most illustrious for her bravery, and spirit of enterprise—for her skill in mechanical arts and manufactures—for the capability of her sons to reach the highest points of human excellence in every intellectual exertion—is, we say, such an empire to continue for ever, from the want of government support, inferior to many others of limited power in its attention to the general diffusion of knowledge of all kinds amongst its people, and particularly of those classes of know-



ledge which give loftiness and dignity of thought to a nation, and without which wealth only becomes in the end the cause of national corruption, debasement, and decay? No! Sir Robert Peel will not hesitate. He who has no paltry or sordid objects of ambition to gratify—who has undertaken the labours and the harassing cares of office only for an imperishable fame, will leave nothing in his power undone to consolidate and secure the eternity of this vast empire, and to leave it as it ought, and as it is in every way fitted to be, the first of the world in every thing noble and intellectual, as well as in wealth and power. He will do this, and tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

We had intended at starting to give some extracts from the evidence itself, but we have too little space left to do so satisfactorily; and, moreover, where so much and varied intelligence abounds, it would be difficult in such small selections to convey an adequate idea of the value of the evidence, when considered as a whole, and a partial selection from the evidence of some of the witnesses only, might lead to the erroneous supposition, that we considered that of others as inferior, or less important. We cannot conclude, however, without adverting to the admirable evidence given by Mr. Wyse, on the great attention paid by the French government to the statistics, topographical history, and antiquities of the country, and its beneficial results in raising the standard of national civilization. And as an example of the spirit now abroad on the Continent, and which animates even some of the smallest of its states, for the preservation and accurate knowledge of its ancient monuments, we are tempted to reprint the following ordinance of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt:—

“Louis, by the grace of God Grand Duke of Hesse, &c. &c., considering that the monuments of ancient architecture still existing are among the most important and most interesting documents of history, and afford instructive views of the early manners, civilization, and civil constitution of the nation, thus rendering their preservation highly desirable, we have decreed as follows:—

1. Our Board of Works is to procure correct catalogues of all the remains of ancient architecture which, either in a historical point of view or as works of art, are worthy of being preserved, and to have their present situation described, and the other monuments of art extant in the same, as paintings, statues, &c., particularly mentioned.

“2. The said Board is to invite the learned of every province, who are best acquainted with its history, to co-operate in the historical preparation of such catalogues, for which purpose the requisite documents are to be communicated to them out of the archives.

“3. The principal of these buildings, or those which are in the most ruinous state, are to be delineated, and the designs, together with the descriptions, to be deposited in our museum.

“4. The Board of Works is to submit to our approbation the list of the buildings deemed worthy to be preserved or delineated, to correspond respecting their repairs with the requisite authorities, and to make the requisite proposals to us on the subject.

“5. If it should be thought proper to make alterations in any of these buildings, or to pull them down, it is to be done only under the cognizance of the said board, and with our approval in the requisite cases.

“6. If in digging, or on other occasions, relics of antiquity should be discovered, our public functionaries are to take care that they be carefully preserved; and notice of their discovery is to be immediately sent to the Board of Works, or to the managers of the Museum.

“7. All public functionaries are enjoined carefully to watch over the preservation of all the monuments recorded in the aforesaid catalogues, for which purpose the latter are to be printed and communicated to them.

(Signed)

“Louis.

“Darmstadt, Jan. 22, 1818.”

In conclusion we can only say—is it not a delightful spectacle, now perhaps for the first time exhibited in Ireland, to see Irishmen of all parties and creeds, the most illustrious in rank and the most eminent in talents, combining zealously for an object of good to their common country? and may we not take it as an auspicious omen of the happiness and peace yet in store for us, and which must follow as an inevitable result of the continuance of a unity thus happily begun?

## NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. XI.

"The world's my filbert, which with my crackers I will open."  
*Shakspeare.*

"Hard texts are *nuts* (I will not call them cheaters)  
 Whose shells do keep their kernels from their eaters :  
 Open the shells, and you shall have the meat :  
 They here are brought for you to crack and eat."  
*John Bunyan.*

"The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
 And the lawyer beknives the divine ;  
 And the statesman, because he's so great,  
 Thinks his trade's as honest as mine."  
*Beggar's Opera.*

## A NUT FOR THE REAL "LIBERATOR."

WHEN Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun, he never knew Lord Normanby. That's a fact, and now to show cause.

No attribute of regal, and consequently it may be inferred of vice-regal personages, have met such universal praise from the world, as the wondrous tact they would seem to possess, regarding the most suitable modes of flattering the pride and gratifying the passions of those they govern.

It happens not unfrequently, that they leave this blessed privilege unused, and give themselves slight pains in its exercise ; but should the time come when its exhibition may be deemed fit or necessary, their instinctive appreciation is said never to fail them, and they invariably hit off the great trait of a people at once.

Perhaps it may be the elevated standard on which they are placed, gives them this wondrous *coup d'œil*, and enables them to take wider views than mortals less eminently situated ; perhaps it is some old leaven of privileges derivable from right divine. But no matter, the thing is so.

Napoleon well knew the temper of Frenchmen in his day, and how certain short words, emblematic of their country's greatness and glory, could fascinate their minds and bend them to his purpose. In Russia, the czar is the head of the church, as of the state, and a mere word from him to one of his people is a treasure above

all price. In Holland, a popular monarch taps some forty puncheons of schnapps, and makes the people drunk. In Belgium, he gets up a high mass, and a procession of virgins. In the States, a rabid diatribe against England, and a spice of Lynch Law, are clap-trap. But every land has its own peculiar leaning—to be gratified by some one concession or compliment in preference to every other.

Now, when Lord Normanby came to Ireland, he must have been somewhat puzzled by the very multiplicity of those expectations. It was a regular "*embarras de richesses*." There was so much to give, and he so willing to give it !

First, there was discouragement to be dealt out against Protestants—an easy and a pleasant path ; then the priests were to be brought into fashion—a somewhat harder task ; country gentlemen were to be snubbed and affronted ; petty attorneys were to be petted and promoted ; all claimants with an "O" to their names were to have something—it looked national ; men of position and true influence were to be pulled down and degraded, and so on. In fact, there was a good two years of smart practice in the rupture of all the ties of society, and in the overthrow of whatever was respectable in the land, before he need cry halt.

Away he went then, cheered by the sweet voices of the mob he loved, and quick work he made of it. I need not stop to say, how pleasant Dublin became when deserted of all who could

afford to quit it; nor how peaceful were the streets which no one traversed—*ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant*. The people, like Oliver, “asked for more:” ungrateful people—not content with Father Glynn at the viceroy’s table, and the Bishop of “Mesopotamia” in the council, they cried, like the horseleech’s daughters, “give! give!”

“What would they have, the spalpeens?” said Pierce Mahony; “sure ain’t we destroying the place entirely, and nobody will be able to live here after us.”

“What do they want?” quoth Anthony Blake; “can’t they have patience? Isn’t the church trembling, and property not worth two years’ purchase?”

“Upon my life!” whispered Lord Morpeth, “I can’t comprehend them. I fear we have been only but too good-natured!—don’t you think so?”

And so they pondered over their difficulties, but never a man among them could suggest a remedy for their new demand, nor make out a concession which had not been already made.

“Did you butter Dan?” said Anthony.

“Ay, and offered him the ‘rolls’ too,” said Sheil.

“It’s no use,” interposed Pierce; “he’s not to be caught.”

“Couldn’t ye make Tom Steele Bishop of Cashel?”

“He wouldn’t take it,” groaned the viceroy.

“Is Mr. Arkins a privy councillor?”

“No; but he might if he liked. There’s no use in these trifles.”

“*Eureka*, gents, I have it!” cried my lord; “order post-horses for me this instant—I have it!”

And so he had, and by that act alone he stamped himself as the first man of his party.

Swift philosophised on the satiric touch of building a madhouse, as the most appropriate charity to Ireland; but what would he have said had he heard that the greatest favour its rulers could bestow—the most flattering compliment to national feeling—was to open the gaols, to let loose robbers and housebreakers, highwaymen and cut-throats—to return burglars to their afflicted homes, and bring back felons to their weeping families. Some sneering critic will object to it, as

scarcely complimentary to a country to say—“these gentlemen are only thieves—murderers; they cannot hurt your morals. They were sentenced to transportation, but why should we spread vice among innocent bushmen, and disseminate wickedness through Norfolk Island? Let them loose where they are, they know the ways of the place, they’ll not murder the “wrong man;” depend upon it, too, the rent won’t suffer by their remaining. And so my lord took off the handcuffs, and filed the fetters; and the bondsmen, albeit not all “hereditary,” went free. Who should be called the Liberator, I ask, after this? Is it your Daniel, who promises year after year, and never performs; or you, my lord, who strikes off real chains, not metaphorical ones, and liberates real captives, not figurative slaves?

It was, indeed, a “great day for Ireland” when the villains got loose, and must have been a strong lesson on the score of domestic duty to many a roving blade, who preferred spending that evening at home, to venturing out after dark. My lord covered himself with laurels, and albeit they were gathered, as Lord Wellesley said, in the “Groves of Blarney,” they well became the brow they ornamented.

I should scarcely have thought necessary to ring a pean of praise on this great governor, if it were not for a most unaccountable attack his magnanimous and stupendous mercy, as Tom Steele would call it, has called forth from some organ of the press.

This vile print, calling itself *The Cork Constitution*, thus discourseth:

“Why, of 16 whom he pardoned, and of 41 whose sentences he commuted in the goal of our own city, 13 were re-committed, and of these no fewer than 10 were in due time transported. One of the latter, Mary Lynch, was subsequently five times committed, and at last transported; Jeremiah Twomey, *alias* Old Lock, was subsequently six times committed, and finally transported, while two others were twice committed. These are a specimen of the persons whom his lordship delighted to honour. Of the whole 57 (who were liberated between January, 1835, and April, 1839), there were, at the time of their sentences being commuted or themselves discharged, 34 under sentence of transportation and 2 under sentence of death. In the county gaol, 47 prisoners expe-

rienced the benefit of viceregal liberality. Of these, 18 had been under sentence of transportation, 11 of them for life; but how many of them it became the duty of the government to introduce a second or third time to the notice of the judge, or what was their ultimate destiny, we are, unfortunately, not informed. The recorder, we observe, passed sentence of transportation yesterday on a fellow named Corkery, who had some years ago been similarly sentenced by one of the judges, but for whose release his worship was unable to account. The explanation, however, is easy. Corkery was one of the scoundrels liberated by Lord Normanby, and he has since been living on the plunder of the citizens, on whom that vain and visionary viceroy so inconsiderately let him loose."

Now I detest figures, and, therefore, I won't venture to dispute the man's arithmetic about the "ten in due time transported," nor Corkery, nor Mary Lynch, nor any of them.

I take the facts on his own showing, and I ground upon them the most triumphant defence of the calumniated viceroy. What was it, I ask, but the very prescience of the lord lieutenant we praise in the act? He liberated a gaol full of ruffians, not to inundate the world with a host of felons and vagabonds, but, simply, to give them a kind of day rule.

"Let them loose," cried my lord; "take the irons off—devil a long they'll be free. Mark my words, that fellow will murder some one else before long. Thank you, Mary Lynch, it is a real pleasure to me to restore you to liberty;" and then, *sotto*, "you'll have a voyage out, nevertheless, I see that. Open the gates—pass out, gentlemen highwaymen. Don't be afraid, good people of Cork, these are infernal ruffians, they'll all be back again before six months. It's no consequence to me to see you at large, for I have the heartfelt conviction that most of you must be hanged yet."

Here is the true defence of the viceroy, here the real and well-grounded explanation of his conduct; and I hope when Lord Brougham attacks his noble friend—which of course he will—that the marquis will hurl back on him, with proud triumph, this irresistible mark of his united foresight and benevolence.

#### A NUT FOR "HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS."

If a fair estimate were at any moment to be taken of the time employed in the real business of the country, and that consumed by public characters in vindicating their conduct, recapitulating their good intentions, and glossing over their bad acts, it would be found that the former was to the latter as the ratio of Falstaff's bread to the "sack."

A British House of Commons is in fact nineteen out of every twenty hours employed in the pleasant personalities of attack and defence. It is something that the "noble baron" said last session, or the "right hon. baronet" didn't say in the present one, engrosses all their attention; and the most animated debates are about certain expressions of some "honourable and learned gentleman," who always uses his words in a sense different from the rest of the nation.

If this satisfies the public and stuffs the newspapers, perhaps I should not repine at it; but certainly it is very fatiguing and tiresome to any man with a moderately good memory to preserve the excellent traditions each ministry retains of their own virtues, and how eloquently the opposition can hold forth upon the various good things they would have done, had they been left quietly on the treasury benches. Now how much better and more business-like would it be if, instead of leaving these gentlemen to dilate and expatiate on their own excellent qualities, some public standards were to be established, by which at a glance the world at large could decide on their merits and examine into their fitness for office at a future period. Your butler and your coachman, when leaving your service, do not present themselves to a new master with characters of their own inditing, or if they did they would unquestionably require a very rigid scrutiny. What would you say if a cook who professes herself a perfect treasure of economy and excellence, warrants herself sober, amiable, and cleanly—who, without other vouchers for her fitness than her own, would dilate on her many virtues and accomplishments, and demand to be taken into your service because she has higher taste for self-panegyric

than her rival. Such a thing would be preposterous in the kitchen, but it is exactly what takes place in parliament, and there is but one remedy for it. Let her majesty's servants, when they leave their places, receive written characters, like those of less exalted persons. These documents would then be on record when the applicants sought other situations, and could be referred to with more confidence by the nation than if given by the individuals themselves.

How easily would the high-flown sentiments of any of the "outs" be tested by a simple comparison with his last character—how clearly would pretension be measured by what he had done in his last place. No long speeches, no four hour addresses would be required at the hustings then. Show us your character, would be the cry—why did he leave his mistress? the question.

The petty subterfuges of party would not stand such a test as this; all the little miserable explanations—that it was a quarrel in the kitchen, that the cook said this and the footman said that, would go for nothing. You were turned out, and why?—that's the bone and sinew of the matter.

To little purpose would my Lord John remind his party that he was going to do every thing for every body—to plunder the parsons and pay the priests—to swamp the constitution and upset the church—respectable people would take time to look at his papers; they would see that he was an active little busy man, accustomed to do the whole work of a family single-handed; that he was in many respects attentive and industrious, but had a following of low Irish acquaintances whom he let into the house on every occasion, and that then nothing escaped them—they smashed the furniture, broke the looking-glasses, and kicked up a regular row: for this he was discharged, receiving all wages due.

And then, instead of suffering long-winded panegyrics from the member for Tiverton, how easily would the matter be comprehended in one line—"a good servant, lively, and intelligent, but self-sufficient, and apt to take airs. Turned off for quarrelling with the French valet next door, and causing a difference between the families."

Then again, how decisively the

merits of a certain ex-chancellor might be measured in reading—"hired as butler, but insisted on cleaning the carriage, and scratched the panels; would dress the dinner, and spoiled the soup and burned the salon; never attended to his own duties, but spent his time fighting with the other servants, and is in fact a most troublesome member of a household. He is, however, both smart and intelligent, and is allowed a small pension to wait on company days."

Trust me, this plan, if acted on—and I feel it cannot be long neglected—will do more to put pretension on a par with desert, than all the adjourned debates that waste the sessions; it would save a world of unblushing self-praise and laudation, and protect the country from the pushing impertinence of a set of turned-off servants.

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#### A NUT FOR "THE TRAVERSERS."

A MEMBER of the O'Connell family, I cannot, at this moment, be accurate as to which, brought forward a motion some few days since in the Repeal Association, for a petition to parliament to revise the code of trial by jury in this country—or, in other words, to make such alterations regarding the jury list, as would meet the "deplorable calamities of a late event."

Of all our institutions, I know of none which comes in for a greater share of alternate praise and abuse, than this same system of trial by jury, now cried up as the palladium of liberty—now inveighed against as the secret weapon of tyrannical domination. To-day, it is the air we breathe, &c. To-morrow, the inquisition is, as Sancho says, "Cakes and gingerbread" compared to it. Just as Marshal Soult is said to have won or lost the battle of Toulouse—by the momentary favour that brave soldier enjoys at Paris, so we estimate this excellent institution on equally passing and ephemeral grounds—and like or dislike it, by the last exercise of his office.

If one were only to measure the wisdom of our ancestors by their success in framing this institution, unquestionably a low standard would be



formed of their skill. Nothing ever was more prolific of dispute and disagreement. It is a row from beginning to end—some fighting to be off, others to be on; some called on a fine of fifty—others claiming immunity from years. Then, what with swearing people, who won't swear (except in private), challenging, putting aside, &c., a more disorderly business cannot well be imagined—and if it only ends in carting the congress to the verge of the county, is a perfect drama of the most ludicrous kind.

To suppose that twelve people, taken by force from their friends and families—talked at, and sworn at—appealed to, addressed, conjured, and charged, for three weeks—without other intercourse than each other's society—fed on temperate diet though they be, and aired in the sheriff's coach—could do any thing but disagree, is to evince very little knowledge of human nature. There is, in every jury-box, a specimen—a small one, but not less correct—of the great mass of mankind. There is the suspicious man, terrified at every thing—haunted by the dark insinuations of counsel, and frightened by some dubious hint of the bench. There is the bold one, who will see nothing, except when an overt act is displayed before him—nor care for that, if violence do not accompany it. There is the man of a gingerly conscience, and the man with none; the man who loves his little brief authority, and likes his trial; and the other who pines for his home, and is ready to make any sacrifices to get back there. Then, there is the drowsy man, who only heard part of the evidence—and the deaf man, that heard none—and so on; human passions, hopes, and infirmities are there engaged as actively as in the world without; and yet these people, who would not be of one opinion about the shape of the high sheriff's nose, or the solicitor-general's wig, are expected to come into court, ready, with one sweeping assertion of their unanimity, to call a fellow-man guilty, or not guilty.

Putting guilt or innocence clear out of the question, the odds are enormous, that no conviction takes place: in fact, it is almost impossible unanimity could exist; and if it were not for the presence of compliant jurors,

such as I have spoken of, there could be none. How easy for any one, however distantly allied to, or well disposed towards a prisoner, to stand out, as it is called—to be unconvinced by his fellow-jurors—to be far too honest, and too scrupulous, and too far-seeing to regard the evidence with the eyes of ordinary mortals. That one refractory spirit is as great a barrier between the dock and Swan River, as an army of a hundred thousand men. "The jury cannot agree, my lord," saith the foreman; and the judge, deeply conversant with human nature, and knowing that people who have begun to dispute are incalculably better disposed to continue it, if their disagreement provoke personal discomfort, orders them back to consider their verdict; or, in other words, have another round of vexatious argument and uproar. They come forth twenty-four hours later, with long beards, and care-worn faces, and again proclaim, "no verdict." The sheriff and his cart finish the spectacle, and thus ends trial by jury.

Now, consider the matter this wise. Here are eleven men, of opinion that the prisoner in the dock is guilty; his sentence for the offence, had they all concurred, had been a year in Newgate. Why not give him eleven months? The justice of these eleven jurors would then be vindicated, and the one who "stood out" would still serve his friend. Is it wise to society to let forth upon the world a man whom eleven others, on their oaths, have decided to be guilty—or, is the one recusant worth more than the eleven others? Is their unanimity nothing? Is his obstinacy so much? Can he be pronounced innocent, whom eleven men, on full investigation, and deep consideration, have declared not so—and is crime so dear to society, is guilt so rare a thing, that the one dissentient is to have the power of setting free a felon among his fellow men?

Now to apply this reasoning, it needs little foresight to perceive that, in any ordinary case, the proofs of guilt must be clear as noon day—the whole case one which denies the possibility of quibble or subterfuge, to make a verdict of guilty a thing of any certainty. Men naturally lean to mercy's side, happily, in these matters, and it is well they should do



so. Still, with all these chances—these tickets in the lottery, as Mr. Shiel called them—in their favour, the repealers were convicted—and now they call out, the “trial was unfair.” How strange it is, there is no new trick in the world. Black-legs and barristers have nothing but their own stale rogueries to go back upon, and the legerdmain of the card-table is the rule of the court. “Show me the trump; I don’t like it; I have only twelve cards; where’s the other? Hang me, if I know; the dealer (*i. e.* the Recorder) perhaps can tell. I declare they were all right. No matter, you see I have but twelve. Well, it can’t be helped now. You won’t say it’s not in your pocket, and so, we must only play on.” Such was exactly what happened here; and there’s no saying what might have occurred, had they been suffered to have another shuffle. The Attorney-general, however, knew the rules of the game, he had Hoyle and Dechappelle at his fingers’ ends, and the “legs” were frustrated.

“Play with *my* pack,” says Daniel, “and see what will come of it; may be I don’t know the knaves!” and that is exactly the measure they now are seeking for—and truly, a more modest request need scarcely be thought of. Just think, for a moment, of any house-breaker, on being called on to take trial, demanding as a right that six at least, (one would suffice)—six of the jury should have been practised burglars—men who did not regard smashing a street door and shattering a shutter as any great invasion of private property, nor privacy—and who had certain free-and-easy notions of their own about the distribution of this world’s wealth. Imagine the accused gravely demanding of the crown prosecutor a jury of his peers in iniquity, his co-mates in rascality—claiming as his birthright, that six of the twelve in the box should, while trying his case, be deciding on their own; that their own fortune should be at issue, and the legal formula of “like case, like rule,” be able to transfer them from the jury-box to the goal. One is insensibly led away to speculate on the strange scenes such a line of practice would originate; how miserable would be all the bottled-up smartness of the cross-examining counsel, before the real knowledge of such a jury as we

should then see—how common-place all his home questions, and how blunt his fiercest thrusts at the witness, compared with some pertinent demand of the “artful dodger” who acted as foreman. Daniel is not content with Ireland for the Irish, he had twelve natives of the “gem of the sea,” and yet they did not suffice him—his exclusiveness goes further; they must be “Irish, and something more.” Give me a few of the right sort, quoth he, shilling-a-week men, wardens, or pacificators, or whatever other humbug designation they rejoice in—fellows that feel that the dock and the jury-box are all one. Don’t pack a jury, crieth the pickpocket, let me see plenty of light-fingered gentry to try me. No infringement of the liberty of the subject, exclaims the highwayman—where are the robbers on the panel?

If Mr. O’Connell has not had a fair trial, there have been scandalous doings at the Old Bailey—that’s all; and I hope something will be done for the memory of Jack Sheppard, for, assuredly, he was a murdered man.

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#### A NUT FOR “THE CLIMBING BOYS.”

ONE man may lead a horse to the water, but ten cannot make him drink, sayeth the adage; and so it might be said, any one might devise an act of parliament—but who can explain all its intentions and provisions—define its powers—and illustrate its meanings? One clause will occasionally vitiate another; one section completely contradict the preceding one; the very objects of the legislature are often so pared away in committee, that a mere shadowy outline remains of what the original framer intended; and were it not for the bold hand of executive justice, the whole might be inoperative. The judge, happily, supplies the deficiency of the law-maker—and the thing were perfect, if judges were not, like doctors, given to differ—and thus, occasionally, disseminate somewhat opposite notions of the statutes of the land.

Such being the case, it will not be deemed impertinent of one, who desires to conform in all respects to the law, to ask, from time to time, of our rulers and governors, certain

questions, the answers to which, should he happily receive them, will be regarded by him as though written on tables of brass.

Now, in a late session of parliament, some humane member brought in a bill to interdict the sweeping of chimneys by all persons small enough for the purpose, and ingeniously suggested supplying their place by others, whose size would have inevitably condemned them to perish in a flue. Never had philanthropist a greater share of popularity. Little sweeps sang his praises along the streets—penny periodicals had verses in his honour—the “song of the soot” was set to music—and people, in the frenzy of their enthusiasm, so far forgot their chimneys, that scarcely a street in town had not, at least, one fire every night in the week. Meanwhile, the tender sweepings had lost their occupation, they had pronounced their farewell to the brush—what was to become of them? Alas, the legislature had not thought of that point; for, they were not influential enough to claim compensation. I grieve to think, but there is too much reason to fear, that many of them betook themselves to the ancient vocation of pickpockets. Yes; as Dr. Watts has it—

*“Sweepings, be careful of your bill,  
For it may turn to ill.”*

The divisional police-offices were filled each morning with small “suttees”—whose researches after handkerchiefs and snuff-boxes were of the most active kind; while their full-grown brethren, first impacted in a funnel of ten inches by eight, were cursing the Comaees, and consigning to all manner of misfortune the benevolent framer of the bill.

Now, I cannot help asking myself, was this the intention of the legislature—did they really mean that big people should try to penetrate where little ones were not small enough to pass?—or was it some piece of conciliation to the little boys, that they should see their masters griddled and roasted, in revenge for “the disabilities they had suffered from under?” This point of great difficulty—and after much thought and deliberation, I have come to my solution of the whole question, and I only hope it may prove the right one. It is this—The bill is a punishment to the climbing boys, and the full-grown sweeps—and the chimney,

and the householder, and the machine, are mere types which I would interpret thus:—the householder is John Bull, a good-natured, easy fellow, liking his ease, and studying his comfort—caring for his dinner, and detesting smoke above all things; he wishes to have his house neat and orderly, neither confusion nor disturbance—but his great dread is fire; the very thought of it sets him a-trembling all over. Now, for years past, he has remarked that the small sweeps, who mount so glibly to the top of the flue, rarely do any thing but make a noise—they scream and shout for ten minutes, or so, and then come down, with their eyes red, and their noses bloody, and cry themselves sick, till they get bread and butter. John is worried and fretted at all this; he remembers the time a good-sized sweep used to go up and rake down all the soot in no time. These were the old Tory ministers, who took such wise and safe precautions against fire, that an insurance office was never needed. “Not so now,” quoth John; “oh! rabbit it, they’ve got their climbing boys, who are always bleating and bawling, for the neighbourhood to look at them—and yet, devil a bit of good they do the whole time.”

And now, who are these? you would ask. I’ll tell you—the “Climbing boys” are the Howicks, and the Clements—the Smith O’Briens and the Israclis, and a host of others, scraping their way upwards, through soot and smoke, that they may put out their heads in high places, and cry “weep! weep!” and well may they—they’ve had a dirty journey—and black enough their hands are, I warrant you, before they got there.

To get rid of these, without offending them, John brings in his philanthropic bill, making it penal to employ them, or to have any other than the old legitimate sweeps, that know every turn of the flue, and have gone up and down any time these twenty years. No new machine for him—no Whig contrivance, to scrape the bricks and burn the house—but the responsible full grown sweeps—who, if the passage be narrow, have strength to force their way, and take good care not to get dust in their eyes in the process.

Such is my interpretation of the bill, and I only trust a discerning public may agree with me.

## DRAMATIC POETRY—THE BRIDAL OF MELCHA.\*

FERTILE in romantic incident as is the early history of Ireland, few writers have availed themselves of that fertility for the purposes of the drama. Yet it would appear to be especially well calculated to supply the labourers in this field of literature, from the latitude that a traditionary history admits of, and from that impassioned and figurative style which is allowed by courtesy to Irish colloquy, and which is so useful to the dramatist. There is also an individuality and character about those strongly-marked times and parties, which awakens and fixes interest. The idolater and the Christian, the invader and the patriot, the warrior and the bard, the missionary priest and the royal virgin, have characters of a distinctness and prominence that later times no longer know. It is interesting, also, to trace in Ireland's early history the features of national character that still survive amongst our countrymen, after the lapse of a thousand years—that natural loyalty—that reverential tendency—that respect for woman—that romantic valour—all which are at this hour characteristic of Irishmen, however obscured and perverted by circumstances and education.

The incident on which the work before us is founded, belongs to these early times, and is one of the most striking of their eventful series. The fair writer has judiciously clothed her well-chosen subject in a dramatic form, as being best adapted to give life, energy, and interest to sentiments common to the "universal heart of man." By means of this universality we can extend our sympathies into all times, all events, all classes. From the bowers of Eden to the halls of Odin, imagination is made free of the world's wide brotherhood. By the dictionary of our own, we can read the language of every human heart, however distant be the times in which it beat, or the climes in which it turned to dust. The drama is the explanation of his-

tory; it develops the motives, as biography relates the actions of men; while the "old almanack" gives only the results. As by means of the Daguerreotype we can have the church of St. Peter's concentrated, with all its details, into a little picture that the hand may cover—one millionth part, perhaps, of the size of the original—and by applying a microscope of comparative magnifying power to any part of this picture, we have all its details restored to their original dimensions; faint spots and lines assume the features of marble statues, or swell into columns of stately proportion. Thus the leading events of history assume form under biography, and are resolved into their first elements by the drama.

History relates that Iphigenia was sacrificed at Aulis. Euripides tells us how and why. Dio Cassius relates that Cæsar was slain. Shakspeare informs us why Brutus slew him, and how Antony defended his memory. And we believe his information, because we feel that the agencies he employs were capable of producing the results to be accounted for. Thus it appears to be one of the chief provinces of the drama, to afford analyses of the means by which the events of the world have been achieved or accomplished.

In modern times, or in plots of our own contrivance, such a task is comparatively easy; but to track the existence and operation of motive upon action, in times and scenes very different from those with which we have to do, requires no ordinary courage to attempt, and no ordinary skill to execute. Shakspeare makes his Cleopatra, or his Ariel, think, speak, and act, as an Egyptian would, or as a spirit might, have done; "*Romeo et Juliet*" says Madame de Staël, "*traduite en Italien, semble rentrer dans sa langue maternelle*;" and many an outraged parent has adopted the words of Lear, as more expressive of his

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\* *The Bridal of Melcha*, by Mary L. Boyle. London: Henry Colburn. 1844.

feelings than any he could command, special, for the purpose.

The drama before us deals with events that occurred a thousand years ago. It is written by a Sassenach; but we are bound to add, that no native of the emerald isle could have written with more enthusiasm on the subject. It bears a woman's name on the title page—a name distinguished in genealogies and literature; but it does not require such evidence to prove its origin. The tenderness of tone, the subtleties of emotion, the romantic impulses of her heroes, and the true womanliness of her heroine, all show the delicate tracery that woman's hand alone can execute. The plot is well conceived and worked out; the interest well sustained, and increasing with the progress of the drama; the blank verse, for the most part, smooth and harmonious; the characters original, and their individuality well preserved.

The story is familiar to all readers of Irish history; but as these do not form, we fear, a very numerous class, we will run the risk of repeating what may be trite to many of our readers.

Every one has heard of Malachy, and the "collar of gold that he won from the proud invader;" but every one may not have heard that this Malachy was called in his own court Melachlin; that he was king of Meath, and consequently of the Irish Pentarchy; and that this "proud invader" was Turgesius the Dane. Every one also knows that these Danes used to visit Ireland as regularly as the woodcocks from the same quarter, and that they generally met with a similar reception. Indeed, it is worthy of remark that, while the fairest province of France was already subjugated, and while England had already been twice overrun, by these northerners, Ireland had successfully resisted their invasions until about the year 846, the period at which the drama opens. Turgesius, or Thorgil,\* as he is here called, had established himself and his followers in Ireland, and, partly by conquest, partly by treaty, had possessed himself virtually of the sovereignty, although Malachy

(Cuthullin) nominally shared it with him.

The "gein" then, was virtually set "in the iron crown of the stranger." She was oppressed, insulted, and despoiled; her laws outraged by the invader; her religion dishonoured by the idolater—in short, she was very nearly as badly off as O'Connell represents her now on the approach of his rent-day. Indeed, by substituting Saxon for Dane, the indignant and disinterested demagogue might take some useful hints from the eloquent pages before us for his next essay on Irish freedom. Not that we would lightly speak of that sacred spell-word, at which our unhappy country has in all ages so prodigally bled, and does so even now, after the changed fashion of the times, to the tune of some forty or fifty thousand pounds a year.

But to return to our subject. Cuthullin has a daughter named Melcha, who is secretly loved by Feargus, a noble orphan of his adoption. The play opens with a scene between this leader of the Irish warriors, and his sister Mora, in which the latter urges him to declare his passion for Melcha:—

MORA.

By every hope I hold  
Of peace and freedom to the land I  
love,  
Were I a man, a lover as thou art,  
I'd work another way: I'd gain her  
heart  
With vows of faith, devotion, and the  
like;  
With praises of her beauty—which in  
vain  
You waste upon the wind, that does not  
care  
To waft them to her ear—with half the  
tales  
You lavish on your sister. Night and  
morn  
I'd haunt her path: I'd stand beside her  
door  
To bid her sleep in peace, or wake in  
joy:  
And when the envious walls concealed  
her form,  
My voice should follow, though my steps  
were checked.  
Oh, I would send melodious messages  
Of love—of hopeful, daring, dauntless  
love!

---

\* Snorro attempts to identify Thorgil and Turgesius; but Harold Harsfager, the father of the former, was not born until long after the death of the latter.

## FEARGUS.

Yet tell me, Mora, hast thou never  
 read—  
 When for a few short years thy eager  
 mood  
 Was curbed and guided by the sister-  
 hood  
 Of holy Oswald—hast thou never read  
 Some sacred legend of a spotless maid,  
 Whose innocence and purity were spells  
 To bind, and to unloose. Beneath  
 whose gaze  
 The powers of earth fell down, and were  
 dismayed—  
 Before whose modest speech the bab-  
 bling tongue  
 Of eloquence was mute; while pious  
 awe  
 And silent wonder filled the minds of  
 men.

## MORA.

Ay, that have I, in sinful Pagan days;  
 And they were heathens who confessed  
 the power  
 Of that fair Christian: they were wick-  
 ed men,  
 Bent on the saint's destruction. Such  
 a sway  
 Might Melcha wield o'er tyrant Thor-  
 gil's mind,  
 Were he not lost to every sense of  
 good;  
 Were not his eyes impervious to the  
 light  
 That emanates from innocence. But  
 thou,  
 My noble, generous, single-minded boy!  
 My comely, faithful, gentle-hearted bro-  
 ther—  
 Brave as thy sword, and polished as its  
 blade—  
 The soldier's boast, the aged monarch's  
 stay,  
 The glory of thy friend, thy sister's  
 joy,  
 Thy country's saviour in no distant  
 day!  
 Where is the woman shall gainsay thy  
 suit?  
 The dull cold eye that could not read  
 this brow?  
 The senseless heart that would resist  
 thy power,  
 Or spurn the privilege of weeping here?

Randal, Mora's lover, here enters,  
 with the news that Thorgil has an-  
 nounced his intention of being present  
 at a banquet, to be furnished by Cuth-  
 ullin, at which the Dane insists that  
 every noble Irish maiden shall at-  
 tend:—

Mark this, young Feargus: 'tis the so-  
 vereign's will  
 That all our maidens shall adorn the  
 feast.

He comes—and in his insolence pro-  
 sumes  
 To let us so far in his confidence—  
 He comes, to judge betwixt report and  
 truth,  
 To see if fame can overrate the charms  
 Of Ulster's daughters. Ay, so I be-  
 lieved  
 You, who a moment past, were all for  
 peace,  
 What say you now? How does it suit  
 your will,  
 That wanton eyes should revel in the  
 gaze  
 Of sisters, daughters, and of those we  
 love  
 With such a jealous passion, that we  
 fret  
 Because the breeze upon the mountain's  
 side  
 Dallics amid their tresses as they pass?  
 Mora and Feargus speak! Will ye  
 submit  
 To such a fiery ordeal? Will ye bow  
 To the king's will in this, if he presume  
 To ask it at your hands?

They refer to Melcha, who declares  
 her intention of being present. The  
 character of our heroine is well de-  
 veloped in the scene between her and  
 her father, of which we have only  
 room for the following extract:—

## CUTHULLIN.

Hast thou forgotten all that I possessed,  
 In owning thee?

## MELCHA.

In my own sight, at least,  
 No treasure: but a bond to tie thee  
 down;  
 And fetter thee to home—a household  
 care  
 To weigh upon thy spirit; and I cried,  
 "Had he a son, to train to deeds of  
 arms—  
 To rear as soldier, and as patriot—  
 A son—a prince—a man—in after years  
 To be the pillar of his father's house:  
 Then were he blest, indeed!—then were  
 his age  
 Defended against weakness, for the  
 strength  
 Which he had once imparted, would re-  
 turn  
 Reflected from the spirit of his son!"  
 In such a case, thou wert supremely  
 blest;  
 Fenced round by filial love indeed, but  
 of a kind  
 That woman cannot give. Nay, hear  
 me on—  
 I pray thee, hear me, for a little space.  
 These sage reflections had their own  
 results,  
 And influenced my life. From that day  
 forth.

To curb a wayward fancy was my aim,  
 To discipline my mind, and lay aside  
 The lighter sportiveness, which seemed  
     a part  
 And portion of my being. My dis-  
     course,  
 And my demeanour I controlled, to suit  
 And fit me for companionship with thee.  
 And though I could not follow to the  
     field,  
 Or stand beside thee in the hour of  
     fight,  
 Did I not love to buckle on thy sword?  
 Did I not glory in my father's fame?

[*She pauses abruptly.*]

Alas! alas! I know not what I speak—  
 I wander from the subject. I have  
     erred,  
 I thought, with all the strength I could  
     command;  
 Not failing, in my modesty, to fill  
 A brother's vacant place, and I have  
     failed.  
 Striving for vigour, I have been mo-  
     rose -  
 Aiming at reason, dulness have attain-  
     ed.  
 All graceful gladness—all vivacity—  
 The charm of other maidens—laid  
     aside,  
 And none have prospered, through the  
     sacrifice.  
 Then well the playful child may'st thou  
     regret,  
 The smiling, breathing image, now re-  
     placed  
 By still, cold, marble.

By Melcha's desire the banquet is  
 prepared. We subjoin the following  
 spirited scene almost entire:—

SCENE II.—*Banquet in the Palace.*

CUTHULLIN seated: THORGIL on his right,  
 MELCHA on his left. FEARGUS beside  
 the Princess. RANDAL and MORA also  
 at the upper board. Below, a long line  
 of Danes and Irish; among the latter  
 many matrons and maidens.

THORGIL.

A gallant sight! a goodly, gladdening  
     sight.  
 Thou scarcely know'st, to such a heart  
     as mine,  
 So full of love fraternal, what a joy  
 This scene imparts. Cuthullin, mighty  
     king,  
 And loving brother, I have been misled  
 By ill report, a fault I must correct.  
 Some future day, this same credulity  
 They told me—pardon, if I show it  
     forth.  
 Now that the reputation lies before  
 My very eyes,—they said thou wert  
     distrest

Through lack of fortune's gifts—they  
     said the war  
 (Which had so blest an ending for us all)  
 Had drained thy coffers. Thou may'st  
     well believe  
 With what a lightened conscience I sur-  
     vey  
 This blaze of golden vessels!—this dis-  
     play  
 Of gems, which ever and anon dart forth  
 Their rays, as willing to compete the  
     meed  
 Of brightness, with the eyes that gleam  
     around.

CUTHULLIN.

It is an ancient custom in our land,  
 And one to which we cling with idle  
     pride,  
 That we entreat our guests, (and those  
     that seek  
 Our gates, of their own will, especially,)  
 With all the pomp and splendour we  
     command.  
 But your encomiums bear too high a  
     tone:  
 This, for a monarch's board, is plain  
     enough,  
 And very frugal: 'tis the best we have;  
 And when the offering made is of the  
     best,  
 It needs no blush, whoever may receive,  
 Or give the boon.

THORGIL.

Wisely and truly said.

Who would believe, to hear my brother  
     speak,  
 His life had passed within a soldier's  
     camp?  
 A soil ungenial—so at least 'tis said—  
 For wisdom and morality to thrive.

FEARGUS.

A Christian camp is rich in such good  
     fruits.  
 And he who deems that vice must dog  
     the steps  
 Of conquering armies—

THORGIL.

Well, young sage, say on.

FEARGUS.

He is a tyrant or an infidel!

THORGIL to CUTHULLIN.

This—I mistake not—is the gallant  
     youth,  
 Whom you have cherished as a son? In  
     truth,  
 He learns his lessons aptly; and bids  
     fair  
 To be your rival, brother, in regard  
 Of saintly eloquence. He's very young  
 To teach such godly doctrine—and I'll  
     own  
 (My comprehension doubtless is at fault)  
 But still to me, it seems his meaning lies  
 Rather too deep; true, all your native  
     priests  
 Discourse in parables.



MELCHA (*interrupts him*).

Is it your will  
That the young minstrels, who attend  
my call,  
Should wait upon us now? There are  
sweet tones,  
And voices of pure melody, among  
The youthful band that I have sum-  
moned here.  
Perchance, my father never cared to  
boast  
Ours was a land of song—that music  
dwells  
Amid our rocks and valleys, like the  
home  
Of some sweet echo.

THORGIL.

No, alas!

Thy father, peerless maiden, seldom  
deigns  
To speak on such sweet topics, though  
'twere time  
He knew my bent enough, to guess how  
well  
I love such gentle themes. Proceed,  
I pray—  
I do entreat, thou wilt proceed, for when  
I hear such music in thy speech, 'twere  
vain  
To doubt that Erin were a land of song.

MELCHA.

My lord, your courtesy is somewhat  
strained;  
I am a soldier's daughter, all unused  
To flattering words. I do beseech you  
speak  
A language I can answer. When you  
will  
I'll summon them; they have a choice  
of lays  
Suited to every fancy: joyous, sad,  
Stirring, or soothing, peaceful, martial;  
more  
Than I can either number, or recall.

THORGIL.

Forgive, if I delay to need thy hand.  
There's that—I speak it truly—in thy  
voice,  
And in thine eyes, which tells me every  
mood  
Of melody that thou hast named, by  
turns  
Might make itself be heard. Am I at  
fault,  
Or does such radiant beauty blind my  
sense  
Of quick perception? Cannot that sweet  
voice  
Cheer the sad heart, or add fresh joy  
to him,  
Who is already blest? Ay, I will stake  
My life—the theme of war, and peace,  
alike  
Were melody from thee. Canst thou  
not chide,  
As well as soothe?—Do not thy lips  
betimes,

Keep pace with all the angry brilliancy  
That flashes from thine eye, e'en now,  
as if  
To prove my judgment right?—no other  
cause  
Could call up frowns, this moment, on  
a brow  
That would seem marble, but for these  
same signs  
Of energy and life!

MELCHA (*aside*).

Peace, Feargus, peace.

Recall thy promise ere we entered here.  
My father, I conjure thee, be it mine  
To answer him.  
(*Aloud*). My lord, you do not well,  
Calling the attention of a motley throng  
Upon a single maiden. Pardon me,  
If I impart the customs of our land  
Unto a stranger—it is not our wont  
To hear the praises of our beauty ring  
Upon the air—to open listening ears,  
Till ev'ry neighbour deem it time to turn  
And give his notion of the sentence  
past;—  
We cannot brook the bold, unshrinking  
gaze,  
That scans—

THORGIL.

True, lady, true, it is not thus  
That maidens can be won; we must  
speak low;  
With eyes now downcast as their own—  
to prove  
Such beauty all too dazzling for our  
sight—  
And now in daring admiration raised,  
With glances more persuasive than our  
words.  
Oh! we must bow and kneel, and cry,  
the while,  
Against the cruelty of her, whose heart  
May long have been our own—speak of  
despair,  
When we are full of hope! Thou, that  
art formed  
By nature for a queen, and to dictate  
To happy subjects, I will learn of thee  
All things beside. But, Melcha, this  
at least:  
Experience and success, alike have  
taught  
To play the suitor's part.

ETHULLIN (*abruptly*).

Enough, my lord,  
Of this discourse; my child is all unused  
To speak so much, or to be made the  
mark  
(Of public observation. She is pained—  
I pray you cease.

THORGIL.

Brother, it is my wish  
That this, your hospitality, prolonged,  
Will give me leisure soon to prove my  
words;  
To show I have some skill in that same  
art

Of wooing, and of winning. Until now,  
 Ungenerous friend, you have lock'd up  
     your stores,  
 And hid them from my sight.

MELCHA.

                    Mora, 'tis time  
 We should be gone, for we have tres-  
     pass'd long  
 Beyond the usual hour.

THORGIL.

                    One moment more,  
 I do entreat your company.      *(Rises.*  
     *To the cupbearer)* Fill high:  
 E'en to overflowing—hosts and country-  
     men!

I pledge you, standing, with uplifted  
     voice,

And goblet raised on high, I pledge  
     you all—

Melcha! the Star of Ulster! is the bond  
 That shall unite us! and from this day  
     forth

A better understanding shall subsist  
 Between the subjects of two brother  
     kings.

*[They all rise and drink: the Irish main-  
 tain a profound silence. Loud shouts  
 from the Danes.]*

FEARGUS *(rises and speaks eagerly).*

Melcha! the Star of Ulster! may she  
     prove

A light to light us on our future path!  
 I drain the cup in earnest of the pledge,  
 And echo Thorgil's words: May we,  
     ere long,

Drown all the memories of the past, and  
     gain

A better knowledge of our stranger  
     guests!

RANDAL.

And may we prove by deeds, not words  
     alone,

How we esteem the men, who this night  
     crowd

Around our monarch's table.

*[CUTHULLIN rises as if to speak. Then  
 aside to MELCHA:]*

CUTHULLIN.

                    Melcha, mine,  
 I should betray my thoughts.      *(Aloud)*

Hast thou no voice

To speak thy gratitude?

MELCHA *(standing).*

Thanks! thanks to all!

'Tis mine to hope, the wishes you express  
 As coupled with my name, be not forgot  
 Hereafter. It is time we should assume  
 A new position—distance be removed—  
 And as our guest but now express'd  
     himself,

A better understanding should arise  
 Between the Danes and natives.—Mora,  
     come.

Father, thy blessing. Good, my lord,  
     farewell!

*[Exit MELCHA, MORA, and all the  
 maidens.]*

Thorgil demands Melcha for his  
 bride; she enters as the discussion  
 becomes stormy, and a scene of great  
 interest follows. The result, to the  
 surprise of all, is, that Melcha accepts  
 Thorgil's proposals, and promises to  
 present herself as his bride within a  
 month; stipulating, that she shall be  
 accompanied by fifteen of her hand-  
 maidens.

During the respite she has thus  
 obtained for her country, most of  
 her friends, and Mora among the  
 rest, become estranged from her. She  
 thus addresses the latter:—

Mora, I do entreat,

Let not the friendship, which I long  
     have borne

To thee, and to thy brother, be ob-  
     scured

When most I need its influence. Re-  
     spect

And admiration, are poor substitutes  
 For sympathy, and love, and confidence.

MORA.

But thou art one, to sway, and to  
     engage,

By turns, each feeling of the human  
     heart.

And thou hast drawn a circle round  
     the land—

A spell of gentle magic—compassing  
 Thy father's broad dominions. Thou  
     hast raised

Thyself into an idol! Woe to us,  
 Who crowd, like pilgrims, round the  
     favour'd shrine

To see the holy image in the hands  
 Of sacrilegious foes. What wouldst  
     thou do?—

What, in thy fatal haste, has been re-  
     solved?

Canst thou believe that we shall bless  
     thy name

For yielding up the one we cherish  
     most,

Into the tyrant's power? Thou hast  
     no right

To make thyself beloved;—to coil and  
     twine

The love of others round thee, till thou  
     art

A portion of their being, then to strike  
 The blow, which falls on many—not  
     alone

On thee—thou self-devoted!

MELCHA.

Mora, pause!

Thy eloquence and reason are ill  
     matched.

Confess, thy judgment wars against  
     thy speech.

MORA.

I will not pause!—didst thou not bid  
     me speak?

Didst thou not chide my silence? I  
 have gained  
 New courage to address thee. Have a  
 care:  
 The sword that's raised against thy  
 breast, may slay  
 More victims than thyself! 'Tis thine  
 to pause;  
 Lest the meek, gentle graces, which  
 become  
 A Christian's practice, fleet and fade  
 away  
 Before this stern cold courage—this  
 display  
 Of Spartan virtue!

MELCHA.

Thou art somewhat harsh  
 In this thy judgment; yet forgive the  
 smile  
 Thy eagerness provokes—it is the first  
 That hast relaxt these lips for many an  
 hour.  
 Come, sit beside me—take my hand in  
 thine,  
 And I will strive to calm that ruffled  
 brow.  
 Thou, thou, at least, will ne'er belie the  
 land  
 That gave thee birth. The pure Mile-  
 sian blood  
 That mantles in thy cheek—the warm  
 brown locks  
 Reflected in the mirror of thine eye—  
 The graceful freedom of thy movements!  
 —these  
 May be the dower which partial Erin  
 gives  
 To her more favoured daughters: but  
 they're not  
 The test that proves thy nation—the  
 sure sign  
 That stamps thee——

Mora interrupts her, with allusion  
 to her brother's love—

MELCHA (*eagerly.*)

'Tis a grateful word!  
 Where on this earth for solace shall I  
 seek,  
 Save in the knowledge that I run the  
 course  
 Of my apportioned duty?

MORA.

In the thought  
 That thou canst still the heart's impas-  
 sioned cry  
 For happiness . . . that thou canst give,  
 yet gain!  
 That in the giving, thou hast gained  
 thyself  
 An arm that will uphold thee, be the  
 path  
 As rugged as it may—a manly breast  
 Whereon thy weeping may be stilled—  
 fond eyes

To mirror back thy feelings—lips to  
 check  
 The sigh when it arises. Wilt thou  
 learn,  
 By sweet experience, where the secret  
 lies  
 That turns our grief to joy—that lends  
 a charm  
 To dire misfortune, and invests the  
 world—  
 The cold dark world we live in—with a  
 light  
 Borrow'd from heav'n?

Melcha tells her that she is self-  
 doomed, and that a different fate  
 awaits her. In the following scene  
 she announces the same determina-  
 tion to Feargus, but without revealing  
 what her purpose is—

MELCHA.

Talk not of shame:  
 Will it be shame if I fulfil the task  
 My father in his love has left undone?  
 Will it be shame, if, like the Grecian  
 girl,  
 I mount the altar with unfaltering steps,  
 A willing sacrifice!

FEARGUS.

Ay, unto death!  
 But thou wilt live . . . Speak, Melcha,  
 speak at once—  
 What is thy purpose? Daring as thou  
 art,  
 To meet the worst that fate could offer  
 thee,  
 There's that thou couldst not brook—  
 oh, speak at once!  
 I have a hope, that's kindled at the  
 light,  
 The pure chaste flame that's beaming  
 in thine eye.  
 Tell me thy purpose . . . 'tis a boon I  
 crave,  
 The only recompense thou canst bestow  
 On one, who gave thee all he had on  
 earth.  
 Is thy choice fixed on death? The  
 grave is calm,  
 And in thy sight must seem the gate of  
 heav'n,  
 But Thorgil's threat of fury on the  
 land  
 Will not be thus appeased; a pale cold  
 corpse  
 Is not the bride he woos!

MELCHA.

I've heard thee long  
 And very patiently, and ere we part,  
 I too have that to say which must be  
 said.  
 Yet we will meet again; for on the eve  
 Of my departure, 'tis my earnest wish,  
 That my immediate friends should meet  
 me here.

The prayers and rigid fasting I observe  
Will give me strength, so I devoutly  
hope  
To bear myself with calmness—then my  
words  
Will be address'd to all, and they'd be  
few  
And therefore . . . now . . . before we  
part this day,  
I'll speak of that, which weighs upon  
my mind,  
And ask my friend's forgiveness. Well,  
I know,  
That I have injured thee.

FLARGUS.

No voice but thine,  
Should utter words so false and strange  
as these  
Within my hearing.

MELCHA (*interrupts him.*)

I have injured thee,  
Unwillingly indeed; it was my lot  
To cross the path where thou wert  
bounding on,  
With heart as buoyant as thy step.  
Awhile  
Our journey lay together, side by side,  
And thought with thought united: the  
same cloud  
Or sunbeam was above us, the same  
flowers  
Blossomed beneath our feet, and the  
same breath  
Of summer air was playing round our  
heads  
As we passed on together. Thy warm  
heart,  
Thy generous manly bearing, and the  
truth  
Which spake in every tone and glance,  
endured  
That time to memory; now our steps  
approach  
The cross way where the paths divide,  
and I  
Raise my dim eyes to bid thee part in  
peace.  
Thou that hast called me cold, couldst  
thou conceive  
The pang, the agony, with which I look  
Upon my work, with which I read, that  
I—  
Who owe thee gratitude, and give  
esteem,  
And feel a tender interest in thy fate,  
Which will endure till death—Oh, God!  
that I  
Should bring a cloud upon thee; should  
obscure  
The face of nature to thine eyes, and  
how  
That youthful head with sorrow . . .  
Thou hast called  
The triumph of our sex! See, Flargus,  
see!  
I look to thee for pardon, thro' my  
tears.

What can the woman be, who deems  
this joy,  
Who finds a cause for pride, when she  
herself  
Has been the baneful cause of woe to  
him . . .  
The man, whose only fault is loving her  
Too dearly, for his peace?

The day appointed for the bridal  
arrives. Thorgil awaits Cuthullin's  
daughter, at his palace, on Inch Varra.  
She arrives, attended by her hand-  
maidens, closely veiled, and attempts  
to remonstrate with Thorgil.

Think not thy menaces have power to  
daunt:  
What should I fear—what is there left  
on earth  
For me to dread? There's nothing like  
despair  
To teach the timid, courage! I'll not  
yield  
In fearlessness to thee, though 'twas  
thy hand  
That sowed these seeds of daring, in my  
breast.

[*She pauses, and then adds:*

I had a country, at whose name my  
heart  
Swelled high with pride, till the destroyer  
came  
And humbled both. Thorgil, I had a  
king,  
Who learned his lesson from the King of  
kings,  
Beneath whose sway was peace. I had  
a home,  
A calm and holy refuge from the storm  
Of sorrow and of sin, that raged with-  
out.  
I had an aged father . . . in whose sight  
I was as cherished as the poor man's  
lamb—  
And thou hast spared thy wealth, to  
take of his.  
Thorgil, I had a lover, in whose soul  
The noblest qualities that could adorn  
A hero and a man, had made their  
home!  
The hateful vow that bound me, bound  
my lips  
To silence—and I heard that noble  
suit—

THORGIL (*bitterly*).

As well became a monarch's promised  
bride—  
In silent indignation?

He takes her hand, and claims her  
as his bride. She turns and addresses  
her attendants:—

MELCHA.

Beloved companions! throw aside the  
veil:

Your Danish lovers will not brook delay.  
 Will ye confess such eagerness can  
     scarce  
 Compete with yours? See how they  
     crowd around!  
 Stretch forth your hands to greet the  
     expectant throng.  
 Unveil the faces which have never yet  
 Had cause to blush at gaze of mortal  
     man;  
 Trample the flowery wreaths beneath  
     your feet,  
 For laurel crowns sit better on such  
     brows.  
 Off with the vain disguise! my word is  
     pledged,  
 And I've fulfilled my trust. King  
     Thorgil say,  
 Are not thy Danes, the flower of all thy  
     court,  
 Proud Lochlin's chivalry, well matched  
     this night,  
 By Melcha's bridal train?

[*As she concludes, they advance, throw off  
 the long veils and crowns, and appear  
 young warriors lightly clothed, and  
 armed, FEARCUS and RANDAL at their  
 head. The former attempts to reach  
 the King, the latter ENIC, to rescue the  
 Princess, and MORA. General mêlée  
 and confusion.*

FEARGUS.

Death to the Danes! Erin and Melcha!  
 Strike!  
 No mercy will we give, or ask, but  
     death!  
 Erin, and Melcha! Strike!

We have not yet done—a scene of well-sustained interest follows; but we have already trespassed too far on the space allotted to us. We must refer the reader to the work itself, from which extracts have been selected only with regard to preserving the plot of the drama; and we have thus necessarily left out most of the dialogue. As was observed in a late article on the subject of dramatic poetry in this magazine, we have little hope that the readers of this, or of any other poem, at present, will be very numerous; but we can safely say that the few who venture to do so, will be well rewarded for their singularity. We bid the fair writer heartily welcome into the field of our country's literature—and congratulate her on the triumph she has achieved over a very difficult, and delicate task.

D'Er.

## CHIPS FROM THE LIBRARY TABLE.—BUNDLE THE SECOND.

"Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,  
 Augur, schenobates, medicus, magus"——

JUVENAL.

## THE QUARTERS OF LIFE.

THE seven ages of man have become proverbial: but in respect of the condition of our minds, there are granted to the best of us but four periods of life. The first fifteen years are childhood. We know nothing—we *hope*. The next fifteen are passion and romance—we *dream*. During the third period of fifteen years, from thirty to forty-five, we are what nature intended us to be. Character has formed: we pursue a course of life; we reason; we meditate. This is the period in which we may be said with most propriety to *live*. The fourth period is that of commencing decay. We may grow wiser; but it is the wisdom that speaks in a shake of the head. Pain

and penitence begin—we *sorrow*. Nevertheless, if the third period has been passed in providing against the fourth, nature is changed, our declining years are lighted with happiness and love, and as they approach their destined end, instead of the gloom naturally accompanying decay, they are tinged with a ray from before them, the shadows are cast behind us on our path, feelings spring up, unfelt even in the magic periods first traversed by us—we *rejoice*.

: GEORGE FAULKNER AND POPE.

The former was the printer of the first complete edition of Swift's works,

and a character in his way. The dean had a regard for him as an industrious young man, but heartily despised him. One day the printer came to Swift, dressed in the extreme of the fashion. Swift refused to receive him as Faulkner. By-and-by he returned, in his ordinary costume. "Ah, my good friend George," exclaimed the dean, "I am glad to see you! Here was a coxcomb an hour ago, who pretended to pass for you, but I sent him packing." This anecdote is related in a note of Scott's to the memoirs of Swift. He was used by the wits of the day when they wanted him, and laughed at when they did not, and was content to be bound up with them in the volume of fame, though he should figure but as the grotesque bordering or sprawling tail-piece. He was proud of all this, but seemed particularly to pique himself on his correspondence with Alexander Pope. Whether he had just reason, the following epistle, preserved, I believe, by Captain Jephson, will show:—

Mr. Pope to Mr. Faulkner.

SIR—Be so good as to discontinue sending me your journal. I have no further occasion for it. When you see Dr Swift, pray tell him that I am his obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

#### RECIPE FOR A SONNET OF ———'S.

Take a strip of rather less than fifty yards of common prose—or common-place—it need not be common sense: cut it into lengths of ten feet. At one end of each length clap a capital, at the other dispose certain rhymes, which need not be capital. Pepper the whole with punctuation, taking care to have a grain of whole pepper at the end; print it, read it (if you can), abuse it, change your mind, praise it, worship it—and it is ready for the "library table."

#### AGATHONIA.

It is seldom we find prose trench upon poetry now-a-days. For this there are two reasons—one, that of the two, prose is most in unison with the pre-

sent state of the public taste; and another, that the muse is so unblushing in her excursions into her sober brother's domain, that she actually puts him upon the defensive, and drives him, as it were, to keep at home and look to himself. I took up a simple, single volume the other day, "*Agathonia*," and felt with a glow that reprisals had been made, and a bold sally into the crown-lands of song been rewarded with brilliant success. Those who have wept over "*the Epicurean*," will feel "*Agathonia*;" and, flowing from a healthy and heavenly source, "*there's bliss in tears*," and profit in emotion.

#### SKULL-CHIPS.

The head of Tullius gives a fanciful derivation to the Capitol of Rome. It is said that not only the skull of this individual, but the perfect head, were found by Servius Tullius, in digging the foundations of the citadel; and the augurs, who were ready for any thing, of course drew a favourable omen from the circumstance. Commentators (those ingenious etymologists) have insisted on Golgoeth owing its name to the discovery of *Adam's* skull upon the place; and the Italian poets, who plant their flag upon every rock to which a title, however equivocal, is asserted, have not failed to unfurl a graceful sonnet over the idea. We have heard much of Mr. Wilde's collection of "strange" skulls from the field of blood. Certain cells were found by him in a large sepulchre on the spot traditionally called "*the Potter's-field*," in which there were skulls belonging to races differing among each other, *and none of them Jewish*. He galloped into Jerusalem in the dusk of the evening, with one or two of the most remarkable of these dangling in a handkerchief at his saddle-bow, like loaves of bread. The authorities of Jerusalem make but little of "strangers" while they live, but are wonderfully particular about them when the flesh is off their bones—it would have been as much as the *Giaour's* life was worth, to have been detected purloining a cranium which they would have cracked when alive without ceremony.

Appended to a collection of essays



by the late Sir Henry Hallford, is an account of the opening of the coffin of King Charles the First, in the vault of King Henry the Eighth, at Windsor, in the year 1813. The face, as it first appeared on detaching the cerecloth, is represented in the frontispiece, and in spite of the partial disappearance of the flesh, the resemblance to Vandyke's portraits strikes the eye at once. "When the head," says the worthy baronet, "had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and, without any difficulty, was taken up, and held to view." The back part of the head was saturated with a liquid, which the spectators believed to be blood. It appears from history, that the body was embalmed immediately after decapitation, and the large blood vessels, probably, continued to empty themselves for some time afterwards. "The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown colour. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was no more than an inch in length, and had, probably, been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or, perhaps, by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king. On hobbling up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles the First."

Sir H. Hallford's conjecture, that the piety of friends might have occasioned the removal of the hair from the back of the head, receives corroboration from the fact of a long lock of that monarch's hair being preserved in the family of Marsh, who derived it from Bishop Jeremy Taylor, one of those who attended him in his last moments. This lock, which I have

seen, is not brown, but a grizzled black, "a sable silvered," and is of a remarkably fine and beautiful texture.

The distinct evidence of decapitation, in the division of the cervical vertebra, is not afforded in the case of John Sheares, executed for high treason, in 1798. His remains were deposited with those of his brother Henry, in the antiseptic vaults of St. Michan's church, where Madden had seen them many years ago. It would appear from his account, that the head had not been completely severed from the body—and that, till about twenty years ago, some of the integuments remained, attaching the head to it. He relates that a gentleman, well known in Dublin, being then a boy, took a fancy to carry off the head of John Sheares, and accordingly, a companion having agreed to assist him, and provided himself with a pen-knife, the gentleman actually bore it away, and kept it in his house for twenty years. Madden procured it of him, and thus describes it:—"It was in the state, precisely, in which I had seen it twenty-six years ago, as perfect as any New Zealand or Egyptian head of the inferior class of mummies. The head was finely formed, but the expression of the face, that of the most frightful agony. The very indentation round the neck, from the pressure of the rope, was visible: and there had been no injury to the cervical vertebra occasioned by any instrument—in fact, the head had not been entirely separated from the body at the time of execution." About twenty-three years ago, he goes on to state, Mr. William H. Curran saw the head thus slightly attached to the trunk. "The hair on the head, as it was when sent to me, was of a light brown colour; and was cut, or rather clipped extremely short." It is not suggested that the removal of the hair, in the two instances I have mentioned, may have been effected, as it has certainly been in others, for the convenience of the executioner, who, striking upon the back of the neck, would find a length of hair a serious obstacle.

In looking over a copy which I possess of Ridgway's Report of the Sheares' trial, bound up in a volume with several others, which were collected as they were published by one, (alas! now no more,) who was a dis-

interested yet anxious spectator of the proceedings of that time, I find, at the end of the report, written on the blank part of the page, the following passage, in the hand-writing of the collector—"They were executed at a late hour in the evening. [The *New Cork Evening Post*, quoted by Madden, says, five minutes before three.] The executioner, when their heads were taken off, held them up in the usual manner, and cried out, 'this is the head of a traitor!' but, when he was to replace them to their respective bodies, he did not know to which each belonged, and exclaimed, with the coarse indifference belonging to his office, 'By the ———, I don't know where to put them!'" If this be accurate, and the journal quoted by Madden in part corroborates it, it renders more than doubtful the relation communicated to Mr. Madden, and leaves the identity of the heads still uncertain.

Mr. Madden informs us, that he had the remains of both the Sheares enclosed in leaden coffins, after a cast had been taken of John Sheares' head, and laid side by side in the vaults of St. Michan's.

On the 25th of November, 1835, I visited the remains, and of course, if Mr. Madden's story be correct, what I saw was not the head of John Sheares, though I presume the bodies had not been then removed to the "parish vault." (see Madden, vol. ii. 271.) Two bodies lay over each other, in the remotest corner of a vault in which there were many other bodies, and two heads were placed near them. There were no coffins, and the flesh, which had disappeared from the softer parts, had dried into a mummy-like consistence upon the limbs. Alas! in that place, any head would fit the shoulders of a man as well as its own!

In the latter end of August, or beginning of September, 1835, during the progress of some alterations in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the skeletons of Dean Swift and "Stella" were found beneath their monuments; and the authorities permitted the skulls of both to be taken up for a time, in order to have casts and drawings made of them. The top of Swift's skull had been sawn off, for the purpose of *post mortem* examination at the time. It presented some curious anomalies as a phrenological specimen, and gave

Mr. Combe a vast deal to do, to reconcile with his theories. However, as Swift's skull was just as unwilling to give in, as the dean himself would have been, if alive, phrenology was forced to yield, and ensconce itself behind some pitiful subterfuges—not, however, until it had endeavoured to prove that the author of *Gulliver's Travels* was sadly deficient in wit and invention! After such an attempt, the quiet, self-promised by the vexed spirit to the tortured body, can scarcely be considered as realized, even in the tomb—"ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit."

It appears that about eighteen years ago, the flagging of the church of Twickenham, in the nave of which Pope was buried, was taken up, and a vault opened next to his. In digging down, the workmen broke into Pope's, and a skull fell out. This was for a time in the possession of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, but afterwards re-interred. Of this skull (or rather, of the occiput) a few casts were taken, of which I was fortunate enough to procure one; in this there is an evident deformity, there being a protuberance on the left side of the skull, which shows that the malformation was continued from the back upwards to the head, as well as downwards to the legs. I compared this cast accurately with the leaden bust, and found not only that their dimensions were the same, but that the hair at the back of the head projected at the left side of the bust beyond the right, precisely over the spot at which the protuberance of the skull was marked in the cast, thus affording at once a proof of the identity of the skull from which it was taken, and of the accuracy of the bust, which followed its model even to its deformities.

The disinterment of bones, and discovery of interesting human remains have not only happened on the interment of others, but in the search after treasure—and in the operation, they are sometimes injured. Eugene Aram's extraordinary defence details some instances of this. Clarke's skull—he was tried for his murder—was found fractured.

"But was this," he asks, "the cause, or was it the consequence of death; was it owing to violence, or was it the effect

of natural decay? My lord, in May, 1732, the remains of William, lord archbishop of this province, were taken up by permission in this cathedral, and the bones of the skull were found broken; yet certainly he died by no violence offered to him alive, that could occasion that fracture there.

"In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken up, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, and shrines demolished. Your lordship knows that these violations proceeded so far, as to occasion parliamentary authority to restrain them; and it did, about the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth."

On the trial, the skull, which had been found in St. Robert's Cave, was produced in court. It was fractured, as Surgeon Locock said, before death. Had Aram applied himself, by counsel, to impeach Horseman's testimony, instead of uttering a disquisition upon bones, he might have been saved the additional crime of an attempted suicide.

But enough of skulls. They are an empty subject, some of them, while alive—and furnish more entertainment in this form, perhaps, than they ever did in their day. But, a moral may be drawn from the ugliest materials, just as a flower may grow out of a skull, for a Spanish poet to indite verses upon.

ON A FLOWER GROWING OUT OF A SKULL.

Blossom of beauty! whence thy birth?

What sorrow doomed thee with its breath,

That thy first cradle-home on earth

Was reared in death?

To take, I doubt, or leave thee here—

To pluck thee, will of life bereave thee;

And yet, poor flower! to leave thee, were

With death to leave thee.

BOZ

Has achieved a great thing—he has created a *STYLE*. Perhaps I am wrong to say *created*—a term which implies independence of materials—whereas the singular circumstance in this case is, that by careful study of previous styles, by imitation of them, by more, perhaps, than imitation in the first instance, this author has produced out of the heterogeneous elements a compound essentially differing from all its

component parts, and claiming—claiming justly—the high merit of being *original*. That such a result should follow such a course ought to encourage writers who aim at true celebrity, to adopt this humble and painstaking initiatory system, which though in other arts it has admittedly led to the grandest results (in painting for instance) in literature has been too much overlooked and despised. Boz now stands alone in his style, he has had no models, he has no imitators, he will probably have no disciples. But, besides this, he has a moral code of his own, akin to no other, except, perhaps, that of Sterne, from whom he appears in part to have derived it. The exquisite appreciation of the finer phases of feeling, the employment of the most wayward humour in forming character, the undeviating firmness of a humility which acknowledges and courts no elevation but that of the heart, the humanity, the simple pathos, the brevity of expression even, and the sly yet innocent comicality which enlivens the whole—all these are to be found in Sterne, but are transferred to Boz with so much of transmutation as to shine a different substance, having got rid of one alloy in the process—affectation, the great depreciatory ingredient in the metal run from Yorick's skull.

I have been led to remark these peculiarities from having found in the "Christmas Carol," illustrations of them all on a small scale. Chuzzlewit is an improvement on Boz's former novels—it is stronger, more fearless, more condensed, more masterly. The Carol exceeds Chuzzlewit in the exquisite moral, and rivals it in its other qualities. Not even Sir Walter Scott's wholesomest fictions ever left a healthier flush upon the mind than does the perusal of this "tiny" volume. We rise from it, happy, smiling, and good; animated with benevolence and charity. We have been obliged to sob as we laughed, and to chuckle through our tears. It softens and subdues the heart, and preaches powerfully though indirectly that creed which in the breasts of the best of us is acknowledged and adored as *Christian*. Let this eminent man continue to instruct and benefit while he delights us. It is thus that fiction may lay claim to be called literature, and its authors earn a niche—more than a niche—a chapel, in the temple of Fame.

# DUBLIN

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## CENSUS OF IRELAND.

THE census of Ireland was taken in 1821; after an interval of ten years it was again taken in 1831; and in 1841, after a second interval of ten years, it was again taken. The returns for those years show that the following increase has taken place in the number of the people. The returns showed that the numbers were as follows:—

In 1821 . . .	6,801,227
1831 . . .	7,787,401
1841 . . .	8,175,124

The proportion of females to males was nearly the same, viz. as 26 to 25 at each of those periods. Thus it appears that within the latter period of ten years the population increased at the rate of about 5 per cent, while in the former decennial period it increased at the rate of 14 per cent, being a diminution of 9 per cent on the rate of increase. This is the most remarkable fact which appears upon the returns, and has necessarily been made the subject of many observations.

The statement of the census commissioners is of course entitled to the first place:—

“From this it appears that while the addition to the population from 1821 to 1831 was about 14½ per cent, the corresponding addition from 1831 to 1841 was but 5½ per cent. The accuracy of these per centages must, of course, depend upon the relative accuracy of the several censuses of 1821, 1831, and 1841. We cannot take upon ourselves to pronounce with certainty the extent to which any of these may vary from the truth; but we may remark with respect to the census of 1841, that the strict mode of inquiry which we followed, carried out, as it was, by a highly disciplined body of men, and executed on the same day in every part of the

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country, together with the system of verification we adopted, affords ground to hope that it is not far from the truth. It is, however, right to remark, as a cause for a small reduction in comparing the census of 1841 with those that preceded it, that in the latter the army serving in Ireland, together with their wives and families, have been omitted, as they do not strictly belong to the population of the country, and as their movements introduce changes in the apparent numbers which frequently prove fatal to an investigation into the increase and decrease of a town occupied as a military station. With respect to the census of 1831, it was taken at different places, at different times, extending over a considerable period. It is understood too that the enumerators considered that they would be paid, and in many cases they were paid, in proportion to the numbers they enumerated, the obvious tendency of which would be to augment the total numbers. These and other considerations induce us to believe that the numbers returned in 1831 were greater than the real population, or at all events that any error was rather one of excess than of defect.

“With respect to the census of 1821, it is to be recollected that it was the first successful occasion of enumerating the people of Ireland, and that it was probably effected with a less perfect machinery. We may perhaps therefore assume, that it was rather below than above the truth.

“Upon the whole, however, it is not probable that the excess or defect in any case is so large as to disturb, to any material extent, the above per centages, as indicating the relative periodical additions to the population. Certain it is that the addition during the last period has been far less in proportion to the whole, than during the former period. But there have been a variety of causes in operation, some local, some general, which have led to that result. Emigra-



tion has, no doubt, operated to a very great extent. It is to be remembered that Ireland is an agricultural country, and devoid of the means of providing employment for its rapidly growing population, equally profitable with that afforded by manufacturing countries. A valuable outlet for its excessive numbers is therefore found in the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland, and is no doubt the leading circumstance which enables the population to increase so rapidly in their manufacturing districts.

"An illustration of the effects produced within the last ten years upon agricultural, compared with manufacturing districts, by the increasing demand for labour in the latter, is afforded by an abstract of the population of Scotland in 1841, published in a parliamentary paper of the session of 1842. Scotland appears, upon the whole, to have increased between 1831 and 1841 about  $10\frac{1}{10}$  per cent. But if we separate the counties into two classes, we find that in the manufacturing counties the increase has been  $27\frac{1}{10}$  per cent, and in the agricultural only  $4\frac{2}{10}$  per cent, the latter ratio nearly agreeing with the general increase in Ireland during the same period."

The commissioners also give some calculations to show the effect which emigration has had in reducing the number of the population, and they intimated their opinion on the whole to be, that the population of 1831 has had an undiminished rate of increase.

This result of the census has been seized on with avidity by those who derive their livelihood from their exertions in maintaining a spirit of discontent in the populace, and on this point they have resorted to an audacity of falsehood, and a feebleness of argument beyond any thing we have ever noticed in them before, notwithstanding their habitual indifference to truth and reason. They have represented the census of 1841 as showing a reduction in the total number of the population, and have stated that such a result proves that upwards of 700,000 persons have perished in Ireland within the last ten years, from the misgovernment of Ireland; thus confounding a diminution in the rate of increase with a diminution in the actual numbers of the population. The complaint is about as reasonable as if a mother, whose son within a certain period shot up from five to six feet high, and in the next period of equal

duration grew to the height of six feet four inches, should complain of the treatment he received, and argue that eight inches had been cut off his height by bad or insufficient food.

We are inclined to agree with the census commissioners, that the rate of increase has in fact been undiminished, and we even think that they have not attributed sufficient weight to the circumstances to which they alluded, tending to show that the census of 1821 and that of 1831 were both inaccurate, the former by a deficiency, the latter by an excess. The census of 1831 was taken at different times in different places, by persons who certainly felt an interest in making the returns as large as they could. Even while we admit that this interest would not induce the enumerators to make false returns, it would yet lead them in many places to enumerate the visitors as well as the actual absent members of a family. Thus John Doe is absent from his house at A, on a short visit to a friend at B. The enumerators would probably include him in their returns of the population both of A and B. Indeed, unless they did so, they would perceive that he might be omitted altogether from the census, since the enumeration being made at different times, in different places, might be taken at each place during the period of his absence. We may judge of the extent of the influence which this principle would exert upon the result of the census conducted by enumerators anxious by all fair means to swell the amount, when we reflect that the number of visitors appearing by the census of 1841 exceeded one million. If we suppose one-fifth of that number to be counted twice in the census of 1831, it would make an error of 200,000 in excess. A similar error in deficiency in the census of 1821 would lead to the result that the rate of increase varied very little, if at all, during the last twenty years.

Even when we make every allowance for the effect of the angry passions in perverting the reasoning powers, and making men blind to truth, we still cannot but be amazed at the boldness of the agitator, who appealed to the census of 1841 in support of his views. What would it prove, even if he denied that there were any errors in the preceding enumeration? Why, merely that the population did not in-

crease so rapidly from 1831 to 1841 as it did from 1821 to 1831. Then, granting what we expressly deny, that a rapid rate of increase is the test of the happiness and prosperity of the people as influenced by legislation and government, it would merely tend to prove that the laws or the administration from 1821 to 1831 ought to be preferred to those which existed during the last decennial period. The argument against which we are contending at present is that drawn from a comparison of the two enumerations of Ireland taken at different periods. There is in it no comparison of the census of Ireland with that of any other nation, and any conclusion drawn from such an argument must be merely relative, leading to a comparison of Ireland with itself at two different periods, but tending to prove nothing either about the absolute state of prosperity of Ireland, or even of its relative state compared to other countries. The argument might be sound, and yet Ireland might still be the richest, the happiest, and the best governed country in the world, although not so rich, or so happy, or so well governed as it was in 1821. If Mr. O'Connell thinks that the changes made in the laws have caused this fatal diminution in the rate of increase of the population, he must complain of the reform bill, of the destruction of the Protestant corporations, and the substitution of democratic assemblies in their place, of the abolition of primogeniture, of the destruction of ten Protestant bishoprics, of the confiscation of ecclesiastical lands, of the increase of the income of the Protestant clergy, and heavy taxation imposed upon the remainder; for these are the principal changes which have taken place in the laws of Ireland during the period. If he attributes the decrease to the laws, but to the manner in which they were administered, his charge would not be much better founded, as the chief difference between the years 1821 to 1831, the administration was conservative; but between 1831 to 1841, it was revolutionary.

There is another, and a very weighty argument, which the above argument does not touch. It is, that the population would not answer the purpose of a good tax as it does a very scrupulous one. The taxes which have been put upon the population, and upon the property, are not a very powerful argu-

ment would arise, if the census showed that an actual decrease had taken place in the numbers of the population. A decreasing population is seldom found in a happy or well-governed country.

But if, instead of comparing the census of Ireland with itself as taken at different periods, we compare it with that of England, in the hope of discovering a grievance, we shall greatly fail. He who asserts that the apparent low rate of increase from 1831 to 1841 is a proof of misgovernment, is called upon to account for the fact that the population of Ireland from 1821 to 1831 obtained a greater proportional increase than that of any other European country. But the fact is, that a rapid increase of the population is by no means a proof of the prosperity of a country; and all the best writers on political economy lay it down as an incontrovertible position, that the population increases most slowly when the country is rich and prosperous. The population increases rapidly among the poorest, who are engaged in a constant struggle to provide the necessaries of life. The richer classes could not maintain their numbers without frequent recruits from those below them. The same difficulty of keeping up their numbers exists even amongst those who are not very far removed from actual want. Among the old corporations there were many in which all the children of every freeman were entitled to their freedom; and in many of those it was found that the number of freemen by birth had a tendency to diminish, notwithstanding the constant accessions received from other sources. Nor is this to be attributed, as some imagine, to the prejudicial effects of luxury upon the upper classes. A small proportion indeed of the wealth of England is expended in the purchase of anything injurious to health or life, and of that small proportion, the poorer classes consume, at least, their share. Any one may readily convince himself of this, who will compare the expenditure of a comparatively poor man with the manner in which a princely fortune is spent. The fashion of declaiming against luxury has come down to us from the ancients, who, by luxury, generally mean what we should term vice—and who, when they

used the term in its more proper sense, attributed to it the most absurd consequences, supported by such ridiculous stories, as that Hannibal was checked in his career of victory in consequence of the effeminacy of his soldiers, caused by their comfortable and luxurious quarters at Capua. Luxury is merely a relative term, what is considered a luxury in one generation, is often, in the next, deemed an indispensable article of decency. Those who declaim against the luxury of the rich, are themselves often actuated solely by envy at beholding others in possession of what they themselves wish to enjoy. This we say, although sincerely desiring that the wealthy should not be led so much by fashion to indulge in expenses which add nothing to enjoyment—that they should sacrifice less to vanity, and apply more of their income to purposes of public utility.

But, while the richer classes are unable to keep up their numbers, the poorer classes increase with great rapidity, and a certain degree of hopeless poverty is found to produce habits of reckless improvidence, in forming matrimonial connexions, and a consequent rapid increase of population, which aggravates the poverty that has occasioned it. Men, once accustomed to extreme poverty, either do not fear it, or do not hope to escape from it. Their situation cannot be made worse by an imprudent marriage—their children will be as well off as themselves, and they have no inducement to refrain from any enjoyment which is placed within their reach; and the poverty of one generation appears to be, in a great measure, caused by the improvident marriages of that preceding it. Accordingly, many writers have attributed the poverty of the people to the reckless and early marriages of the labouring classes, which causes the population to increase faster than the means of finding employment for it; and some despair of any amelioration in the condition of the Irish peasantry, until they will learn to exercise some prudence and self-control, not to contract marriages precipitately, and in utter disregard of their means of providing for, or educating their children. Others, again, as, for instance, Mr. Alison, in his very interesting and philosophical essay on population, attribute the rapid increase of the popu-

lation of Ireland to the poverty and misery of the people, caused by misgovernment. Thus, we have one set of men appealing to the calm and reflecting reader, to prove the misgovernment of England—and for this, they refer to the rapid manner in which the population of Ireland has increased: while we have another set of men appealing to the ignorant and excited multitude to prove the same misgovernment—as shown by the fact, that, of late years, the population of Ireland has not increased with its former rapidity.

We believe that, of those two sets of reasoners, Mr. Alison and his followers are nearer to the truth—inasmuch as the false inference does not occur at so early a stage in their reasoning. The rapid increase of the population, in the absence of any increased demand for labour, such as arises in the manufacturing districts of England, may be, not unfairly, deemed a sign of that poverty, of which it is at once the cause and the consequence. But, we deny the inference, that either the poverty or the increase is caused by misgovernment. It may have, and in fact it has, its origin in various other causes. One of these has been alluded to by many writers, who are, certainly, not favourable to the Conservative government of England, viz., to the influence which the priests of the Roman Catholic persuasion exercise over the peasantry—and to the strong interests which those have in promoting early marriages—which, however improvidently formed, are profitable to the priests, who derive so much of their incomes from weddings, christenings, and funerals. It may be said, that this is misgovernment, to permit the priests to be dependant upon such sources for their livelihood; but this reply assumes that the priests would agree, on any fair terms, to accept a provision from the state, coupled with the condition of surrendering the emoluments which they at present receive from the sources which we have mentioned. They have repeatedly declared that they would not consent to such an arrangement—it may be doubtful whether the country would gain—but it is certain that the priests would lose much of their wealth and political influence by such a measure.

Nor, is this dependance of the

Roman Catholic priesthood upon the gifts of their flocks, the misgovernment of which the writers and speakers to whom we have alluded, are accustomed to complain, and yet it would be difficult to point out any other source of the poverty of the country, even remotely connected with its government. It is not a fair inference to say the people are poor, therefore the people are misgoverned, without showing how that poverty was caused by misgovernment; and yet it is an inference in which the populace will generally acquiesce. If we were to say John Doe is very poor, therefore he must have suffered from tyranny or oppression, or have met with unfair treatment from some body; however palpably unjust the inference would be, it is highly probable that John Doe himself would yield a ready assent to it. Tell him that he is poor because he has squandered his inheritance in riot and excess, or, if he is an operative, point out to him how he lost one employment by drunkenness, and another by inattention—how, in a third case, when his employer obtained a large contract, he was forced to surrender it at a heavy loss, because John Doe and his fellow-workmen refused to work, except at exorbitant wages;—show him that our manufactures are driven to England by the absurd, and illegal, and tyrannical regulations of the operatives, which render it in many cases impossible for the master manufacturer here to compete with those in England, who are not hampered by such regulations;—remind him of these, and such other causes of his poverty, and if he does not view you as an enemy, he will at least be very slow to listen to you again. But tell him that his distress is caused by the unfeeling conduct of his relatives, or by the intrusion of improper or too numerous persons into his trade, or by the unworthy conduct of the masters in intrusting parts of the work to apprentices, or boys, when they are able to perform it, and that you will give him revenge upon his enemies—do this, and your false arguments will find a responsive echo in his heart—you may manage him as you please, and gain a livelihood by subscriptions extorted from him, and from other similar victims of the same delusion. It is a trite observation, that men will attribute

their misfortunes to any thing except their own misconduct, although the blame in general ought to rest solely with themselves. But the people are merely a collection of individuals, and the same causes which make individuals poor, will create distress among the people. All that a free government can do is to protect to every man the earnings of his industry, and the savings of his economy; but it cannot make men prudent, industrious, frugal; and without prudence, industry, and frugality, they must remain poor. The nature of the government, if it permits any approach to freedom, has very little, if any, direct influence upon the character of the nation, or of the men who compose it. And this seems to be admitted by those who harangue the populace, and daily praise them for their virtues. When they extol their courage, their ardent feelings of devotion, their dutiful affection to their parents, their generous anxiety to relieve poverty and distress, they never dream of attributing these virtues to the government under which they live. But if, while we gladly give credit to them for many virtues, we feel it also to be our painful duty to notice some vices which deform their character, and are peculiarly adverse to their prosperity, then it is said that those vices and their consequences are owing to our connexion with the English, although they are those vices from which, of all the world, the English people are most exempt. Or the man is looked upon as an enemy who ventures to remark those vices; and the speeches of the demagogues consist of little except the most fulsome panegyrics on themselves and their auditors, and the most violent abuse of their political adversaries. Now, on this head of praise and censure there is an obvious distinction between an individual and a nation. He who publicly exposes the faults or the vices of an individual, may be fairly counted among his enemies, as he is pursuing a course of conduct which is likely to injure him, and cannot by possibility do him service. His conduct, in making the exposure, may be justifiable, it may be in the highest degree praiseworthy; but it can never be considered as a friendly act by the persons whose faults and vices are thus publicly exposed. If the object was to reclaim

him, it would be attempted by a private, friendly admonition, urging him, and pressing upon his attention every motive which might induce him to reform his conduct.

But with a nation the case is different. Here there is no room for private, friendly admonition. Every word addressed to a nation must go forth to the whole world; and such public admonitions can in this case do no harm. No person or society can punish, or distrust, or withdraw confidence from the nation; and the individuals who compose it will still be judged of each by his own private character. Such admonitions are particularly to be desired, as the general disposition of all those who address the public either in print or by speeches will ever be to flatter the people at large, and the body which they address. They have always some particular object—and that most frequently a selfish one—more at heart than the general good; and that particular object may be best attained by such flattery as will make the readers and the audience pleased with themselves, and pleased in consequence with those who address them. The public will ever find numbers to flatter, few to instruct them.

If the poverty be fairly attributed to the character and conduct of its inhabitants, they cannot put forth that poverty as a proof of misgovernment, or as an argument in favour of any alteration in the law. Let us not be mistaken. The people have a clear right to the best laws, and to the best system of government which the wisdom of the age can provide for them, and every abuse and imperfection ought to be carefully removed; we merely assert that no argument in favour of any particular alteration shall be drawn from the existence of that poverty which is the natural and necessary consequence of idleness and improvidence. We are convinced that on the whole the condition of Ireland is improving, and that nothing but a civil war, or a ferocity of agitation approaching nearly to a civil war, can prevent her improvement, as her connection with England is daily becoming more close; still poverty and its attendant evils exist to a deplorable extent, and must continue to prevail until the people are taught that the fault rests with themselves, not with

their rulers, and that the remedy must be sought in their own energy, perseverance, and frugality; and that their condition can never be improved by a neglect of their proper business, in a vain pursuit of organic changes in the constitution. A moment's cool reflection would teach them how little they could hope to gain by the removal of what the demagogues who prey upon them urge as their chief grievances. They complain that Dublin has not so many burgesses as a town of equal extent and population in England would possess, and therefore that England has an advantage over Ireland in the constitution of her municipal corporations. But Dublin elected Daniel O'Connell for her first lord mayor, and is governed by as noisy a set of agitators as the most disaffected repealer could desire. What evil do they say has arisen from what they term the defects in the municipal corporation bill? It would have a greater number of burgesses, but the majority of the town council would be composed of the same men, and pursue the same course as at present. The chief change would be, that the Conservative minority would not be so respectable and influential. The elections would give trouble to and would distract from their proper business, a greater number of men than at present; but no man can say that the business of the corporation would be done better, or at less expense than at present. Indeed the borough rate, paid without any return for it made to the citizens, is the only effect produced upon the citizens at large by the Municipal Reform Bill; and even if any improvement should be made in our municipal institutions, it would have exceedingly little effect upon the condition of the people, or even upon the inhabitants of our corporate towns. In the same manner, any change in the elective franchise, which might increase the number of electors in Ireland, if it did not do positive mischief, could do good only by leading to some alteration in our laws or government, and it still remains to be shown, how any such alteration could relieve or remove the poverty of Ireland. Only one practical measure of importance has been suggested by the party which clamours for repeal. That measure is the one now called fixity of tenure, which, we

shall on a proper occasion prove, would not produce any of the beneficial effects expected from it. But this measure, from its importance, requires to be made the subject of a separate article, and we refer to it now only because it is connected with the only attempt made to point out any practical measure of improvement by those who are incessantly clamouring for revolutionary measures.

Although the rate of increase on the population cannot lead us to form any reasonable conjecture as to the improving or declining state of the country—and in fact in one decennial period we find men asserting that Ireland must be in a very wretched state or its population would not so rapidly increase; in the next decennial period we have men drawing an inference as to the wretched state of Ireland, from the fact that its population does not now continue to increase with the same rapidity—yet a census well taken, and not confined to the mere numbering of the people, will lead to many important inferences respecting the condition of the people, and the measures necessary to ameliorate it. We sincerely wish that certain politicians would speak more of our improvement, and less of our misery. The habit of making complaints is a bad one; complainers seldom thrive; a complaint of their condition is their substitute for every useful exertion. When a politician obtains a large revenue, dependent on his power of misleading the populace, while their wretched state is his staple argument, and their discontent the chief source of his influence, men will not be very ready to believe that he is anxious to alleviate that poverty, or remove that discontent, on which the continuance of his income and his influence depends.

Among the circumstances noted by the census commissioners, as indicating an improvement in the condition of Ireland, is the increased number of domestic servants—

\* The column, 'SERVANTS' is not only valuable as an important element in the condition of a people, but also as an explanation of some circumstances in the respective numbers, for which, without this division, it would be difficult to account. Thus the excess of the female over the male population in large towns, will appear, from an examination of the

tables, to be due to the preponderance of the female servants. The proportion of servants to the general community is also a consideration of much interest; and it will be seen that the greater proportion of this class is usually to be found in those districts which exhibit the highest state of wealth, of house accommodation, and of education. As the census of 1831 affords the means of comparing the number of servants at that period, with the number found under the present census, the relative numbers, with the proportion they bear to the rest of the community, are exhibited in the following table.—

1831.		
Male Servants.	Female Servants.	Total.
98,742	253,155	351,897

1841.		
Male Servants.	Female Servants.	Total.
227,937	275,914	503,851

The proportion of servants to the entire population was, in 1831, Males 1 to 78, Females 1 to 30; in 1841, Males 1 to 36, Females 1 to 29."

The return of servants in 1831 must have been imperfectly made. It cannot have been by the omission of the agricultural servants from the census of 1831, for that omission would have led to a much greater discrepancy. It is probable, that in the census of 1831 agricultural servants were included in some returns, and omitted from others. We do not think that agricultural servants and domestic servants ought to be classified together. The distinction between them is of more importance than their similitude. The one are kept for the sake of profit, the other are a mere source of expense. We should much rather see an increase in the former than in the latter. An increase in the number of agricultural servants residing with the farmer's family would indicate and produce an improvement in the social condition of the agricultural population; but an increase in the number of male domestic servants proves little more than the increase of expensive habits among those whose increased means of expense can add little to their happiness. Perhaps the truest criterion of a people's prosperity will be found in their vital statistics—but this branch of the subject we must reserve for our next article.





As spreads a tree, so grows Marcellus' fame  
 With ev'ry year ;—The Julian orb afar  
 Gleams bright, as when the moonbeam's lambent flame  
                     Outshines each minor star.

Father and guardian of the human race—  
 Offspring of Saturn—thine by destiny  
 Great Cæsar's charge. Thou art supreme : his place  
                     Second to none but thee ;—

Whether, when Parthia threaten'd with her hosts  
 Fair Latium, their repulse his triumph gain'd ;  
 Or India's tribes, or hordes from China's coasts,  
                     His mighty hand restrain'd.

On thy behalf still may he rule this world ;  
 Shake, with thy pond'rous car, the worlds above !  
 By thee th' avenging bolts of heav'n be hurl'd  
                     On each polluted grove.

R. W. K.

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BOOK III.—ODE XIII.

Fountain, whose pellucid stream  
 Emulates the crystals' beam,  
 Thee we grace with wreaths, and pour  
 Rich libations on thy shore.

When to-morrow's sun shall rise  
 Thou shalt have, in sacrifice,  
 Yonder kid, with budding horn,  
 Foot of speed, and eye of scorn.

Vainly plans he love's delight,  
 Gambol wild, or jealous fight :—  
 Wanton of the flock !—his blood  
 Soon shall tinge thy gelid flood

This thy meed, that Sirius' glow  
 Spares thee, daughter of the snow :—  
 Tho' he pour his fervid rays  
 Thou art cool beneath their blaze.

Near thee stray the flocks, for still  
 Thro' the summer thou art chill :—  
 From his furrow comes the steer  
 Panting, to thy streamlet clear.

Deathless fame I give thy spring,  
 As the ilex too I sing,  
 Whilst above the rock it waves,  
 Whence thy bubbling current raves.

R. W. K.

## NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. XII.

“The world’s my filbert, which with my crackers I will open.”

*Shakspeare.*

“Hard texts are *nuts* (I will not call them cheaters)  
Whose shells do keep their kernels from their eaters :  
Open the shells, and you shall have the meat :  
They here are brought for you to crack and eat.”

*John Bunyan.*

“The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
And the lawyer beknaves the divine ;  
And the statesman, because he’s so great,  
Thinks his trade’s as honest as mine.”

*Beggar’s Opera.*

## A NUT FOR THE CORONERS.

I FORGET the place, and the occasion also, but I have a kind of misty recollection of having once, in these nutting excursions of mine, been excessively eloquent on the subject of the advantages derivable from division of labour.

Not a walk or condition in life is there to which it has not penetrated ; and while natural talents have become cultivated from finding their most congenial sphere of operation, immense results have accrued in every art and science where a higher degree of perfection has been thus attained. Your doctor and your lawyer now-a-days select the precise portion of your person or property they intend to operate on. The oculist and the aurist, and the odontalgist and the pedicurist, all are suggestive of various local sufferings, by which they bound their skill ; and so, the equity lawyer and the common-law lawyer, the special pleader and the bar orator, have subdivided knavery, without diminishing its amount. Even in literature, there are the heavy men who “do” the politics, and the quiet men who do the statistics, and the rough and ready men, who are a kind of servants of all work, and so on. In universities, there is the science man and the classical man, the man of simple equations and the man of spondee. Painting has its bright colorists and its more sombre-loving artists, and so on—the great camps of party would seem to have given the impulse to every condition of life, and “speciality” is the order of the day.

No sooner is a new discovery made, no matter whether in the skies above, or the dark bowels of the earth, than an opportunity of disagreement is sure to arise. Two, mayhap three gentlemen, profess diversity of opinion—followers are never lacking, let any one be fool enough to turn leader—and straightway there comes out a new sect, with a Greek name for a title.

It is only the other day, men began to find out that primitive rocks, and basalt, ochre, and sandstone, had lived a long time, and must surely know something of antiquity—if they only could tell it. The stones, from that hour had an unhappy time of it—men went about in gangs with hammers and crowbars, shivering this and shattering that—picking holes in respectable old rocks, that never had a word said against them, and pimping into “quarts,”\* like a policeman.

Men must be quarrelsome, you’d say, if they could fight about paving stones—but so they did. One set would have it that the world was all cinders, and another set insisted it was only slack—and so, they called themselves Plutonians and Neptunians, and made great converts to their respective opinions.

Gulliver tells us of “big endians” and “little endians,” who hated each other like poison ; and thus it is, our social condition is like a row in an Irish fair, where one strikes somebody and nobody thinks the other right.

Oh ! for the happy days of heretofore, when the two kings of Brentford smelled at one nosegay. It couldn’t happen now, I promise you.

\* Query “quartz.”—*Devil.*

One of their majesties would have insisted on the petals, and the other been equally imperative regarding the stamina: they'd have pushed their claims with all the weight of their influence, and there would have been soon little vestige of a nosegay between them.

But to come back, for all this is digression. The subdivision of labour, with all its advantages, has its reverse to the medal. You are ill, for instance. You have been dining with the lord mayor, and hip-hipping to the health of her majesty's ministers; or drinking, mayhap, nine times nine to the independence of Poland, or civil and religious liberty all over the globe—or any other fiction of large dinners. You go home, with your head aching from bad wine, bad speeches, and bad music; your wife sees you look excessively flushed; your eyes have got an odd kind of expression, far too much of the white being visible; a half-shut-up look, like a pastry-cook's shop on Sunday; there are evident signs, from blackness of the lips, that in your English ardor for the navy you have made a "port-hole" of your mouth; in fact, you have a species of semi-apoplectic threatening, that bodes ill for the insurance company.

A doctor is sent for—he lives near, and comes at once—with a glance he recognizes your state, and suggests the immediate remedy—the lancet.

"Fetch a basin," says somebody, with more presence of mind than the rest.

"Not so fast," quoth the medico. "I'm a pure physician—I don't bleed; that's the surgeon's affair. I should be delighted to save the gentleman's life—but we have a bye-law against it in the college. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to cure you, if it wasn't for the charter. What a pity it is! I'm sure I wish, with all my heart, the cook would take courage to open a vein, or even give you a bloody nose with the cleaver."

Do you think I exaggerate here? Try the experiment—I only ask that.

Searching for the surgeon does not solve the difficulty. He may be a man who cuts out cataracts—who only operates for strabismus, or makes new noses, for post-sugar heroes. In fact, if you don't hit the right number—and it's a large lottery—you may go out of

the world without even the benefit of physic.

This great system, however, does not end with human life. The coroners—resolved not to be behind their age—have made a great movement, and shown themselves men worthy of the enlightened era they live in. Read this:—

"**THE RIVAL CORONERS.**—On Friday morning last, a man named Patrick Knowlan, a private in the 3d Buffs, was discovered lying dead close beneath the platform of a wharf at the bottom of Holborn-lane, Chatham. It would appear that deceased had mistaken his way, and fallen from the wharf, which is used for landing coals from the river, a depth of about eight feet, upon the muddy beach below, which was then strewn with refuse coal. There was a large and severe wound upon the left temple, and a piece of coal was sticking in the left cheek, close below the eye. The whole left side of the face was much contracted. He had evidently, from the state of his clothes, been covered with water, which overflows this spot at the period of spring tides. Although nothing certain is known, it is generally supposed that he mistook Holborn-lane for the West-lane, which leads to the barracks, and that walking forward in the darkness he fell from the wharf. Mr. Lewis, the coroner for the city of Rochester, claims jurisdiction over all bodies found in the water at this spot, and as the unfortunate man had evidently been immersed, he thought this a proper case for the exercise of his office, and accordingly summoned a jury to sit upon the body at ten o'clock on Friday morning—but on his going to view the deceased, he found that it was at the King's Arms, Chatham, in the hands of Bines, the Chatham constable, as the representative of Mr. Hinde, one of the coroners for the eastern division of the county of Kent, who refused to give up the key of the room, but allowed Mr. Lewis and his jury to view the body. They then returned to the Nag's Head, Rochester, and having heard the evidence of John Shepherd, a fisherman, who deposed that a carter, going on to the beach for coals, at half-past seven o'clock on Friday morning, found the body as already described, the jury returned a verdict of 'Found dead.' Mr. Hinde, the county coroner, held another inquest upon the deceased at the King's Arms, and after taking the evidence of William Wittingham, the carter who found the body, and Frederick Collins, a corporal of the 3d Buffs, who stated

that he saw the deceased on the evening preceding his death, and he was then sober, the jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental death;' each of the coroners issued a warrant for the interment of the body. The disputed jurisdiction, it is believed, will now be submitted to the decision of a higher court, in order to settle what is here considered a *verata questio*."—*Maidstone Journal*.

Is not this perfect? Only think of land coroners and water coroners—imagine the law defining the jurisdiction of the Tellurian as far forth into the sea as he could sit on a corpse without danger, and the Neptunian ruling the waves beyond in absolute sway—conceive the "solidist" revelling in all the accidents that befall life upon the world's highways, and the "fluidist" seeking his prey like a pearl diver, five fathoms low, beneath "the deep, deep sea." What a rivalry theirs, who divide the elements between them, and have nature's everlasting boundaries to define the limits of their empire.

I hope to see the time when these great functionaries of law shall be provided with a suitable costume. I should glory to think of Mr. Hinde accoutred in emblems suggestive of earth and its habits—a wreath of oak leaves round his brows; and to behold Mr. Lewis in a garment of marine plants and sea shells sit upon his corpse, with a trident in his right hand. What a comfort for the man about to take French leave of life, that he could know precisely the individual he should benefit, and be able to go "by land" or "water," as his taste inclined him.

I have no time here to dwell upon the admirable distinctions of the two verdicts given in the case I allude to. When the great change I suggest is fully carried out, the difficulty of a verdict will at once be avoided, for the jury, like boys at play, will only have to cry out at each case—"wet or dry."

P.S.—There would be probably too much expense incurred in poor localities by maintaining two officials; and I should suggest in such cases an amphibious coroner—a kind of merman, who should enjoy a double jurisdiction, and, as they say of half-bred pointers, be able "to take the water when required."

#### A NUT FOR A "NEW VERDICT."

MONEY-GETTING and cotton-spinning have left us little time for fun of any kind in England—no one has a moment to spare, let him be ever so droll, and a joke seems now to be esteemed a *bona fide* expenditure; and as "a pin a day is said to be a groat a year," there is no calculating what an inroad any manner of pleasantry might not make into a man's income. Book writers have ceased to be laughter-moving—the stage has given it up altogether, except now and then in a new tragedy—society prefers gravity to gaiety—and, in fact, the spirit of comic fun and drollery would seem to have died out in the land—if it were not for that inimitable institution called trial by jury.

Bless their honest hearts, jurymen do indeed relieve the drab-coloured look of every-day life—they come out in strong colour from the sombre tints of common-place events and people. Queer dogs! nothing can damp the warm ardour of their comic vein—all the solemnity of a court of justice—the look of the bar and the bench—the voice of the crier—the blue bags of briefs—the "terrible show," has no effect on their minds—"ruat cœlum," they will have their joke.

It is vain for the judge, let him be ever so rigid in his charge, to tell them that their province is simply with certain facts, on which they have to pronounce an opinion of yea or nay. They must be jurymen, and "something more." It's not every day Mr. Sniggins of Pimlico is called upon to keep company with a chief justice and sergeant learned in the law—Popkins don't leave his shop once a week to discuss Coke upon Littleton with an attorney-general. No: the event to them is a great one—there they sit, fawned on, and flattered by counsel on both sides—called impartial and intelligent, and all that—and while every impertinence the law encourages, has been bandied about the body of the court, *they* remain to be lauded and praised by all parties, for they have a verdict in their power, and when it comes—what a thing it is!

There is a well-known story of an English nobleman, desiring to remain *incog.* in Calais, telling his negro servant—"If any one ask who I am,

Sambo, mind you say, 'a Frenchman.' Sambo carried out the instruction by saying—"My massa a Frenchman, and so am I." This anecdote exactly exemplifies a verdict of a jury—it cannot stop short at sense, but must, by one fatal plunge, involve its decision in absurdity.

Hear what lately happened in the north of Ireland. A man was tried and found guilty of murder—the case admitted no doubt—the act was a cold-blooded, deliberate assassination, committed by a soldier on his serjeant, in the presence of many witnesses. The trial proceeded; the facts were proved; and—I quote the local newspaper—

"The jury retired, and were shut up when the judge left the court, at half-past seven. At nine, his lordship returned to court, when the foreman of the jury intimated that they had agreed. They were then called into court, and having answered to their names, returned a verdict of guilty, but recommended the prisoner to mercy upon account of the close intimacy that existed between the parties at the time of the occurrence."

Now, what ever equalled this? When the jury who tried Madame Laffarge for the murder of her husband, returned a verdict of guilty, with that recommendation to mercy which is implied by the words "*des circonstances atténuantes*," Alphonse Kar pronounced the "extenuating circumstances," to be the fact, that she always mixed gum with the arsenic, and never gave him his poison, "neat."

But even *they* never thought of carrying out their humanity farther by employing the Belfast plea, that she had been "intimate with him" before she killed him. No, it was reserved for our canny northerners to find out this new secret of criminal jurisprudence, and to show the world that there is a deep philosophy in the vulgar expression, a blood relation—meaning thereby that degree of alliance-

ship which admits of butchery, and makes killing no murder; for if intimacy be a ground of mercy, what must be friendship, what brotherhood, or paternity?

Were this plea to become general, how cautious would men become about their acquaintances—what a dread they would entertain of becoming intimate with gentlemen from Tipperary!

I scarcely think the Whigs would throw out such lures for Dan and his followers, if they could consider these consequences; and I doubt much—taking everything into consideration, that the "Duke" would see so much of Lord Brougham as he has latterly.

"Who can a man make free with, if not with his friends?" saith Figaro; and the Belfast men have studied Beaumarchais, and only "carried out his principle," as the Whigs say, when they speak of establishing popery in Ireland, to complete the intention of emancipation.

Lawyers must have been prodigiously sick of all the usual arguments in defence of prisoners in criminal cases many a year ago. One of the cleverest lawyers and the cleverest men I ever knew, says he would hang any man who was defended on an *alibi*, and backed by a good character. Insanity is worn out; but here comes Belfast to the rescue, with its plea of intimacy. Show that your client was no common acquaintance—prove clearly habits of meeting and dining together—display a degree of friendship between the parties that bordered on brotherhood, and all is safe. Let your witness satisfy the jury that they never had an altercation or angry word in their lives, and depend upon it, killing will seem merely a little freak of eccentricity, that may be indulged with Norfolk Island, but not punished with the gallows.

"Guilty, my lord, but very intimate with the deceased," is a new discovery in law, and will hereafter be known as "the Belfast verdict."



## THE ORIGIN OF THE HUMMING-BIRDS.

When Saint Patrick preached in the Emerald Isle,  
The Fairies that haunted the green,  
And their revels had held, in olden time,  
Were filled with envy and spleen.

So they went where the water-lilies float,  
On the edge of the shallow bay,  
And they chose themselves each a little boat,  
To carry them far away.

Merrily now that little fleet  
Bounds o'er the waters blue ;  
Boldly the fairies have taken their seat,  
Each in her light canoe.

They gave to their Queen the largest flower,  
Their perilous course to guide ;  
And after her, like a snowy shower,  
The tiny vessels glide.

The eddyng ripples that bore them along,  
A murmuring melody played ;  
And the fairies, who knew the words of its song,  
A whispering answer made.

The waters are hurrying away to the south,  
And bear them on with their tide,  
Till safely they reach the river's mouth,  
And float on the ocean wide.

Though many a day and night they sailed,  
Warmly the sunshine fell,  
For the might of the winds and waves was stayed  
By the power of their magic spell.

That magic spell has banished the night,  
While their westward course they take,  
For a glorious trail of burnished light  
Is following in their wake.

The fairies have reached the coral strand,  
And left the lily-flowers ;  
They fly away in a merry band  
To the pleasant citron bowers.

And the humming-birds seen in that sunny clime,  
Sparkling with rainbow hues,  
Are the Fairies who left the Emerald Isle,  
In their lily-white canoes.

H. B.

## LITERA ORIENTALIS.

## OTTOMAN POETRY.

## FIFTH ARTICLE.

THE literature of the Ottomans can lay claim to an antiquity nearly coeval with that of their empire itself. Its origin may be dated from the commencement of the fourteenth century, soon after the downfall of the heroic but unfortunate Seljukian or *Turkish* dynasty of Asia Minor, and when the formidable House of Osman, rising on the ruins of its rival, had brow-beaten Europe into a recognition of its power.

At this period there flourished contemporaneously three eminent Persian poets:—Djelal-ed-Deen Rûmeh, Allâ-ed-Dellat, and the Sheikh Saadr-ed-Deen. Their works were for the most part of a deeply religious and mystic nature. As, however, to borrow the expression of a learned living philologist, "Persian poetry has always been the sun to which the sun-flower of Ottoman poetry has turned," these works at once became the models

to which Ottoman genius did homage, and which it regarded as worthiest of study and imitation. The earliest poet of the infant empire of whom we have any authentic account is Aasheek Pasha, who wrote a curious work, in ten books, on the nature of the inner life, and the mysterious power that dwells in the Septenary Number, especially as exhibited in the seven planets, the seven earths, the seven heavens, the seven metals, the seven ages of man, and the seven divine revelations, namely, the Book of Adam, the Book of Seth, the Book of Enoch, the Pentateuch, the Psalter, the Gospel, and the Korân. This work, however, does not find many readers at the present day, even in Turkey.

Aasheek Pasha was followed by the Emir Aalem Effendi, a teacher of the mystical Mevlees, from whose poems we take the following philosophical

*Stanza.*

See how those worlds that roll afar  
Sorely beam on one another !  
There nowhere burns a sun or star  
But helps to cheer some darker brother.  
Wouldst thou, O, Man ! be good and wise,  
Share thus thy light among thy neighbours :  
In giving, not in hoarding, lies  
The truest meed of Learning's labours !

Among the other poets of this era were the Sheikh Mahmud and Elwaan Sherazi, Djelal Arghun, Shah-Tehellak, and Burhan-ed-Deen, another

Mevlee Sheikh, from whose writings his biographer, Ghaleeb, extracts three rather dogmatical verses.—

*Good Counsel.*

Tutor not thyself in science—go to masters for perfection ;  
Also speak thy thoughts aloud.  
Whoso in the glass beholdeth nought besides his own reflection  
Bides both ignorant and proud.

Study not in one book only—bee-like, rather, at a hundred  
Sourcens gather honeyed lore :  
Thou art else that helpless bird which, when her nest has once been plundered,  
Ne'er can build another more.

One of the most versatile writers of the fifteenth century was Moollah Ahmedeyeh, the author of several original poems but at present better known as the translator of the Persian poet Nizamee's "Iskander-Nameh," or Book of Alexander the Great. In the Lata-eef-Nameh, or Book of Drolleries, we find an anecdote of Ahmedeyeh, not so droll, but very characteristic of the man. He and the celebrated Tartar conqueror Timour-lenk, or Tamerlane, happened one day to be coming out of the bath together. Timour had just put on his shirt. "Tell me, Ahmedeyeh," said he, pointing to the attendants, "what value do you set on those pretty boys?" "Tons of gold, sacks of silver, and bushels of jewels," answered the poet. "And what do you estimate Me at, then?" demanded the hero. "At fourscore aspers," was the reply. "Bosh! Nonsense!" cried Timour, "why, this bath-shirt is worth as much!" "Just so," said Ahmedeyeh, coolly; "if you hadn't that on you I wouldn't give two-pence

for you!" It is related that Timour applauded the boldness of the repartee, and rewarded the poet. Ahmedeyeh, however, did not grow rich by his genius. He lived in a cell at the foot of Mount Olympus, and appears to have died in comparative obscurity.

Another brilliant light of those times was Fahareyeh. He was a native of Caramania, that fine "land of the mountain and the flood"—the Scotland in fact of the East for the bold picturesqueness of its natural scenery. Caramania was the last province of Asia Minor that submitted to the Ottoman yoke; and long and gallant and bloody was the resistance it first offered to the conquering arms of its invaders. A history of that memorable struggle, by the way, is much wanted. Why should not some one of the first-rate men of our era,—Dr. Wilde, for instance,—undertake it? Let the doctor only speak on the hint we throw out, and we shall be ready, at a day's notice, to deposit in his hands a dozen or so of such poems as the following:—

### **‘The Caramanian Epile.’**

#### **I.**

I see thee ever in my dreams,  
Karaman!  
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,  
Karaman! O, Karaman!  
As when thy goldbright Morning gleams,  
As when the deepening Sunset seams  
With lines of light thy hills and streams,  
Karaman!  
So thou loomest on my dreams,  
Karaman!  
Nightly loomest on my dreams,  
Karaman! O, Karaman!

#### **II.**

The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,  
Karaman!  
Seem deathblack marble to mine eyes,  
Karaman! O, Karaman!  
I turn from Summer's blooms and dyes;  
Yet in my dreams Thou dost arise  
In welcome glory on mine eyes,  
Karaman!  
In thee my life of life yet lies,  
Karaman!  
Thou still art holy in mine eyes,  
Karaman! O, Karaman!

### III.

Ere my fighting years were come,  
Karaman !  
Troops were few in Erzerome,  
Karaman ! O, Karaman !  
Their fiercest came from Erzerome ;  
They came from Ukhbar's palace-dome ;  
They dragged me forth from thee, my home,  
Karaman !  
Thee, my own, my mountain-home,  
Karaman !  
In life and death my spirit's home,  
Karaman ! O, Karaman !

#### IV.

Oh, none of all my sisters ten,  
Karaman !  
Loved like me my fellow-men,  
Karaman ! O, Karaman !  
I was mild as milk till then,  
I was soft as silk till then ;  
Now my breast is as a den,  
Karaman !  
Foul with blood and bones of men,  
Karaman !  
With blood and bones of slaughtered men,  
Karaman ! O, Karaman !

▼

My boyhood's feelings, newly born,  
Karaman !  
Withered, like young flowers uptorn,  
Karaman ! O, Karaman !  
And in their stead sprang weed and thorn :  
What once I loved now moves my scorn ;  
My burning eyes are dried to horn,  
Karaman !  
I hate the blessed light of Morn,  
Karaman !  
It maddens me the face of Morn,  
Karaman ! O, Karaman !

**VL**

The Spahi wears a tyrant's chains,  
Karaman !  
But bondage worse than this remains,  
Karaman ! O, Karaman !  
His heart is black with million stains :  
Thereon, as on Kaf's blasted plains,  
Shall never more fall dews and rains,  
Karaman !  
Save poison-dews and bloody rains,  
Karaman !  
Hell's poison-dews and bloody rains,  
Karaman ! O, Karaman !



La' lahá il-Allah !  
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !  
 For Life has lost its gloss for us  
 Since the days we spent of yore  
 Upon the pleasant Bosphorus !

## II.

La' lahá il-Allah !  
 Days indeed ! A shepherd's tent  
 Served us then for house-and-fold ;  
 All to whom we gave or lent  
 Paid us back a thousandfold.  
 Troublous years, by myriads wailed,  
 Rarely had a cross for us,  
 Never when we gaily sailed  
 Singing down the Bosphorus.  
 La' lahá il-Allah !  
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !  
 There never came a cross for us  
 While we daily, gaily sailed  
 Adown the meadowy Bosphorus !

## III.

La' lahá il-Allah !  
 Blithe as birds we flew along,  
 Laughed, and quaffed, and stared-about ;  
 Wine and roses, mirth and song,  
 Were what most we cared-about.  
 Fame we left for quacks to seek,  
 Gold was dust and dross for us,  
 While we lived, from week to week,  
 Boating down the Bosphorus.  
 La' lahá il-Allah !  
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus,  
 And gold was dust and dross for us,  
 While we lived, from week to week,  
 A-boating down the Bosphorus !

## IV.

La' lahá il-Allah !  
 Friends we were, and would have shared  
 Purses, had we twenty full.  
 If we spent, or if we spared,  
 Still our funds were plentiful.  
 Save the hours we passed apart  
 Time brought home no loss for us ;  
 We felt full of hope and heart  
 While we clove the Bosphorus.  
 La' lahá il-Allah !  
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !  
 Old Time brought home no loss for us.  
 We felt full of health and heart  
 Upon the foamy Bosphorus !

## V.

La' lahá il-Allah !  
 Ah ! for Youth's delirious hours  
 Man pays well in afterdays,  
 When quencht hopes and palsied powers  
 Mock his love-and-laughterdays.



Thorns and thistles on our path  
 Took the place of moss for us,  
 Till false Fortune's tempestwrath  
 Drove us from the Bosphorus.  
 La' lahá il-Allah !  
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !  
 When thorns took place of moss for us  
 Gone was all ! Our hearts were graves  
 Deep, deeper than the Bosphorus.

## VI.

La' lahá il-Allah !  
 Gone is all ! In one abyss  
 Lie Health, Youth, and Merriment.  
 All we've learned amounts to this—  
**Life's a sad experiment.**  
 What it is we trebly feel,  
 Pondering what it was for us  
 When our shallop's bounding keel  
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus.  
 La' lahá il-Allah !  
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !  
 We wail for what Life was for us  
 When our shallop's bounding keel  
 So clove the joyous Bosphorus !

## THE WARNING.

## VII.

La' lahá il-Allah !  
 Pleasure tempts ; yet Man has none  
 Save himself t' accuse if her  
 Temptings prove, when all is done,  
 Lures hung out by Lucifer.  
**GUARD YOUR FIRE IN YOUTH, O, FRIENDS !**  
**MANHOOD'S IS BUT PHOSPHORUS ;**  
**AND BAD LUCK ATTENDS AND ENDS**  
**BOATINGS DOWN THE BOSPHORUS !**  
 La' lahá il-Allah !  
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !  
 Youth's fire soon wanes to phosphorus ;  
 And slight luck or grace attends  
 Your boaters down the Bosphorus !

The doleful jocularities of the first dence that pervades the second, will  
 of the two following poems, and the be like admired :—  
 spirit of devout resignation to Provi-

**Love and Madness.**

Ilbabeeb ! Thy heart's a rock ;  
 I must put my helm a-lee,  
 Or my bark will soon be wrecked, if  
 Love refuse to stay the shock.  
 Ah, relent ! For thee and me  
 Life's but a brief perspective !  
 Think how soon on Death's dark shore  
 She who plagues and they who pine,  
 Both Despoiler and Despoiled meet !  
 Why must Medjnûns evermore  
 Drink their tears as wormwood wine,  
 And devour their hearts as broiled-meat ?

Thy fair face, whose light might guide  
 Ships by night, is as a book  
 Which Love's hand has writ at large in ;  
 And thy locks on either side,  
 In their inkblank lustre, look  
 Like the glosses down its margin !  
 Such a face, with such a heart !—  
 Oh, 'tis ghastly ! We men may  
 Mourn our nature when we scan it ;  
 But let none take Woman's part !  
 Man, at worst, is made of clay ;  
 Woman seems a block of granite !

All day long I sulk and sculk  
 To and fro till night, and then  
 Slumber flies mine eye and eyelid.  
 I must hire some cobbler's bulk,  
 Watchman's box, or jackal's den,  
 Where I may remain a while hid !  
 I, once plump as Sheeraz' grape,  
 Am, like Thalbh of thin renown,\*  
 Grown most chasmy, most phantasmic,  
 Yea, most razor-sharp in shape !—  
 Fact ! And if I'm—blown through town  
 I'll—cut all the sumphs who pass me !

### **Heaven first of all within Ourselves.**

I stood where the home of my boyhood had been,  
 In the Bellflower Vale, by the Lake of Bir-ból ;  
 And I pensively gazed on the wreck of a scene  
 Which the dreams of the Past made so dear to my soul.

For its light had grown dim while I wandered afar,  
 And its glories had vanished, like leaves on the gale,  
 And the frenzy of Man and the tempests of War  
 Had laid prostrate the pride of my Bellflower Vale.

I thought how long years of disaster and woe  
 Scarce woke in my bosom one sigh for the Past,  
 How my hopes, like the home of my childhood, lay low,  
 While the spirit within remained calm to the last.

Then I looked on the lake that lay deep in the dell  
 As pellucidly fair as in summers gone by,  
 And amid the sad ruins of cottage and cell  
 Still mirrored the beautiful face of the sky.

And I said, So may Ruin o'ertake all we love,  
 And our minds, like Bir-ból, abide bright evermore ;  
 So the heart that in grief looks to ALLAH above,  
 Still reflects the same heaven from its depths as before !

The Ottoman poets of the fifteenth  
 and sixteenth centuries took precedence  
 of all other men in rank and dignity.

Their persons were held sacred ; like  
 the Jewish prophets of old, they were  
 privileged to rebuke the monarch

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\* See an epigram in our second article.

himself; the highest offices of the state, including the Grand Vezeership, awaited their acceptance, and often in vain, for many turned with contempt from the baubles proffered them by Pomp, and preferred freedom with a clear conscience and cold water to all the alluring pollutions of a court. Some of them, like Raheemee, entering the cloister, plunged for time and eternity into the depths of the spiritual life. Others, like Tubareeyeh, with so much lingering attachment for the

world as led them still to pay occasional visits to the caravanserai and coffee-house, upon whose walls they wrote their poems, nevertheless passed most of their time in solitude, wandering over wilds and fields by day, and at night lodging in sepulchres. A few lines which Fezee, a poet of this latter class, inscribed on a wall in the cell of one of his deceased friends, the Sheikh Ali Babá of Nicopolis, may be appropriately given here.

### A Kasseedeh.

I sought for the Prayerful Man, and found but his beads of amber,  
 As red upon Zulmah's Gates the lustre of sunset shone ;  
 Lost is thy lamp from the mosque, thy voice from the council-chamber,  
 Ali Shûkdeedah Babá, glory of days that are gone !  
 Never, oh, never again shall guilty dynasties tremble ;  
 India may sharpen her sword on thy marble burial-stone ;  
 Cold is thy couch in the pit where the jackals nightly assemble,  
 Ali Shûkdeedah Babá, glory of days that are gone !  
 Yet are thy relics to-night more precious than rubies to millions !  
 They who make pilgrimage hither to pray in this tenement lone  
 Know that the steps of thy tomb lead upwards to Heaven's pavilions,  
 Ali Shûkdeedah Babá, glory of days that are gone !  
 Padishahs\* knelt in the dust as beggars before thy dwelling,  
 Thenceforth too in the dust their anger and pride lay prone,  
 Such was the power of thy speech, so lofty, so calmly-compelling,  
 Ali Shûkdeedah Babá, glory of days that are gone !  
 HE-WAS-THE-MAN-OF-THE-AGE : such is the seven-linked sentence  
 Time upon Thee shall pronounce, for like to Thee there were none.  
 Fare-thee-well ! Pray for Fezee, that Heaven may send him repentance,  
 Ali Shûkdeedah Babá, glory of days that are gone !

A song, supposed to be sung by a migratory gang of Thugs from India, lies before us. Fortunately it is of

questionable authenticity, as might indeed be suspected from the unoriental *equivoque* in the opening line.

### The Thugs' Ditty.

We are *neck-or-nought* scamps—three-fourths of a dozen—  
 That's nine, if you please.  
 We tipple and smoke ; we hocus and cozen,  
 And that sort of thing.  
 All night under sheds in Marzawán city  
 We snooze at our ease.  
 We are slashers—that's truth. It's the tune of the ditty  
 We constantly sing !  
 In vain the Kapedjies† pursue us with sticks and  
 Long hullabulloos ;  
 They are fast in the mud, like ships on a quicksand,  
 While we're on the wing.  
 The Moollahs talk big—they meet in committee,  
 And shake in their shoes.  
 We are strappers—that's truth. It's the tune of the ditty  
 We rattlingly sing !

\* Protector.kings.

† Police.

All not of our clique are sneaks or suburban.  
 We settle their hash,  
 And sell to dellaula\* their toggery and turbans  
 For what they may bring.  
 Yet our gains from these handsome exploits—more's the pity—  
 Scarce keep us in cash.  
 Never mind! We are wags. That's the tune of the ditty  
 We laughingly sing!

We encounter, however, a refreshing contrast to this abominable song in

### **The Soffers' Ditty.**

#### **I.**

Bismillah! Thou art warned, O, Soffe! that  
 mere outward austerities, however excellent  
 in themselves, will not make thee perfect.

Haircloth and vigils and fasts, and a vow against coffee,  
 Cleansers from sin though they be, will make no one a Soffe.  
 Much is essential besides the bare absence of slothness,  
 Namely, Docility, Poverty, Courage, and Meekness,  
 Wisdom, and Silence, and Patience, and Prayer without ceasing:—  
 Such are the tone and the tune of the ditty that we sing.

#### **II.**

Bismillah! Beware lest thou live in the habitual  
 commission of any single sin; for, though the  
 sin itself may be slight, the constant repetition  
 of it renders it most grievous.

Woe unto those who but banish one vice for another!  
 Far from thy thoughts be such damning delusion, O, brother!  
 Pluck thy heart out, and abjure all it loves and possesses  
 Rather than cherish one sin in its guilty recesses.  
 Donning new raiment is nobler than patching and piecing:—  
 Such are the tone and the tune of the ditty that we sing.

#### **III.**

Bismillah! And, O, Soffe! whenever the  
 glitter of money meets thine eye, avert thy  
 face! It were better for thee to lodge a  
 serpent in thy bosom than a money-purse.

Money (saith Seyd Ul-ud-Deen) eats the soul as a cancer;  
 Whoso loves money has more than the guilt of Ben-Manser.†  
 Wouldst thou, O Soffe! keep clear of the snare that entangles  
 Those whom at night on their couches the Evil One strangles,  
 Ask not and task not, abstain from extortion and flogging—  
 Such are the tone and the tune of the ditty that we sing.

\* Brokers.

† Abou Mogheall-Huseyn-Ben-Manser-al-Halladj, a celebrated Arabian magician and mystic of the ninth century. He suffered death under the reign of the Khalif Moktader, for promulgating certain incomprehensible metaphysico-religious doctrines concerning the nature of the soul.

## IV.

Bismillah! There is no strength or wisdom  
but in God, the High, the Great! Thou, O  
Soffee, art but a creature of clay; therefore,  
indulge not in pride!

Cast away Pride as the bane of thy soul: the Disdainful  
Swallow much mire in their day, and find everything painful.  
Still in its cave shall the diamond beam on, because humble,  
When the proud pillar, that stands as a giant, must crumble.  
Stoop! and thy burden will keep, like the camel's, decreasing.  
Such are the tone and the tune of the ditty that *we* sing.

## V.

Bismillah! The devil, O, Soffee! will doubtless  
try to make thee very miserable. But be thou  
consoled; for the seven hells are closed here-  
after against those who descend into them  
here.

Art thou made wretched by memories, and fears, and chimeras?  
Grieve not! for so were the Soffees and saints of past eras.  
All must abandon Life's lodgings, but none who depart take  
Any invalider passport to Hell than the heart-ake.  
Satan enslaveth, and Pain is God's mode of releasing—  
Such are the tone and the tune of the ditty that *we* sing.

## VI.

Bismillah! It is good for thee to be much  
afflicted. As Suleymán-Ben-Daood hath said,  
The heart is made better by the sadness of  
the countenance.

Like the lone lamp that illumines a Sheikh's mausoleum,  
Like a rich calcedon shrined in some gloomy museum,  
Like the bright moon before Midnight is blended with *Morrow*,  
Shines the pure pearl of the soul in the Chalice of Sorrow!  
Mourners on earth shall be solaced with pleasures unceasing—  
Such are the tone and the tune of the ditty that *we* sing.

## VII.

Bismillah! As Man soweth so doth he reap;  
his thoughts and deeds come back to him in  
another world; and as these are good or ill  
so is he for ever happy or miserable. Ponder  
this well; and let each fleeting hour impress  
thee deeper with the awful truth, that Time  
is the purchase-money of Eternity.

Life is an outlay for infinite blessings or curses—  
Evil or Good—which Eternity's Bank reimburses.  
Thou, then, O, Soffee, look well to each moment expended!  
So shall thy hands overflow, and thy guerdon be splendid,  
When thy brow faces the wall,\* and thy pangs are increasing—  
These be the tone and the tune of the ditty that *we* sing.

---

\* Viz., that wall of the death-chamber which is in the direction of Mekka.

The *Soffeel*—so called from the Arabic word, *soof*: i.e., wool, in allusion to the coarseness of their garments, or, in the opinion of some, from *sofî*, wise,—are an order of Darveeshes who devote themselves to continual prayer, mortification, and contemplation of the Divine Perfections, and often display a zeal and constancy in the practice of their penitential austerities worthy the imitation of Christians. A history of Mohammedan asceticism generally would, we have a notion, greatly contribute to enlighten us with respect to much that is at present mysterious in the nature of the human soul. In reference to this subject Mr. Lane details in one of his works a very interesting narrative, which we shall here transcribe. It is in these words:—

“One of my friends in Cairo, Abu-l-Kásim of Geelán, entertained me with a long relation of the mortifications and other means which he employed to attain the rank of a *welce*. These were chiefly self-denial and a perfect reliance upon Providence. He left his home in a state of voluntary destitution and complete nudity, to travel through Persia and the surrounding countries, and yet more distant regions if necessary, in search of a spiritual guide. For many days he avoided the habitations of men, fasting from daybreak till sunset, and then eating nothing but a little grass, or a few leaves or wild fruits, till by degrees he habituated himself to almost total abstinence from every kind of nourishment. His feet, at first blistered, and cut by sharp stones, soon became callous; and in proportion to his reduction of food his frame became more stout and lusty. Bronzed by the sun, and with his black hair hanging over his shoulders, he presented, in his nudity, a wild and frightful appearance, and on his first approaching a town was surrounded and pelted by a crowd of boys; he therefore retreated, and made himself a partial covering of leaves; and this he always after did on similar occasions, never remaining long enough in a town for his leafy apron to wither. The abodes of mankind he always passed at a distance, excepting when several days' fast, while traversing an arid desert, compelled him to obtain a morsel of bread or a cup of water from the hand of some charitable fellow-creature. One thing that he particularly dreaded was, to receive relief from a sinful man, or from a demon in the human form. In passing over a parched and desolate

tract, where for three days he had found nothing to eat, not even a blade of grass, nor a spring from which to refresh his tongue, he became overpowered with thirst, and prayed that God would send him a messenger with a pitcher of water. ‘But,’ said he, ‘let the water be in a green Bagdaddee pitcher, that I may know it to be from Thee, and not from the Devil, and when I ask the bearer to give me to drink let him pour it over my head, that I may not too much gratify my carnal desire.’—‘I looked behind me,’ he continued, ‘and saw a man bearing a green Bagdaddee pitcher of water, and said to him, “Give me to drink,” and he came up to me, and poured the contents over my head, and departed.’ Rejoicing in this miracle, and refreshed by the water, he continued his way over the desert, more firm than ever in his course of self-denial. But the burning thirst returned shortly after, and he felt himself at the point of sinking under it, when he beheld before him a high hill, with a rivulet running by its base. To the summit of this hill he determined to ascend, by way of mortification, before he would taste the water, and this point, with much difficulty, he reached at the close of day. Here standing, he saw approaching, below, a troop of horsemen, who paused at the foot of the hill, when their chief, who was foremost, called out to him by name, ‘O Abu-l-Kasim! O Geelancee! Come down and drink!’

But, persuaded by this that he was lured with a troop of his sons, the evil Geni, he withstood the temptation, and remained stationary until the Decurion with his attendants had passed on, and were out of sight. The sun had then set, his thirst had somewhat abated; and he only drank a few drops. Continuing his wanderings in the desert, he found, upon a pebbly plain, an old man with a long white beard, who accosted him, asking of what he was in search. ‘I am seeking,’ he answered, ‘a spiritual guide, and my heart tells me that thou art the guide I seek.’ ‘My son,’ said the old man, ‘thou seest yonder a *caint* *kumb*, it is a place where prayer is answered: go thither; enter it, and seat thyself neither eat nor drink nor sleep, but occupy thyself solely, day and night, in repeating silently, “*La ilaha illa-Allah*.” There is no duty but that, and let not any living creature see thy lips move in doing so, for, among the peculiar virtues of these words is this, that they may be uttered without any motion of the lips. Go, and peace be on thee!’ Accordingly, said my friend, ‘I went thither.’ It was a small square building, crowned



by a cupola; and the door was open. I entered, and seated myself, facing the oblong monument over the grave. It was evening; and I commenced my silent professions of the Unity, as directed by my guide; and at dusk I saw a white figure seated beside me, as if assisting in my devotional task. I stretched forth my hand to touch it, but found that it was not a material substance; yet there it was: I saw it distinctly. Encouraged by this vision, I continued my task for three days and nights without intermission, neither eating nor drinking, yet increasing in strength both of body and of spirit; and on the third day I saw written upon the whitewashed walls of the tomb, and on the ground, and in the air, wherever I turned my eyes, "Lá-iláha-illa-lláh;" and whenever a fly entered the tomb it formed these words in its flight. My object was now fully attained: I felt myself endowed with supernatural knowledge: thoughts of my friends and acquaintances troubled me not; but I knew where each one of them was, in Persia, India, Arabia, and Turkey, and what each was doing. I experienced an indescribable happiness. This state lasted several years; but at

length I was insensibly enticed back to worldly objects; I came to this country; my fame as a caligraphist drew me into the service of the government; and now see what I am, decked with pelisses and shawls, and with this thing [a diamond order] on my breast; too old, I fear, to undergo again the self-denial necessary to restore me to true happiness, though I have almost resolved to make the attempt.' Soon after this conversation he was deprived of his office, and died of the plague."

So far Mr. Lane, to whom we owe many acknowledgments. Had we three or four score volumes of such narratives in lieu of the sleepy balderdash called "Useful Knowledge" and "Information for the People," we should not hear so many intelligent persons deploring the insipid character of modern literature.

We have left ourself such little room for further comment of any kind that we shall offer no apology for condensing the preface to our concluding poem into one line,—namely, the title of the poem itself, which is—

## The Fight of Ul-Walladj.

### I.

#### Preliminary Flourish.

Come! I will now construct a palace-like poem, sublimer  
Than has been hitherto reared by the hand of an Ottoman rhymmer.  
Ere I commence it, however, I wish to put three little queries,  
First, and Second, and Third, that is, in consecutive series.  
First, Who will dare to refuse Mohammed the title of Prophet?  
Secondly, Who will deny that his foes are howling in Tophet?  
Thirdly, Who will assert that his wonderful War of Conversion  
Wasn't the thing that was wanted alike for cottage and college?  
Nobody. Therefore I plunge, by a superhuman exertion,  
Into my poem at once, which is that of THE FIGHT OF UL-WALLADJ.

### II.

#### Opening.

Huh!—'twas a day in an age, the day of The Fight of Ul-Walladj;  
Otherwise called The Fight of the Cloaks of Antelope Leather!  
Twenty-one thousand and fifty days have I seen altogether;  
This I can state by the help of the arithmetical knowledge  
Which I picked up when young from Shums-um-Didl, my tutor;  
Yet such a red and black day—black as the throat of a raven—!  
Red as the sun in a fog—isn't, I fancy, engraven  
On my vast memory's tablets, be they of parchment or pewter,

Ivory or flagreed gold, like the platters of Emperor Djami.  
 Time never saw such a day as the Day of U-Wallady, which likewise  
 Folks are accustomed to call—but the other long bathery name I  
 Needn't repeat, I suppose, because—as will certainly strike wise  
 Men—a good poet is bound to be rather concise in his poem,  
 And, besides, you may see it in line the twelfth of this poem!

## III.

## The Win of Preparation.

When,—going forth in the might of our multitudinous numbers,  
 Like unto swarms of wild wasps invading orchards and gardens,  
 We, the thrice-terrible Tartars, the Uzbeks and Darls and Kirghesees,  
 Marched into Hindûstân, and broke its peaceful slumbers,  
 Shooting those heathenish villains, the Scandians, and Sikhs, and Behârdens,  
 Brilliantly cutting the riffraff of Oude and Goleonda to pieces,  
 Walloping right and left the caltiffs of Dekkan and Delhû,  
 And—more power to our elbows!—threshing the Ghujars to jelly,—  
 When we thus trampled in dust the might of their Princes and Rayjahs,  
 We, being sensible men, conceived we had muzzled the cattle;  
 Nevertheless we were out! Again they prepared to engage us  
 Desperately as before in the bloody excitement of battle.  
 So, on the tenth of Moharrem,\*—a very fine day for the season—  
 Both of us, they and ourselves, once more took the field for action,  
 We, swearing all sorts of oaths to quench the blaze of their treason  
 In the black blood of their hearts, to our own hearts' full satisfaction,  
 They, the dogs! flushed with the hope of regaining their lost independence,  
 Which they supposed they might clutch as one would a jug by its handle,  
 Though their free state under Us was, compared with their own, the resplendence  
 Shed by the sun at noon to the gleam of a small tallow-candle!

## IV.

## The Muster for the Field.

With but a hundred and forty thousand men for our forces  
 We were compelled to make head against more than two hundred thousand  
 These not including, of course, the stragglers mounted on cows and  
 Camels and so forth. Our lionlike thunder-and-lightning-darters†  
 Sat with tempestuous brows on the backs of magnificent horses,  
 Facing the east, which our soothsayers marked as a fortunate omen.  
 Seventy thousand at least were our sheshper-wielders‡ and spearers,  
 Forty thousand our spahies and twenty thousand our bowmen,  
 Making no mention of trumpeters, drummers, and standard-bearers.  
 We were commanded by Sultan Muly Abdoulah el-Rhadder,  
 Glory of Islam, Destroyer of Men, and Cream of all Tartars,  
 Famous for being at once a prodigal ink-and blood-shedder,  
 Patronising alike the pen and the pike, and delighting  
 Much in both ballads and bullets—in writing as well as in fighting.  
 Under his reign were erected nine thousand mosques and pavilions;  
 And he made presents of rubies and trinkets by dozens of millions.  
 He had the head of an ass;§ not Lokman himself was wiser.

\* The tenth of Moharrem corresponds to our twelfth of January.

† *Barkendaz*, or lightning-darter, is the name commonly given to a match-lock-man.

‡ A *sheshper* is a sort of battle-mace.

§ That is, his head and face were as long as those of an ass.

But his most marvellous gift was a certain Eye that he sported.  
This was an awful affair—a regular dead mesmeriser—

Doing more damage than sabres and shells and twenty-four-pounders—

Only he now and then veiled it no one at all could support it,

Flat would it strike the stoutest, as flat as the flattest of flounders,  
So that he frequently sighed, and said, when his spirits were sinking,  
“People will fancy my power is all in my Eye, I’m thinking!”

During the summer he dwelt at Bheer with his royal relations,  
Whence we respectfully dubbed him, ‘The Khan of Bheer,’ on occasions.  
Such was our General-in-Chief; but, besides, we had hundreds of leaders,  
Kapitans, Agas, and Bashas; Ameers, and Beys, and Baheeders.  
Were I to give you their names I should first have to beg, or borrow,  
Purchase, or pilfer, a kheed\* as long as to-night and to-morrow.  
So, I’ll not mention them here; however, in case you be curious,

Run your eye over the Ahmeds and Mahmouds which History and Fable  
Stud their fair pages withal in a fashion so antipenurious,

And you may have the whole batch,—or fancy you have, if you’re able!  
As to the enemy’s hosts, they were headed by Chooter and Chan Sing;  
Two of their principal chiefs, I remember, were Khur Sing and Dan Sing!  
There were a dozen score thousand at least of the vagabond varlets.

On they advanced, with their gongs, and chargers, and elephants countless.  
Sumptuous was their array. Their banners, all purples and scarlets,

Must have been thirty odd thousand—I scarcely can think the amount less!  
Reprobate rebels! their pomp was their certain destruction. They, smitten

As with a blindness of soul, beheld not the fearful sentence  
Written broad over those banners—in flaming characters written—

Dooming them all to the darkness of Hell directly they went hence!  
Wretches! when thus they relied upon brutes for the victory of freemen  
None of them thought on the fate of the ancient warriors of Yemen!†  
Seeing they neared us, we raised a shout that rent Heaven asunder,  
And tore open the sea to a depth of sixty years under!‡

## v.

### The Battle.

Could I describe what followed in language such as it merits

Mine would undoubtedly pass for the pink of poetic narrations!

Bright was the face of Morn,—as bright as our expectations—  
High had risen the sun—almost as high as our spirits—

When, like Darkness and Light, the armies approached one another.

First, our glorious right wing began and kept up an incessant  
Fire, such as thirty-six rivers in vain would have striven to smother,

\* Roll of paper.

† The allusion here is to the defeat of Abraha, a prince of Yemen, who marched his army and elephants to destroy the Kaaba (or Holy House) of Mekka. “The Meccans,” we are informed by Sale, “at the approach of so considerable a host, retired to the neighbouring mountains, being unable to defend their city or temple. But God himself undertook the defence of both. For, when Abraha drew near to Mecca, and would have entered it, the elephant on which he rode, and which was a very large one, and named Mahmūd, refused to advance any nigher to the town, but knelt down whenever they endeavoured to force him that way, though he would rise and march briskly enough if they turned him towards any other quarter; and while matters were in this posture on a sudden a large flock of birds, like swallows, came flying from the sea-coast, every one of which carried three stones, one in each foot, and one in its bill; and these stones they threw down upon the heads of Abraha’s men, certainly killing every one they struck.” Those who escaped this manner of death were swept away by a flood, or perished by a plague.—See SALE’S *Korān*: vol. ii., p. 510, note.

‡ That is, a depth to which one would be sixty years descending. Moslems usually compute long distances by time rather than by space.

On the left wing of the foe, to their utter dismay and confusion.  
 Thus we blew thousands to Hell in a manner uncommonly pleasant.  
 Burrapoo Chundergung Gatty received an astounding contusion  
 Right on the south of his skull; and was very nigh kicking the bucket.  
 Khair Sing himself got also a bit of a blow from a sabre  
 Over the bridge of his nose; and I think 'twas Djem-Kûsak that struck it!  
 Many more feats were achieved which would have enraptured old Baber\*  
 Had he been living to see them. One tawny Pagan, Bam-Bâhis,  
 Comical rascal he was, fell, I remember, a martyr  
 To a queer trick he had got of peppering and spicing and sprinkling  
 All his expressions with sneers. Collaring one of our spahies,  
 "Ha!" he exclaimed, with a grin, "I fancy I have caught a Tartar!"  
 "That you have!" answered the Spahi, and dashed out his brains in a  
 twinkling.  
 He was as tall as a minaret, active rather than portly,  
 Yet a stout fellow enough at his battle-axe: he had, however,  
 Long been a thoroughpaced punjobber, having, according to rumour,  
 Spent a good while in the Punjaub, which vastly admired his humour.  
 Similar work was begun at the opposite wings very shortly,  
 Where, too, the killing came off in a style both impressive and clever.

## VI.

## Requel of the Battle.

Thus were the infidels drubbed. However, they speedily rallied,  
 And the best fighters they had, both mounted and infantry, rallied  
 Forth in battalions and files, each under its chosen commander,  
 And of an iron hue, like the barrier-wall of Iskander;†  
 Wherefore the Sultan immediately gave to Moozaffer Ben-Gidso  
 Orders to wheel the artillery round from the wings,—and he did so!  
 Then came the thunder, the clangor, the shrieking, as Death, at short periods,  
 Dealt forth his terrible blows, with little and less intermission,  
 Till the idolatrous caitiffs before us, in thousands and myriads  
 Driven from their houses of clay, were cast down to the Pit of Perdition!  
 Then, too, uprose, as though by the spell of some potent magician,  
 Towers of smoke and dust, from the van, the flanks, and the middle,  
 So that the sun grew as dark as the back of a circular mirror,  
 Or, to come nearer the fact, as black as the face of a grid-iron.  
 Eight were the heavens, and six were the earths, upon that Day of Terror!‡  
 Such and so dense was the dust that you might, if you had the materials,  
 Build on it castles and cities, and dwell there among the Empyreals!  
 As for the shouts of our troops I say nothing about them, for no pen  
 Ever could copy such sounds—they split Heaven's canopy open,  
 So that the Man in the Moon looked out of his house in amazement,  
 Wondering what upon earth such infernal yells as we raised meant!  
 These, and the trappings of hoofs, and the noise of the javelins' whirring,  
 Blent with the clashings of swords and the roar of the round-mouthed cannon,  
 Made their way down through the depths of the seas of Dhërra and Yánnun,  
 Striking incredible terror into the hearts of the herrings!

\* Zahir-ed-Deen Mohammed el-Baber, Sultan of the Moghuls. He reigned in the sixteenth century, and wrote his own memoirs, which have since been translated into English.

† The wall erected by Alexander the Great at the Derbend, on the south of the Caspian, as a barrier against the incursions of Yudjudj and Madjudj (Gog and Magog).

‡ According to Mohammedan philosophy there are seven heavens and seven earths; the poet, however, here supposes that one of the earths, being converted into dust, and soaring aloft, joined the seven heavens, leaving only six earths below.

Dazzlingest deeds of daring meanwhile were performed by our heroes,  
Some of whom singly demolished the Heathens by two rows and three rows !  
I myself seeing a couple of hangabone dogs edging nigh me,

Whom I made out to be Sikhs from the twang of the jargon they jabbered,  
Cut at them both ; but the ground thereabouts being sludgy and slimy,

I, like a nincompoop, slipped, and my sword had the soil for a scabbard ;  
Wherefore I bellowed out lustily, " Highnesses ! Mercy's a virtue !"—

And they replied, " Never fear ! We are *Sikhs* against One, and won't hurt  
you !"

Which very trumpery joke occasioned much boisterous laughter.

I, however, sat wiping my weapon a long while after,  
Growling, meantime, at the Sikhs, and sorry to think I had missed 'em,

When almost every one else could brag of some beautiful slaughter.

All this worry completely exhausted my physical system,

Which I was glad to recruit by a mug of brandy and water.

## VII.

### Conclusion.

" Victory !" at length was the cry. 'Twas clear to the dullest beholder  
Which way the cat would jump ere the day was another hour older.

Looking once more at my sword, I found it was damaged ; so, scorning

Danger, I thought I would march and get it repaired by our cutlers.

Somehow or other, however, I didn't, but stopped at a sutler's,

Where I drank other two mugs, which I promised I'd pay for next morning.

Feeling at last rather muzzy, I staggered away to Zál-átshman,

(Which was a spot near Ul-Walladj,) and there, in a meadow of clover,

Laid myself down at full length, and snored for some hours like a watchman.

When I awoke 'twas dusk, and the fun (for the day) was over ;

Which to a man of my desperate valour was highly provoking !

Round me were soldiers in groups, tippling, or talking, or smoking.

As I had guessed from the first, our arms were entirely victorious.

Twofold indeed was the vengeance we wreaked on the enemy's legions :

First, we dismissed their souls to the lowest of Lucifer's regions ;

Secondly, pillaged their bodies,—a job we found somewhat laborious !

Princes and Rajahpoots lay flat in full dress and high feather,

Them we relieved of their jewels and rings, which they wore in great plenty ;

And from the backs of the troopers we stripped a hundred and twenty

Thousand short Indian cloaks of glossy antelope leather.

Camp-spoils of all sorts besides requited us on the occasion,

More than had ever been seen since the days of Timûr's invasion ;

Elephants, horses, and camels ; cannon, and trappings, and banners,

Pistols, and matchlocks, and straight Moghul swords, double-edged and cross-  
hilted,

Also long lances, with which those idolaters now and then tilted,

Having imbibed, it would seem, a taste for our chivalrous manners !

This was the end of that battle. But matter more curious concerning it,

Matter attested in form before the deewauns\* of two Dusters,†

May be obtained from Al-Ghabbi the Silent for twenty piastres,

If there be any inquisitive jackass desirous of learning it !

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\* Tribunals.

† Judges.

## BARROW'S LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.\*

THE story of a poor sailor-boy who became the most distinguished mariner of his time, the great admiral of England, and victor of the most formidable fleet that ever threatened her shores, presents attractions sure to make a volume at all times popular; and when to the wild adventures and fearless spirit of Drake we add the influence which his actions have had on the fortunes of his country—that he gave the great impulse not only to the naval advancement, but to the commercial enterprise of England, we must regard his life as one of cardinal importance in our annals, and take up the subject with a confidence that it will be acceptable to our readers.

No one of our remarkable men has had his life so often written or by more celebrated persons than Sir Francis Drake. Among his biographers are Camden, Fuller, Johnson the lexicographer, and the laurelled Southey. Lope de Vega wrote a sarcastic epic, or melodramatic satire, on his life and death, and his adventures were dramatised by D'Avenant in the reign of Charles II. The latest testimony to the perennial interest of his memoirs is the contribution of Mr. Barrow. It is not, in regard to style, equal to many of its predecessors; but we think there can be no doubt that it is the most valuable life of Drake at present before the public. Mr. Barrow failed, as he tells us, in gaining access to some private collections; his industry, however, has not been unrewarded. In the State Paper Office, and in the British Museum, he had the good fortune to find many autograph letters of Drake, and, gleaning from these and other fields, he has been enabled to add a good deal to what was known of our ancient mariner. Availing ourselves of all sources, and noticing Mr. Barrow's work as we proceed, we shall bring together whatever occurs to us as most interesting on the subject of Drake.

The navigator was born, as he himself told Camden, of humble parentage; and with this statement all the accounts of him commence. His father was an humble man and very poor, but, as we shall hereafter see, he was connected with another family of the name, who, whatever were their other possessions, had certainly a coat of arms: as the claims of heraldry were at this time strictly enforced, and a king at arms was a king indeed, we must accept this as proof of their gentility. Edmund Drake, the father, had received the rudiments of a respectable education, and having embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, fled from his native Devonshire into Kent, to avoid a persecution arising out of the law of the Six Articles made by Henry VIII. Times becoming more propitious, he was, on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, appointed to read prayers to the seamen on board the Queen's fleet stationed on the Medway. He was soon afterwards ordained deacon, and subsequently made vicar of the church of Upmore. It is stated in some of the biographies that Sir Francis Drake was born in the hull of a ship. This is a picturesque circumstance, which, we regret to find, is not true. When the father fled into Kent, he lived for a long time in a ship, where several of his many sons were born, but Francis, the eldest, first saw the light in a cottage about a mile to the south-west of Tavistock, in the year 1539, and was so named after his god-father Sir Francis Russell, the first Earl of Bedford. His father's duties called him among the seamen, and, brought up thus in the boats on the Medway, it is no wonder that the young Francis imbibed a liking for the sea. He was the eldest of twelve sons, and his father, "by reason of his poverty," put him, says Camden, to the master of a bark, his neighbour, who "held him hard to his business." The small vessel was engaged in the coasting trade, and in

\* The Life of Sir Francis Drake, Knt. By John Barrow, Esq. London Murray 1843.

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making voyages to Holland and to France—an admirable school for a seaman: and it was here that, by a persevering application, he made that intimate acquaintance with his profession which afterwards secured him fortune and fame. His zeal and fidelity gained him the good will of his master, who, dying unmarried, bequeathed him the bark. Thus at eighteen Drake became master of a ship of his own. He appears to have been engaged for more than four years in trips of a like kind, to have made some voyages to Biscay, and to have amassed a little money. By the advice of Captain John Hawkins, who is called his kinsman, he sold his vessel, and engaged his whole fortune in a venture with him to the coast of Guinea, and to the West Indies, at that time the *El Dorado* of all mariners. Hawkins, a bold and adventurous seaman, was the son of William Hawkins, an eminent sea-captain in the time of Henry VIII., and the first Englishman who traded to Brazil. The slave trade was at this time a new and a most profitable branch of commerce. It was carried on by virtue of a treaty between Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V., had been long previously practised by the Spaniards and the Portuguese, and was not, strange to say, denounced as infamous. John Hawkins has the unenviable celebrity of having been the first Englishman who embarked in it; and it was, we suppose, to mark this circumstance, that Queen Elizabeth, when she made him paymaster of the navy, gave him a coat of arms, “whose crest was a demi-moor, properly coloured, bound by a cord.” On the 2d of October, 1567, they sailed from Plymouth, and on reaching the coast of Guinea, Hawkins offered his assistance to a negro king against another, on the condition that he should have all the prisoners. This offer was accepted, and a town of 8,000 inhabitants, strongly paled round and well defended, was carried by assault. The adventurers were to have their choice of their friend the black king's prisoners; but we are happy to say he deceived them. The negro, “in which nation,” says Hawkins, mo-

ralizing, “is never or seldom found truth,”\* disappeared in the night with his captives and camp. We have some reason to believe that Drake revolted from the scenes he encountered here, as, though the slave trade was at that time the most money-making of all, he never afterwards had the least connection with it.

The squadron now proceeded in the usual course to the Canaries and the Spanish main; and the only incident of consequence that occurred was, that in calling at Rio de la Hacha, it pleased Hawkins to storm the town because the governor declined trading with him. This was a strong measure, considering that England and Spain were then at peace; all that can be said in excuse for it is, that the governor acted in contravention of treaties, and that the Spaniards were at this time influenced by as hostile and a more treacherous feeling against us—of which we shall have, just now, a very sufficient proof. Passing on towards Florida, our squadron was driven by storm into the Gulf of Mexico, and entered in distress the port of San Juan d'Ulloa. Here there took place a transaction, which, as it had a memorable effect as well on the fortunes as on the character of Drake, we shall relate with some detail, yet as rapidly as we can. When our ships entered the harbour, the Spaniards mistook them for their own fleet, which was daily expected, and were in much fear on discovering their error. Hawkins assured those who came on board that he was driven in by stress of weather, and only wanted provisions, for which he was ready to pay. On this, the townsmen were, as Hakluyt says, “recomforted.” The next morning the true Spanish fleet appeared in the offing, and Hawkins sent a boat to their admiral, saying, that before he allowed them to enter the harbour, there must be a guarantee for peace between them. This was a haughty message to Spaniards with a large fleet, and at the entrance of their own port; but Hawkins was a bold man, knew that it was only while he kept them at the entrance of the harbour that he had any advantage, and was also sensible that they were

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\* Hawkins in Hakluyt.

likely to avenge his assault on Rio de la Hacha. Conditions were agreed on, hostages exchanged, and the Spanish fleet sailed into harbour. Job Hartop\* remarks, that in exchanging hostages, "the faithlesse Spanyardes" gave, as it afterwards appeared, "of their basest company, in costly apparell." In the course of the following day, Hawkins, observing a more than usual appearance of numbers on board the Spanish ships, and that their guns were pointed towards his own, sent to know the reason. The messenger was detained, and a trumpet sounded the signal for attack. Hawkins was at dinner when he heard this, and, springing on deck, saw a crowd of Spaniards boarding the *Minion*. He instantly cried, in "a fierce voyce," "God and Saint George! upon those traitorous villains, and rescue the *Minion*." A desperate though an unequal conflict followed, each of our few vessels were attacked by several of the large Spanish ships; the *Minion* and Drake's bark, the *Judith*, only escaped, and they owed their safety to the courage of their commanders. The others were not unrevenge. Great numbers of the assailants were killed, and several of their ships destroyed, including their admiral's. This expedition took place in 1568, and the events of it determined the character of Drake's career. It is to them—the loss of all his property—the murder of his friends—that we are to ascribe his hatred of Spain, and his resolution to make reprisals for himself—a line of conduct in which he was a good deal supported by public feeling, and in which he had the exceeding good fortune of being fortified by the chaplain of his fleet. This reverend casuist assured him, that having been treated with treachery by the King of Spain, he might repair his losses upon him wherever he could. "The case," says Fuller, "was clear in sea-divinity; and few are such infidels as not to believe doctrines which make for their own profit." He did not, however, adopt this course at once, possibly because he had some expectation of receiving compensation from the Spanish government, for which he appears to have applied, and probably for a

more influential reason, that he had neither funds of his own nor sufficient reputation to gain them from others. He made some trading voyages to the West Indies, carefully reconnoitred the localities on the Spanish Main, made himself well acquainted with the navigation of those seas, amassed some money, and established such a character with adventurers at home, that he had little difficulty in collecting round him those who, with their persons and property, were ready to join him. He accordingly planned his first expedition for reprisals, formed with this view avowedly—sailed from Plymouth in May, 1572, and in July arrived by night off Nombre de Dios, the place he had purposed to attack. Anchoring in the offing, he ordered out the boats and proceeded silently towards the town. A man who was on guard saw them land, the alarm-bell of the town rung out, and on reaching the market-place, they were received by the Spaniards with a volley of shot. Drake, says Prince, "returned the greeting with a flight of arrows, the ancient English compliments." He received himself a dangerous wound, but knowing how much depends on a leader's firmness, concealed it. In the skirmish which ensued, he took some prisoners, and made them lead him to the governor's house. Here they saw, in a lower room, vast heaps of silver piled up against the wall. "If the eye-measurement of silver be nearly the truth, the heap must have been about the value of a million sterling." Drake told his men that he had now brought them to the mouth of the treasury of the world, which, if they did not gain, none but themselves were to be blamed. He was at this time fainting from loss of blood; his men bound up the wound with his scarf, and, adding force to entreaty, carried him off to his boat.

Recovering speedily from his wound, and being disappointed in his expectations of treasure at Nombre de Dios, he hung about the coasts, in hopes of better fortune. He had carefully cultivated the friendship of the *Simerons*, a race of native Indians, who had escaped from Spanish slavery, and established themselves on the

isthmus of Darien. From information gained through them, he resolved to intercept the *rescoes*, or caravan of mules, which brings the king of Spain's treasure across the isthmus, from Panama to Nombre de Dios. He accordingly left his ships in the gulf of Darien, and taking with him a force of forty-eight persons, of whom only eighteen were English, proceeded towards the interior, in the direction of Venta Cruz. It was in this attempt that he first saw the Pacific, the most interesting and important of all the events of his expedition. The attack on the caravan was well arranged. The ambuscade was laid, the mules were approaching, they heard the tinkling of their bells, when suddenly one of their own men, who had indulged in brandy, started up, and the plot was discovered. Instead of being taken by surprise, the Spaniards had time to collect their men, and Drake had to fight his way through a superior force. In returning by the mountains, the chief of his Indian followers asked him to climb with him a little higher on one of the highest parts of the range, and taking him by the hand, led him to "a goodlie and great high tree," in which there were steps cut out to facilitate ascending to nearly the top, and amidst the branches there was found a bower, in which twelve men might sit and see at once both the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. It was early in the forenoon, the weather fair, the atmosphere clear, and Drake had a distinct and far-extending view of that new ocean, of which he had heard such strange reports, and which he was now the first Englishman to behold. Deeply impressed, he extended his arms, and besought the Almighty "to give him life and leave once more to sail an English ship in those seas." His wish was fulfilled; he did sail an English ship on those seas, but he was not, as he had hoped to be, the first Englishman who sailed there. That achievement was made by one of his own crew, then with him, and who with the others was called up by him to see the Pacific. John Oxenham was an able seaman, a bold soldier, and more than for either of those characters prized by all the crew as their valued cook. When Drake, pointing to the Pacific, acquainted his

men with his petition and purpose, Oxenham protested that unless the captain "did beat him from his company, he would follow him by God's grace." On their return to England, Oxenham having amassed some money, and imbibed his leader's love of enterprise, watched in the expectation that Drake would fit out another expedition for the Spanish Main. But after two whole years, seeing Drake otherwise engaged, he undertook the adventure on his own account, and in his own way. He fitted out a vessel, and, with a crew of seventy men, re-visited his friends the Simerons. Disappointed in some expectations of immediate treasure, he laid his ship up in a woody creek, covered it with boughs, and with his crew and six Indians crossed the isthmus of Darien, built a pinnace, and launching it on the new waters, was the first Englishman who ever sailed on the Pacific. He made some valuable prizes, but was ultimately taken by the Spaniards, and executed at Lima.

Marco Polo is the first European known to have seen the South Sea. About the year 1290 he made his way through Asia to the eastern shores of China, and among the wonders he described, were the great waters of the east and its frequent islands, including the marvellous Zipangu, the modern, but still unknown Japan. Two centuries later, 1492, Columbus, assuming that the waters Polo saw were the Atlantic, and that the earth was spherical, inferred that by a western passage he would reach India. He had never heard of another ocean, had no idea that he had discovered a new continent, and lived and died in the conviction that the land he had reached was Asia; that he had made out, what he had contemplated, the western route to India, and hence the appellation of the West Indies. Vasco Nunez de Balboa, a Spanish soldier and governor of a colony in Darien, was the first European who ought strictly to be said to have discovered the Pacific, and who made it known as a new ocean. This was in 1513. He had heard of it from the Indians, and set out with a party of soldiers and native guides to verify the accounts he had received. On reaching the foot of a mountain, from which his guides assured him he should see

the new waters, he ascended alone. He had been a ruthless soldier, yet, overcome by the first sight of this vast ocean, his immediate impulse was, like Drake's, to fall upon his knees in awe. Resembling, however, most of the early Spaniards in America, Vasco Nunez made his piety to consist with pillage, for, directly afterwards, he levied the most oppressive contributions on the natives. The new ocean was called the "South Sea," because, from the place he stood on, he saw it while looking towards the south. There is no propriety in the name, and, as our sailors know, not much more in that of the term "Pacific."

But to return to our narrative. Having, through the folly of one intemperate man, lost the treasure he counted on, he was about to seek his ship, when, altogether unexpectedly, they came on another *rescue* of fifty mules carrying silver and wedges of gold. Of this they took as much as they could bring away with them, and hid the rest, intending to return for it, but the Spaniards found it out. Having now a good deal of booty, Drake proceeded towards the shore, to look for his ships. They were not there, but in their place he saw Spanish galleons searching the coast about, as if watching for him. In these circumstances he had recourse to what was truly a forlorn hope. He had a raft shaped from some fallen trees, bound as they could together, and making a sail out of a biscuit-bag raised it on a sort of mast, while for a rudder they had an oar formed out of a young tree. Thus, having rigged the raft, Drake and three men put out to sea, being always up to their waists in water, and at every wave up to their shoulders, and in this plight they sailed about for six hours, when at length their own ships hove in sight. But not seeing the raft, and night coming on, they took another direction, and ran for shelter behind a point of land. Drake judging that they were at anchor there, ran the raft ashore, and walking with his comrades across the headland, had the happiness

of gaining his ship once more. They afterwards got their booty aboard, and hoisting their mainsails, made for England, which they reached after a passage of unusual quickness, going from the coast of Florida in twenty-three days. They arrived at Plymouth on a Sunday, during sermon-time, and the news having reached the church, the preacher was left almost alone, nearly all his congregation going out to cheer the adventurers. This circumstance, which tells so little for their piety, was probably not much in accordance with the wishes of Drake, prosperous now, and safe from so many hazards. It certainly does not harmonize with a sentiment closing an account of the voyage, said to be revised by himself,

"*Soli Deo Gloria.*"

After all his toils, our adventurer, on his return home, indulged in no interval of rest. It was in August, 1573, that he reached England, and, in the same year, we find him engaged in assisting the Earl of Essex, father of the well known favourite of Elizabeth, in Ireland. Essex was acting with a volunteer expedition against the rebels in Ulster, and Drake joined him, supplying at his own expense some small vessels, which Stowe calls frigates,\* and with which he performed some gallant exploits. This Irish expedition is an important era in his life. It brought him more favourably before the public, made his talents as a commander prominent, and led to connections with influential people. It was in this way that he formed the acquaintance of Sir Christopher Hatton, the vice-chamberlain, who introduced him to the queen. This was on his return from Ireland, when he was preparing for that exploration of the Pacific, which, from the moment of his first seeing it, was the main object of his thoughts. We are told that Elizabeth gave him a commission, and presented him with a sword, saying, "I account that he who striketh thee, Drake, striketh me." We place no reliance on this tale of a commission, as it does not consist with the

\* Mr. Barrow observes that there was no such name as *frigate* in our navy at that time. The term *fregata* then described a small pinace, with sails and oars, of five, ten, or fifteen tons, and mostly used in the Mediterranean.

cautious character of the queen. She doubtless knew enough of his warfare with the King of Spain not openly to sanction it, the governments being at the time, professedly at least, at peace; and, though from the peculiarities of her position and her inability to redress the outrages committed on her subjects she might forbear noticing their acts of retaliation, we are well assured that she manifested no approval of them. The circumstance of her admitting our mariner to an interview, shows that she gave him support, but this was in regard to his voyage as one of discovery, the only point of view in which it is at all likely to have been submitted to her. In reference to the maritime prospects of her people, and to her own renown, that voyage was a topic of the deepest interest to her.

It was in 1577, that is, four years after his return from America, that Drake commenced his voyage round the world. His objects in setting out were, to trace out that mysterious entrance into the Pacific, once passed by Magellan, and which the Spaniards had given out to be closed, and the whole region haunted by storms and every terror; and once in the South Sea, he was to endeavour to get back to Europe by a north-west passage. These objects mark the enterprise of his character; but coupled with them was another not less dear to him, that was, the carrying on what he called his war with the King of Spain, a contest in which he had been hitherto the gainer. This remarkable undertaking was fitted out at his own expense, or on his credit, unassisted by the government. It consisted of five ships, the *Pelican* of 100 tons, commanded by himself; the *Elizabeth* of 80, Captain John Winter; the *Marygold*, a bark of 35 tons; the *Swan*; the *Christopher*, a pinnace; and he took out four smaller pinnaces in frames. These ships were well found, and the furniture of his own, sumptuous; all the vessels for his table, and some even for the cook-room, being of silver. He had also a band of musicians. We may add that they took out with them a chaplain, Francis Fletcher. This is one of the few particulars in which we still fall short of our predecessors. In none of our later voyages of discovery was there a single chaplain, and this,

from what we know of their personal characters, arose, we may confidently say, not from the wishes of the commanders, but from the defective arrangements of the admiralty. There are constantly, in our service, frigates three years at sea without their crews having once had the advantages of clerical assistance. The adventurers sailed from Plymouth on the 13th of December, 1577. On the 30th of January, they captured, off the Cape de Verd islands, a Portuguese vessel carrying passengers. Drake let the crew go, but retained the pilot, because he was well acquainted with the coast of Brazil. This man, named Nuno de Sylva, was with him for a great part of his voyage, and published a narrative, which is given in Hakluyt. The general, as Drake was called, put some men into the Portuguese prize, and gave the command of her to Thomas Doughty, who had joined the expedition as a volunteer; but this person being charged with having taken involuntary presents from the Portuguese prisoners, was removed, and the bark given to Thomas Drake, the leader's brother. After leaving the Cape de Verd's, they were nine weeks out of sight of land, "often meeting with unwelcome storms, and less welcome calms, being in the bosom of the burning zone." As they approached the equator, "Drake," says Camden, always careful of his men's health, "let every one of them blood with his own hand." Early in February, they made the coast of Brazil, and the natives seeing their ships far at sea, had fires along the coasts, and practised conjurations, in the charitable hope that the vessels might be wrecked. This the sailors learned from Da Sylva, the pilot, and were assured for their comfort, that the incantations were always successful.

In exploring this coast they found in depositories near the rocks quantities of the *nandu*, or American ostrich, and other fowls, dried, and prepared for food. In one place they found fifty of those ostriches ready dried, their thighs being as large "as reasonable legs of mutton." The crews, who were improving in sea equity, viewed these as a constructive present, and forthwith appropriated them. Standing out again to sea, they proceeded south, and reached a place

they named Seal Bay, as they found there "certaine sea-wolves, commonly called scales," which made good provision. They had much intercourse here with the natives, who were the Patagonians, described so differently by early voyagers. Magelhaens called them giants; and the Spaniards, "thinking, peradventure," says "The World Encompassed," "that no Englishman could come hither to reprove them, named them *Pentagones*, that is, five cubits, or seven and a half feet high." Fletcher, and the other narrators of the voyage, don't describe them as of marvellous height. Commodore Byron speaks of one of them as "a frightful colossus, not less than seven feet high." Cook and Banks ascertained their average height to be from five feet four to five feet eight inches; and this was confirmed by Captain Fitzroy, in the voyage of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*. Captain Fitzroy says that their upper forms are massive, the head large, the chest and shoulders broad—that they wear long, loose mantles—and thus that they do appear gigantic and taller than on examination they are found to be. They received their name not from the word *Pentagone*, as mentioned above, but from the Spanish "*Patagon*," signifying "clumsy-foot;" because of the large feet of the natives made more remarkable by their wide and ill-formed sandals. A little lower down on this coast they had an affray with the natives, in which Drake hardly escaped the fate of Cook. They had been in friendly communication with them, making trials of skill with bows and arrows. One of the tribe suddenly came up, and, with an angry mien, made sign to the strangers to depart. Magelhaens had stolen away two of the natives from this place, and probably the memory of that treacherous act was the cause of the bloodshed which followed. A sailor, meaning only to frighten the fierce-looking savage, bent a bow at him, and while in the act the string snapped. On this the Indians shot their arrows at him, one of which pierced his lungs. Oliver, the gunner, now levelled a musket, but it missed fire, and he was instantly put to death. The Indians were increasing rapidly in numbers; but Drake, perceiving that they were short of arrows, bid

his men break those shot at them, and, at the same moment seizing a caliver, he aimed deliberately at the savage who had begun the fray, and, happily for his party, sent a ball through his abdomen. The Patagonians, panic-struck at the yells of the wounded man, and by the terror of a new mode of death, fled to the woods, and the small English company gladly re-embarked. This was at Port San Julian, where, on their first landing, they found a rueful memento of the visit of Magelhaens in a gibbet on which he had executed a mutineer. This circumstance forms a remarkable coincidence with an occurrence which took place here, and which has been represented as deeply affecting the character of Drake. We have said that he brought out with him a volunteer named Thomas Doughty; he is styled a gentleman, was a person of some talents, and superior education, but, from his volunteering in this expedition, was probably a man of desperate fortunes. He had been removed, as we have seen, from the command of the Portuguese bark on the charge of peculation. More serious accusations were now brought against him; and an inquiry being instituted, he was found guilty, and put to death with all the forms of a regular execution. This matter has been made the subject of dark surmises against the memory of Drake—we say against his memory, for it is to be observed that there is no trace of his having been charged with it in his lifetime. Jealousy, and a desire to please an individual in power, have been at times assigned as motives of his conduct. Some of his biographers hold him guilty of murder; others, as Johnson and Mr. Barrow, refer to the topic with hesitation; and others, the most discreet, avoid it altogether. The unfavourable impressions may, we think, be partly traced to two of the early statements of this transaction—one in "*The World Encompassed*," which, being brought out by Drake's nephew, might be expected to give a defence, or at the least a clear statement of the matter. The charge is given generally as mutiny, but with no particulars; and a want of precision in what is taken as his own account tells against him. That narrative, however, is badly drawn up, embodies many cir-



cumstances which are incredible, and manifestly could not have had the sanction of Drake. Another version, having the appearance of authority, and calculated to interest us for Doughty, is the original journal of Fletcher, the chaplain, from which "The World Encompassed" is chiefly taken, and which mentions many circumstances tending to make a favourable impression of the prisoner. The chaplain, who had conceived a strong regard for him, says he was "a pregnant philosopher," that he had "a good gift for the Greek tongue," and "a reasonable taste for Hebrew," that he was not behind many in the study of the law, and was a good Christian. All this, except his liking for the law, has most naturally created a strong interest for Doughty; and we must add, as a proof of the sincerity of Fletcher's esteem for him, that he saw him buried, set up a stone on his grave, and cut on it, in deep letters, his name, and the date of his death. Fletcher was very likely to be prepossessed by the acquirements and apparent piety of Doughty; but, as regards the question of his guilt, all he says is, that he averred his innocence to the last. This we must not accept as a proof of it; and besides, while we rely on the honesty of the chaplain, we by no means depend upon his judgment, and cannot, in the face of strong circumstances, regard his account as entitled to weight. Camden says that Doughty was tried for mutiny, found guilty by twelve men after the English manner, and condemned to death; and Hakluyt states that he was tried "as neere as might be to the course of our laws in England." Drake was never arraigned for the murder of Doughty. He was at all times beloved by his crews; and lastly, the Spaniards, who delighted in vilifying him, living or dead, never thought of repeating this slander, a circumstance which, were it alone, would go far towards satisfying us that it was well known at the time to have no foundation. The Earl of Leicester is the person who is said to have instigated Drake to make away with Doughty; and the cause assigned is,

that he had reported that Leicester had poisoned the Earl of Essex. Now it is not supposed that Essex was poisoned; and, bad as Leicester may have been, it is not likely that he would have thus avenged the mere repeating of a calumny, or credible that Drake would have taken part in so base an act. We cannot, therefore, in opposition to the facts referred to, and merely because, after the lapse of more than three centuries, the circumstances of the case are not clearly given, hold for a moment that Drake was guilty.

It may be said that Drake in any event had no jurisdiction to try Doughty. In reply to this we must state that at this period there were no such tribunals as courts-martial, and that the act regulating trials at sea dates from a long subsequent period—the thirteenth of Charles II. It appears from a writer of authority, Sir William Monson, that at this time the power of enforcing discipline and inflicting punishment was vested in the commander by the custom of the sea, and by the implied assent to it of every seaman who engaged.

The Portuguese bark being leaky, was now broken up, and the fleet, reduced to three ships, the Pelican, the Elizabeth, and the Mangold, sailed from Port San Julian on the 17th of August, and on the 20th made the Cape de las Virgines, at the entrance of the straits of Magellan. As they entered the straits the vessels struck their topsails in honour of the queen; and Drake changed the name of his ship, calling her, in compliment to Sir Christopher Hatton, the Golden Hind, which was, we suppose, the crest, or heraldic device of the chamberlain. Magellan, or, as his true name was, Magelhaens, discovered these straits in 1520, and called them at first the Patagonian straits. An attempt was made to call them, after his ship, the straits of Victoria; but a sense of justice soon fixed on them their present title, and the name of Victoria, since become so august, was reserved for discoveries made under far greater difficulties.\* A few years afterwards they were entered by

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\* It is a singular circumstance that the name of Victoria Land has been given to discoveries made about the same time in the Arctic and Antarctic circles. The

Loyasa; and in 1558 Juan Ladrilleros examined them carefully, by the direction of the Spanish government. Drake was the fourth commander, and the first Englishman who performed the passage; and he had no information to guide or encourage him beyond the fact that they had been passed. On the contrary, the Spaniards had carefully given out that the passage was full of dangers, haunted by evil spirits, and almost certain destruction to any one who attempted it. The real dangers are considerable. The tides, which set in from both sides, are irregular, rise and fall thirty feet, and run like a torrent. The channel, as Drake entered, was about a league broad, and varies from that to about four leagues in width. Its length was about one hundred and ten leagues, and the land on both sides is mountainous and steep. Drake made the intricate navigation of these straits in sixteen days,\* which even now, with all the advantages of knowledge and improvements, it takes, as Mr. Barrow observes, one of our square-rigged vessels a fortnight to accomplish. On the 6th of September, reaching the other entrance, he attained his long-wished-for hope of sailing an English ship on the south sea. They had little reason to call this new ocean the Pacific, for soon after they entered it, a gale came on from the north-east, which drove them to 57 degrees south latitude, and above two hundred leagues west of the straits. In this storm the *Marigold* was lost. The other ships about a week afterwards gained a small bay, where they hoped for shelter, "it being a very foul night, and the seas sore grown;" but the harbour was dangerous, and the cable of the *Hind* giving way in the night, she was driven out to sea. The *Elizabeth* made no attempt to follow her. Wearied by the disasters they had encountered, *Winter* made for England, and reached it with the reputation of having been the first Englishman who passed the straits from the Pacific—an honour which he

little enjoyed, as it was more than counterbalanced by the imputation of having deserted his commander. Meantime, Drake was driven to 55 degrees south, and found for two days shelter, and herbs, and water on the coast of *Terra del Fuego*. But the gales returning, he was again forced from his anchorage, and with the further misfortune that he lost sight of his pinnace, with eight of his men in it. The poor fellows had but a day's provisions; but they gained the straits, and reached the *La Plata*. Some of them were seized by the Indians in the woods. One only, and after a period of nine years, returned to England, and had the honour of relating his adventures to Queen Elizabeth. Drake, driven on by the storm, fell in with "the utmost land towards the south pole," and thus became the discoverer of what was afterwards called *Cape Horn*. The storm, after continuing for fifty-one days, ceased, and they anchored at the southern extremity of the land. Drake went ashore, leaned over the promontory as far as he could, and returning to his ship, told the men that "he had been upon the southermost known land in the world, and more further to the southwards upon it than any man as yet knowne." To the land, and the small islands about it, he gave the name of the *Elizabethides*, in honour of the queen.

About forty years afterwards, two Dutch mariners, Schouten and Le Maire, entered the Pacific by this promontory, and were the first to double it. They named it *Cape Horn*, or *Hoorn*, from the town of *Hoorn* in *West Friesland*—the birth-place of Schouten. On the 30th of October, the wind being fair, the *Golden Hind* sailed northward until she reached the island of *Macho* off the coast of *Chili*. Here, while filling their water-casks, a crowd of Indians sprung from an ambuscade, killed two of the seamen, hurt every member of the party, and wounded Drake under the right eye. He conceived that they took them for Spa-

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intrepid Simpson, in the late Arctic expedition, so called a land which he coasted for one hundred and seventy miles, and Sir James Ross, as is well known, gave the name to a great island near the south pole.

\* We take this from Mr. Barrow. Nuno da Sylva in Hakluyt says they made it in twelve days.

niards, and on that account forgave them. They now made search along the coast for their missing ships, as it had been agreed that, in the event of separation, they should look out for each other about this latitude. On one occasion, an intelligent Indian came on board who spoke Spanish, and taking them for Spaniards, offered to pilot them to Valparaiso, only a few leagues off, where, as he said, there was a Spanish ship at anchor. The proposal was accepted, and next morning they were in the harbour of Valparaiso, alongside the Grand Captain of the South, for so was the Spanish vessel named. She had on board 60,000 pesos in gold, jewels, and merchandize. These Drake and his crew with an easy virtue appropriated. After plundering the town, they made for Lima, taking from the Grand Captain a pilot to bring them there. In their intermediate visits to the shore they had many adventures. At Coquimbo, their watering party hardly escaped from a large body of horse and foot, and one sailor was killed. At another place, they surprised a Spaniard, with an Indian boy driving eight llamas, each laden with silver. At Arica they gained further spoil; and on the 15th of February, 1579, they had the hardihood to enter Callao, the port of Lima, then the residence of the viceroy. Despatches, relating the ravages of Drake, had been forwarded to him overland; but the difficulties of travelling in that country at this period were so very great, that Drake appeared in the harbour before they arrived. He found there seventeen Spanish vessels, small, we suppose, as they allowed themselves to be rifled. The plunder was not great, but they gained the important intelligence that the great treasure-ship, the *Cacafuego*, had sailed for Payta but a few days before. This became his immediate object, and the wind failing, the *Hind* was towed out to sea. Meanwhile, the viceroy, Don Franceso de Toledo, repaired to Callao with a large force, and in sight of the adventurers, who were becalmed, equipped two vessels with two hundred chosen men each, to capture them. Fortunately for Drake a breeze sprung up, and he got to sea. He was closely followed; but it turned out for their further good fortune that the Spanish

vessels were by an oversight not provisioned, and were thus compelled to return. The governor next sent out three ships well armed in the direction of the straits of Magellan, to intercept the rovers there. On the 1st of March, they got sight of the *Cacafuego*, near Cape St. Francisco. The Spanish captain taking the *Hind* for one of their own ships made towards her. He soon saw his mistake; but though he was unarmed, refused to surrender, until he was himself wounded and his mainmast shot away. They found in her treasure enough "to ballast a ship," and took, besides diamonds and other jems, thirteen chests of *reales* of plate, eighty pounds weight of gold, and twenty-six tons of silver. The uncoined silver alone, valued at five shillings an ounce, amounted to £212,000. Their ship, as they said themselves, might now be well called the *Golden Hind*. Having taken all they could, Drake called for the register of the treasure, and, to the amusement of his men, wrote a receipt in the margin for the whole amount. The prize was then dismissed, and Drake gave the captain a letter of protection, addressed to Winter of the Elizabeth, if they should meet, and which, under the circumstances, is remarkable for the phenomenon of its religious tone.

Having gained so much treasure, they now determined to make for England; and whatever may be thought of Drake's doings in the Pacific, there can be but one opinion as to the course he proposed for returning home, that is, that it was a signal exhibition of the spirit of enterprise. He could not, it is clear, return through the straits of Magellan, as the Spaniards, with an armed squadron, would surely be watching for him. A new route by Cape Horn was open to him, but this was liable to nearly the same objections. There was another course not open to like dangers; that was, to try the passage made once before by Magellan's ship, cross the Pacific, and thus returning, to secure both his fortune and his fame. It is to his honour that he preferred a wholly new attempt, and was willing to peril all on the chances of an untried exploit. He proposed a north-east passage home; that is, to seek a passage round the northern extremity of America, hoping

to find the Atlantic and Pacific oceans united there as he had seen them off Cape Horn. An impression had long prevailed, that there was an open communication between the Northern, Atlantic, and the Pacific. Sir Hugh Willoughby had sought a north-east passage from Europe to the Indies; and in 1576, a year before Drake sailed from England, his personal friend, Martin Frobisher, had returned after a similar attempt, "commended of all men," and "specially famous for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cathaia." Drake had therefore some reason to hope that though taking a different direction he might find a clear northern communication between the oceans. From all that has been since done and learned on the subject, there is an increasing probability that such a communication does exist; and the honour sought by Drake, and so many of our boldest navigators since, may be reserved for one who, we may deliberately say, is equal to any of them in enterprise, and second to none in acquirements and experience—we mean Sir James Ross,\* leader of that recent, and in all its results most important undertaking—the Antarctic expedition.

Although Drake's proposal was not altogether rash, it evinced, as we have said, a high degree of daring. The course secured him from the chances of Spanish vessels, but it brought him into certain dangers for which he was ill prepared. His crew was small, much worn by toils, they had now no medical assistant; and his frail ship carried all his wealth, and all the fortunes of every man who was with him. We are also enabled to see at this moment his influence with his crew. He was not in the habit of making his plans known, but from the interest which every one had now in the ship, he found himself on this occasion obliged to consult them. He therefore called them together, declared his views, and they one and all adopted them. Before, however, entering on so great a voyage they resolved to avail themselves of the first opportunity of repairing their ship. On the 6th of March, they reached the small island of Canna, near the coast of

Nicaragua, and made their repairs. While here, they seized a prize, and got possession of some "sea-charts," or charts, which were afterwards of service to them. They sailed again on the 24th of March, and after some further adventures we find them in another month entering on their Arctic voyage. On the 3rd of June, they had reached the latitude of 42° north. Here, even at that season, they describe the weather as intolerably severe. The meat was frozen the moment it was taken from the fire, the ropes and tackling were stiffened, and the men suffered so much as to be nearly unfit for duty. Having arrived at 48° north, they ran into an ill sheltered and fog-covered bay on the American coast, but were soon obliged to leave it, and, to the great joy of the men, were driven by storm a good deal south. They next entered what is believed to be the bay of St. Francisco on the coast of California.

The *Hind* having sprung a leak, they were obliged to take out her stores and remain to repair her. Having fortified a small enclosure, they had a good deal of intercourse with the people. On one occasion they witnessed the barbarities of their mode of worship, heard the wild cries of the men and the wallings of the women, both "tormenting themselves lamentably;" the women tearing their cheeks and bosoms, and dashing themselves on the ground, until they were covered with blood. Drake, shocked at the scene and pitying the poor people, ordered all his people to prayers, and divine service was performed with a seriousness which the people appreciated. They ceased from their acts of violence, listened with breathless attention, especially to the psalms, and at every pause chanted out, in token of assent, their "oh." When the service was over, they insisted on returning the presents that had been given them, and could not be persuaded to accept a single article. The arrival of the strangers becoming known, the *Huik* or king of the district came to meet them with a somewhat imposing display of barbaric pomp. He put his crown on Drake's head, and placing the sceptre in his hand saluted him as

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\* We are here expressing also the sentiments of Mr. Barrow.

king. This ceremony, which most probably was no more than a form of hospitality, was literally accepted by Drake, who took "the crowne and dignitie" of the country into his hands "to the use of her majestie," and gave the territory the name of *New Albion*, from a resemblance which struck him to the white cliffs of England. Captain Beechey conceives that he saw these cliffs near Punta de los Reyes. The name of *New Albion* is still given in our maps; the country has as yet experienced neither the ills nor the advantages of conquest; and the Jesuits have done a little towards reducing the natives to something like civilization. Our mariners remained at this place, which they called *Port Drake*, for five weeks, and then abandoning their search for a passage round North America, resolved on attempting to cross the Pacific, and seek their way home by India and the Cape of Good Hope. They accordingly weighed anchor at the close of July, the friendly natives lighting signals from their cliffs as long as they were in sight. They steered for the Moluccas; and after sailing for sixty-eight days without seeing land they fell in with some islands which, from the conduct of the natives, they named the Islands of Thieves, and which are supposed to be the Pellew Islands. They remained there but two days, and holding their course still to the westward, made the Philippines on the 16th of October. They visited several of these islands, and anchored for some days at Mindanao. Sailing again on the 22nd, they kept a southerly course, and on the 3rd of November, saw the Moluccas. They first steered for Tidore, but a boat coming off to them from another island, told them, in broken Portuguese, that, driven from Ternate, the Portuguese had taken possession of Tidore, and learning that they were no friends of that nation advised them to go to Ternate. This was good news for Drake, who, sending some presents to the king of that island, followed the advice. The Sultan of Ternate, at this time, was an intelligent and even an able man. Fuller calls him "a true gentleman pagan." He came with his suite to meet Drake. Every canoe had a gun, and the men were well armed with targets, bows, and spears. There were in his train

some Turks, an Italian, and a Chinese. The sultan formed a high opinion of Drake and his crew, supplied them with all they wanted, and made an offer of an exclusive trade to England. The son of this chief wrote to James the First, representing the friendship of his father with the great Captain Drake, and soliciting the aid of the English against the Portuguese, in preference to a Dutch alliance. Leaving this capital of the Moluccas on the 9th of November, they on the 11th, landed on a small uninhabited island, forming one of the Celebes. There they remained some weeks, living ashore in tents, and setting up a forge repaired their ship. They saw here fire-flies, showing a beautiful light, and bats "as bigge as large hennes," and cray fishes, "one whereof was sufficient for four hungry stomachs at a dinner, being very good and restoring meate." These are land-crabs, which live "like conies" in the earth, and proceed to the sea in great bands at certain seasons of the year. On the 12th of December, 1579, they once more put to sea, and finding themselves in danger among the shoals of the Celebes, changed their course from west to a more southerly direction. Soon afterwards, they experienced the most dangerous and nearly fatal incident of all their perilous voyage. At evening, on the 9th of January, 1580, they were going in, as they thought, a clear sea, with full sail before the wind, which was blowing moderately fresh, when they came suddenly on a rock and stuck fast. The boats were got out to draw the ship off into deep water, but they could find no bottom to place an anchor. She was not leaky, but there she remained all night, and in the morning their efforts were as unavailing.

"It was to God's special mercy that they were alone beholden to their preservation, when no human effort could avail. In a state which was hopeless as well as helpless, the crew were summoned to prayers; and when that duty was performed, they tried what could be done by lightening the ship. Three tons of cloves were thrown down, eight of the guns, and a quantity of meal and pulse, but none of the treasure, though that was the heaviest part of the cargo. No visible benefit was produced. The ship had grounded on a shelving rock, where she lay there was on one side only six feet depth at low water, and to



float her it required thirteen. The wind blowing fresh directly against the other side, kept her upright during the time she was left by the tide; but when it was nearly at the lowest the wind slackened, and the ship losing this prop, fell towards the deep water; her keel with the shake was freed from the rocks, and, not less to the surprise than to the joy of every one aboard, she was once more afloat. Thus were they delivered at the very time when the tide was least favourable and when all efforts were thought useless."\*

After this great escape, they proceeded on their voyage with much caution. On the 8th of February they reached one of the Spice Islands which they call Barateve, and on the 14th of March made a port on the south side of Java, where they remained, indulging in fruits, fresh meat, and rest, until the 26th, when putting again to sea, they were out of sight of land until they approached what Drake calls "the most stately thing and the fairest cape in the whole circumference of the earth, the Cape of Good Hope." This they passed on the 15th of June. The weather was serene, and they were enabled to testify that "the Portugals were false" in giving out that the cape is "never without intolerable storms and present danger to travellers."† He did not attempt to land there, but keeping far to sea, made for a shore with which he was well acquainted, that of Sierra Leone, and reached it on the 22nd of July. On the 24th he weighed for England, and on the 26th of September, 1580, after a voyage of two years and ten months, anchored in Plymouth harbour. The inhabitants came in crowds to the shore to meet him, accompanied by the mayor and civic authorities, and the bells of St. Andrew's church rang during the day their peal of joy. The day was a Monday, though by their reckoning on board, Sunday, the 25th,

was the time. This apparent difficulty had startled Magellan's crew, but is now generally understood. On the next morning he made a visit to what had been the home of his fathers at Tavistock, and a few days afterwards sailed in the *Hind* up to Deptford. The news of his arrival and of his amazing wealth had reached London before him, and indeed many of his exploits had been made known through the Spaniards, and by the return of Winter's ship some time before. With all our admiration of the genius and enterprise of Drake, we think it much to the honour of the higher classes of England, that their first feeling was against him. He was not even noticed by the court where he had been so graciously received before he set out; most even of the citizens kept aloof from him and declined receiving any gift whatever, doubting, as well they might, whether it had been honestly acquired. Stow, a contemporary collector of the sayings and doings of the time, says that many "misliked him" and "deamed him the master thiefe of the unknown world," but that "the people applauded his wonderful long adventures and rich prize." Political considerations had, no doubt, a material influence on the queen, but we are satisfied‡ that she and those around her felt, independently of them, a strong repugnance to countenance Drake, notwithstanding that there was much to palliate his conduct. This coldness continued for five months, the navigator being all the time in doubt both as to the fate of his treasure and as to the character he was to have with the public. At length Elizabeth and her council came to the resolution of receiving Drake, and at the same time of sequestering the treasure until they had further means of deciding about it. They found themselves called on to honour the first English-

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\* Burney's Chronological History, vol. i. 362.

† Hakluyt.

‡ It appears from another circumstance that the queen was quite alive to the injurious consequences likely to arise from expeditions of a piratical character. Soon after Drake's return, that is, in the year 1582, there was an expedition planned to India and Cathay, and in the instructions from the government to the leader of that undertaking, Edward Fenton, he was "straitly enjoined, as they would answer the contrary by the laws of the land," that they should not take any thing from any without paying justly for the same, nor to use any manner of violence or force except in self defence; also to "deal like good and honest merchants, and to have great care of the performance of their word."



man who had circumnavigated the globe, and to encourage the spirit of enterprise which he had been, to a great extent, the means of awakening; and they were probably induced to overlook the equivocal character of his actions for reasons already glanced at—from the circumstance that he, as well as other British subjects, had been deeply wronged by the Spaniards, that international rights were at this time but imperfectly protected, and redress left mainly to private hands, and that she and her government had in some measure countenanced such courses by allowing them to be a for a long time openly carried on. She accordingly, on the 4th of April, 1581, made him a visit on board his ship at Deptford, dined with him there, and bestowed on him the honour of knighthood. Having thus received the sanction of the queen, he was honoured by all: crowds gathered daily in the streets to see him, pictures were made of him, books and ballads published in his praise, and his opinion “concerning marine affayres stodde current.” The *Golden Hind* itself became a public favourite; it was celebrated by chroniclers, poets, dramatists, and Elizabeth directed that it should be preserved at Deptford as a monument of the voyage. It remained there as long as it could be kept together, and when it was at last broken up, a chair was made from some of its planks and presented to the university of Oxford. The sequestered treasure was claimed by the Spanish ambassador: some portions of it were actually paid to an agent of the Spanish merchants who had suffered by Drake, but it afterwards appearing that Philip had taken possession of this very money, and employed it against Elizabeth in paying mercenaries and subsidising the Irish rebels, further payments were refused, and the main part of the wealth thus came ultimately into the hands of Drake. There is an old volume cited by Mr. Barrow and dedicated to “Mr. Alderman Garraway, governor of the Levant Company,” which states that there was an account under Drake's own hand, showing the profit to his partners and fellow adventurers, after deducting all charges, to be at the rate of £47 for every single pound subscribed, or £4700 per cent. It is said by Prince, and has been repeated by some of Drake's biographers,

that on his being knighted he assumed the arms of the Drakes of Ash, near Axminster, and that the head of that family, with a jealousy often shown in such matters, denied his claim to the bearings, and even struck Sir Francis within the verge of the court. This, Mr. Barrow tells us, is untrue. Bernard Drake, of Axminster, testified to the relationship of Sir Francis, as appears by information which Drake, up to that time ignorant of his own pretensions, supplied to the herald's college. The arms were given him by the queen on his being knighted. They have, as Guillim is so good as to inform us, relation to his circumnavigation, and are thus described:—“diamond, a fess waving between the two pole stars, arctic and antarctic, pearl as before.” The crest is “a ship on a globe, under ruff, held by a cable rope with a hand out of the clouds,” and the motto “*auxilio divino.*”

Drake remained on shore for some five years from the period of his return, and was in 1582 elected mayor of Plymouth. In 1588 the hostile feeling which had so long existed between England and Spain, broke out into open war. Drake was promoted to the rank of admiral, and appointed to the command of a considerable fleet. It consisted of twenty-five ships, many of them—we should suppose most of them—small, as the force on board amounted to no more than 2000 men. It was equipped partly by the crown and partly by the contributions of Drake, Martin Frobisher, Francis Knollys, Carleill, the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney, and others. Drake was admiral of the fleet, and Carleill, or Carlile, “a man,” says Hakluyt, “of long experience in the wars both by sea” and land, led the troops. Sir Philip Sidney, who had been much engaged in planning and getting up the expedition, had expected this command; but as they were just ready for sea, the queen, unwilling perhaps to let her favourite go so far away, sent an express order for his return, with directions to stay the whole fleet if she was not obeyed, and adding that she required his services in the Netherlands, where, on the plain of Zutphen, he closed a life which forms so beautiful an episode in the splendid story of her reign. The expedition was well conceived, being directed against the West Indies and

the Spanish main, whence Spain derived her chief resources. It sailed from Plymouth on the 14th of September, 1585, made for the Cape de Verd islands, where they took the town of St. Jago, and then steering for the West Indies, arrived at St. Dominica, which, after a well-sustained resistance, they reduced. In one of the engagements here, Carlile slew with his own hand the chief ensign-bearer of the enemy; and another incident is worth mentioning, as it illustrates the decided character of Drake. A negro boy sent by him with a flag of truce, was speared through by a Spanish officer. Wounded as he was, he made his way back to Drake, and while telling what had happened to him, fell dead at his feet. Drake, to resent the insult, ordered two monks from among his prisoners to be hung on the spot, and sent a message to the town, saying, that two Spaniards should in like manner be put to death every day, until the guilty individual was given up. On the next day the criminal was surrendered, and to make his punishment the more signal, Drake compelled two of his own countrymen to execute him. Carthagena was their next point of attack, and was taken after a bold defence. The yellow fever, then called the calenture, and which was afterwards fatal to many other expeditions, broke out here and made dreadful ravages in the fleet. Nombre de Dios and Panama, their great objects, were abandoned, and they sailed for a northern latitude.

The following year, 1587, was one of great excitement in England; rumours of preparations by Spain for the invasion of England were gaining ground, and government being well informed as to the fact, equipped a fleet, as well for the protection of our coasts, as to anticipate the movements of the enemy. The armament consisted of twenty-eight vessels, and the command of it was given to Drake. The expedition left England in April, 1587. On going down channel, they learned that there was a fleet at Cadiz just ready for sea, laden with stores and ammunition, to be used in the invasion of England. They, forthwith, made all sail for that place, and on reaching the roadstead before the town, were assailed from a number of galleys and large ships, as well as by

a fire from the fortresses. Drake, as he entered, sunk with his shot a ship of one thousand tons—beat off the galleys—destroyed by fire five large ships of Biscay, and a new ship, of extraordinary size, belonging to the Marquis of Santa Cruz, at that time high admiral of Spain—and a number of other vessels, many of them laden with stores or provisions. The Marquis of Santa Cruz had been destined to command the Armada, but this achievement at Cadiz “bred,” says the account in Hakluyt, “such a corrosion in his hearts, that he never saw good days after,” he fell into “griefs,” and died in a few months. Drake destroyed or captured in little more than a day, shipping to the amount of about ten thousand tons; and, in his dispatch home, assures the government, that, “the like preparations was never heard of, nor known, as the Kings of Spaigne hathe, and daily maketh to invade Englande.” This daring service he called “singeing the King of Spain’s beard;” and before he returned, he performed another of some importance, especially as regarded the remuneration of the adventurers who had contributed to the equipment of the fleet. In this reign, we may observe that the fleets were, for the most part, fitted out by merchants and others, speculating for booty. Information had been obtained that the great Portuguese carrack would soon be at the Azores, on its way from India. Drake, therefore, directed his course to meet her. At first, the sailors and officers of the fleet were dissatisfied at not returning directly home, as provisions were becoming short—but he persuaded them to hold on, and had soon the satisfaction of coming up with this wealthy vessel, and of making her his prize. She was the first carrack ever taken coming from the East Indies—and, as she was called the San Philip, after Philip of Spain, under whose dominion Portugal then was, the Portuguese said it was a bad omen. The wealth taken with her was immense, but, what proved of more importance, there were papers found on board, showing both the rich returns of the India trade, and the mode in which it was carried on. This excited in our merchants a desire of embarking in the traffic—and led, not long after, to the establishment of the

East India Company. That great corporation was first formed by a charter from Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1600, under the title of "The Governor and Company of the Merchants of London, trading to the East Indies."

A material result of Drake's service on this occasion was, that the equipment of the Armada, and the preparations for the invasion of England were retarded for another year. The efforts of our government were equal to the great occasion. The merchants of London supplied thirty-eight ships, and ten thousand men—and several ports along the coast sent a farther force. The sons of the nobility and gentry came forward as volunteers, both for the army and the fleet, and all ranks shared the feeling expressed by the queen, when placing herself at the head of her troops, she said, "She thought it foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of her kingdom." There were, too, as is well known, deeper feelings involved than those of patriotism. The resolution of England was never so deeply fixed—and, had the invaders landed, however fearful the conflict, we have no doubt as to the event. The spirit called forth by Alfred to quell the Danes, was as nothing to that which Elizabeth might have evoked, to fling the Spaniards from her cliffs.

It is to the excitement of this period that we trace the first origin of a new influence in the state—the public press. The first newspaper printed in England appeared at this time—it was entitled, "The English Mercurie, published by authoritie, imprinted at London, by Christopher Barker, her Highnesse's printer." The earliest of the existing numbers is dated 23d July, 1588. Gazettes in M.S. were made use of in Venice, about 1536—and the French claim to have produced the first newspaper, referring to a printed paper in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, dated 1509, giving an account of a victory gained by Louis XII. in Italy. That, however, appears to be an isolated document—and the honour of having produced the first regularly printed and published newspaper, resembling those of the present day, has been, and we believe with perfect justice, adjudicated to England. Mendoza, who had

been the Spanish ambassador in London, had, about the same period, a printing press of his own at Paris, from whence he circulated statements throughout Europe, calumniating, in every possible way, Elizabeth and the English.

In the spring of 1588, the Armada was ready for sea. Alphonso Perez de Gusman, Duke of Medina Sidonia, was appointed to the chief command, and Juan Martinez Recaldé, an experienced seaman, was his second. They were directed to join the Duke of Parma, off Calais, who, with forty thousand men, was expected to meet them there—then to stand over to the Thames, and take London by assault. If the Queen was taken, she was not to be injured, but consigned to the pope—and through him to the mercies of the inquisition. The Duke of Sidonia, misled intentionally by the master of an English barque, was induced to deviate from his instructions. He was told that the English fleet was lying in Plymouth harbour, their preparations not complete, and wholly unfit to encounter such an armament. Urged, then, by Don Diego de Valdez, a bold and experienced seaman, the Duke of Sidonia resolved at once to attack the English fleet, which, destroyed, our coasts would be open to them. England, however, was at the moment prepared. Charles, Lord Howard, of Effingham, lord high admiral of England, had been appointed to the chief command of the fleet. He was, as may be well supposed, a most brave and able man, but he had not the opportunity of acquiring much experience in sea affairs. Sir Francis Drake, who was looked up to by all, was the next in command, and vice-admiral of the fleet—and Lord Henry Seymour, second son of the Duke of Somerset, commanded a squadron, which was to watch, off Calais, the movements of the Duke of Parma. Lord Charles Howard hoisted his flag on board the *Ark Royal*, of eight hundred tons, and fifty-five guns, and visited the different stations of the fleet, and Drake raised his on board the *Revenge*, of five hundred tons, and forty guns, at Plymouth, where he superintended the preparations. The fleet comprised thirty-four of the Queen's ships, that is, the whole of her navy, excepting half a dozen, on another ser-

vice—some of these were very small; and to the Queen's fleet was added the ships supplied, as we have said, by London, and other ports, and varying from three hundred to thirty tons burthen. The English had, in all, 197 ships, the Spaniards 132—but while the tonnage of the Spaniards was 59,120 tons, that of our ships was only 29,744—and we had only 837 guns, while the Spaniards carried 3,165. The Spaniards, moreover, had double our number of men. Thus Spain had, except in the number of ships, twice the force of England, and nearly four times her strength in guns. Many of the merchant ships, from their small size, could have been of little service.

“ Even the best of the Queen's ships, placed alongside one of the first class of Spaniards, would have been like a sloop of war by the side of a first-rate. Their high forecastles, so well armed, bearing one or two tiers of guns, and their high poops equally acting as castles, made it next to impossible to board them, as the musketry from thence would pick the men off, on reaching the main deck; besides it was an article in the general instructions of the Spanish fleet, that every ship should be supplied with a chest or cask full of stones, to hurl down upon the boarders. The odds, therefore, were fearful against the English—but the English heart and English seamanship made ample amends for other deficiencies. The odds, however, were formidable. Spain, at this time, possessed the first navy in Europe, and her numerous and well-disciplined army was inferior to none. In addition to their large ships, bearing castles on their poops and their bows, their galleons and galiasses, they had a fleet of hulks, stored with provisions and ammunition, and every kind of article that could be required for establishing themselves on shore. So certain were they of success, that there were in the fleet upwards of a hundred (some say one hundred and eighty) monks, or friars, and Jesuits, *ad propagandam fidem* among the English heretics, to be drilled by English Papist traitors, said to be among them; every device was adopted to give a sacred, or religious character to the invasion;

twelve of their ships were named after the twelve apostles; and such was the prevailing enthusiasm, that every noble family in Spain had a son, or brother, or nephew, that entered the fleet as volunteers.”—(Barrow, pp. 270, 271.)

Our ships were lying at Plymouth, after a cruise, when, on the 19th of July, word was brought that the Spanish fleet was in the Channel, near the Lizard Point. The English fleet was immediately towed out to sea, and on the following day discerned the Spanish ships, with their lofty turrets, “like,” says Mr. Barrow, “so many floating castles, their line extending its wings about seven miles, in the shape of a half-moon.” They were proceeding slowly, though with all sail set. On the 22nd the Lord High Admiral sent out his pinnace, challenging the Duke of Medina Sidonia, to give the defiance, by firing first. An action then commenced, in which the English ships, and especially those of Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, did great execution. A narrative,\* cited by Mr. Barrow, from the MS. of a Spanish officer who was on board the Duke of Medina Sidonia's flagship, says:—“Their (the English) vessels were well fought, and under such good management that they did with them as they pleased.” This was what Drake anticipated. He relied on the superior seamanship of our men, and knew that thus more could be done with our small vessels than with their monster hulks. At the close of the day he captured a large galleon, commanded by Don Pedro de Valdez, who, being summoned to surrender, at first refused, but hearing that his opponent was *the fiery Drake*, said, that though he had resolved to die, he would yield to one whose valour was so well known.

On this night Drake neglected an order, and had nearly got into a difficulty. He was instructed to carry the light, but he engaged himself in chasing some large ships, which he took to be enemies, forgot the order, and thus left his squadron behind.

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\* It is entitled, “A Narrative of the Voyages of the Royal Armada, from the Port of Corunna, under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia; with an account of the events which took place during the said voyage.” It was sent, Mr. Barrow says, to a gentleman of the admiralty, from the archives of Madrid, after the conclusion of the revolutionary war.

No harm followed. The fleets were, with some few interruptions, engaged for several successive days, the English having, on every occasion, the decided advantage. Such was their confidence, that it was proposed to Lord Howard to board the Spaniards at once; but that judicious leader declined doing what, considering the relative forces and appointments, would have placed us at disadvantage. There were, however, close actions with many of the ships; and the Spaniards had, at times, great advantage from their superior weight of metal. Still they were the beaten and flying party, and were making for Calais, chiefly with the view of forming a junction with the Duke of Parma. On the 26th, the Lord High Admiral, exercising a singular privilege, bestowed the honour of knighthood on Hawkins, Frobisher, and some others, and it was decided that they should make no farther attack on the enemy until they were in the Straits of Calais. Following the Spaniards, they arrived there on the 28th—were on that day joined by Lord Henry Seymour's squadron, and had now with them, altogether, one hundred and forty sail, "all stout ships and good sailors." They anchored near the enemy, and selecting eight of their worst ships, charged them with combustibles, and putting them on fire, set them, about midnight, the wind and tide favouring them, among the Spanish fleet. This produced the greatest consternation. They cut their cables, and with some loss put to sea, retreating towards the north. On the 29th, the two armaments were engaged off the Flemish coast, and as the Spaniards fought with their accustomed spirit, there was a desperate action. Drake's ship received forty-two balls through her hull, and two of them passed through his own cabin. Several of the largest of the Spanish ships were, according to the narrative mentioned above, rendered unserviceable; and Drake, in a despatch home, writes that the Duke of Sidonia would soon be wishing himself "at Santa Maria, among his orange-trees." The armada was now flying, pursued by storms, and a hostile fleet, with damaged rigging, and in want of cables and anchors. They doubled the north of Scotland,

and sought to gain their own ports by the western coast of Ireland. They lost, by shipwreck, along that coast no less than eighty-one ships, and upwards of ten thousand men, exclusive of those killed in actions. The few ships that ever reached Spain were shattered by storm and war, with their remaining crews reduced by sickness, and subdued by shame. Such was the end of the *invincible Armada*. Philip received the intelligence with becoming humility, as a judgment from God. The Pope was abashed, as much by the failure of his prophecies as by the result of the expedition: but there was one whose front knew no change. Mendoza had his printing-press at work in Paris, and, while it was known that the Spaniards were flying before the English, spread in all directions false intelligence, saying that the Lord High Admiral had fled to London, and that Drake was taken.

The government resources were, at this period, very inadequate to its wants. It appears from Drake's notes, that there was great difficulty in paying the crews, and that he was obliged to advance money to the Lord High Admiral from his own funds. To preclude expense, the queen's ships were, in the September of this year, paid off, and the other vessels returned to their owners.

In the following year, 1589, Philip was said to be preparing another armada, and our government determined to anticipate it by an attack on Spain. They were, however, as we have seen, at a loss for resources, and it shows both the generous character of Drake, and his strong attachment to the queen, that he came forward proffering both his money and his services, under circumstances which, from his experience, he must have known to be very disadvantageous. He and Sir John Norris undertook to fit out an expedition, at their own expense, assisted by some merchant adventurers, but without any charge to the government beyond the equipment of a few ships. The project was, to establish the claim of Don Antonio, a pretender, to the crown of Portugal, and to rescue that kingdom from the dominion of Spain. They counted on the assistance of the Portuguese, and on that of Muley Hamet, King of Morocco.



There are difficulties inseparable from a combined sea and land expedition, and there were others incidental to the mode in which this undertaking was got up, gain being, to most embarked in it, rather more an object than glory. The fleet made first for Corunna, which place they prepared to besiege, and counted on taking easily; but the garrison and inhabitants made a desperate defence, their spirit being stimulated by the enthusiasm of a female, who appears to have resembled Augustina of Saragoza, celebrated by Byron and Wilkie. This person was Maria Pita, the wife of an *alferez*, or ensign. "With a spirit which," says Southey, "women have more often displayed in Spain than in any other country," she was foremost in danger, saw her husband killed before her eyes, wounded an English standard-bearer mortally, with her lance, and rendered such service that the full pay of ensign was settled on her for life, and the half-pay on her descendants, in perpetuity. The English were driven from the breach, but the town was afterwards taken, and cruelties practised which may not attach to Drake, as he had not the command, but which reflected any thing but honour on the expedition. The troops, after this, marched to Lisbon; but finding no feeling in favour of Don Antonio, and that the Emperor of Morocco had sent no aid whatever, ammunition, too, falling short, it was determined to return to Cascaes, and embark there.

On his return from Portugal, in 1590, Drake was engaged with more peaceful objects. He was made member of parliament for Plymouth; on which town, independently of his public services, he had many local claims. "Plymouth," says Prince, "was before his time a dry town," and the inhabitants could not get water even to wash their clothes nearer than a mile. Drake, by a plan which shows his skill in engineering, brought a fresh stream, the river Mew, many miles into the town. "Its spring," says Mr. Barrow, "is on the side of Dartmore seven or eight miles in a direct line; but by leading the stream through valleys, wastes, and bogs, and cutting a passage for it through rocks, which prolonged the length of its course three times the distance, he conveyed a clear, pure

stream to the head of the town; from whence an abundant supply is afforded to the inhabitants, and also to the seamen and mariners resorting to the port." This he accomplished in the four winter months, and at his own expense. The corporation granted a sum of three hundred and fifty pounds, not to defray the charge of the works, but to compensate the proprietors of the lands. The town is now deriving from this work an annual income of two thousand pounds. When the Armada threatened England, Plymouth was exposed and unprotected, and many of the inhabitants removed their families and properties away from it. It was at Drake's suggestion, and under his superintendence, that it was first fortified. He contributed one hundred pounds, and obtained twelve hundred pounds for the purpose from the government, through Lord Burleigh. He had also cannon placed on the Hoe (a corruption of the word "haw," the Saxon vernacular for "hill"), and put in a state of defence the island in the sound, before that time called St. Nicholas's Island, but since and now only known as Drake's Island. Thus he thought they might hold out against a large force for at least ten days, which would enable the government to come to their relief. At the same time, to allay the fears of the inhabitants, Sir Francis brought his wife and establishment, and fixed his residence there. He also devised a night guard for the town. On May-day, in his time, and for many years after, 1300 men, well appointed, mustered on the Hoe. Of these, a certain number kept watch every night, Sir Francis himself being the first to begin. Hakluyt mentions his having applied to Sir Francis Drake to assist him in establishing a lectureship on navigation in London, and that "at the verie first he answered that he liked so well the notion, that he would give twentie poundes by the yeare standing, and twentie poundes more beforehand to a learned man, to furnish him with instruments and maps." In conjunction with his friend, Sir John Hawkins, he founded a benevolent institution, for which numbers still bless their memories. In the year 1590 they established what was long known as the *Chest at Chatham*, for relieving the wants of



seamen maimed or worn out in the service of their country. It was removed to Greenwich in 1804, and in 1814 was consolidated by act of parliament with Greenwich Hospital. "Its income," as Mr. Barrow informs us, "was derived from the small deduction of six pence per man per month, a certain share of prize money, and some other sources, with the interest of about £1,350,000, to which the capital had accumulated in the course of more than two hundred years. In the year 1818, after the long revolutionary war, the number of seamen and marines who received pensions amounted to 32,278, and the sum to £386,564. For the present year the sum is £212,000." Drake is sometimes described as a bachelor. He was, as we have intimated, married, to Elizabeth,\* daughter and heiress of Sir George Sydenham, of Coombe Sydenham, in Somersetshire, and had no children. The lady survived him, and afterwards became the wife of William Courtenay, of Powdersham Castle, in the county of Devon. In 1587, Sir Francis Drake purchased the house and domain of Buckland Abbey, then called Buckland Monachorum, one of those suppressed by Henry VIII. It is on the banks of the Tavy, ten miles from Plymouth, and now in the possession of Sir Thomas Trayton Fuller Elliot Drake, Bart. of Nutwell Court, Buckland Abbey, Skenford and Sheafhayne House, the present representative of the family, and a lineal descendant of our great admiral's brother. At Buckland Abbey there is a full-length original picture of Sir Francis, painted in 1594, with the sword and an old drum which he had with him in his voyage round the world. Long before he was returned for Plymouth, Drake had sat in parliament for a Cornish borough. He was a good man of business, and, as we can very well believe from his letters and other traces of his pen, an

effective speaker. In 1592, he took a leading part in the debates, and was of great service to the government in advocating the necessity of granting supplies.

After being upwards of four years ashore, Drake was asked to engage in another expedition. Spain again threatened an invasion, but our government had now acquired so much confidence, that they determined to send a main portion of their fleet to the West Indies, to harass the enemy in their possessions there. They gave six of their best ships to the expedition, and the remainder, amounting to twenty, were supplied by adventurers—the usual mode, as we have seen, at this time. Drake and Hawkins were the chief contributors. Drake was appointed admiral, Hawkins, vice-admiral, and Sir Thomas Baskerville general of the land forces. Drake had already acquired honour, and wealth, and fame, and was now about to hazard all and his life in a doubtful undertaking. The Spaniards, taught by experience, were better prepared along the main than in his former visits, and Philip, with an energy that does him credit, had supplied his losses of the Armada by ships of an improved build, more manageable, and carrying a greater weight of metal. The adventure, therefore, was not a promising one, and it has been a matter of some wonder that Drake engaged in it. He probably accepted the command from a sense of duty, at the desire of the queen, and being of a generous temperament, assisted freely with his money. Hawkins, his old commander and near friend, had particular reasons for being anxious for the undertaking, and it is likely that this was an inducement to Drake to join in it. He was also, no doubt, influenced by that restless spirit of adventure which appears, whether from nature or habit, to have now formed part of his character, and he was, for

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\* In Mrs. Bray's "Tamar and Tavy," there are many popular traditions about Drake, which show what a hold he has on the imaginations of the peasantry of Devon and Somerset. A Somersetshire legend tells, that, being away from his lady seven twelvemonths and a day, and never heard of, she conceived she had a right to regard him as dead, and marry again. She had a new lover—fixed the wedding day—and the parties were on their way to church, when a great stone from the clouds fell among them, and the marriage was abandoned in fear. Soon after, Drake returned, and in the guise of a beggar, besought his wife for alms—a smile betrayed him, and all her affection reviving, she fell into his arms.

his station, still young—little more than fifty. It ought to excite more surprise that Hawkins should take part in such a project. He was nearly eighty years of age; was wealthy, having inherited much from his father, and made more for himself by early roving, as well as by public services. He had been, as rear-admiral, next in command to Drake in the Armada war, was much in the counsels of the queen, and was treasurer of the navy for two-and-twenty years. His motive is said to have been to trace out and release a son who was captured by the Spanish fleet in the Pacific, after making with his single ship as gallant a resistance as our records tell of. Having raised his flag on board the *Defiance*, Drake took his farewell of Plymouth on the 28th of August, 1595. On reaching the Canaries, they reduced the chief island of that group, and then made for Dominica. When off that island, one of their frigates, chased by five Spaniards of large size, was captured. A greater misfortune soon followed; Sir John Hawkins took ill, and on reaching the roadstead of Porto-Rico breathed his last. His death is generally attributed to chagrin at the loss of the frigate; but that is not in the least likely, and the climate, which afterwards caused such mortality in the squadron, is cause enough for the death of a man of eighty. On that night they were preparing to attack the town, and while at supper the guns from the fort opened on them, and a shot piercing the grand cabin struck the stool on which Drake sat from under him, killed Sir Nicholas Clifford, mortally wounded a Mr. Browne, and hurt some others. Drake was attached to Browne, who had the strange name of "Brute," and taking leave of him when going forward to the assault, he said, "Ah, dear Brute, I could grieve for thee! but now is no time for me to let down my spirits." The attack was made with desperate courage, but firmly resisted, for the Spaniards were well prepared, and had sent away their treasure, and women and children. After considerable loss on both sides, Drake drew off his men, having gained no object beyond that of destroying some shipping. They afterwards attacked other places, took Rio de la Hacha and Nombre-de-Dios, and Bas-

kerville landed the troops, and attempted to make his way to Panama through the passes of Darien. In this their great object they were disappointed. They were harassed by ambuscades of Spaniards and Indians, were assailed with musketry from the woods, and after a march, "so sore as never Englishmen marched before," they found themselves opposed by recent and unexpected fortifications, and were compelled to return to their ships. Drake is said to have felt deeply the failures of the expedition, which are usually ascribed to his own wilfulness in invading one of the Canary islands against the wishes of Hawkins. The delay, however, if at all against the advice of Hawkins, was not material, as there was but little time lost there. The real mistakes appear to have been a want of information as to the preparations of the Spaniards on the main—that Drake relied with too sanguine a confidence on the co-operation of his former friends, the Simerons—and that the operations were commenced at the unhealthy season. A fatal sickness now spread in the fleet—the chief surgeon was carried off, two of the captains died, and Drake was himself attacked. Defeated in his hopes—he was, perhaps, the more susceptible of disease. After a few days' illness, he died on board the *Defiance*, off Porto-Bello, on the 28th of January, 1596, and in the fifty-third year of his age. He received, in those regions where he first made his reputation, a seaman's funeral—his remains, enclosed in a leaden coffin, were committed to the deep, with the solemnities of the Church of England service, and the mournful signals and firing of the fleet.

The questionable acts of Drake are, to a great extent, palliated by a consideration of the circumstances and state of feeling of the time; but, whatever may be thought of them, we are bound to extol his talents, and to honour him, for the services he rendered his country. By his early voyages, he made known the great tracks of trade—dispelled the alarms which, up to his time, had closed the passage into the Pacific—discovered Cape Horn—showed, as we have seen, that the "Portugals were false," in ascribing such horrors to the route by the

Cape of Good Hope—and thus led to the establishment of our commerce with the East. He awakened the desire for foreign trade—stimulated it by the wealth he gained, and by the accounts he gave of the riches abroad—and made it the more practicable, by the improvements he introduced into the merchant service. He was, undoubtedly, the main founder of our navy. It was at his suggestion, and at that of Hawkins, that it was placed on a more regular footing—the Queen assigning a yearly sum of £8970 for keeping it in repair. He was, we are told, the

first who introduced the aid of astronomy into practical navigation—the first, too, who directed anything like attention to the importance of discipline, the practice of gunnery, the finding of ships, and the preservation of the health of crews. Showing our sailors the value of good seamanship, he taught them to disregard the large ships of Spain—and finally, he gave to our flag that far-spread fame, which, from the days of the Armada, to those of our recent victories in Syria, it has maintained with increasing honour.

#### HYMN TO THE SEA.

Roll on, roll on, thou "melancholy sea,"  
That bearest on thy breast my love from me;  
I stand beside thee, and I gaze upon  
The fading vessel that will soon be gone.  
Oh! bear him safely, though away from me;  
Rage not in storms, but murmur tranquilly;  
Make him remember her who thinks on him,  
And weeps, and watches, till her eyes grow dim—  
Thou melancholy sea!

Blue sea, I chide thee not, though I am sad,  
And all in mournful hues thy waves seem clad;  
But once I loved the surging billows' spray,  
And thought their music ever blithe and gay;  
Now I am sorrowful, and in thy moan  
I think I hear a drowning sailor's groan;  
Thy waters leap on high, but seem to me  
To sing of shipwrecks with a fiendish glee—  
Thou melancholy sea!

Roll on, roll on, ye light and sportive waves,  
Ye look not as ye roll'd o'er sailor's graves:—  
And I do smile, and jest, and gaily sing,  
To hide the deep-felt pang my heart doth wring.  
Like thee, blue sea, beneath a smiling face,  
I bear deep anguish none may haply trace;  
A careless mien, and jesting tongue may hide  
Griefs, like sunk rocks beneath thy swelling tide—  
Thou melancholy sea!

Bear on that barque, and take her safe to port,  
Change not to rudeness thy now graceful sport:  
In fervent prayer I kneel upon thy shore,  
For blessings on the form I see no more.  
Blue ocean! parting those who love so well,  
What wonder if thy roar should seem a knell?  
Too oft thou rollest o'er a cherish'd head,  
Too oft our lov'd ones find an ocean bed—  
Thou melancholy sea!

## ESSAYS. BY AN INVALID.\*

THIS is a wise and thoughtful book—the offspring of a lofty mind—and, coming to us with its pleading motto,

“For they breathe truth that breathe their words  
in pain,”

cannot fail in finding a welcome. Its tone is healthy; and the subjects with which it deals are of the highest kind. We have seldom opened a volume more pregnant in noble thought; and throughout are the traces of a disciplined spirit—a spirit raised and exalted by suffering, which finds “good in everything” it encounters by the way to its rest.

The writer is evidently a woman. Were we without the half acknowledgment that it is so, we should have surmised the fact from the tone and temper of the work. There is the characteristic fortitude of the sex under great privation and trial manifest; the silent endurance; the patient hope; the weakness where man would be strong, and the power where man would be weak; and, above all, the deep religion of the heart, and its inner devotion, which we find so difficult—and sometimes impossible—to attain to. Moreover, the style betrays the practised hand; it is simple, yet eloquent, never deficient in power, and always unaffected and chaste; its beauty is not marred by false ornament. We were constantly reminded by it of what the old Spectator quaintly termed “thinking aloud”—the highest praise that can be given to the essay form of composition.

But we hear some of our own readers turning impatiently from the title of our review. “‘Essays; by an Invalid!’—pooh, pooh! what does the sick man, or woman—whichever it be—mean by chronicling his, or her, pains and griefs?—cataloguing, I suppose, the physician’s visits, and copying out the apothecary’s bills. I’ll none of it, and pass on.” Be not so hasty, good friend, for we know you are not in general so thoughtless. Have you

never looked upon sickness in its true light, as a course of moral probation, which it is a blessed thing to pass through, albeit the journey itself be wearisome? Have you never experimentally felt the new ideas it gives one—beheld the new light it floods this world in—and found in your own breast such revealings of present and future good as more than atoned for whatever of trial it brought you? We know well that health and sickness are two states so different, that there can exist—naturally—but little sympathy between them; and now we are not going to bring you into the gloom of a sick chamber, but into bright light. In examining the work before us, we shall show you trains of thought which the healthful are too giddy to seek after, and which perhaps they are not constituted to experience, even were their search most diligently conducted.

In truth, the daily life of the mind is a thing too generally neglected. No doubt metaphysical studies are more followed now than at any previous time, and the progress we have made in them is as pleasing as it has been unexpected; but in these we have more the mind’s history than the record of its daily experiences. They rather lay before us the development of its marvellous powers, than reach and touch us by a sense of personal engagement. Thus they want *individuality*; and relate to the common possessions of the species, chiefly if not altogether. It is far different to know these things ourselves, to learn them from our own inner thoughts, and form our philosophy less on books than on the *quæstio vivens*. When laid aside from the busier scenes of life, we are in a manner constrained to this wise self-searching. The period of invalidism, which unfits us for the turmoil of active existence, seems peculiarly adapted for the acquirement of this hallowing wisdom. We breathe a purer air. When worldly hope

dies, a better hope is born ; and in a few days or hours of sickness, we acquire experiences which the long years of previous health had failed to impart.

The measure of time is not the years we live, but the feelings we have present with us during their progress. Thus, some hours are longer with us than as many days ; and some days seem as though they would never end. We speak of seasons of agony, whether of mind or body. Byron says to the purpose—

“ A slumbering thought is capable of years,  
And curdles a long life into one hour.”

Pain or joy become, in their several ways, the gauges of duration—the former lengthening it out into an apparently interminable existence—the latter causing even years to pass away in rapid and unmarked flight. The experience of every one will confirm our statement. But these antagonistic principles (and not less so in their nature, than in their present effects) leave behind them, with the heart that receives them aright, one abiding influence of good. Pain passes away, and is forgotten ; good subsists, and immortally survives. This is the subject our author first handles :—

“ The sick-room becomes the scene of intense convictions ; and among these, none, it seems to me, is more distinct than that of the permanent nature of good, and the transient nature of evil. At times I could almost believe that long sickness or other trouble is ordained to prove to us this very point—a point worth any costliness of proof.

“ The truth may pass across the mind of one who has suffered briefly—may occur to him when glancing back over his experience of a short sharp illness or adversity. He may say to himself that his temporary suffering brought him lasting good, in revealing to him the sympathy of his friends, and the close connexion of human happiness with things unseen ; but this occasional recognition of the truth is a very different thing from the abiding and unspeakably vivid conviction of it, which arises out of a condition of protracted suffering. It may look like a paradox to say that a condition of permanent pain is that which, above all, proves to one the transient nature of pain ; but this is what I do affirm, and can testify.

“ The apparent contradiction lies in the words ‘ permanent pain ’—that con-

dition being made up of a series of pains, each of which is annihilated as it departs ; whereas, all real good has an existence beyond the moment, and is indeed indestructible.

“ A day’s illness may teach something of this to a thoughtful mind ; but the most inconsiderate can scarcely fail to learn the lesson, when the proof is drawn over a succession of months and seasons. With me, it has now included several New Year’s days ; and what have they taught me ? what any future New Year’s retrospect cannot possibly contradict, and must confirm ; though it can scarcely illustrate further what is already as clear as its moon and stars.”

Then, in reference to the past year’s experiences, our invalid proceeds :—

“ During the year looked back upon, all the days, and most hours of the day, have had their portion of pain—usually mild—now and then, for a few marked hours of a few marked weeks, severe and engrossing ; while, perhaps, some dozen evenings, and half-dozen mornings, are remembered as being times of almost entire ease. So much for the body. The mind, meantime, though clear and active, has been so far affected by the bodily state as to lose all its gaiety, and, by disuse, almost to forget its sense of enjoyment. During the year, perhaps, there may have been two surprises of light-heartedness, for four hours in June, and two hours and a half in October, with a few single flashes of joy in the intermediate seasons, on the occurrence of some rousing idea, or the revival of some ancient association. Over all the rest has brooded a thick heavy cloud of care, apparently causeless, but not for that the less real. This is the sum of the pains of the year, in relation to illness. Where are the pains now ? Not only gone, but annihilated. They are destroyed so utterly, that even memory can lay no hold upon them. The fact of their occurrence is all that even memory can preserve. The sensations themselves cannot be retained, nor recalled, nor revived ; they are the most absolutely evanescent, the most essentially and completely destructible of all things. Sensations are unimaginable to those who are most familiar with them. Their concomitants may be remembered, and so vividly conceived of, as to excite emotions at a future time : but the sensations themselves cannot be conceived of when absent. This pain, which I feel now as I write, I have felt innumerable times before ; yet, accustomed as I am to entertain



and manage it, the sensation itself is new every time; and a few hours hence I shall be as unable to represent it to myself as to the healthiest person in the house. Thus are all the pains of the year annihilated. What remains?

"All the good remains.

"And how is this? whence this wide difference between the good and the evil?

"Because the good is indissolubly connected with ideas—with the unseen realities which are indestructible. This is true, even of those pleasures of sense which of themselves would be as evanescent as bodily pains. The flowers sent to me by kind neighbours have not perished—that is, the idea and pleasure of them remain, though every blossom was withered months ago. The game and fruit, eaten in their season, remain as comforts and luxuries, preserved in the love that sent them. Every letter and conversation abide—every new idea is mine for ever; all the knowledge, all the experience of the year is so much gain. Even the courses of the planets, and the changes of the moon, and the hay-making and harvest, are so much immortal wealth—as real a possession as all the pain of the year was a passing apparition. Yes; even the quick bursts of sunshine are still mine. For one instance, which will well illustrate what I mean, let us look back so far as the spring, and take one particular night of severe pain, which made all rest impossible. A short intermission, which enabled me to send my servant to rest, having ended in pain, I was unwilling to give further disturbance, and wandered, from mere misery, from my bed and my dim room, which seemed full of pain, to the next apartment, where some glimmer through the thick window-curtain showed that there was light abroad. Light, indeed! as I found on looking forth. The sun, resting on the edge of the sea, was hidden from me by the walls of the old priory; but a flood of rays poured through the windows of the ruin, and gushed over the waters, strewing them with diamonds, and then across the green down before my windows, gilding its furrows, and then lighting up the yellow sands on the opposite shore of the harbour, while the market-garden below was glittering with and busy with early bees and butterflies. Besides these bees and butterflies, nothing seemed stirring, except the earliest riser of the neighbourhood, to whom the garden belongs. At the moment, she was passing down to feed the pigs, and let run her cows; and her easy pace, arms a-kimbo, and complacent survey of her early greens,

presented me with a picture of ease so opposite to my own state, as to impress me ineffaceably. I was suffering too much to enjoy this picture at the moment: but how was it at the end of the year? The pains of all those hours were annihilated—as completely vanished as if they had never been; while the momentary peep behind the window-curtain made me possessor of this radiant picture for evermore. This is an illustration of the universal fact. That brief instant of good has swallowed up long weary hours of pain. An inexperienced observer might, at the moment, have thought the conditions of my gain heavy enough; but the conditions being not only discharged, but annihilated long ago, and the treasure remaining for ever, would not my best friend congratulate me on that sunrise? Suppose it shining on, now and for ever, in the souls of a hundred other invalids or mourners, who may have marked it in the same manner, and who shall estimate its glory and its good!"

We trust that there are hundreds whose experiences are of a like nature; but clearly it is not every sufferer who possesses equal strength of mind. To recognise in pain a chastisement whose tendency is unmixed good—"a mere disguise of blessings otherwise unattainable"—a holy medium through which the soul must pass to a higher life—one must feel that it is sent us from a divine hand. Imperfectly as we frame our ideas now, calling very often evil good, and good evil, when we acknowledge that we are at present in a state of moral discipline, we come of necessity to this happy conclusion. We look not so much on the narrow present, as "before and after" with the eyes of memory and hope, and see light gradually evolving from the darkness, and heavenly intentions of good wrought out by means apparently the most adverse. And so our invalid is enabled to speak, at the twelve-month's end, of all

—"the richness of my wealth, as I lie, on New Year's eve, surrounded by the treasures of the departing year—the kindly year which has utterly destroyed for me so much that is terrible and grievous, while he leaves with me all the new knowledge and power, all the teachings from on high, and the love from far and near, and even the frailest-seeming blossom of pleasure that, in any moment, he has cast into my lap."



The closing of the essay is very beautiful:—

“ True and consoling as it may be, to find thus that ‘trouble may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,’ they have not fully learned the lessons of the sick-room if they are not aware that, while the troubles of that night-season are thus sure to pass away, its product of thoughts and experiences must endure, till the stars which looked down upon the scene have dissolved in their courses. The constellations formed in the human soul, out of the chaos of pain, must have a duration, compared with which, those of the firmament are but as the sparkles shivered over the sea by the rising sun. To one still in this chaos—if he do but see the creative process advancing—it can be no reasonable matter of complaint, that his course is laid the while through such a region; and he will feel almost ashamed of even the most passing anxiety as to how he may be permitted to emerge.”

We have next the subject, sympathy to the invalid, discussed. How difficult to sympathize aright! Good-nature will not do this; it is too often as repulsive as it is kindly-intentioned. Friendship itself here at times fails; it has no plummet for the depths of hidden sorrow. But when this nearness of identification is reached, what boon on earth beside could compensate for it?

“ The manifestations of sympathetic feeling are as various as of other feelings; but the differences are marked by those whom they concern with a keenness proportioned to the hunger of their heart. The rich man has even sometimes to assure himself of the grief of his friends, by their silence to him, as circumstances which he cannot but feel most important. Their letters, extending over months and years, perhaps contain no mention of his trial, no reference to his condition, not a line which will show to his executors that the years over which they spread were years of illness. Though he can account for this suppression in the very love of his friends, yet it brings no particular consolation to him. Others, perhaps, administer praise—praise, which is the last thing an humbled sufferer can appropriate—praise of his patience or fortitude, which perhaps arrives at the moment when his resolution has wholly given way, and tears may be streaming from his eyes, and exclamations of

anguish bursting from his lips. Such consolations require forbearance, however it may be mingled with gratitude. Far different were my emotions when one said to me, with the force like the force of an angel, ‘Why should we be bent upon your being better, and make up a bright prospect for you? I see no brightness in it; and the time seems past for expecting you ever to be well.’ How my spirit rose in a moment at this recognition of the truth?

“ And again, when I was weakly dwelling on a consideration which troubled me much for some time, that many of my friends gave me credit for far severer pain than I was enduring, and that I thus felt myself a sort of impostor, encroaching unwarrantably on their sympathies. ‘Oh, never mind,’ was the reply; ‘that may be more balanced hereafter. You will suffer more with time, or you will seem to yourself to suffer more; and then you will have less sympathy. We grow tired of despairing, and think less and less of such cases, whether reasonably or not; and you may have less sympathy when you need it more. Meantime, you are not answerable for what your friends feel; and it is good for them, natural and right, whether you think it accurate or not.’

“ These words put a new heart into me, dismissed my scruples about the over-wealth of the present hour, and strengthened my soul for future need—the hour of which has not, however, yet arrived. It is a comfortable season, if it may but last, when one’s friends have ceased to hope unreasonably, and not ‘grown tired of despairing.’

“ Another friend, endowed both by nature and experience with the power I speak of, gave me strength for months, for my whole probation, by a brave utterance of one word—‘Yes:’ in answer to a hoping consoler, I told a truth of fact, which sounded dismal, though because it was fact I spoke it in no dismal mood; and the genius at my side, in a confirmatory ‘yes,’ opened to my view a whole world of aid in prospect from a soul so penetrating and so true.”

Yes; the fitting habitant of the sick room is truth, simple truth; yet, in no other place is deception, in all its hollowness, so often found; and false hopes are excited by well-meaning friends, who with cruel mocking promises bid the sufferer look forward to reviving health, even when it has wholly departed. The true friend is he who tells the truth.

“ If it be asked, after all this, ‘Who

can console? how is it possible to please and soothe the sufferer?' I answer that nothing is more easier, nothing is more common, nothing more natural, to simple-minded people. Never creature had more title than I to speak confidently of this, from experience which melts my heart day by day. 'Speaking the truth in love' is the way. One who does this cannot but be an angel of consolation. Every thing but truth becomes loathed in a sick room. The restless can repose on nothing but this; the sharpened intellectual appetite can be satisfied with nothing less substantial; the susceptible spiritual taste can be gratified with nothing less genuine, noble, and fair. Then the question arises, what sort of truth? Why, that which is appropriate to the one who administers. To each a separate gift may be appointed. Only let all avoid every shadow of falsehood. Let the nurse avow that the medicine is nauseous. Let the physicians declare that the treatment will be painful. Let sister, or brother, or friend tell me that I must never look to be well. When the time approaches that I am to die, let me be told that I am to die, and when. If I encroach thoughtlessly on the time or strength of those about me, let me be reminded; if selfishly, let me be remonstrated with. Thus, to speak the truth is in the power of all. Higher service is a talent in the hands of those who have a genius for sympathy—a genius less rare, thank God, than other kinds."

Of the false kinds of consolation, that which sends us back to our former lives to meditate on what we have done, and draw comfort from it, is the very vainest; and we truly agree with our author, that the function of conscience is not that of a comforter. The stern rebuker of all that we do amiss, how can it rejoice beings whose lives are so many multiplied wanderings? Oh, little at any time can it do other than chasten; but, when crowding in its images upon the heart weakened by sickness, what can it else do than irrevocably condemn? And yet men speak of the "happiness of an approving conscience!"

"I strongly doubt whether conscience was ever appointed to the function of consoler. I more than doubt: I disbelieve it. According to my own experience, the utmost enjoyment that conscience is capable of is a negative state, that of ease. The power of suffering is strong, and its natural and best condition I take to be one of simple

ease; but for enjoyment and consolation, I believe we must look to other powers and susceptibilities of our nature. It is inconceivable to me that our moral sense can ever be gratified by any thing in our own moral state. It must be more offended by our own sins and weaknesses than by all the other sins and weakness in the world, in proportion as the evil is more profoundly known to it, and more nakedly disgusting; because it is stripped of all the allowances and palliations which are admissible in all other cases. And this disgust is not compensated for by a corresponding satisfaction in our own good; for the very best good we can ever recognize in ourselves falls so far short of our own conceptions, so fails to satisfy the requisitions of the moral sense, that it can afford no gratification. . . . . If it is thus in the season of vigour, health, and self-command, how inexpressibly absurd is the mistake of bringing such a topic as consolation to the sick and sequestered!—to the sick, whose whole heart is faint, and the mental frame disordered more or less, in proportion as the body is jaded and the nerves unstrung; and to the sequestered, who perforce devour their own hearts, and find them the bitterest food! . . . . . If the consoler could but see the invisible array which comes thronging into the sick room from the deep regions of the past, brought by every sound of nature without, by every movement of the spirit within—the pale lips of dead friends whispering one's hard or careless words, spoken in childhood or youth—the upbraiding gaze of duties slighted and opportunities neglected—the horrible apparition of old selfishness and pusillanimities—the disgusting foolery of idiotic vanities: if the consoler could catch a momentary glimpse of this phantasmagoria of the sick room, he would turn with fear and loathing from the past, and shudder, while the inured invalid smiles, at such a choice of topics for solace. Then it might become the turn of the invalid to console—to explain how these are but phantoms—how solace does abound, though it comes from every region rather than the kingdom of conscience—and how, while the past is dry and dreary enough, there are streams descending from the heaven-bright mountain-tops of the future, for ever flowing down to our retreat, pure enough for the most fastidious longing, abundant enough for the thirstiest soul. The consoler may then learn for life how easily all personal complacencies may be dispensed with; while the sufferer can tell of a true 'refuge and strength,' and 'present

more life-like in the going forth and return of ships, in the passage of fleets, and in the never-ending variety of a fishery."

In the writer's description of her own retreat, we recognise that pleasant little watering-place, Tynemouth, in Northumberland. What a faithful *daguerreotype* painting is the following!—

"But then, there must not be too much sea. The strongest eyes and nerves could not support the glare and oppressive vastness of an unrelieved expanse of waters. I was aware of this in time, and fixed myself where the view of the sea was inferior to what I should have preferred, if I had come to the coast for a summer visit. Between my window and the sea is a green down—as green as any field in Ireland; and on the nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end; the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish-pond the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour, and all its traffic; the view extending from the light-houses far to the right, to a horizon of the sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet further height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk, each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and finally, they part off on the village green, each to some neighbouring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath stretches the railroad; and I watch the train triumphantly career along the level road, and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then labouring and panting up the ascent, till it is lost between the two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more

objects;—a windmill, now in motion and now at rest; a lime-kiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church-tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way, and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure willfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would deem possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer-evening ride, pricking on in the lanes where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farm-house, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch, or over the wall, when the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat, till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long; and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over her head, (for it is now chill evening,) and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and, with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk. Then, if the question arises, which has most of the gossip spirit, he or I, there is no shame in the answer. Any such small amusement is better than harmless—is salutary—which carries the spirit of the sick prisoner abroad into the open air, and among country people. When I shut down my window, I feel that my mind has had an airing."

We are less inclined to agree with the writer's speculations on Life, than with any other portion of the volume. The world's amelioration, and the consequent increase of human happiness, are her fond dreams; and she grounds their now probable nearness upon the growing influence of the popular classes. We are old-fashioned enough to regard the movements of the present day with fear, rather than hope. We do not think we have strengthened our political building by knocking away the buttresses and carefully picking out the corner-stones; nor do we

And again, in reference to dear friends who have felt with her all her feelings, and have now gone before her to rest, what beautiful thoughts are these! If such departures form, for the healthful, a link with the Unseen, how much more do they heighten the invalid's anticipations of future things:

"Perhaps the familiarity of the idea of death is by nothing so much enhanced to us as by the departure before us of those who have sympathized in our prospect. The close domestic interest thus imparted to that other life is such as I certainly never conceived of when in health, and such as I observe people in health do not conceive of now. It seems but the other day that I was receiving letters of sympathy and solace, and also of religious and philosophical investigation as to how life here and hereafter appeared to me; letters which told of activity, of labours, and journeyings, which humbled me by a sense of idleness and uselessness, while *they* spoke of humbling feelings as regarding the privileges of my seclusion. All this is as if it were yesterday; and now, these correspondents have been gone for years. For years we have thought of them as knowing 'the grand secret,' as familiarized with those scenes we are for ever prying into, while I lie no wiser (in such a comparison) than when they endeavoured to learn somewhat of these matters from me. And besides these close and dear companions, what departures are continually taking place! Every new year there are several—friends, acquaintances, or strangers—who shake their heads when I am mentioned, in friendly regret at another year opening before me without prospect of health—who sends me comforts or luxuries, or words of sympathy, amidst the pauses of their busy lives; and before another year comes round, they have dropped out of the world—have learned quickly far more than I can acquire by my leisure—and from being merely outside my little spot of life, have passed to above and beyond it. Little ones who speculated on me with awe—youthful ones who ministered to me with pity—busy and important persons, who gave a cordial but passing sigh to the lot of the idle and helpless; some of these have outstripped me, and left me looking wistfully after them. Such incidents make the future at least as real and familiar to me as the outside world; and every permanent invalid will say the same, and we must not be wondered

at if we speak of that great interest of ours oftener, and with more familiarity than others use.

In the inquiry on temper, the writer searchingly examines the causes and modifications of the irritability produced by sickness, whether in relation to oneself, or to others; in the former case, as conducting to self-contempt, if not self-despair, and in the latter, as debarring one especially from the visits of children, "the brightest, if not the tenderest, angels of the sick-room." She shows well, how widely friends in health may err in the estimation of the sufferer's fortitude—at one time imagining that all power of endurance has passed away, because, through intense agony the soul is made to "cleave to the dust;" and at another time giving him credit for sublime patience, when he had really no cause or temptation to feel otherwise. She denies, from deep experience, the possibility of becoming inured to pain, so as to disregard it; but she would have it encountered by antagonistic forces, and thus subdued by the power of ideas. An omnipotent host of these she can call up at will, by her books and pictures, and their associations. From her couch she has but to turn her eyes to the wall above, and behold "the consolations of eighteen centuries," in one portrait—the CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR of Scheffer; and the fullness of her varied emotions she gives us in this, our last, extract:

"See what force this is, in comparison with others that are tendered for our solace! One and another, and another of our friends comes to us with an earnest pressing upon us of the 'hope of relief,' that talisman which looks so well till its virtues are tried! They tell us of renewed health and activity—of what it will be to enjoy ease again—to be useful again—to shake off our troubles, and be as we once were. We sigh, and say, it may be so; but they see that we are neither roused nor soothed by it. Then one speaks differently, tells us that we shall never be better—that we shall continue for long years as we are, or shall sink into deeper disease and death; adding, that pain, and disturbance, and death are indissolubly linked with the indestructible life of the soul, and supposing that we are willing to be conducted on in this eternal course by Him whose thoughts and ways are not as ours—

## ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. P. S. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Dorothy," "Richardson," &amp;c. &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Good Lady Margaret Langley had seen troublous days, and was well fitted by a strong understanding to deal with them; but one of the advantages of misfortune, if I may use so strange a phrase, is that experience of danger suggests precautions which long prosperity knows not how to take, even in the moment of the greatest need. As soon as she had left the Earl of Beverly, instead of going direct to the part of the house where she heard the voices of her unwished-for visitors, she directed her steps through sundry long and intricate passages, which ultimately led her to a small door communicating with the garden, smiling as she did so, to distinguish the fierce growl of her good dog Basto in the hall, and the querulous tone of an old man calling loudly for some one to remove the hound, showing apparently that some visiting justice was kept at bay by that good sentinel. Passing through the garden, and round by the path across the lawn, Lady Margaret approached the windows of her own withdrawing-room, just as a party, consisting of five militia men with the parliamentary justice of Beverly, entered the chamber in haste; and she heard the justice demand in a sharp tone, addressing Miss Walton and Arrah Neil—

"Who are you, young women? What are your names?"

The old lady hurried in, to stop any thing like an imprudent reply; but she had the satisfaction of hearing her niece answer—

"Nay, sir! Methinks it is for us to ask who you are, and what brings you hither in such rude and intrusive guise."

"Well said, my sweet Annie!" thought Lady Margaret; but entering quickly, she presented herself before the justice, whom she knew, exclaiming—

"Ha, Master Shortcoat! good morning to you. What brings you hither? And who are these men in buff and bandolier? I am not fond of seeing such in my house. We had trouble

enough with them or their like a few nights ago."

"Ay, lady, that is what brings us," replied the justice. "I have orders from Hull to inquire into that affair; and to search your house for the bloody-minded malignants here concealed, who slaughtered like lambs a number of godly men even within sight of your door, and then took refuge in Langley Hall. I must search, lady—I must search."

"Search if you will, from the cellars to the garret," replied Lady Margaret; "but the story told me by those who did take refuge here was very different, Master Shortcoat. They said that peaceably passing along the country, they were attacked by a body of bloody-minded factious villains, who slaughtered some of them, and drove the rest in here, where finding some of their companions waiting for them, they issued forth again to punish the knaves who had assailed them."

"It's all a lie, good woman," exclaimed an officer of militia. "But who are these girls? for there was a woman amongst them."

"You are a rude companion, sirrah," answered Lady Margaret. "These ladies are of my own family. This one my niece, Mistress Anne Walton; and this my cousin, Mistress Arabella Langley."

"Come, come," said another, interposing, "we are wasting time, while perhaps those we seek may be escaping. It is not women we want, but men. Search the house, master justice, with all speed. I will go one way with two or three of the men, and you another with the rest."

"Stay, stay," said Justice Shortcoat, "you are too quick—we cannot make due inquest if you interrupt us so. Lady, I require to know who were the persons in your house, who went forth to assist the malignants on the night of Wednesday last."

"Why, I have told you already, Master Shortcoat. You must be hard



of hearing. Did I not say they were friends of theirs who were waiting here for them? In these times, when subjects are governors, and servants masters, how can I keep out any one who chooses to come in? That very night one of the men swam the moat and let down the drawbridge for himself. How am I to stop such things? If I could, I would keep every party out, that appeared with more than two, be they who they may. I seek but to live a peaceable life; but you, and others like you, break in at all hours, disturbing my quiet. Out upon you all! Search, search where you will! You can find nothing here but myself and my own people."

"Well, we will search, lady," replied the officer of militia, who had spoken before. "Come, worshipful Master Shortcoat, let us not waste more time," and seizing him by the arm, he dragged rather than led him away.

The moment he was gone, Lady Margaret whispered in Annie Walton's ear—"Quick, Annie! run to the room where all the maidens sit, and tell them, if asked what mean the clothes in the earl's chamber, and the blood upon them, to say that they are those of one who was killed the other night, and that the body was carried away by his comrades. I will to the men's hall and to the kitchen, and do the same. You hear, sweet Arrah—such must be our tale," and away the old lady went. But she found the task of communicating this hint somewhat more difficult than she had expected, for the hall was half full of the parliamentary militia, and she had to send her servants to different parts of the house, one upon one pretence, and another upon another, before she could find the opportunity of speaking with them in private.

In the meanwhile, she heard with a smile, the feet of the justice and his companions running through all the rooms and passages of the wide rambling pile of building, except those which, separated from the rest by stone partitions and forming a sort of house within the house, could only be discovered either by one already acquainted with some of the several entrances, or by the line and rule of the architect. She had just done instructing her servants, having omitted

as she thought not one of the household, when feet were heard descending the principal stairs, and the perquisitions were commenced in that wing of the hall in which the room inhabited by the Earl of Beverley was situated.

In a few minutes, the justice and one of the militia men returned carrying a cloak and a heavy riding boot, and demanding with a triumphant laugh, "Where is he to whom these belong?"

"In the grave, probably," replied Lady Margaret, with perfect composure. "If you are authorised to take possession of dead men's property, you may keep them; and indeed you have a better right to them than I have, for your people shot him; so that you have only to divide the spoil."

"Do you mean to say, Lady Margaret, that the man is dead?" asked Justice Shortcoat, with a look of some surprise and consternation.

"All the better if he be," exclaimed the officer of militia; "'tis but one malignant the less in the world. But let us hear more, worshipful Master Shortcoat. I don't believe this story. Let us have in the servants one by one——"

"Ay, one by one," said the justice, who was one of the men who may be called echoes, and repeat other men's ideas in a very self-satisfied tone. "You see about it, sir, and insure there be no collusion."

The whole matter was soon arranged; and Lady Margaret, taking her wonted chair, drew an embroidery frame towards her, through which she passed the needle to and fro with the utmost calmness, while sweet Annie Walton sat with a beating heart beside Arrah Neil, who, with the tranquil fortitude that had now come over her, watched the proceedings of the intruders as if she had been a mere spectator. The magistrate placed himself pompously at the table in the midst; the officer, who had now been joined by two companions with various other articles from the earl's chamber, stood at Master Shortcoat's right hand to prompt him; and then the servants were called in singly and asked to whom the clothes belonged which had been found.

"To the gentleman who was killed," replied the man William, who was first examined.



"And where is the corpse?" demanded the officer of militia.

"I do not know," replied the servant; "they took it away with them."

"Was he killed at once; or did he die here?" asked the officer.

"He lingered a little, I believe," answered William.

The justice looked at the officer, and the latter said, "You may go!—see him through the hall, Watson."

Another and another servant was called, and all gave the same answers till they came to the maids, who had not been so well or fully instructed by fair Annie Walton as the men had been by her aunt. Their first reply, indeed, was the same—that the gentleman was dead—but when they were interrogated as to the time of his death, they hesitated and stumbled a little; but they were generally girls of good sense, and contrived to get out of the scrape by saying that they did not know, as they had not seen him till he was dead; and all agreed that the corpse had been taken away.

At length, however, at the last, appeared the scullion; and Lady Margaret's face for the first time showed some anxiety, as the girl had not been in the kitchen when she visited it, and, to say truth, had been hearing some sweet words from a soldier in the court. When the usual first question was asked her, namely, whom the clothes belonged to, she replied—

"To the gentleman who was brought in wounded."

"And who died shortly after," said Lady Margaret, fixing her eye upon her.

"Do not venture to prompt her, Lady," said the officer, turning sternly towards her. "Speak, girl, did he die? and tell truth."

"I never heard as he died," answered the scullion.

"Do you know where he now is?" asked the justice.

"No, that I don't," replied the girl. "I have not seen him to-day."

Both judge and officer gazed at her with a frowning brow, and demanded, one after the other—

"Did you see him yesterday?"

Poor Annie Walton's heart fluttered as if it would have fain broke through her side; but the girl, after a moment's consideration, replied, somewhat confusedly—

"I don't know as I did."

"Then, when did you see him last?" inquired the militia man.

"I can't tell," answered the scullion.

"I don't justly know—I saw him the night he was brought in, for the men laid him down on the floor there, and I saw him through the door chink, just where Basto is lying."

She pointed at the dog as she spoke, and he, with whom she was by no means a favourite, started up with a sharp growl, and rushed towards her. He was checked by his mistress's voice, however; but the girl, uttering a terrified shriek, ran out of the room, and the officers with the justice laid their heads together over the table, conversing for some minutes in a low tone.

At length, the worshipful magistrate raised his eyes, and turning to Lady Margaret, he said—

"Madam, it is clear that this is a very dark and mysterious affair; and any one can see with half an eye that you have given shelter and comfort to notorious malignants. It is, therefore, my unpleasant duty to quarter upon you a guard of twenty men, under this worshipful gentleman, who will take what means he may think proper for discovering the dark practices which clearly have occurred here."

"In this dark clear case, sir," replied Lady Margaret, with a stiff and haughty air, "will it not be better to furnish them with a general warrant? Its having been pronounced illegal will be no obstacle with those who set all law at defiance. As to quartering these men upon a widow lady, I care little about it, so that I do not see them. Keep them away from the apartments of my family, and you may put them where you like. If they come near me, I will drive them forth with that feather broom. Away with you all; and keep out of my sight, where-soever you bestow yourselves. Or do you intend to spoil the Egyptians, and take my beef and beer, or my goods and chattels?"

"Though you are uncivil to us, lady," said the officer, who, perhaps, thought that the comfort of his quarters might depend upon fair words, "we do not intend to be uncivil to you. We will give you no trouble so long as you and your people comport yourselves properly; and in the trust

that you will do so, I shall now retire and fix the rooms for my men as I shall judge expedient, of course not interfering with your accommodation. Come, Master Shortcoat."

"Stay, sir," said Lady Margaret. "You speak well. Perhaps I was

too warm; but all these intrusions into a peaceable household, do heat one. I will see that you have all that you want and can desire—I wish to show you no inhospitality," and she bowed with graceful dignity, as the roundhead party retired.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

NIGHT had succeeded to day, and that day had been an uneasy one; for during the hours of light that remained after the parliamentary militia had taken possession of Langley Hall, Lady Margaret had in vain endeavoured to find some opportunity of opening one of the several doors which led into the private rooms and passages of the house. Wherever she went, she found one or other of the soldiers on the watch, and she became alarmed lest the want of necessary food should, in the earl's weakened state, prove detrimental to his health. Miss Walton said nothing; but her beautiful eyes were so full of anxious thought, that whenever they turned upon her aunt, the good old lady felt her heart ache for the painful apprehensions which she knew were in her fair niece's bosom; and as the shades of evening fell, she rang for her servant William, and asked him several questions in a low tone. What his answers were, neither Annie Walton nor Arrah Neil could hear for some time; but at length, in reply to some injunction of his mistress, he said aloud, "I will try, my lady; but I do not think it will do. He is a sad sober man, and when they were eating, shortly after they came, he would drink little or nothing."

"Well, give him my message," said Lady Margaret, "and if he will not drink, we must find another means. Warn all the tenants, William, tomorrow early, that they may be wanted; but now go and see the wine be the best in the cellar."

The man retired, but in a few minutes after he opened the door again, announcing Captain Hargood, and the commander of the small force left at the Hall made his appearance with a ceremonious bow.

"Madam," he said, "I hope you do not put yourself to inconvenience or restraint to ask a stranger to your

table who is here against your will, and in some degree against his own."

"Not in the least, Captain Hargood," answered Lady Margaret; "I always have loved and esteemed brave men, whatever be their party; and though, in all that is justifiable, I would never scruple to oppose to the death an enemy, yet where we are not antagonists, I would always wish to show courtesy and forget enmity."

"I hope, madam, you will not consider me as an enemy," replied the officer.

"Whoever keeps forcible possession of my fortress," said the old lady with a smile, "must be so for the time; but let us not speak of unpleasant things, supper must be served," and advancing unembarrassed, she rested her hand upon the arm of her unwelcome guest, and led the way with him to the hall.

But the stout roundhead was not one to lose his active watchfulness by indulging in the pleasures of the table. The wine was excellent, and the servants were always ready to fill for him; but he drank sparingly, and Lady Margaret did not venture to press him, lest her purpose should become apparent, and lead to suspicions beyond.

After partaking lightly of the wine, she rose, and with her two fair companions retired, leaving him with the potent beverage still on the board, in the hope that he might indulge more freely when he was alone. As soon as they were in the withdrawing-room, she explained to Annie Walton and Arrah Neil, in low but earnest tones, the exact position of the room in which was the entrance to the secret passage which she had opened for Lord Beverley, and the means of making him hear and withdraw the bolt.

"I will send up a basket of food and wine to your chamber, Annie," she said, "and as soon as all seems

quiet in the house, you and our dear Arrah go, by the moonlight if you can, to that place, and try to gain admission. If you should fail, or if you should find any one on the watch, come down to me. They have so scattered their men about that it is well nigh hopeless before they go to sleep. It would almost seem that they knew whereabouts the doors lie. There is one means, indeed, and that must be taken if all others fail; yet I would fain shrink from it."

"What means is that, dear aunt?" asked Annie Walton.

But the old lady replied that it mattered not; and shortly after they separated, and the two fair girls retired to their chamber. Miss Walton's maids were there ready to aid her in undressing, and though Annie and her friend had much to say to each other, all private conversation was stayed for the time. Shortly after Lady Margaret's chief woman appeared with a covered basket, set it down, and retired without saying a word; and in a few minutes more, Annie sent her maidens to bed, saying that she would sit up for a while, and adding, "Leave me a lamp on that table."

But now that they had the opportunity of speaking more freely, Arrah Neil and her noble friend could but poorly take advantage of it, so eager were they to watch for the diminution of all sounds in the hall. They did speak indeed words of kindly comfort and support; and manifold dreamy reasonings took place on all the events of the day, and their probable consequences; but still they interrupted their speech continually to listen, till all, at length, seemed profoundly still, and Arrah whispered—

"Now I think we may go."

"Yet, but a moment or two, dear Arrah," replied Miss Walton. "Let them be sound asleep."

In deep silence they remained for about a quarter of an hour; but then Annie herself rose and proposed to go.

"I am grown such a coward Arrah," she said, "that I would fain perform this task speedily, and fain escape it too."

"'Tis the desire to do it," answered her fair companion, "that creates the fear of failing. But let me go, Annie, if you dread it so much."

"Nay, nay! No hand but mine for worlds!" exclaimed the young lady.

"But come, I am ready, let us go."

Slowly and quietly opening the door, they issued forth into the passages, and, remembering as well as they could Lady Margaret's direction, were making their way towards the room to which she had led the earl, when suddenly, out of a neighbouring chamber, walked the officer of militia, and stood confronting them in the midst of the passage. Annie Walton trembled, and caught poor Arrah's arm to stop her; but her fair companion was more self-possessed, and whispering, "Come on, show no fear," she advanced straight towards the officer, saying aloud—

"Will you have the kindness, sir, to accompany us to the door of Lady Margaret's chamber? We are afraid of meeting some of your men, who might be uncivil."

"Do you not think that Lady Margaret may be asleep by this time?" asked the officer, with a doubtful smile.

"Oh dear no!" replied Annie Walton, who had gained courage from her fair companion's presence of mind. "She never goes to bed till one or two. Perhaps we may even find her in the withdrawing-room."

"I think not," said the officer, "but we can easily see." And thus speaking he led the way down, having made himself thoroughly acquainted with the ordinary passages of the house.

The door of the usual sitting-room was ajar, a light was within; and the officer put in his head. Instantly perceiving Lady Margaret Langley seated reading, and recollecting her threatened vengeance if any one of his band approached her apartments, he said— "I have escorted these two young ladies hither, madam, as they were afraid to come alone."

"I thank you, sir," replied the old lady, laying down the book. "Down, Basto, down!—Come hither Annie. Close the door, my sweet Arrah. I thank you, sir. Good night. They are foolish, frightened girls; but I will see them back, when we have done our evening duties."

The perfect tranquillity of the old lady's manner, removed the suspicion which Captain Hargood certainly had entertained; and closing the door,

he retired to the room he had chosen for himself.

As soon as he was gone, Lady Margaret said, in a low tone, "So you were stopped, I suppose, by that rascal?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Annie Walton, "we had scarce taken twenty paces, when he met us—and I was fool enough to lose all judgment; but this dear girl saved us both."

"Well," rejoined Lady Margaret, "there is but one means, then. I am weak, girls! very weak, or I would not have kept the good earl so long in darkness and in hunger, for my own foolish thoughts. Come with me;" and opening the door which led from the right-hand side of the withdrawing room to her own chamber, she went in, closing it again when they had both passed, and fastening it with a bolt. She then paused for a moment in the midst, gazing down upon the floor with a look of deep sadness, and then approached a large closet, which she opened. It was full of shelves; but, putting her hand upon one of them, Lady Margaret drew it forth, laid it down beside her, and pushed hard against the one below. It instantly receded with the whole back of the closet, showing the entrance to a room beyond.

"See; but say nothing," whispered the old lady—and while Annie Walton followed with the lamp, she entered before them. It was a small room, fitted up somewhat like a chapel, but hung with tapestry. At the further end was a table, or altar, covered with a linen cloth, yellow with age, and having beneath what Annie Walton imagined to be the chalice and plate of the communion. Above, however, hung the picture of a very young woman, whose sweet and radiant look, yet tender and mournful eyes, might have well accorded with a representation of the Blessed Virgin; but the figure was dressed in the fashion of no very remote time; and as soon as Lady Margaret raised her eyes to it, the tears rose in them—and tottering to one of the large crimson chairs that were

ranged along the side, she sank into it, and bent her head in silence.

Annie Walton and Arrah Neil stood and gazed upon the picture, as if they were both fascinated, but neither spoke; and at length, Lady Margaret rose again, saying, abruptly, "I am a fool, and will be so no more. This is the chamber of retribution, my sweet Arrah," she continued, approaching the two fair girls, and taking the lamp out of the hand of Miss Walton. "Here, for many a year, I, and one now gone, wept and prayed for forgiveness;" and holding up the lamp towards the picture, she gazed at it with a dark and mournful look. Then laying her hand upon the edge of the cloth which covered the table, she seemed about to withdraw it, but paused, and her face became almost livid with emotion. "I will do it," she said at length, "I will do it—but, say nothing—ask no question—utter not a word."

As she spoke, she cast back the cloth; and, lying on the table, which was covered with crimson velvet, appeared a pale and gory human head, severed at the neck. The face was turned up, the eyes closed, the mouth partly open, the fine white teeth shown. Though pale as ashes, the traces of great beauty remained in the fine chiselled features—the curling lip, covered with the dark moustache; the wide expansive brow, the high forehead—the blue tinge of the eyes, shining through the dark-fringed lids—all showed that, in life, it must have been the face of as handsome a man as ever had been seen; but, over all, was the grey shade of death.

Annie Walton started back in terror; but Lady Margaret turned to her sternly and sadly, saying, "Foolish girl, it is but wax! For you, it has none of those memories that give it life for me.—There, you have seen enough;" and she drew the cloth back again over that sad memento. Then, gazing for a moment, again, at the picture, the old lady set the lamp down upon the table; and casting her arms round the fair neck of Arrah Neil, she leaned her eyes upon her shoulder, and wept bitterly.

## GIRARDIN'S "COURS DE LITTÉRATURE." \*

THE author of these essays first became known from being accidentally present at an *émeute* at the Porte St. Martin during the Restoration; where the *émeutistes* did not appear to the greatest advantage, making a great deal of noise, and then suffering themselves to be trodden down by *gens d'armes*. Girardin wrote an account of the affair on the moment for the "*Débats*;" which was his first essay in print.

It attracted a good deal of notice at the time, and made some reputation for the author. After the Revolution of July, he was elected to a chair as professor at the Sorbonne, where he succeeded Villemain and Guizot, both of whom had launched on the wider sea of politics.

His volume, "*Sur les Passions dans le Drame Moderne*," is merely the present series of essays in another shape—they are put forward now as his qualification for the *Académie*—a diploma picture, so to speak. Though he is known and admired as a classicist, his great reputation rests upon his political writing in the "*Débats*," in which he stands forth the Thunderer of the Guizot party.

Already a *député*, a professor, &c., he will soon be an academician; and, should Villemain not be considered "*assez croyant*" for the high church party, Girardin will be a member of the government.† These facts, and the circumstance of his being one of those who most enjoy the confidence of the great statesman Guizot, are enough to lend weight to his name; nor are we surprised to find that the body of criticism contained in the essays affords so unfavourable a comment on the present literature of France. The satire is not the less severe, that it is delicately as well as justly dealt; and it may comfort some of our own critics who, of acknowledged impartiality on other topics, are generally supposed to admit

a shade of national jealousy to tincture their judgment of French writing, to see that from among themselves a voice of disapprobation has been raised, re-echoing faithfully in its tone much of what has been already charged against it by ourselves. For, though the author has illustrated the peculiarities of later schools as compared with the antique, from the works of Shakspeare, Richardson, De Foe, and Goldsmith, as well as from Telleri, Maffei, Alfieri, and Goethe; yet the bulk of his criticism has reference to his own country, and goes to show that, in spite of the genius she unquestionably possesses, her steps have wandered from the True in search of the Extravagant, and, in the pursuit, lost sight of the Beautiful and the Good, the only constituents of legitimate dramatic strength, as, when united with the Grand, they swell into the Sublime, the true element of epic power.

True it is, M. Girardin by no means asserts this much in terms. It is natural that an author who feels and thinks rightly himself, and who yet wishes to render his feelings and his thoughts popular with his countrymen and serviceable to them, should conceal behind a slight breastwork of flattery the attacks which, in aiming at errors, must occasionally strike near home, so as to give to a school and a tone of taste he would cry down, an opportunity of adopting and acting upon his sound and safe advice, without the humiliation of being obliged to admit that, in doing so, they stood convicted of profligacy, if authors, or of error and weakness, if the reading public. To observe that there are such opinions afloat—that the old and venerable landmarks are had recourse to whereby to mete out the boundaries of licence and limit the flight of genius—is peculiarly satisfactory, when we had been led to fear that the earthquake of a literary revolution as sweep-

\* Cours de Littérature Dramatique; par M. St. Marc Girardin. Paris: 1843.

† Since writing the above, we find that our prediction is verified.

ing as their political one, had for ever removed, at least from France, the ancient memorials of a perhaps too rigid taste and propriety. And to believe that these opinions, expressed as they are here, are tolerated, is to hope that they may become influential, and for such a hope to be realised were to predict a literature to France, such as she has never yet had to boast of—a literature which might possibly go near to rival that of any country at any period of the world's history. French literature, even under all the disadvantages which we are so ready to expose, and which this book points out and explains, has, there is no doubt, made a vast stride—a *salto mortale*—in the last thirty years, and in force and variety is fast gaining upon cotemporary nations. It has risen with the strength of a awakened giant from the trammels of an earlier era, and in the overstrained action of its newly-freed muscles, exhibits the proportions and the force of a power destined to attempt and accomplish much. And the analogy of its action with that of political convulsion can scarcely be fortuitous; the present phase is the anarchy consequent on a rude and successful attack upon established authority. There may be one or more changes ere taste settles down to a new level—but the movement was called for, and will be for the better in the end, for the vigour of enfranchised genius will never now voluntarily subject itself to any thralldom less potent than that of truth and nature.

Instead of dwelling longer upon these general topics, let us follow our author a little into detail. Dramatic emotion, he observes, was produced amongst the Greeks by illusion; and the love of the ideal exhibited in their whole character—their sculpture, their architecture, their deeds, their institutions, and their religion—had place pre-eminently in their dramatic literature, contenting them with what was illusory, but inspiring them with a proportionate grandeur of thought and elevation of scenic action. At Rome, on the contrary, the people, in order to be moved, needed real spectacles. The harmonious complaints of a Philoctetes and an Œdipus had no power over the Roman heart—it required the cries of expiring gladiators.

It would appear that the tastes of the present day (in his own country), notwithstanding the ostensible efforts of education, fall back upon these gross and material emotions, and remove the drama from its position of an acknowledged but touching illusion to the lower ground of a vivid and startling representation.

Such, in the earliest societies, is the effect of barbarism, from which civilization elevates it; but the fact is not so clearly to be deduced by an *a priori* argument, which nevertheless experience proves, namely, that over-refinement falls back again upon the gross and material representations it had set out with; and when the ordinary excitements to emotion (to which novelty is an essential) lose their efficacy by familiarity, seeks for a stimulus in those that are extravagant, sensual, and coarse. Even Greece had recourse in the end to gladiatorial exhibitions. Antiochus Epiphanes gradually familiarized the Grecian eye to the sight of blood shed for its amusement, and from that time there was no relish for the Greek theatre.

"When the theatre," says Girardin, "raises bodily emotions over spiritual ones, it approaches to the circus; but it speedily suffers decay. Emotions springing from physical sources are confined and monotonous. The tragic contortions of exaggerated passions are soon learned. It is rapidly seen that the cries of pain and agony which strike the ear at first unexpectedly and terrifically, ever give the same sound; and after some time the author and the spectator respectively learn the impossibility of inventing or feeling any thing which they have not already invented and felt. In this way are exhausted all the arts which descend from the level of moral illusion to that of material imitation. Material nature is far more confined than moral nature, both in its pleasures and in its pains. The soul, in its sorrows, is patient and various, because it is immortal; while the body, after suffering, can only die; it is the only variety and the only termination to its misery; and hence, on the stage, the barrenness and monotony of physical sufferings."

To illustrate this, the author has taken, in the first instance, those dramas of ancient and modern times which represent the emotions grounded on bodily pain and the fear of death—drawing, in this place, his examples of



the former era from the Greek theatre, and those of the latter principally from the French school of the seventeenth century and of the present day. He selects, with great judgment, the more striking portions of the *Iphigenia* of Euripides, and compares it with Racine's drama of the same name, exhibiting, as he goes along, the superiority in most respects of the Greek over the French performance; and then, as an instance of modern degeneracy, takes Victor Hugo's "*Angelo tyrant de Padoue*," where in the agonized supplications of the young Catarina for life, he points out the grosser nature of the grief, which, in his ears, rather resembles "the cry of a body delivered over to the torments of agony, than the sorrow of the soul." Though there may be some justice in this criticism, be it remarked *en passant*, yet it is founded on one of those general rules which must ever bend to circumstances, and cannot apply except where the characters and their positions exactly correspond. Catarina is much in the same predicament as Desdemona, yet surely no one would be inclined to object to her that she did not employ her last moments in lamenting the loss of the light, and air, and happy scenes of youth, instead of exerting the hurried interval between the announcement of her fate and its accomplishment in agonized and, if you will, instinctive cries for life. The atrocity and suddenness of the attack in the two latter instances would as little justify the victim in moral or sentimental ejaculations, as the solemn and almost sacred immolation in the case of the Greek heroines, Polyxena and Antigone, would render appropriate the language of physical terror.

M. Girardin next takes the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, that extreme and almost indefensible instance of the prostration of human firmness before bodily anguish, and extracts even from it the proofs of his position, that the Greeks placed the beautiful before them as their whole and sole object, and avoided nothing so much as the frightful (*le laid*). Whenever that exquisitely poetical people found that the passions rose above the limit at which they were sublime and dignified, they either turned their back upon them, or else separated them, as it were, from the similitude of man, meta-

morphosing grief, dread, or agony into forms no longer akin to humanity, but to those monsters to which, in the excess of passion, they had sunk. In the instance of the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, every thing is managed so as to make the sentiments of a moral nature hold their place above the sufferings of a material one. "The Greeks, no doubt, were not afraid, as we are, to express bodily pain; but they submitted it to the laws of the Beautiful. They idealized it, so as to create from it an emotion which should penetrate the soul without overwhelming it."

But, take the modern romance, "*Notre Dame de Paris*," by M. Victor Hugo, and see how he has managed what, among the ancients, would have been treated and understood as simply keen mental distress—we mean, the endeavours of the recluse, Gudule, to save her newly-found daughter, La Esmeralda, from the executioners. The scene is too dreadful to be extracted entire. "Oh, oh," she cries, "but this is too horrible! you are robbers! Are you actually going to take away my daughter? I tell ye, she's my daughter! wretches! butchering knaves! low ruffians! assassins! help! help! fire!—will they take away my child like that? Who is it they call the good God?" Then addressing the constable, Tristan, foaming at the mouth, her eyes staring, on all-fours like a panther, and bristling—

The critic properly stops here, and remarks that, in Ovid, the metamorphose would have already begun, for this tigress-rage is no longer human grief; it is no longer a woman and a mother we see—it is a furious maniac, it is a rabid beast—anger is changed into fury—instinct has supplanted feeling—the soul has yielded to the body. And he is right—we turn away, disgusted, and exclaim—"Heirs as we are to suffering and anguish, and called upon as we may be, to endure and feel with much, our humanity should not be required to descend to sympathy or participation with such blind paroxysms of despair—or to pass the boundary which parts the immortal and the rational from madness and mere brutality."

Next to the emotions consequent on bodily pain, those arising from personal danger are most prominent; and

here the critic has not failed to descry the immense difference between the mere animal courage of heathen times, and the dignified resignation consequent on the spread of Christianity and its principles, (of which that chivalrous one, called *honour*, may be considered a branch,) acting upon human society. The shipwreck of Ulysses, in Homer, and of Æneas, in Virgil, afford examples of that unexalted firmness, which is shaken by cries of terror and distress, having its triumph rather in the success of its struggles, than in the nobility of its source; and, as a contrast, M. Girardin has selected—in a connexion which rather startles British ears—the shipwreck of St. Paul, in the Acts of the Apostles—that of Robinson, in De Foe's Romance—and Col. McGregor's Account of the Loss of the Kent Indiaman, in 1825. The interference of the gods in Æneas's shipwreck, no doubt, removes the interest from the real object—the man—

*Cimothoe simul et Triton adnixus, acuto  
Detrudunt naves scopulo; levat ipse tridenti, &c.*

And Homer, therefore, in leaving Ulysses to his own efforts, engages our sympathies far more powerfully. So, in Robinson Crusoe, it is the man we feel for—we feel with—he is made the centre of the picture, all else is but accessory and back-ground—and it is remarkable, how close is the parallel between Homer's and De Foe's descriptions.

The sentiments of Christians, which even in their incipient development elevate the humble hero of De Foe's tale above the demigods of antiquity, are followed to their culmination in the instance of St. Paul.

"Noble example," exclaims our author, "calculated to teach man all the dignity of his nature! take, in the midst of the most appalling catastrophes, whether of fire or tempest, any one of the feelings of the human heart, be it that courage which springs from the love of life, be it trust in God, be it devotion to the rescue of another, be it honour, be it respect for the laws; no matter what, and place it beside the physical effects of the catastrophe you relate; and these effects, no matter how fearful or how sublime they be, no longer attract your attention: the intellectual feeling which is before you abases them at once, and material nature falls like Dagon before the dignity of spirituality."

It is such reflections as these which call the author's attention to that simple and affecting narrative of the loss of the Kent, in which the quiet and unostentatious magnanimity of those in command, and the holy devotion of some of the most helpless of the rest, speak so triumphantly for the principles of a pure faith, and the code of conventional and political morality grounded upon it. In the midst of the confusion, while two deaths, equally horrible, that by fire and that by water, seemed to struggle which should first devour its victims, two sisters set themselves to reading aloud the 46th Psalm, in alternate verses. Here again, says our author, the tempest is forgotten in human feeling, we afford sympathy where it is preeminently due—inanimate nature, in its most gigantic impersonation, vainly strives to call us off from the contemplation of the affections and the thoughts—the heart and soul of our fellow-creatures, so that in our enthusiasm we are almost ready to respond to Pascal in his bold reflection—"quand l'univers l'écraserait, l'homme serait encore plus noble que ce qui le tue, parce qu'il sait qu'il meurt; et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui, l'univers n'en sait rien."

"There is in English literature," says M. Girardin, "a singular taste, which I am inclined to call the taste for death. Whatever is deep and mysterious in the idea—whatever is vague in its terrors—whatever is horrible and even disgusting in the features which characterize it—all this seems to inspire English genius;" and he adduces the instance of Juliet, the young and tender Juliet, about to drink the poison, when she raves of the horrors of the charnel-house of which she was to be the inmate. But in this case, as well as in that of Hamlet, we cannot help thinking that the critic has overlooked a certain refined propriety, a touch of nature, which here as in the character of Lucy Ashton, in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, places in the heads, or fancies, or fears of tender and romantic girls, excited with wild legends by their education and nursery gossips, as soon as they first feel what it is to love and to be unhappy, an extravagance of horrible imagery proportioned to the weakness and inexperience of their judgment and the

luxuriance of their fancies, all of which would be quite unbecoming and out of place in stronger and sterner minds. Here is no rage, such as brutalizes the Recluse in Victor Hugo; the horrors are more the distorted dreams of a weak brain, urged into extravagance in the unaccustomed presence of danger and misfortune; and, viewing Juliet's expressions in this light, it has ever appeared to us that the ordinary representation of the scene on the stage is a misconception—her rage, her violence, her shriek are not Shakspeare—she is shuddering with girlish goblin-fears, yet half unwittingly encouraging the horrible romance of the scene she paints to herself, a realization of the legendary tales she yet delights in as a child. In Romeo, indeed, his enamoured colloquy with death cannot be derived altogether from the same source; though it would seem that he too was intended a type of the earlier metaphysical romancers, having become, by a forced encouragement of the half-exploded school of mixed chivalry, philosophy, and sentiment, almost as justly a laughing-stock to his companions as a source of anxiety to his confessor. The character of Hamlet indeed is rightly appreciated by our critic to a certain extent, but he has overlooked the circumstances, so beautifully yet dimly suggested to us all throughout, that the melancholy and mystic humour of the prince has lapsed into something nearly approaching mental derangement, and that the sombre questionings of his soliloquy are intended to represent the morbid wanderings of a powerful mind rather than the deliberate arguments of a healthy one. It is in these minute shadings of character, these transparent and ambiguous hints at meanings which are left in the uncertainty in which nature and reality would have left them, that Shakspeare stands unrivalled by any poet that ever lived upon the earth; and because of this he must be imperfectly understood by the most accomplished of those to whom his language is a foreign one. This much is clear, that if there be a character in Shakspeare which stands alone, and refuses to associate with the rest in any particular either of sentiment, bearing, or action, it is that of Hamlet. He stands out and aloof from all, forming as remarkable

a contrast in his unsettled melancholy to the various forms of life and energy and action and passion around him, as the ghost of his father to the living son who followed the "wafture of his hand" upon the platform.

Descending again in the scale of human passions, we return to those instances in which the burthen of life has become insupportable, and results in suicide. The character of Goethe's Werter is thoroughly understood by M. Girardin; and in the midst of the glowing eulogy he pronounces upon Goethe's creation, he has not hesitated to express his want of sympathy with it as a whole, and to hint at the half-sensuality of the passion of the lover, whose wayward and perplexed soul, uncertain what it wishes, yet ever wishing, seems to be driven to extremity as much by subjugation to an unconscious physical temperament, as by the agonized feelings of a tender heart. With such views he contrasts the treatment of what is called love in modern literature with the pure and spiritual devotion of the ancients, and attributes the debasement of the passion to that growth of materialism over spirituality which had in old times distinguished the Roman from the early Greek school, and which, growing out of over-refinement and the need of new excitement, began in the eighteenth century to supplant the simpler but more exalted character of passion which had preceded it. Werter, if he loves to hear Charlotte speak of "The Vicar of Wakefield," loves also to gaze on those lips and eyes which speak so well—if a sublime passage of Klopstock causes her to weep, he weeps too—but it is on the hand of Charlotte—"qu'il mouille de larmes délicieuses." Fire rushes through his veins when he touches her finger. He loves Albert; but he hates to see him, because he is her husband. "If," he says, "I could once—but once—press her to my heart!"

Rousseau has united the sensual and spiritual in the same character still more boldly in his St. Preux, and driven them to an almost unintelligible and certainly disgusting length in those works of which he is himself the hero. Yet he improved on the French writers of the eighteenth century, by admitting sentiment even to a rivalry with sensuality in love. It had be-

first night. This character is that of Triboulet, the king's jester, in Victor Hugo's drama of *Le Roi s'amuse*. It is adduced as an instance of paternal love in comparison—or rather contrast—with those of *Le vieil Horace*, *Don Diègue*, and *Gervaise*, in Corneille's plays. The author in his preface says—"Triboulet is deformed, Triboulet is sickly, Triboulet is the court jester—a triple misery which makes him wicked. Triboulet hates the king because he is king, the nobles because they are noble, and men in general because they have not a hump on their back." He encourages the king to every vice, political and personal. But this Triboulet, deformed and hideous, has a daughter. "This daughter is his only love, his only joy, his only virtue. The more he hates the world, the more he loves his daughter." Girardin says, not quite correctly, that the author has sought to show in Triboulet how paternal love may ennoble bodily deformity. Now there is a mental distortion in Triboulet to the full as evident as the physical, though not so exclusively the defect as it is in his *Lucrece Borgia*; at all events, the attempt is to make a character interesting—

"Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes,"

and we applaud the boldness of the Frenchman of the nineteenth century, who at once and in limine objects to such an impersonation, as, if not unnatural, at least unfitted for scenic representation. The Roman critic directs us to take our characters from the largest classes, not from the rare exceptions; whereas all who have studied Victor Hugo's style, must agree with Lytton Bulwer, when he remarks, that that author delights in taking the exception and making it the rule, as well as in holding up all that is paradox in sentiment and morals as the object of interest and imitation. He leaves us powerless as to our general judgment on human motives and actions, and disjoins or dislocates our reason upon the wheel of his torturing eloquence, which he seems to use without reserving it for any judicial purpose, certainly not for the benefit of his victim. Von Raumer observes of Shakspeare, that even in the most terrible of his

characters, "he leaves a thread of psychological light which shows the point at which the criminal still holds to the human, and from which he can yet return, penitent and reconciled, to the divine." But even the one feeling, or rather passion, which in Triboulet would seem to admit him to the hopes thus suggested, is, by the design or the defective vision of the poet, dispossessed of that purity which alone could give it countervailing efficacy against the enormities of Triboulet's character in other respects, for it is the irrational, blind, selfish, and all but sensual adoration of one object, without reference to the happiness of that object, but only to his own enjoyment in possessing it. "My daughter!" he exclaims—

"My child! sole happiness vouchsafed by heaven!  
Others have parents, brothers, sisters, friends,  
A wife, a husband, servants, a long train  
Of household, troops of children, and all that—  
I—I have thee alone!—Some men are rich—  
Thou art my only wealth—my only all!  
Men may believe in God—I—I believe  
In thee. There are who still are young,  
Or have the love of an all-loving wife—  
I have pride, rank, power, grace, health, and beauty  
too.  
These have not I, but I've thy beauty, girl!  
Sweet child! my city, country, house, and home,  
My wife, my mother, sister, and my child,  
My happiness, my wealth, my faith, my law,  
My universe! thou, thou, and only thou!  
Oh, to lose thee!"

Such, we make bold to say, is not the language of a father. This is jealous love—it is love for the self that loves, not for the object loved. Fathers love better than this. If there be an affection pure and untainted, heaven-stamped with the seal of perfect disinterestedness, it is the attachment of a tender father for a virtuous child. It is as self-sacrificing as it is intense, and never for an instant allows itself to forget the welfare of its object for its own gratification. There is something of the repayment of a debt, perhaps, in the love of children for their parents—there is body as well as spirit in conjugal affection. The mother insensibly acknowledges a sort of instinct in the tenderness with which she regards her offspring; but the love which a father bears to a child is as elevated as it is spiritual, and commands alike the approval of the head and the heart which it fills to overflowing. Paternal love displays itself as truly in the sacrifices it is prepared to make, as in the tenderness it delights to give way to, and never burns brighter than

when it turns itself, like a dark lantern, so fully upon its object as to leave *self* in utter obscurity. Is this the love of Triboulet? Surely not; but it is the love of the Menedemus of Terence, and—to adopt the most noble illustration—of the “father” in the parable of the prodigal son.

But the present French school extracts even out of the holiest human passions *aliquid amari*, merely by too searching an analysis. There is a certain mixed form in which the ingredients which lie at the bottom of the human heart, rise and bubble to the surface. They appear in combination and blended, though retaining their several virtues. In this state we find them in our observation of life, particularly of civilized life, and pre-eminently of Christian life; and hence the struggle of antagonist feelings in composition is most interesting to those who recognize such as the true representation of nature. To give even undue prominence to a single passion, weakens the effect; what must it be, when one solitary and blind impulse is made, like the rod of Aaron, to swallow up all the rest? In the jealousy of Othello, a thousand things struggle against his suspicions and fell purpose. The conflict it is which irresistibly interests us. In *The Revenge*, it is not the passion, but the principle in Zanga which stands prominent and asks our sympathy. Even the Corsair's “one virtue” is clung round by the tendrils of many others. But in Triboulet there is no relief to the colouring, no attempt to shade off the blind and brutal instinct of a single and engrossing passion by the admixture of one softening or neutralizing trait of humanity.

At all events, it is absolutely necessary to the *reality*, in all exaggerations of passion, that the feeling should be on some occasion or other recognized and understood as it is—calmly contemplated and reasoned upon by the character in whom it exists, or at least by some of the persons who are concerned in it, or observant of it. This is not only calculated to fix and justify interest, but is needful for the author's sake, and for the moral effect of his piece; for nature and right reason ever demand vindication at the poet's hand, and visit on him the neglect of this requirement, by marring

the work which they could most triumphantly have crowned. In no drama should the moral be left wholly to be drawn by the spectator. There should ever be something analogous to the “chorus” of ancient Greece, to take the rôle of rectitude, and justify the poet to the audience, and his creation to the eye and the ear of morality. This important requirement modern France—and alas! modern England—have too often lost sight of; and M. Girardin, though he has not arrived at the detection of the error, sees that there is something wrong, and says so, boldly and truly.

But the course of these inquiries is remarkably diverted in one chapter, by the incidental discussion of another, arising out of them, namely, the ingratitude of children;—and the examples are so similar in their grand features, taken as they are too, from the three eras of literature, the ancient, the *moyen age*, and that of to-day, that the comparative view they offer becomes exceedingly interesting. The first is the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles, the next Shakspeare's *King Lear*, and the last *Le Père Goriot* by Balzac.

In the *Œdipus Coloneus* the mysterious doctrine of fatalism, which invests this story, especially in the drama of Sophocles, with a sombre interest, independent of its other attractions, has a direct effect in softening and explaining the inexorable rigidity of retribution for those offences which themselves, though without exonerating the sons from culpability, were committed in a blind obedience to the will of Nemesis.

Another strange peculiarity marks the deep moral adumbrated in this story—once the expiation is accomplished, once the outrage done to the paternal majesty is avenged by the death of *Œdipus* and his sons, once, in fact, moral justice is vindicated, the tomb of this same *Œdipus*, who was pursued to the last by the vengeance of the gods, becomes, for the land which contains it, the pledge of prosperity and power. It stands thenceforth, like an altar on which the victim has been immolated, or the spot on which the thunderbolt has fallen, for ever sacred and apart, possessing a virtue and a spell derived from its relation to the dispensations of heaven. In like manner, the tomb of

Orestes—another type of the fatality of antiquity—became a blessing to the Lacedæmonians.

Altogether, this fatality, every where present in the deeds and in the sufferings of Œdipus, gives a religious solemnity to the human passions, and transfers the interest from their struggles to the deep and mystic meaning, which, like treasure sunk to the bottom of the sea, lies movelessly beneath the agitation and fury of the surface. And it is the absence of this fatality which so wholly removes the drama of the modern stage from just comparison, at least in a moral light, with the antique.\* We are drawn from divine impulsion to human motives—from the slow beckonings of destiny to the extravagant gestures of passion—from the development of a systematized series of providential judgments to the blind waywardness of conflicting and often contemptible earthly influences. *The Lesser Thebaid*, indeed, had paved the way for any innovation on the character of the antique Œdipus. In the fragments of that poem which remain in the scholiast of Sophocles, Œdipus ceases to be the minister of the ancient fatality; he appears as a fantastic and ungovernable old man, whose rage and grief are alike deficient in dignity and pathos. Girardin observes, with a little too much freedom, perhaps, that "this tetchy and restless character, whom misfortune has soured and sharpened, leads us naturally to King Lear, such as Shakespeare has drawn him." But in truth, the absence of the fatefulness of the events is enough to link the two latter examples together, in proportion as it disavours them from the original. In this particular, the more modern plots are alike, alike in their repudiation of destiny.

We acknowledge that the passions which are ennobled in the Greek model by a solemnity and dignity which inspires us with awe, are exaggerated so far in the English, as to take from the character in which they are found a certain portion of its strength and power, in proportion as they lend human interest to it. The ancient Œdipus bears himself, in his anger as well as in his grief, with a calm and noble gravity of

demeanour—he never forgets that he is a king, or that he is fulfilling the will of the gods. In Lear, indignation becomes fury—grief degenerates to despair—both lapse into madness.

The madness of Lear, Girardin does not, and cannot, enter into. It is one of the passions (if so it may be called) admissible on the English stage, the use of which has gained title by a prescription which we now want the hardihood to impugn, but is not recognized in the French drama, at least, unless it be the most recent school—a school that prides itself in innovation, even where there is nothing gained but novelty. In the Greek, the abhorrence of "*le laid*" effectually excluded it—any metamorphoses were preferable. For ourselves, while we confess our fear to enter into a controversy which questions the licence under which Hamlet, Cordelia, and Lear hold their place and their credit in English literature, we would by no means be understood as thereby in an unqualified way admitting the propriety of introducing insanity on the stage, or subscribing to the good taste of those who consider that such characters in general powerfully affect the sympathies of the spectators. We have and hold our own opinion, but here only advance M. Girardin's, who remarks "that freaks of madness put a speedy stop to emotions of grief."

He admits, however, the force which this very *démence* of Lear adds to the scene in which, awaking beneath the kisses of Cordelia, he endeavours to recognise her, and yet doubts his own sanity in his joy:—

Pray do not mock me :  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Four-score and upward, and to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks, I should know you and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is, and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me  
For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

Here Girardin confesses, "I no longer regret the severe majesty of the grief of Œdipus. Antigone, guiding her blind old father, is the most touching character of the Greek theatre; Cordelia, attending on her deranged parent, and helping him to recover his lost reason,

\* One illustrious exception we must admit—that of Serjeant Talfourd's "*Ion*."



ters near the revolving wheel be caught, the arm may be drawn in and crushed. It is thus with literary fashion. The very lightness of the wings which we spread to a prevailing taste, is what enables it to bear us off our feet. France may affect to hold itself aloof from its literature, and say, "our books are bad, and we like them; but then, don't judge of our lives and sentiments by such a standard. We read them to take warning, not example, from them—to laugh or cry at them, as the case may be, but not to copy them. Still less do the enormities found in them find their origin and counterpart in the realities of our social system—they are the chimeras of genius, deriving their chief attraction from the incongruity of their composition—the shadows of monstrosities, which enlarge in proportion as they are distant from the substance." And in this there may be some show of reason, as there no doubt is sincerity in M. Girardin's adduction of it; but it is not the less to be feared, that even if all be as it is stated up to the present time, the natural course of things will tend to the production of evil fruits from a bad tree—that the dissemination of so much that is pernicious will in some way or other germinate to the surface with an abundance proportional to the vigour of the seed, and a rankness corresponding to its baleful properties—that a nation which vaunts itself sufficiently strong of digestion to swallow what would be held poison by others, may sooner or later feel the deadly venom received into its veins when it is too late for remedy or removal. That it *has* felt it already, is not to be questioned; but we should be sorry to think that there may not still be time for amendment. And it is the belief that there is, which leads us so emphatically to notice and disapprove M. Girardin's explanation and defence on this point—a disapproval which we hazard the more freely, that in his general views, and indeed in almost all his more detailed sentiments and criticisms, he deserves our warmest commendation, and has our hearty

concurrence. And we have a personal interest in the matter—*proximus ardet*. When the gale is blowing over France, we may look to our slates and chimney-tops at home. There is, moreover, this great danger marking the present literary era, that whereas England is singularly deficient in the walks of the imagination, France, as we have already remarked, overflows with ability and power—a power so influential, that under the best of circumstances it must force itself outwards on all sides, even were there a healthier and more vigorous reaction of genius to resist it here than there is.

Hence we say we have a personal interest in the matter: we wish from our hearts to see a healthy, happy, noble, and natural tone taken by the genius of France. It is not want of power, but degeneracy of taste which prevents this. We must not therefore despise the writers of that country because they cannot come up to the true models, but reprove them because they will not. At all events, let them never shelter themselves behind the explanation so ingeniously afforded them by M. Girardin, that as they have drawn upon their fancies only, and not their observation of the social state around them, for their worst models, so they may send forth the materials when worked up, amongst a community too strong in its own discrimination and integrity to be warped by their precepts or poisoned by their profligacy. There is another school in France—a school of high sentiment and thought—of which Lamartine is the most accomplished disciple; so that the nation is not without its light. But it is not in Lamartine, with all his philosophy and poetry and purity, to give a reformed tone to the public taste. A more popular, a rougher, and more masculine genius will be required; and should such be found, we have every hope and belief that the monster-school may, like the night, withdraw its hideous shapes with it, once the light of the Natural and the True shall have diffused itself over the literature of France.

[Those who are interested in the topics which form the subject of this paper, will be glad to be informed, or reminded, that they have an opportunity of hearing them amply and ably discussed by our gifted fellow-countryman, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, who is at this time delivering a series of lectures in Dublin on Dramatic Poetry.]

investigate abuses of which she was formerly content to listen to a garbled version. Outstripping the telegraph, she is on the spot where some evil deed has been done, before even an alarm is sounded. No further pillage in our colonies, no unjust stewards either abroad or at home. The eye of the master glances along the railroad, or the commissioners of our sovereign lady the queen come steaming it into the very heart of the mischief.

No more Alsacias in the world; no obscure nooks or dirty corners. At home they are accessible to penny postage—abroad, to steam.

I am akin, however, to those who would fain that this subjugation of space and time had not occurred during their born days; and I only wish the reader were acquainted with my Uncle Moseley, in order to appreciate the nuisance it must have been to that churlish and ungenial individual, to find Moseley Hall brought within eight hours of the metropolis! My uncle Moseley is the great man of our family; the bachelor elder brother of half a dozen brothers and sisters rash enough to have married, increased, and multiplied, and replenished the earth, with little enough to replenish their own empty pockets. The consequence is, that nobody's five thousand a year was ever thought so much of as Uncle Moseley's—that is, in his own family. In my childhood, I used to hear this invisible uncle talked about among my elder cousins, till his riches assumed a vague and mysterious influence in my imagination. He was as some enchanter of the Arabian Tales, dwelling in an inaccessible cavern in a magic forest, surrounded by heaps of coined and uncoined gold, and caskets of jewels.

As I grew older, and occasionally overheard the complaints of poverty usual in large and necessitous families, accompanied with the invariable commentary of "But Uncle Moseley could make us all comfortable, if he chose!—Uncle Moseley does not spend a fifth part of his income, and might easily assist us without feeling it," my curiosity became more rational, till, by dint of questioning and surmising, I ascertained that this wealthy relative was an elderly squire, with a prodigious rent-roll, residing in the north, at our old family seat of Moseley Hall.

So far for matter of fact. But my fancy was soon set to work again by the descriptions I continued to extract of Moseley Hall. My mother loved, indeed, to talk of this home of her infancy. All the romance of her life was comprised within its venerable walls; and often by firelight, when the day's tasks were done, did she indulge me with an account of the curious old moated manor, with its embayed windows, and battlements, and oaken parlours, and music-gallery, and family pictures, till I pourtrayed it to myself as something between Windsor Castle and Hampton Court, with a little touch of St. James's palace and Bridewell.

Moseley Hall was situated at two days' journey from London in summer, three in winter. But where was the use of measuring its distance from the metropolis, when no one ever progressed between the two? There might have been a great gulph intervening, profound as that which separated Lazarus in glory from Dives in misery—for anything it mattered to the contrary; for Moseley Hall was situated at nine miles' distance from a market town; the market town itself being of so obscure and nerveless an order, that the one coach connecting it with the vitalities of the kingdom lumbered its way only twice a week into the market place! And then the nine miles' cross-road,—partly through lanes, partly through fields, with thirteen gates to open!—My mother declared, that in her girlhood, a journey to the market-town was talked of in the family as now we talk of a trip to the Rhine; and, till the death of my grandfather brought his widow and children to settle in town, she was accustomed to regard the extensive woodlands constituting a great portion of the Moseley estate much as Proserpine may have regarded the manifold redoubts of the Styx, dividing her from the breathing world.

It was, in fact, what the French call a *pays perdu*, like that surrounding La Trappe, or the Boocage of La Vendée, having bad roads, and coppices intersected with what the language of the country graphically term "mires!" But the roads were good enough for the use of timber-trucks and the peasants constituting the sole inhabitants of the district; and, un-

less in very bad winters, the mires were seldom impassable—I was about to write it *unfordable*, for, truth to say, there nature seemed somewhat amphibious.

The rudeness of the environs, however, served only to augment, in my vague ideas, the grandeur of the hall—the ogre's castle—the Suzerain's pleasant city of refuge from the savageness of the nature over which he held undisputed sway. And my notions of its dignity were probably shared by Uncle Moseley, who was never known to quit the place. From the day of his accession to the throne of Moseley land, he had never deserted it. A disappointment in youth (and a disappointment in youth implies, of course, a disappointment in love), had rendered London distasteful to him, so that he had immured himself for life, like the sleeping beauty in the wood. Not that he slept away his time in the old hall. My uncle, it seems, was a scholar, who had bequeathed our family name to the university, and having fortunately been able to bestow the living of Moseley on a college chum, who had shared his college pursuits and college honours, they abided together in that northern desert almost like fellows of a college. The parsonage was an humble, low-browed, wide-hearthed habitation, scarcely two hundred yards distant from the hall-door; and with a mouldy old library of black-letter books for their morning's diversion, and a chess-board at the Hall, and backgammon and cribbage-boards at the parsonage—what could they want more? In their friskier days, they used to go out angling or trolling together, and even of later years, had been known to enjoy a day's fishing in the canal of the old fashioned garden, or even in the moat of the Hall. But their day for field sports was past; their days for *otium cum dignitate* fully come. The old parson contented himself with his privilege of mumbling a couple of score of clodpoles to a comfortable sleep, twice in every Sabbath, and my uncle, who knew that the family coach was rotting in the coach-house, and that his best pair of punchy old greys had died of the asthma, was satisfied to toddle, on every sunny day, along the terrace of Moseley Hall,

which commanded a fine empurpled perspective over a wooded plain, thirty miles in extent; getting an appetite for his dinner, while disputing with his deaf old friend some exploded theory of Aristotelian philosophy.

Such was the man who stood between three scattered but flourishing families of vigorous young Moseleys and five thousand a year! Few of us had ever seen him. Twice only had he visited London in our memory; and on each occasion, (one of these being to consult an aurist for his infirm Pylades,) two days of his week's sojourn were devoted to recovering from the fatigues of so terrible a journey, and two more to preparations for its renewal. He was on what are called "good terms" with his brothers—who were many years younger than himself; but he was never known to draw his purse-strings in their favour, or to answer the letters in which they annually announced to him the sprouting of their olive-branches. On coming to town, he apprised them of his arrival at the same obscure inn in the Adelphi he had frequented while at Oxford; and when they all arrived to visit him, (the married brothers and sisters, and their several progenies,) made all the efforts suggested by old-fashioned politeness to listen to a recapitulation of our names, and ticket them to the heads of each.

It might be my fancy, but it struck me, at both these interviews, that uncle Moseley took quite as much delight in decrying the family seat, as ever my poor mother had taken in exalting it. He spoke of Moseley Hall as damp, dreary, lonely, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow!" For, after all, if he really found cause of discontent in the cawing of the rookery, or the mournful stillness of the surrounding woods, why abide there? The old Croesus might have commanded a snuggerly at Bath, or Brighton, or a mansion in London; and since he preferred banishment to this "Ultima Thule," this obscure stronghold of his forefathers, no need surely to murmur against its desolation? Yet to hear him talk, the bad roads of aforetime must have become ten times worse than ever, and the mires have deepened to morasses; while the gates intervening between the Hall and the market-town, had

manifestly increased and multiplied as largely as the Moseley family. As to the green lanes, I could fancy, from his description, the boughs tangling, and the trees stooping to interlace their branches in order to circumvent the approach of travellers, like those of a fairy tale.

My general impression, in short, was, that the old seat was becoming daily more unapproachable; that the gallery of family pictures, and library of Elzevirs, and gray carp in the moat, might, perhaps, be as fine as ever; but that they were, and must remain, invisible to eyes profane, like those "gems of purest ray serene," said to sparkle in the dark unfathomed caves of ocean, by those who have never been there to see.

Every now and then, indeed, there arrived, (carriage duly paid by uncle Moseley,) from the Hall, hampers of hares, pheasants, and partridges in autumn, wild ducks and bustards in winter; calculated to inspire the jammers of the family with shrewd suspicions that those woods described as dreary, were excellent preserves; and the moorland depicted as barren, a capital lounge for the sportsman. But this only tended to increase our dissatisfactions against our kinsman and his habitation; to which he was so careful not to invite us, out of consideration for the care, cost, and peril of such a journey. For terrible accidents had happened to that very heavy, heavy coach, in the memory of man; and posting was an outlay of ready money only compatible with headship of the Moseley clan!

And so, overmastered by the hopelessness of the case, we gave up troubling our heads about the matter; some of us beginning to regard the family seat as a mere historical legend—an apocryphal mansion—a castle in the air; or rather one of those bubbles of the earth, described by Macbeth. Such of us as had a pleasant lot of it, went on our way rejoicing, and remembered not uncle Moseley, even in our prayers. Such of us as had to wrestle with the bitternesses of life, under articles to attorneys, or beclerked among the grimy smotherations of the city, occasionally wished him in a better place, albeit Moseley Hall was said to be a place so excellent.

My destinies, among the rest, were appointed in a far country. I obtained a mercantile appointment in one of the ports of the Levant; and enchanted with the novelties of an oriental life, and a new aspect of animate and inanimate nature, enjoyed my banishment almost more than it is safe to avow with the charge of ingratitude and heartlessness before one's eyes, in letters home. But though agreeably acclimatized among the palmettos, and having learnt to smoke like a Turk, I was not sorry when, at the end of a few years, a mission from my employers enabled me to revisit home.

I found the black hair of my dear mother of "a sable-silvered." I found the firm arm of my excellent father tremulous from disease; I found the little sisters I had left in pinafores, married, and with infants of their own upon their knees. I found one brother a diplomatised slayer of men, and another a privileged picker of pockets of the Middle Temple. But I found them all, thank God! open-armed to welcome me. The fatted calf was killed in all their houses in succession, so as to produce almost a surfeit of veal.

The only thing that appeared to me perfectly unaccountable among the changes visible in my family, was the audacity with which they all talked of uncle Moseley, and the familiarity they all evinced with Moseley Hall. My brother Bob spoke of having just enjoyed a week's shooting there, as he would have talked, in former days, of making war on the sparrows in Hornsey Wood; and I literally overheard my mother advising my eldest sister to send down to the Hall for change of air, her eldest boy, who was recovering from the hooping cough! Another of my sisters had some fine orange-trees in her balcony, which she coolly informed me were always kept alive for her during the winter, in the old greenhouse at Moseley.

"So you have, at length, scaled the wall, and accomplished your entrance into the enchanted castle!" said I, addressing my sailor brother, the one nearest to myself in age and affections. "But surely you must find it somewhat troublesome and expensive to profit so largely by my uncle's tardy hospitalities?"

"Troublesome? Expensive?"—



such churlish proprietors as uncle Moseley, and where would be the vaunted hospitality of old England? No, no! the old gentleman has been smoked out of a den which he had never the heart to render pleasant or profitable to other people!"

"I shall like to hear what you will say to his grievances while visiting at Moseley Hall!" cried my lawyer brother.

"I shall never visit it! There was a time when I would have given worlds for an invitation, and never received one. Why should I harass the old

man for the sake of seeing it now, in its days of desecration, and stripped of all its colouring of romance?"

"I think I could tempt you to break your resolution," observed my youngest sister. "I can promise you that the old family seat contains a picture connected with a story which——"

But, I forbear. My readers have, probably, heard enough of those family details! I can scarcely expect any, besides myself, to feel interested in the daily disappointment in love, of

UNCLE MOSELEY!

#### "FIXITY OF TENURE" HISTORICALLY AND ECONOMICALLY CONSIDERED.

THE original nature of tenures of land in Europe, has furnished a subject for much discussion. Of the three best-known kinds of tenure, that by conquest, or usurpation, has called forth much obloquy from writers of a certain stamp; but we are not sure, that in times of disturbance and national despondency, this was not even a more legitimate title than the other two.

The grant of the sovereign, whether for services done, or in proof of personal favour, conveyed no guarantee to the dependents on the lord of the manor that he was able to protect them against aggressions. The fact of having purchased or inherited land was liable to be infringed by a daring adversary, and had often to be sustained by wager of battle. If the landlord had won his sway by force of arms, or by superior cunning, he held out some prospect of security to all who chose to settle under him. They might have wished, perhaps, for some stronger guarantee that their investments of capital and labour upon his lands should be inviolate, but in the early ages of our history there was no other. It may, therefore, safely be assumed, that the title of conquest was the best and most legitimate, in the times in which land could be acquired by such means. This is sufficient to make the titles,

afterwards derived from it, whether by purchase or inheritance, good and indefeasible.

The difference in the consideration paid to the owner by the tiller of the land in those parts of Europe where rents prevail, is still very closely measured by the degree of security which the tenant enjoys. Where unfettered exertion, whether of mind or of body, is allowed, there rents are highest. In by far the largest part of our quarter of the globe rents are, however, unknown, because the profits of the peasants, who ought to pay them, are reduced, either by taxation or by personal restrictions, so low as to afford but a bare livelihood. The landlords in Austria, Prussia, and a great part of Germany, having ceased to exercise political influence, and thus to act as protectors to their tenants, the value of land sank so much in consequence that it became almost indifferent in whose name the land was held. We shall recur again to this state of things abroad, and to the advantage that was taken of it by the governments of those countries to introduce a grand modification in the nature of the tenures of land, at different periods. When society has assumed a shape sufficiently settled for capital to accumulate, the land which yielded no rent, because it was poorly cultivated, becomes an object of solicitude. It



is found that well situated tracts can be more economically cultivated by the aid of capital than land distant from a centre of consumption can be brought to produce. The accumulation of population, by increasing the demand, causes this difference to appear striking, and under the influence of peace and confidence, the numerous causes of the varying value of land grow perceptible. To the land and labour, therefore, (the original capital of every country,) a third element thus becomes superadded, in the shape of accumulations of stock, buildings, or transferable commodities, which did not exist before. Such land as affords opportunities for using this accumulation of course rises in demand, and a rent is paid for the use of it out of the accumulation.

In the primitive state of society, therefore, we find much land which is of no value, because no use is made of it, even if it be nominally appropriated. Of such there is this moment abundance in the wastes of North and South America, in the Siberian and Tartarian plains, and probably in central Africa. When a conqueror induces men to settle under him for protection, he can, in the first instance, levy no tribute but their personal services. His subjects are his soldiers, his servants, or his husbandmen. A large portion of Europe is still in this very state. Under effective protection, *and only under such*, is accumulation possible, and the landlord, who before had a title from his power, that must be valid in law, now requires one that is good in an economical point of view.

The landlord thus becomes a capitalist. But, like the monied capitalist or owner of accumulated stock, he only furnishes the means of industry to his tenant. Thus, on the manner in which he has fulfilled his duties as landlord, the rise of two other kinds of property depends; without a secure title to land, neither capital nor labour find remunerative employment. The return for his investment, although influenced by the improvement or deterioration of the condition of his land, is not measured by the fluctuation of prices, any more than the interest drawn by the fundholder, or manufacturer, from their monied investments. Land is usually perma-

nently bettered by repeated investments of capital, which the landlord either advances or is ultimately made to refund. No tenant builds houses or offices, or makes any considerable outlay, without an understanding that he is to be indemnified, either by the valuations when he leaves the ground, or by an allowance in the rent while he is in possession. The exceptions to this rule are neither so frequent nor so important as the chances of war and peace, which influence the value of the public funds, and are at all times less significant than the unexpected improvements in manufactures which affect the value of money embarked in factory speculations.

There is, therefore, no incongruity in classing landlords with monied capitalists, and in declaring rent to be regulated, (where industry is on a sound footing,) by the rate of interest which monied capital commands. If rents much exceed the ordinary rate of interest, capitalists hold out inducements to landlords to sell their property. If trade is brisk, and money in demand, the profits of all parties are good; and landlords, who have farms to let, find that they can derive advantage from the same circumstances that procure to other capitalists an increased return for their investments. Much confusion commonly arises from the want of a due distinction between the estimate of capital and of income. The landlord's return from the land being thus fixed by a standard extraneous to the price of produce, is of course greatest when the amount of capital invested is smallest. Thus, land bought at twenty years' purchase is more valuable to the landlord than such as he pays twenty-four years' purchase for. The rise in the interest of money, from four to five per cent, places the purchaser of land, at twenty-four years' purchase, in the position of one who bought at twenty years' purchase, and raises his income in that proportion. But because the capital value of the land, under such circumstances, will not be more than the original purchase-money, land is commonly thought *not* to have increased in value by the change. Such an improvement of rental as is here described, cannot easily be obtained without an improvement in trade generally; and as this

often induces persons to sell land, in order to embark their capital elsewhere, it frequently happens that the market is overstocked with saleable property, and that a rise in the return to the landlord is accompanied by a depreciation in the capital sum for which the land can be sold. But such a depreciation can only be temporary in its nature, for the ultimate effect of any stimulus to trade is, to cause a demand for land for building, for roads, for canals, and other purposes, by which use of it the capital value of land is permanently raised.

The increased value, both of the capital and income of the landlord, derived from the general prosperity of the country, in the manner we have described, differs from the prospect held out to landowners by Mr. Ricardo, and the political economists of the school that has been called after him. Mr. Ricardo supposes that a nation depends for food upon a given extent of soil, which grows less and less able to meet the demands upon it, in proportion as the population of the country, and with it the demand for food, increases. As it is evident that, ultimately, by this process, there must be a limit, beyond which food cannot be provided, this mode of accounting for a rise in the value of land made it imperative to impose checks upon population, and thus Mr. Malthus's theory originated.

But the source of prosperity which is opened to the landlord by the general improvement in the return afforded by the national industry, involves no limit to the population. Instead of looking to the growth of food only as the source of rent, the landowner is taught by it to anticipate and to seek to promote an extension of cities, of roads, and other means of communication — of improved modes of diffusing intelligence — of sound principles of government, and of all that conduces to promote the success of every other class of citizens, as well as his own. Thus, a clear view of the landlord's true position is of the greatest possible importance; as it reconciles his interest with those of all other classes, and makes him their natural guide and protector.

Let us now consider the position of the tenant. If the landlord ranks with the capitalist, the tenant farmer

resembles the tradesman. His profits, besides repaying the interest on whatever money investment he has made in stock, must also afford him a salary for his daily labour, whether of the head or of the hand. The tenant's return from the land is, therefore, estimated by a different standard from that by which the rise and fall of rent is measured. It depends upon the rate of profit drawn from trade generally, but especially upon the demand for labour. When trade is brisk and labour in demand, (whether of the head or of the hand,) there is a disposition created in agriculturists to migrate into towns, and tenants come into demand. But the number, in such cases, being few, the profit they can make is divided amongst them in larger shares, and they can afford to pay better rents than when they were more numerous. That this process has been going on during the present century in England is notorious, and it satisfactorily accounts for the constant growth of prosperity in that country.

An estimate, attributed to Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, states the proportions between the agricultural and the other classes of the population of Great Britain to have been modified considerably within the last thirty years. There were:—

$$\text{In } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1811, 25 \\ 1821, 23 \\ 1831, 20 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{families employ-} \\ \text{ed in agricul-} \\ \text{ture, and} \end{array} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} 65 \\ 67 \\ 72 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{otherwise em-} \\ \text{ployed.} \end{array}$$

In 1841, the proportions are supposed to have been, twenty-five agricultural families, to seventy-five otherwise employed. By means of thus diminishing the number of persons cultivating the soil, not only is the labour of those eliminated from agriculture saved in the division of profits, but if this labour be productively employed elsewhere, it adds to the positive amount of the riches of the country. Under these circumstances alone, was it practicable for rents to rise in the manner they are known to have risen since the peace, notwithstanding the generally moderate prices of produce; that is to say, it was only practicable in the way in which rents have risen in England, without creating dissatisfaction amongst the tenants.

It is clearly more to the advantage of the tenant that his prosperity is

one occupation for another, when a pressure is felt, is the result of the practical knowledge that is disseminated systematically, and at little cost. Notwithstanding the pressure of a very heavy land tax, the profits of farmers in both Holland and Belgium are considerable, and must be chiefly ascribed to the mode thus adopted of preventing competition from running to a ruinous extent.

The third country in which rents prevail generally is very differently circumstanced from the other two—we mean Italy, and especially the northern portion of that peninsula.

In Lombardy, where the most refined agricultural system prevails, that can be found in any part of the globe, the Austrian commercial policy is repressive of trade. Manufactures, although carried on, are not profitable, for coals do not abound. The agricultural population was, as history tells us, thrown upon its own resources as early as the sixteenth century, when Charles V. incorporated the Milanese into the Austrian empire.

But, at a much earlier period, the inhabitants had turned their attention to the advantages which a scientific system of irrigation and draining promised, with the aid of their climate, to afford. The great fall of rain, in addition to the number of the streams descending from the Alps, would reduce the flat country between Milan and the Po to the condition of a boundless swamp, if the flow of the water were not regulated. The first canal, "*Naviglio grande*," was constructed in the twelfth century, upon a plan that excites astonishment, when we consider the epoch. Its level was kept high, so as to command the surrounding country—and while it conveyed the produce to distant markets, it gave fertility to the fields which it traversed. Sluices are cut along the sides at frequent intervals, whence water for irrigation is supplied—that, after passing over a succession of meadows, is drained into the lower beds of the streams. The laying down of a farm, where such a means of increment was at the disposal of the farmer, soon became a matter of careful solicitude, and even now, without the aid of an "*Ingegnere*," no one ventures to make any change in the level of the surface.

Under an Italian sun, this supply of

water produces wonderfully abundant crops. Four, five, and sometimes seven times in the year, the rich meadows are mown, on which the Parmesan cheese is made. This cheese is made of skimmed milk, the cream being previously taken off for butter—and yet it is the cheese by far the most prized, in every part of Europe, that is brought to market. In London, it sells dearer than either the Cheshire or Stilton cheeses.

Cheese, silk, wine, rice, all exportable commodities, are the favourite productions of the Lombard agriculturists. The large profits obtained from agriculture, not being aided by a corresponding development of trade, have occasioned a very minute subdivision of the land, which the law of inheritance in Italy favours—the landed property of every person dying being divided in equal shares amongst the children. Rents are high, consisting usually in one half of the nett produce, after expenses are deducted, where the stock and farming utensils are bought by the tenant. One half of the gross produce is paid, if they are furnished by the landlord. As the crops, in so fine a soil, and under so genial a climate, are valuable—the actual amount received by the landlord is, perhaps, the largest in Europe. But his position is a most uncomfortable one.

With the growth of population, the constant subdivision of the land reduces the revenues of families at a rapid rate, without affording any relief to the farmer, in whose class the number of candidates is also continually increasing in a similar proportion. The trammels upon trade, which consist in export duties on produce, and prohibitory duties on foreign manufactures, as well as the police restrictions upon the migration of the rural population into towns, shut the agriculturists up in this narrow circle. While, therefore, rents are growing oppressive, there is no augmentation of the real wealth of the country. There is no drain from the country to relieve the rural industrious population. It is evident that such a system cannot safely be persevered in long; and that a relaxation of the Austrian fiscal and police regulations must take place, or that violent commotions will be unavoidable.

sections of our quarter of the globe. It is difficult, with this evidence, to doubt that the growth of rent, as a mode of acquiring possession of land, accompanies the increase of population in a country. That the payment of rent does not diminish the wealth of a nation, is indirectly proved by its occurrence in the richest countries. If rents were oppressive in their nature the resources of a rich country ought to enable the inhabitants to emancipate themselves from the burthen. If rents were repressive of production in their operation they could, for that reason alone, scarcely be tolerated in densely-peopled countries. It is remarkable, that in Italy rents are considered to be a subject of legitimate complaint. There, as in Ireland, the peasant finds it difficult to meet the various demands upon him, which although only in part made in money, it is not always even possible to meet on an emergency by the holder of produce. Although this affords a palpable and useful illustration of the difficulty that everywhere meets us, when the value of all articles has to be represented by any one that may be selected; yet the root of the evil in this instance evidently lies, in Italy as in Ireland, in the want of a means of carrying off the superfluous labour from the land, by inducements held out to resort to other occupations. In England, Holland, and Belgium, where trade and manufactures afford the required relief, the same oppression is not experienced, although the principle of money payments is adhered to.

The substitution of produce for money rents, which prevails to a great extent in Italy, does not appear to alleviate the difficulty to the tenant. M. Burger's work, which we have quoted, is full of complaints respecting the oppression of rents, which he looks upon with the eye of a German. Now, if the position of the landlord towards the farmer is similar to that of the capitalist towards the tradesman who uses his money, it must be evident that rent is a portion of the produce of the soil, which repays in a less remunerating manner, the capitalist's advance, than the profit on the remainder repays the skill and time of the farmer. Where the numbers of the cultivators do not increase, their remuneration is tolerably constant, or only varies in proportion to any in-

creased skill they may apply: where they decrease, the profits accruing to each being augmented, it is probable that higher rents will be the result. But scarcely any course of improvement in chemical or mechanical science applied to agriculture will keep pace with the growth of population.

The number of families employed in agriculture in Great Britain (exclusive of Ireland) was in 1831, 961,134; in 1841, if no relief had been possible, there would have been 96,113 families more to support from the same fund, whereas if those new-comers—who, as we have seen, were drafted off into manufactures and trade as fast as they came—produced anything besides corn that would pay for their food, they must have been a welcome addition to the farmers' customers. The absorption of the rent paid by the farmer would clearly not long suffice to keep profits stationary, as rents now form a much smaller sum than the aggregate of profits. Such a measure would be tantamount to an appropriation on the part of unsuccessful tradesmen of the money lent to them by capitalists. Credit would be destroyed by such a measure, but it would only yield a small fund to meet the imperative demand of a growing population.

But we stated, that Mr. Burger, in speaking of rents in Italy, looked at them from the German point of view. This expression demands explanation; and in order to make it intelligible we must turn to those parts of Europe where rents form the exception and not the rule. We may glean some valuable experience from the history of the northern and central European states.

In the countries lying to the northward of the Alps an unsettled and insecure state prevailed long after society had assumed a consistent form in Italy. During the tenth century, the ravages of the Normans on the French and Belgic coasts, as well as in England, and the incursions of the Magyars, or modern Huns, into Germany, kept the peaceful inhabitants of the open country, as well as the citizens of towns, in constant alarm. The cruelties perpetrated by these rapacious marauders gave a character of permanence to the military forms of holding land, which was derived from the original conquests of the Teutonic and Sla-

as would enable him to pay the land tax. Under this arrangement the peasant's indefeasible property in his holding was acknowledged by law, and his usurpation legalized. Maria Theresa gave the German peasantry "fixity of tenure."

Her successor, Joseph II., who ascended the throne with more real power than any ruler in Europe had for ages possessed, wasted his time in incoherent projects of reform, and his resources in a useless and unsuccessful contest with the Turks. Financial pressure drove him also to financial reform. The state of industry had been in no way improved in Germany in the interval, and the land was once more looked to as the only resource of an exhausted treasury. A fresh interference between landlord and tenant took place; the services were again modified, and the land tax was raised and made more stringent. The suppression of the monasteries covered this dangerous interference with private property with an halo of popularity.

If we ask what the German peasantry had to gain by those changes, it clearly resolves itself into the chance that a commutation of a part of the services paid in labour into money payments made to the crown might be advantageous to them. This could only be the case in trading districts, where the redemption of the services would soon have become easy and inevitable, without any interference. In full as many cases the change was most inconvenient to men who could not readily dispose of their produce. But there was another side to the tenures, where they involved serfage on the part of the peasants, the abolition of which was a prudent as well as a popular measure, and was soon found to be as beneficial to the landlords as it was to the tenants.

Under Francis II., after the Congress of Vienna, the land tax was again revised, and the emperor having no boon of free land to offer, the measure was a purely financial one. The addition made to the tax involved, this time, no interference with contracts, and a heavy charge was willingly submitted to, because it did not assert a principle destructive of the right of property. It was not remarked even on this occasion that the retention of the whole population of a country in the condition of agrarian labourers,

prevents the accumulation of wealth, and the laws restricting the migration of labourers into towns, and the prohibitive duties that restricted trade, were adopted without any suspicion as to their probable results, both for the revenue and the landed interests.

The Prussians had been less prudent in their proceedings. After the prostration of the Prussian power at Jena, a number of speculative characters set to work to regenerate what they considered an exhausted nation. The land, the great goal of all political adventurers, was the first object of the care of the reformers. The property in the soil had passed, as has been described, to the cultivators, and had been acknowledged to be theirs in the course of the preceding century. There remained, therefore, but the services due to the original lords, with which any one could interfere.

By a series of decrees, commencing in 1806, the commutation of these services for a surrender of land to the lord, was declared permissible for the tenant, and obligatory on the landlord, if demanded. Thus less land would remain to the peasant, and more would fall to the landlord, but without the labour requisite to till it. On the other hand, the peasant had nothing to employ the labour which was thus released. Here, as in Austria, the redemption of the services was eagerly adopted in trading districts, that offered employment or a ready sale for produce. But in a great portion of the kingdom these decrees have never been carried out, because the interests of both parties were infringed by them. This is declared emphatically by M. K. F. Eichhorn, the highest law authority in Prussia, in his excellent history of the Germanic State and of its laws, and accompanied with the pregnant remark that by allowing every facility to individuals to consult their true interests on this point, more progress would have been made towards an equitable adjustment than was practicable under the guidance of arbitrary legislation.

All who are acquainted with the history of these transactions must have been surprised at the praise which a recent Scottish tourist has bestowed upon them, and at the manner in which his account of them was used by some to lead the uninformed to suppose that these measures had been beneficial to



holding to the greatest advantage. As in a crowded street, if attention is called to any particular object, all eyes are turned in one direction, and every thing besides is overlooked, thus is it possible to fix the attention of a nation on a single subject, and to divert it from others that seem better entitled to regard.

We have shown that the landlord stands to his tenant in the same relation that the monied capitalist does to the tradesman or the merchant. The capital the landlord advances is not so well requited as the trouble of the farmer; and many a man is able to raise money enough to stock a farm, on which he lives well, but which he never could have purchased. The aggregate profits from a large area of land economically tilled is in proportion greater than it would be from a small extent of land. The obliging the tenant to purchase the fee simple of an estate forces him to employ one portion of his capital at the return which the interest of money fixes, and only one portion at the scale fixed by the current profits on trade. Had he allowed some one else to hold the fee of the land, all his capital would bring in a profit return. *For this reason, if the fee of the land was given to the tenants in Ireland as a present, they would immediately look round for landlords to release that portion of their capital, which they could better employ in stock and improvements.* Any attempts to possess themselves of this distinct property, which under no circumstances can be mixed up with their own, would be downright robbery, and would afford them no lasting relief.

The facts that we have put forward respecting the history of landed tenures in other countries, are open to the test of inquiry; and much good will assuredly result from a candid investigation of the circumstances. Under the influence of the views which we have described, and which favour subdivision of the land, we find that France some years back had 841,031 proprietors whose estates averaged 311 acres, 344,069 proprietors whose lands averaged 80 acres, and 4,864,733 proprietors of less than 20 acres. Of this last class M. Lullin de Chateauvieux counts that 1,243,000 own less than 5 acres. In parts of Germany attention is now turning to the disadvantage attending such small lots of land. We are told of a change that

was recently effected at the village of Wablingen, in the Palatinate, in which 277 holdings were reduced to 65. A village named Niederdieten, in the electorate of Hesse, had 3,317 allotments on 147 ~~acres~~ which consequently averaged about one fortieth of an acre each. Now, unless it can be proved that in agriculture, unlike any other branch of industry, there is an advantage in small, and no economy in large establishments, it must be acknowledged that, for any other purpose but gardening, five acres are too little to occupy a family advantageously, and that consequently a still greater subdivision is a waste of power.

There is, moreover, no means of providing for the demand for labour, for manufactures and the arts, or literature, if the necessity of a constant augmentation of agricultural labourers is assumed. If the substitution of mechanical and chemical power be looked forward to in agriculture as in other branches of industry to release hand labour that will have to seek occupation elsewhere, the problem presents no difficulty.

The attempt to agitate for an improved arrangement of industry that may benefit Ireland, is consequently a false speculation. In economical, as in all other speculations, truth is sure to be found on the side of morality and order, although to the impatient it may be difficult to detect. Neither monied capital nor credit can accumulate in a country that is exposed to constant agitations. Without capital and credit neither manufactures nor trade can flourish; there can therefore be no drain of labour from the pursuit of agriculture while agitation is able to defy the law. Tranquillity, good means of education, and rapid and cheap internal communications, would soon raise Ireland out of her present disconsolate state to that of a pattern for the rest of Europe. The soil is as rich and her climate as favourable for agriculture as those of any of the countries we have named. The acknowledged quickness of perception which is a characteristic of Irishmen, fits them peculiarly for arts requiring ingenuity and skill. This hitherto dormant capital, if drawn forth, would, we venture to prophesy, prove a richer and more lasting fund of wealth than any interference with private contracts is likely to afford.



most fortunate did I think myself, with the key safe in my pocket, while travellers came pouring in on all sides during the evening, clamouring for accommodations. At last, at a very late hour, when we were all at supper, in came three ladies—two pretty French girls, with a mother nearly as blooming and young-looking as themselves. Every room was taken by this time, and there was no place for them to spend the night in but the table-d'hôte room, where groups of men were singing, smoking, and drinking, in various directions. I, of course, in gallantry bound, immediately surrendered my apartment to the distressed ladies. How they all managed to stow themselves in such a bit of a place, I am at a loss to imagine. When the noise subsided a little, some of the men, without beds, like myself, began to make preparations for passing the night round the stove. I was about to follow their example, when the landlord came to inform me that a traveller, whom he expected, had not arrived, and that I might occupy his room if I pleased. I did not require much pressing, as you may judge, and was soon installed in a small apartment, containing two beds. In one of these a man was snoring away most comfortably. I took possession of the other, with a prospect of some hours' rest before the horn should sound, which, I learned, was the signal of reveillé in the morning. But vain are the hopes of man. No sooner did I attempt to stretch myself on my couch, than my feet came in sudden contact with the foot-board, while my head was forced up violently against the opposite extremity of the bed. The clothes were so narrow, that when they were drawn over one side of the person, the other half remained exposed; and besides their scanty dimensions, they were so few and so thin, that the sharp air pierced through them. You have no idea how intensely cold the nights are in that elevated region. Well; I covered myself up as well as I could, with my own clothes, and though cramped and shivering, weariness prevailed, and I began to forget my miseries in sleep. It was a short-lived happiness. A dog commenced barking immediately underneath the window, loud enough to shake the wooden walls of the little

inn. The occupant of the other bed jumped up in a fright, and ran to the casement, thinking the sun was rising. It was still pitch dark, and not a soul seemed stirring; but our tormentor kept on barking away with unabated perseverance. I never met such an animal. At last I got so thoroughly out of patience, that I could remain no longer doubled up in my short bed. I rose and dressed myself, and groping my way down stairs, waited below until the household were on foot. "Therefore," added the tall Englishman, winding up the history of his adventures, "let none delude themselves with the idea of sleeping at the top of the Righi;—they may pass the night there, but sleep is out of the question."

"Well," said one of the guests, "I do not pity any one who, after all their privations, is rewarded at last by a clear sky and a fine sun-rise. Half the people who ascend the Righi have neither one nor the other. A rainy, drizzling morning, or else thick mist, is generally what they have for their pains and early rising. Even those who start with the fairest prospects, often leave all the fine weather and sunshine behind them, and find a grievous change as they ascend into the regions above."

These were sad prognostications for us. Most of the company at the table-d'hôte had misadventures to enumerate; and though a few spoke of splendid views, sun-rises, and sun-sets, the majority had been unfortunate in their expeditions.

How often we find this the case!—Whether it is that our disappointments make a deeper and more lasting impression upon the mind than our enjoyments, or that hope and fancy always paint brighter pictures than are destined to be realized, or that there is something in our nature that prompts us to dwell more on the dark than the sunny side of existence—to forget the smile, while we recall the tear—I know not; but so it is, we hear many more complaints than gratulations in this world of ours.

When we set out next morning, after an early breakfast, every thing promised a successful expedition. There was not a cloud in the blue sky, or a ruffle on the surface of the lovely lake. Beautiful Lucerne!—what

to catch or molest them. One would think they knew that that lazy hot hour of the day was a favourable moment to present themselves, from the numbers that then came floating in the deep water beneath our windows, in expectation of the usual supply of crusts. Those at a distance, too, seemed to guess at what was going forward; for no sooner had the feast begun, than far off, across the lake, tiny black spots might be seen in all directions, skimming swiftly along, and increasing gradually as they approached, into the plump, round forms of our glossy favourites. How eager was the strife when a larger crust than usual happened to be thrown out!—how amusing the contrast between the light, active movements of the compact little divers, and those of two or three fat, lumbering, tame ducks, and a heavy, sleepy-looking goose, the tenants of a pen belonging to our hotel, who, tempted by the shower of bread, would sometimes set sail and enter the lists with their lively competitors. Now and then a fragment would escape the notice of the birds, and then how eagerly it was seized and dragged down under the water, by myriads of fishes of every size, that rose to the surface, always on the watch to secure what they could save from the sharp eyes of their powerful rivals. How pretty it was to see the active little divers suddenly throw themselves forward, and plunge down to the bottom of the lake; and then to watch their rapid ascent again, through the perfectly transparent water; the outstretched neck, elongated body, and quickly moving feet, as they shot up in a slanting position, like flying through crystal, their track marked by a line of silvery bubbles, and bearing, in their yellow bills, a bunch of grass, which was often seized by the others before they had well emerged on the surface.

But I am forgetting, all this while, our expedition up the Righi.

We had, as I said before, a charming morning; nothing could be more enchanting than our row across the lake, the secrets of whose depths were clearly visible through the transparent waters. Every rock and weedy stone—the long wreaths of sea-grass floating at the bottom—the gambols of

thousands of water insects, and fishes darting about, now rising and now sinking in merry shoals. One end of the awning that protected us from the sun-beams, was raised so as to enable us to enjoy the lovely view; the amphitheatre of Alps, the varied and smiling shores, with all their graceful indentations, Lucerne and its many towers, and the glorious Mount Pilate wearing that garb of beauty under which alone it lives in our recollections. Less fortunate travellers speak of its stern, gloomy aspect; and indeed the general character of the mountain is that of a bare and savage region, wrapped in sullen clouds; but no frown dimmed its “azure brow” while we sojourned in its vicinity.

We were almost sorry when our delightful trajet across the lake was over, and we approached Weggis, the little village from whence we were to begin our ascent. Our boat touched the shore, and we were hardly landed, when waiters, napkin in hand, guides, *chaises-à-porteur*-bearers, and all the idle groups usually found basking in the sun round a ~~village inn~~, collected about us from the Weggis hostelry, the Lion, which stands most conveniently near the water’s edge.

Our inquiry as to whether we could obtain horses being satisfactorily replied to, we strolled about while the steeds were getting ready. Time never hangs heavily in a Swiss village. The sight of the *chaises-à-porteur*, these comfortable easy-chair inventions for getting up mountains, reminded me of our luxurious ascent in one of them to the summit of the great and lesser Winterberg, in the beautiful Saxony Switzerland, near Dresden. The porters, seeing me now look towards them, with an interest inspired by the association of “departed joys,” thought it a favourable moment to recommend their conveyances.

“Ah! if the ladies would only try a chaise—so much pleasanter than riding on horseback—so much cooler that hot day. And then safe, too; the ascent was very steep, so rugged and difficult in some places; and those beasts were never sure-footed—accidents were continually happening. The horses too were so long in getting ready, and time was precious; a great many parties had already gone up the mountain, all the beds would be en-

gaged—no room would be left. In short, there was not a moment to be lost, and here were the *chaises-à-porteurs*, all ready to step into, and two men to each, whereas the horses had only one guide, and the charges just the same, not a franc difference."

The eloquent arguments of the poor "porteurs," though enforced by most persuasive looks and gestures, were of no avail; and the appearance of the horses and their guides put an end to all efforts to tempt us to adopt their mode of conveyance. The steed that fell to my lot, a shaggy, clumsy, patient-looking animal, was pronounced to be the stoutest of the cavalcade, and therefore a carpet-bag and some cloaks were by common consent adjudged to him in addition to my weight, and strapped up behind. The owner, a young mountaineer, with a fresh-coloured boyish countenance, and a pair of intelligent black eyes, acted as guide, and led the way, while the gentlemen of the party, armed with stout sticks pointed with iron, proceeded on foot.

The path wound along the outside of the mountain, occasionally under trees, which afforded a grateful shade; now and then emerging into open spots, where the beauty of the view amply compensated for the burning sun. Those sudden peeps of the blue lake and lovely landscape outspread at our feet, had an enchanting effect, and produced frequent bursts of delightful exclamation from our party. The guides enjoyed our enthusiasm, and the poor horses were certainly not the least pleased of the group. They well knew the established places where their legs got a rest while the eyes of their riders were employed upon the prospect, and we soon began to know when we might look out for a view by the quickened pace of the poor animal, as he approached the spot where he always halted of himself, without word or sign.

The trees began to be "few and far between," as we ascended higher; and soon a tall bank or projecting mass of rock, flinging its welcome shadow across the path, supplied the place of our leafy screens. We were enjoying the cool shade, and breathing our horses under one of those overhanging rocks, when we saw a little boy, of about eleven years old, descending

rapidly the winding path before us. He came bounding along, assisted by an alpen-stock much taller than himself. A turn in the descent, which brought our party in view, caused him to quicken his pace, and flying towards us with a cry of delight, he threw himself into the arms of the man who was guiding my sister's horse. The recognition on both sides was a most joyful one; I thought they would have never done embracing. At last, the man came forward, leading the little fellow by the hand, and gazing with intense affection and pride at his sun-burnt face.

"This is my son," said he. He looked more like the child's grandfather, with his thin worn shrivelled countenance, and the scanty grey hair scattered over his head. The only symptom of youth about him was the fire of a most intelligent eye. By the account he gave of himself, he must have been possessed of a very energetic disposition.

"Finding," said he, "that travellers generally do not understand our language, I determined to try and teach myself French. My old wife laughed at the grey-haired school-boy, but I did not mind. I went to Lucerne, got a couple of books, and set so hard to work, that in one winter, by dint of studying every night after the day's labour was over, I learned enough to take the travellers up the mountain with, and answer all their questions. I get more drink-money in consequence than all the other guides, and the old wife laughs no longer at the grey-head school-boy, when he carries home the *batzen* to her."

There was something very moving in the pride with which the poor fellow brought forward the fine boy who had sprung to his neck so joyously a few moments before.

"He, too, is a guide," he said. "Yes, already, though so young, he goes up the mountain often. The gentlemen like him, he is so lively and alert; like a young chamois. And they reward him well too. Here, Pierre, let us see what you have in your purse, taking back to your mother. *Hew!* what a treasure!" he exclaimed, as the little boy displayed, with the greatest delight, a small leather bag full of *batzen*. "Hasten down with it, my child. He

has been away from us these three days," said the father turning to us. "We cannot keep him at home, he is so proud of going up the mountain and earning money, as if the miserable coin would atone to his poor mother and me for all the uneasy hours we have when he is away. *Mais que voulez vous?*"

My guide, I observed, had looked on very jealously at this little scene. He evidently did not enjoy the child's being the hero of the hour, and engrossing so much attention.

"Ah," he whispered, plucking gently at my rein, "Ah! Fraulein, if you could only see mine."

"Your what?" I asked.

"My sons—my children. I have six, so pretty. All down there at Weggis. Ah, if you saw them!" and he smacked his lips, and snapped his fingers two or three times most triumphantly.

I looked with astonishment at his boyish appearance, and really thought I had misunderstood him. He did not speak French, like his comrade, and his *patois* German was far from intelligible. Six children! there surely must be some mistake.

He saw my surprised and puzzled look.

"Ya, ya," he continued; "six, Fraulein, six—boys and girls." And he held up his six fingers, and flourished them in the air. "A good little wife too, who would not laugh at me, I promise you, for any thing; not even for learning French with a grey head. Not she. We were just thirty-three years, the two of our ages together, the day we were married—she was entering fifteen. Ya, ya, I have fine sons too, though they don't go up the mountain yet."

The interest this piece of information excited among us, who had before regarded this worthy *père de famille* as a mere youth, seemed a great consolation to his parental vanity. As we proceeded, he returned to the subject, and gave me the history of his rustic courtship of his pretty Roehen; of his happiness with her in their little cottage by the lake, with numberless anecdotes illustrative of the qualities of their blooming flock of boys and girls.

Our next halt was at a little chapel, called the Heiligenkreutz, or Holy-

cross. A most welcome one it was, for the heat of the sun was by this time intense, and our pedestrians were panting for a moment's shade. Here they found, to their great delight, one of those pure sweet fountains which abound in lovely Switzerland. The cool stream overflowed its rustic reservoir, a large hollowed trunk of a tree placed horizontally, and trickled along under some moss

—whose livelier green  
Betrayed the secret of its silent course.

Our thirsty climbers were about to indulge in copious libations, when the guides warned them to be content with plunging their hands and faces into the tempting element. A little old man, whose shape was something between a square and a circle, issued forth from a sort of hermitage behind the chapel. One of his legs was much shorter than the other, which gave a curious rolling effect to his gait. He carried a large bottle in his hand, which he laid down on the stone seat outside the chapel, together with a glass that he took from his pocket. There was a particular twinkle in his eye as he glanced at the Kirchenwasser, and a rosy hue on his jolly Bar-  
dolphian nose, which plainly showed, that this recluse of the Alps was not addicted to quite the same simple fare as Goldsmith's gentle hermit of the dale, who made

"He drink the silvery spring."

He seemed to have a great contempt for the sparkling element that flowed into the fountain, and was so warmly seconded by the guides in urging the prudence of correcting its effects by the admixture of his Kirchenwasser, that he obtained some customers among the gentlemen of our party.

Whether it was owing to the cool shade, the cold water, or the exhilarating Kirchenwasser, I know not, but all started with renewed energy and spirits up the ascent which wound along before us in zigzag lines one above the other. Shortly after passing the little chapel of Heiligenkreutz, we came upon a very interesting sight; a flock of beautiful goats, with their guide, a sturdy young mountaineer. The proud and graceful step of these fine animals, most of which were beautifully marked, their various and

to turn round towards us one of the most laughing, good-humoured faces I ever saw. He pushed away the clusters of fair hair that curled round it, shading a pair of roguish blue eyes; and slackening his pace, fell back with our party.

"A holtz-mann—a cutter of wood," said my guide, in reply to an inquiry as to our new companion. "He carves those pretty toys which are so great a trade in our mountains, and is now returning from Goldau, where he has been down to buy wood. Those two logs slung at his back in the handkerchief will be worth something, I warrant, under his knife. If you could see all the things he will cut them up into!"

"He seems a prosperous man, to judge from his light-heartedness," I said, as peal after peal of merry laughter rang from the place where our good-humoured wood-carver was walking up the path. His glee seemed so abounding that it required very little to call it forth, at least I could discover no cause for the merriment.

"What is the joke?" I asked, as a few minutes after the laughter of our companion burst out afresh, and his shoulders were again in motion—"What can he be so amused about?"

"Nothing at all, I dare say," said my guide; "but he was married last week, and he can't keep down his spirits. It was just the same way with me, Fraulein, when I first got Roschen."

We were now rapidly approaching the summit, and our steeds began to prick up their ears and to quicken their pace. Mine, during the ascent, always persisted in keeping quite close to the edge in precipitous places, how rugged soever the path—which was far from comfortable. He was so old and experienced a personage, however, and so infinitely better acquainted with mountain climbing than myself, that it would have been presumptuous to interfere with his movements. I therefore did not venture upon such a liberty as a hint with the rein that the mountain side of the path would be more agreeable than that next the precipice, and so he jugged on his own way.

"Here we are at the Staffel-haus, half an hour from the Culm!" exclaimed the guide, as we came in front

of a little inn of very humble appearance. I suppose I did not look very admiringly at it, for he added, "Ya, ya, it is a rude place; but for all that we may be glad enough to come back to it, by-and-by, if we find all the beds engaged at the top. Travellers are often right happy to get shelter here; though they must be up half an hour earlier in the morning, to reach the Culm before sun-rise.—Ah! Fritz, there you are!"

Fritz was a little hump-backed man, who came forward with a tray of carved curiosities for sale: wooden spoons, forks, paper-cutters, cigar-boxes, and a variety of other articles, all bearing the words "ATG-CULM" inscribed on them. The pride of his collection was a nut-cracker, made in the shape of a squirrel breaking nuts, very tolerably executed; and this he seemed to hold in the highest estimation. He carried the *chef-d'œuvre* aloft in his hand, turning it round and round, and gazing at it with looks of parental delight. Poor Fritz, doubtless, imagined when he displayed before our admiring eyes this his crowning piece of handy-work, that we should never be able to resist the temptation. But I fear our zeal for the fine arts was doomed just then to give way before the ignobler object of looking after night quarters—a care not diminished by the sight of the Staffel-haus, and our guide's last hint. We pushed on, leaving behind the squirrel, and soon reached the summit of the Rigi.

It was impossible not to pause for a moment, to gaze round upon the splendid panorama that now met our view, and rendered us unmindful of the presence of the landlord of the little inn, who came forward to welcome us, napkin in hand. Not the proprietor of one of those hotel-palaces on the Rhine, could have done the honours with more pomp and flourish, than did he those of his humble house of entertainment. It was a mere chalet, low and clumsily built; stability against the mountain storms, and not grace, being the object of the architect. The low, flat edifice was not on the very highest point of the mountain, but lay in a little hollow a few yards below the culm, or top, as if crouching for shelter. Two or three paces in front of it was a stable, to

centre, surrounded by their friends, walked the youthful bridegroom and his blushing bride, the prettiest girl in the village. They had been attached since childhood, and every one sympathized in their happiness. The young man carried in his hand the "bouquet de mariage."

About half-way down the street lived an old dame, the village schoolmistress, who had instructed the pretty Katchen in her childhood, but was too infirm to join the wedding train. When they reached her door, the young bride disengaged her arm from that of her companion, and whispering him that she would be back in a moment, ran into the house to embrace her old preceptress.

During that moment the catastrophe took place! The ground suddenly gave way beneath the feet of the bridal party; clouds of dust darkened the air; a torrent of mud mingled with stones and rubbish came flowing down from the mountain; and all was ruin and desolation. The bridegroom escaped without any more serious injury than that of being thrown down and stunned. He soon recovered his senses; and freeing himself by a desperate effort from the rubbish in which he was half buried, staggered to his feet—his bridal bouquet still grasped in his hand—and looked about for the house into which his beloved had entered. It was gone! Every trace of the village had disappeared—not a vestige of the old familiar scenes of his childhood met the eyes of the unfortunate young man. He ran wildly about from one heap of ruins and rubbish to another, calling loudly on his bride, but there was no answer. He interrogated the few bewildered individuals whom he met flying they knew not where, or else in search of their houses, their cattle, and their friends; he demanded of them with frantic gestures whether they had seen his Katchen; but no one knew any thing about her.

For three long years the unhappy young man continued his distracted search—no efforts could induce him to desist, or win him away from the fatal spot. Night and day, still carrying the faded remains of the marriage bouquet, his spectral form might be seen wandering about among the ruins, and his voice calling on his lost one—now

in accents of hopeless despair, and then with wild and feverish anxiety, as a gleam of hope that she would answer his cry crossed his disordered brain. How he subsisted was a miracle to all. At length his restless footsteps were heard no longer. Search was made for the unfortunate bridegroom, and he was found lying dead beside a heap of rubbish; the worn fingers of his right hand clasped tightly round a bunch of withered stalks and discoloured ribbons. His weary search was over—he had found his bride at last!

Among the many hair-breadth escapes that are related in places where similar catastrophes to that of the Rosenberg occurred, there is none that appears to me so interesting as that of the schoolmaster in the valley of Meyringen. The village situated in this valley was in the year 1782 partly overwhelmed by a torrent of mud and gravel, which swept along with it rocks, glaciers, black sand, and uprooted fir-trees; and in one hour buried twenty feet deep in rubbish that portion of the village which lay in its course.

The catastrophe took place in the night. On the same evening, the inn-keeper of Meyringen sent to his friend the schoolmaster, who lived a little way up the valley, requesting he would come and regulate his books for him, as his accounts had fallen into disorder. The two friends sat until a late hour over their occupation, and by the time the accounts were finished the shades of night were gathering darkly over the valley. The inn-keeper did all he could to induce his friend to remain until morning, but the latter resisted every argument and entreaty. At last, the schoolmaster was so hard pressed by the urgency of his companion, that he legged he would say no more, adding,

"Even if I would, my good friend, I could not accept your hospitality without breaking through a rule I have laid down for myself, and invariably followed—that of joining in family prayers with my little household every evening before going to rest. Nothing would induce me to infringe this custom even for a single night, if possible."

The friends parted, never to meet again. The schoolmaster had reached



his home little more than an hour, when the part of the village where the inn-keeper lived was overwhelmed, and he and his whole family perished in the ruins.

After looking through the pictures on the walls, we proceeded to the inspection of the Stranger's Book, always an object of curiosity to travellers. That at the Hotel Rigi-Culm is an unusually entertaining folio, from the numerous annotations and reflections with which it is enriched, and the records of adventures, impressions, and disappointments bequeathed by the writers to their successors in good or ill fortune. Some of them derived inspiration from their mishaps, and vented their spleen against the weather and their untoward fate, in "immortal verse." A specimen is given in the Hand-book :—

"Seven weary up-hill leagues we sped,  
The setting sun to see ;  
Sullen and grim he went to bed,  
Sullen and grim went we.  
Nine sleepless hours of night we passed,  
The rising sun to see,  
Sullen and grim he rose again,  
Sullen and grim rose we."

In another page was an amusing

and rather clever illustration, *à la Cruikshank*, of a different sort of misadventure. A luckless individual is discovered awaking too late for the spectacle of the morning—the temptations to slumber being apparently not very strong, however, for the unhappy man's bare legs protrude far beyond his short bed and scanty covering ; and close to his ear is a man blowing with might and main the Alpine horn that is sounded to arouse the household. The friend who has come to startle his dreams with the direful intelligence that he has lost the fruits of all his mountain climbing, stands in a very slight dress, or rather undress, beside him, with gestures of reproach and despair. The ingenious artist has chosen the moment when the unfortunate sleeper is just starting up into a sitting posture, and grasping frantically the long tassel of his cotton nightcap. In the back-ground is the sun just emerged ; the face on his disc full of malicious triumph as he peeps mockingly over the horizon at the luckless wight who came so far to assist at his lever, and was disappointed after all.

M. F. D.

## THE BIRTH OF VENUS.

TIME—EVENING.

PAPHOS.

Voluptuous City ! lovely Paphos hail !  
From forth thy altars perfume fills the gale ;  
The sweet returning hours gently bring  
Soft Even on their rosy-tinctured wing,  
Infusing in the air their vermeil dye,  
Which tints with blushes th' ethereal sky.  
Phœbus still lingers with his fiery train,  
Loath to depart, unable to remain ;  
And, to increase the beauty of the hour,  
Casts o'er the whole his mellow'd golden shower.  
Hark to the music of light zephyr's wings,  
As o'er the isle his perfum'd breath he brings ;  
List to the notes of his aerial train—  
Sweet, tho' invisible, the warbling strain.  
The rolling ocean now has calm'd his roar,  
And gently swells upon the Paph'an shore.  
The evening tints, reflected as he lies,  
Now blue, now gold, as change the changing skies ;  
Anon a restless wavelet rears its crest,  
Despite the calm repose of all the rest,

Ambitious for a frothy crown, and then  
 Flows as before, and all is calm again.  
 The fading cadences of the Cyprian strain  
 Is gently wafted o'er the deep blue main ;  
 But ere the less'ning tones in distance die,  
 Again from Paphos swells the harmony ;  
 And thus continuous through eventide,  
 Those notes now swell the breeze, now soft subside.  
 The gods sure contemplate some rare event,  
 Or to outvie themselves, these gifts have sent.  
 Seek, midst the choicest beauties of the earth,  
 A fairer spot for an immortal birth—  
 A place where more of loveliness is found,  
 To scent the air, or brightly paint the ground.  
 And vain the search!—e'en the Hesperides  
 Exhale not richer perfume to the breeze—  
 Boast not a fairer scene, a lovelier clime,  
 Or feel so lightly the destroyer, Time ;  
 For tho' his spoiling mission bids him here,  
 He owns its beauties, and must needs forbear.  
 Here Flora lives ; her iris-coloured train  
 In clust'ring beauties scattered to the main.  
 Close to the water's verge the myrtle blows  
 In kindred sweetness with the scent-breathed rose ;  
 The blue-eyed violet its bashful head  
 Hides in th' embraces of its leafy bed ;  
 The hyacinth, tho' zephyr caused his death,  
 Sighs forth a perfume to the west-wind's breath ;  
 And Flora-loving wind that sigh must tell  
 How by thy aid fair hyacinthus fell ;  
 E'en to this day, at even's balmy hour,  
 A grief-sent tear-drop trembles on this flower ;  
 From forth his leafy bells a sorrowing sigh  
 Is whispered to his kindred flow'rets nigh,  
 And yet, some think they're dew-drops, not his tears,  
 And his own colours are reflected there ;  
 But he, sweet flow'ret, be it they or not,  
 Subscribes his beauties for this lovely spot.  
 In less'ning flights the meek-eyed am'rous dove  
 Sinks to the wood, her peaceful home of love.  
 The bold lycostomus, in sportive play,  
 Gilds with his fin the momentary spray ;  
 And, but for this, the ocean calmly flows  
 In peaceful, undisturbed, and rare repose.

## ANADYOMENE.

But not long thus: the waters erst so calm,  
 In rising bubbles now dissolve the charm,  
 And centre Cypria in the hand divine,  
 Reposed amid the lovely arm-made zone.  
 They bear her to the foot of Jove's bright throne ;  
 A sign he gives, which Hebe quick obeys—  
 A nectar goblet by his side she lays.  
 With 'suasive glance—the rhetoric of soul—  
 He breathes divinity upon the bowl.  
 The urn he places near her willing lips ;  
 Unconscious of the gift, she sweetly sips,  
 And then, oh, joy ! gives back the brightest smile,  
 It was her first, and lit the air awhile.  
 Rejoice, ye skies ! rejoice, ye vaulted heav'n !  
 Immortal life to Venus has been given !

SYDNEY WATKINS.

## THE CHURCH EDUCATION SOCIETY AND THE NATIONAL BOARD.

WE should deem ourselves guilty of a very grave dereliction of duty, if, often as we have addressed our readers upon the subject of national education, we did not call their attention very emphatically to the recent meeting of the Church Education Society for Ireland. Never was there, in our judgment, a crisis, when it was more incumbent on the friends of true religion to make manifest the principles upon which they stand, and to proclaim aloud, with distinctness and solemnity, their determination to abide by those principles, no matter what the discouragements or the disadvantages may be, in defiance of which they do honour to their conscientious persuasions. And we are bound to say that this call of duty has been nobly answered. An assembly of the clergy, fully representing the worth and the intellect of the Irish branch of the Established Church, met to record their continued hostility to that system of national education which has been set in operation under the National Board—not in a spirit of sectarian rancour or factious violence, but with the deep persuasion of men who feel that in consenting thereto, as it is at present constituted, they would be compromising the truth of God, and offering, to the idol expediency, or the shifting policy of the present hour, a sacrifice of their most sacred professional obligations. Nothing less than a persuasion of this kind could justify them, either in their own eyes or those of the public, for their continued hostility to a system which, concocted, as it was, by their enemies, has now been adopted by their friends. The present Conservative cabinet are fully resolved to carry out, in the amplest manner, those educational measures which were devised by their adversaries, chiefly with a view to propitiate a Roman Catholic interest, by the strong support of which they were enabled, for a season, to maintain themselves in power. Seeing clearly that all hope of parliamentary support for national education upon sounder principles must be abandoned, it became a matter

of anxious consideration with every well-wisher of government, how far their compliance in that particular might be compatible with their duty to God. And nothing but an overwhelming sense of the utter incompatibility between such compliance and their bounden duty, could or ought to satisfy them that their continued protest against the national system was imperatively required. We do not say that the framers of that system may not so far remodel their regulations as to render an acquiescence in them no longer sinful; but we do say that, as they stand at present, it is utterly impossible for a conscientious minister of the Established Church, without forgetting his ordination vows, to hold himself responsible for their observance.

What we allude to, more particularly, is this, that the patron of every national school must pledge himself *not to suffer* any Roman Catholic child to be present at any religious instruction, except such as the parent of that child *expresses his desire* that he should attend. The patron may know that the child himself desires to hear the Scriptures read. He may know that the parent of that child also desires it, although he dare not, because of a system of terrorism, openly express that desire. And yet he must stand between that child and the book of life, and actually compel him to forego the only chance that may ever present itself of the knowledge that maketh wise unto salvation. If such be the case, we ask any minister of the Established Church could he honestly comply with such an obligation?

If the rule were, that no child was *to be compelled* to attend to any religious instruction of which he or his parent might disapprove, the case would be very different. Much might be said in favour of the reasonableness of such a regulation; and, without expressing any opinion as to its perfect fitness, we are free to confess that it is one a compliance with which would not be sinful. But to require that the secret, although well-known,

wishes both of parent and child should be disregarded, and that the patron of every national school should become the agent of a system of terrorism, by which, we boldly aver, the tottering system of Romanism, in this country, is alone prevented tumbling into ruins, that would be to impose an obligation with which no conscientious minister of the Establishment could comply;—and so long as it continues amongst the rules and regulations of the National Board, so long an acquiescence in their system must be impossible on the part of the great bulk of the Established clergy.

That the genius of Romanism is essentially hostile to the Bible; that it "hates the light, and will not come unto the light;" is not more true, than that the genius and temperament of the aboriginal Irish people would predispose them to a cordial reception of the word of God. Of this there are none more convinced than the Roman Catholic priests themselves; and hence the jealous vigilance, the sort of dragon watch, with which they endeavour to effectuate its exclusion from every institution which might exercise an influence over the national mind. "It is not true," observes Dr. O'Sullivan, in the admirable speech in which he embodies the defence of his brethren, the clergy, against the charge of a pertinacious obstinacy, in refusing to connect themselves with the National Board, "that the Roman Catholics of Ireland are at heart averse from scriptural instruction. The contrary is, I believe, the truth. They have the same reverence for the word of God, as such, which will be found amongst the natural gifts of the human heart; but for the poetry of Scripture,—its imagery,—its pathos,—its eloquence—there is an orientalism in the genius of the native Irish, which disposes them to a more ardent love than other men of these accessory graces." Of this, various unsuspicious evidences might be given; but we shall confine ourselves, for the present, to a statement, based upon the authority of the Education Report of 1824, which puts it beyond all doubt that, had a scriptural system of instruction been patronised by the government, it would have been gladly received by the great bulk of the Irish people. Dr. O'Sullivan thus proceeds:—

"In the year 1812 there were four thousand six hundred schools in Ireland. Of these there were—

In which the Scriptures were read . . .	600
In which the Scriptures were not read . . .	4000

"At that time the number of scholars was about two hundred thousand. In thirteen years after, there was a report made by commissioners appointed in 1824—the number of schools and scholars had then more than doubled. There were about ten thousand four hundred schools, and there were about five hundred thousand scholars, or, as appears by the second report, 11,823 schools, 508,964 scholars. In this statement the Sunday schools are not taken into account. But how fared the scriptural schools?—had they diminished in number?—had they increased in a diminished ratio? No—far from it. The schools in which Scripture was read, in 1824, independently of the Sunday schools amounted to six thousand and fifty-eight; that is to say, while the schools in Ireland, in general, increased in less than a three-fold ratio, the increase in the number of scriptural schools was ten-fold; or, if we add, as we ought to add, the Sunday schools, amounting to more than one thousand seven hundred, in a ratio of thirteen-fold. And here I, in all probability, very much underrate the number of scriptural schools. The commissioners of education had issued a query to the masters or patrons of schools, to ascertain whether the Scriptures were or were not read. Some masters answered that they were, some that they were not, and some declined to answer. It appears, says the second report, from the returns, that exclusive of Sunday-schools,

The Scriptures were read in . . .	6000
Not read in . . .	10000
And the returns are silent as to . . .	1000

"There are many reasons for concluding that in the various instances of these silent or timid returns, the answer was not given because it would have been in the affirmative. The returns were made at a time when Roman Catholic ecclesiastics held it desirable to prove that into the schools where Scripture had admission Roman Catholics would not enter to receive instruction. It is natural, therefore, to believe, that Roman Catholic masters and mistresses, in whose schools the holy Scriptures were read, had a strong inducement to conceal the circumstance. They who excluded Scripture might be bold, for they only avowed that which it was the wish of the priesthood to have universally believed, and as these silent returns

were almost universally made by Roman Catholics—the entire number being 2,443, and that made by Roman Catholics, 2,325—it is reasonable to conclude that they were silent, because they must have either incurred the displeasure of their priests, or else have been guilty of untruth. It is confirmatory of this view that the returns silent respecting Scripture are fewest, where the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood is least: the number in Ulster being less in number and proportion than that in Leinster, and these again show the number in Connaught and Munster. Thus we find that scriptural schools, which, it was said, could not find acceptance with the people, had grown thirteen, or perhaps it should be said, twenty-fold, ‘so mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed;’ while those schools in which it was said the people would rejoice, had actually diminished in number. It may be argued, that scriptural schools increased contrary to the wishes of the people—they endured, it may be said, the Scriptures for the sake of the secular instruction given, where they were read. Various religious societies offered a gratuitous education as a bribe to induce Roman Catholics to read Scripture!! This argument is not sufficient. It admits of a ready and a conclusive answer. ‘It is worthy of remark,’ observe Baron Foster and Mr. Glassford, ‘that of the 6,098 daily schools in which the Scriptures are read, only 1,879 are connected with any societies whatever, whether those aided by the government, or those supported by individual contributions. In the remaining 4,179 schools, the Scriptures have of late years been adopted by the voluntary choice of the conductors and teachers, the latter of whom are generally dependent for their livelihood upon the pleasure of the parents of the pupils—a signal proof that there is no repugnance to scriptural instruction among the people, and not less an illustration of the effects silently produced by the example and competition of better institutions upon the common schools of the country.’ Another and a more striking illustration of these effects is given by the commissioners of education in their second report, in the year 1826. I beg your attention to it: ‘In the three classes of schools,’ say the commissioners, ‘under the superintendence of the Roman Catholic clergy—namely, the schools of the Christian brotherhood, and those connected with religious orders; the schools attached to nunneries; and the Roman Catholic day-schools (schools, as the commissioners observe, under the immediate sanction and superintendence of the

Roman Catholic clergy), amounting in all to 422 schools—

The Scriptures were read in	87
Not read in	269
And the returns were silent as to	86

“So that it is not improbable that the Scriptures had made their way into more than 150—more than a third of the number of those schools where the system of education has been most exclusively Roman Catholic. Such was the issue of the experiment to determine whether the Roman Catholic people of Ireland would receive education in schools where the Scriptures were read. Is it too much to say that they vindicated themselves from the reproach of being adverse to scriptural instruction? Not only were they not deterred by the aspect of the Bible from entering into the schools where it was read, but they gave proof that they regarded it among the attractions for which certain schools obtained a preference. In the schools of Protestant societies—in the schools where the pupils paid for instruction—in the schools over which Roman Catholic ecclesiastics presided, held in nunneries, in chapels, in the houses of lay confraternities belonging to the Church of Rome—in all these the Scriptures were read. Such was the result of a twelve years’ experiment. Well may Baron Foster and Mr. Glassford have observed, ‘This great amelioration in the education of the Irish peasantry is still in progress, and perhaps can now be checked by no means less powerful than such an interference on the part of the state as would be calculated to counteract it.’”

Now it is in a country of the spiritual appetencies awakened in which the foregoing gives a very significant intimation, that the clergy of the Established Church are required to stand between the Roman Catholic child and the Bible, if they would be consenting parties to the system of the National Board. There is nothing upon which the advocates of mere secular education more strongly or more frequently insist, than the quickening and vitalizing power of knowledge. We have always thought that they overrated that power. But take it as they represent it. A child who has been benefitted by a knowledge of letters, will have an appetite awakened within him for moral and spiritual things. He will desire some fuller acquaintance with, and better-grounded assurance of, the dogmas of his religious belief than in the days of

his ignorance he deemed sufficient. His reading has made him acquainted with objections of which he had never dreamed. He sees the confidence with which his Protestant associates appeal to holy Scripture. He knows that, practically, the sacred volume has to him been hitherto a sealed book. He earnestly desires to peruse it. At this stage of his progress, that is, just when education is beginning to produce its best effects, he appeals by words, or by looks of more expressive silence, to the patron of the national school, (that patron being a clergyman of the Church of England,) for permission to attend to the reading and the exposition of the holy Scriptures, and the answer must be a stern refusal to permit him so to attend, unless for so doing, he has the express permission of his parent. It is not enough that the clergyman should know that the parent does not object; it would not be sufficient if he also knew that the parent secretly desired it. Unless the positive direction be given, (a direction which would at once be regarded as a practical departure from the Church of Rome,) the patron has no option but that of interdicting the attendance of this youth with his scriptural class, or of renouncing his connection with the national system. He might, indeed, break faith with that system, and violate his solemn engagement to observe its rules, by permitting the child to attend to his exposition of Scripture; but this, it is to be hoped, would be a case of but rare occurrence amongst the Established clergy.

All this, we are told, has been enjoined, that due respect may be paid to parental authority. But what if the child has an irreligious, a profligate, an infidel parent? Is the state to add to this sore affliction the additional curse that would interdict the only remedy for its worst evils? If the parent be a scorner, is the state to say that the child shall therefore be deprived of the guiding light which might lead him from the error of his ways? Dr. O'Sullivan mentioned a case which came within his own knowledge, of an infidel parent, whose constant habit it was to profane and ridicule the holy Scriptures. The first knowledge which his child had of the word of God was from the lan-

guage of mockery in which it was treated with a derisive scorn. But something which he heard made an impression upon his mind. All reckless as the unhappy parent was, the texts to which he gave utterance carried their divine antidote along with them, and proved sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder the soul and spirit. The child was strangely moved, and became possessed of an insatiate desire for a fuller knowledge of the blessed book. For this purpose he made application to a neighbouring clergyman, who gratified his wishes, and under whose fostering care, by the divine guidance, he became a most hopeful Christian convert. Had that clergyman been the patron of a national school, and had that application been made to him in the school-room, the only answer that could be given must be, "have you the sanction of your father for what you desire? Because, if not, my duty enjoins me to tell you that you must remain in the darkness of the shadow of death, while I am pointing out to others the way of life, and instructing them in those saving truths by which they may become wise unto salvation."

The following most touching incident was related by the Dean of Cork, with a view to the practical illustration of this part of the national system:—

"About four years ago an ungodly Protestant, from a neighbouring parish, sent his child to his (the Dean of Cork) scriptural school, about three miles from Bandon. After some time the father told the master not to teach his child the Scriptures, as he wished that he should devote his whole time to arithmetic. When the parent found that his request would not be acceded to, he sent his child to a hedge-school. Finding that the child did not improve in arithmetic, he sent him back; and it pleased God that, besides advancing in the other branches of education, he made such a happy progress in the Scriptures, that they were spiritually blest to his soul. It so happened, after a short time, that the child, by a fall from a cart, had a limb fractured, which he survived only thirty hours, having died at a lodging-house in Bandon. Believing death to be near, he sent for his father, that father who had once directed that he should not read the Scriptures, and said to him, 'Father,



the Scriptures I was taught at school were blest to my soul. I am now dying happy, for I know I am going to my Saviour; but, father, I have a parting request, which is, that you will daily read the Scriptures, with prayer to God to bless them to your salvation; for remember, father, calling ourselves Christians, and saying we believe in Christ, will not save us. No. We must have that faith in Christ, which is wrought by the Holy Spirit in our souls, and which alone can convert us, and bring us to heaven.' The poor father was so overpowered by the dying request of his child, that his opposition to scriptural education gave way; and the evening of the funeral he sent one pound to the school, as a testimony of his gratitude that his child had been taught the word of God there, and died in such a happy state. Now, would any Christian person say that the request the father of that child had once made should not have been acceded to? Surely not."

Will any one, after this, contend that a Christian clergyman should bind himself to respect the wishes of a profligate or an infidel parent, more than the best interests of the child, or deem that there is any thing exaggerated or rhetorical in the following indignant language, in which Dr. O'Sullivan expresses the almost unanimous sentiment of the national clergy:—

"It is difficult to ascertain the nice boundaries between the due exercise of parental authority and the excess which merges into despotism; but it is not difficult to feel assured that, when a young person has become disposed to read God's Word—loves it—longs for it, and a parent exerts himself to discourage and stifle this hallowed inclination, when the voice of the young person's heart and soul is, 'Search the Scriptures,' and the father commands that Scripture be interdicted, it is not difficult to determine that, in such a case, the patron of a school would be guilty of gross scandal and sin, who should lend himself to the parent's prejudices or vices, and oppose God's word in the soul of the child who appeals to him for justice. Will you say that we do the child no wrong if we deny him the Bible—he is only as he was before? This is not true—his condition is changed. He has the testimony of our rejection of his appeal, that we have no deep reverence for the Bible—that we value more the word of an unbelieving parent than the command of God. He

has this testimony; and the Protestant children who witness the issue of the trial, have a like afflicting testimony. Their condition is changed for the worse—changed by us—and our condition would be changed. It is not long since a petition was presented in one of our houses of parliament, which had the effect of exciting a very general feeling of abhorrence and disgust. Its prayer was to insure the due solemnity of capital punishments by appointing the parochial clergy public executioners. When the petition was read, some hearers listened in silent scorn—some, in whom a sense of the ludicrous was strong, gave vent to their merriment in derisive shouts of laughter; and the public journals treated the affair in a similar spirit—some ridiculing, some reprobating, but all condemning the monstrous proposition. Is it not a proof of the uncertainty of our judgment on all topics of moral and spiritual interest, that this abortive petition should have called for so condemnatory notices, and that a condition involving a worse evil—imposing a far more objectionable office—should have been offered, without awaking a general feeling of complaint and indignation? I am not insensible to the odium of an office like that which was to be assigned me; but of this I am sure, that in those solemn hours when I meditate upon judgment to come, and remember that I must appear before Him, whose minister I am, and whom I profess to serve and honour, I would rather go, covered with the shame of the law's public executioner, than with the afflicting thought that I had been supplicated to give scriptural instruction to a soul which perished, because I had the impiety to refuse the benefit of the Word which maketh wise unto salvation. Better for us it would be to have a millstone round our neck and be cast into the sea, than to scandalize one of these little ones."

But, we are told, such is not the requisition of the National Board. The express assent of the parent is not required. There are some who have adopted the system, and who never think of excluding from the benefits of a scriptural class such Roman Catholic children as desire to remain, provided the parent does not expressly forbid their attendance. This, it will be observed, makes no provision for the case of infidel parents; but it is unnecessary to dwell upon it, as it is altogether founded upon a misconstruction of the rules of the board. It will, however, be necessary to enter

somewhat at large into the grounds and reasons for that misconception.

The condition to which we have alluded is thus expressed in a letter written by Mr. Blake in 1838, and republished, as expressing the views and the sentiments of the Board in 1840:

"The rule that the hours from two to three of each day, except Saturday, shall be employed in reading and instruction in holy Scripture, is quite compatible with the regulations of the commissioners, provided that such children only as are directed by their parent to attend, *be then allowed to continue in the school, and that all others do then retire.*"

Thus, as Dr. O'Sullivan comments upon the words, "The Board would grant permission to Protestants to read the Bible, provided the patron of the school became their agent, or that of the inquisition, to compel, if necessary, the absence of Roman Catholic scholars." Well, matters remained in this state down to 1842, when the board would seem to have felt it necessary to give a softened explanation of this very objectionable rule. Dr. O'Sullivan thus proceeds:—

"Such seemed to be the ultimatum of the National Board until the year 1842, when it became, at least in form of expression, more accommodating. I quote from the report for 1841, bearing date June, 1842:—'It seems still to be supposed that we prescribe the studies to be pursued in all the national schools, and that we exclude the Scriptures; but the reverse is the fact.' Indeed! Do they then enjoin the study of Scripture, and leave secular instruction free? But to continue—'It belongs not to us, but to the local patrons of each, to determine the course of instruction to be given therein, subject only to a power in us to prohibit the use of any books which we deem improper; and, so far are we from prohibiting the use of the Scriptures, that we expressly recognise the right of all patrons to have them used for the purpose of religious instruction, provided that each school be open to poor children of all communions—that due regard be had to parental right and authority—therefore, that no child be *compelled*' (the word *compelled* is in *italics*)—'to attend or be present at any religious instruction to which his parents or guardians object, and that the time for giving it be

so fixed, that no child shall be thereby in effect excluded, directly or indirectly, from the other advantages which the school affords.' This is clearly a very different condition, if we are to take the words in their simplicity, from that which had been previously made known. Both appear still on the reports of the board. Both cannot possibly be of authority. Let us compare them. Let us take the condition as expressed in the letter to which I have already alluded: it would bind you to exclude a Roman Catholic scholar from hearing the Word of God, although the youth himself earnestly besought permission to remain, and his parents had never expressed or felt the faintest disinclination to his receiving scriptural instruction. Take the condition as expressed in the other form, and it leaves an ample liberty indeed. In the former case you cannot permit the young person to remain, unless his parent or guardian have directed that he shall: in the latter, you may compel the attendance of the youth, unless the parent or guardian has objected to his attending. In the former case, unless parent or guardian has directed that the youth attend, you have engaged that, if the young person beseech you with streaming eyes, and by the most solemn adjurations, to allow his presence while Scripture is read, you will not yield to his persuasion. In the latter case you are free from all care for the parents' wishes, if the son or daughter desire to join the scriptural class; and, so far from being bound not to yield to persuasion, you are free to warn, advise, persuade, nay, bribe—everything short of compel—the young person to do that which is contrary to his parents' express desire—that is, to attend upon a course of religious instruction which he fears may prove pernicious. Is not this the import of the condition, according to the recent representation of it? And is this, in the spirit of the national system, consistent with its principle? Is this its antidote to what were called the vices of former systems? Is it by a condition like this it insures children against the dangers, and parents from the fears of proselytism? Is this the value of the boasted guarantee to parents and guardians, which won from the first such favour to the national system? In truth, were the condition on which Scripture is tolerated to be understood in this enlarged sense, the national system, so far from guarding against attempts to proselyte, would, in reality, advise and invite them. But the condition cannot be thus understood. The National Board has taken

indulgence of the fourth—as the last report corrects its predecessor. But, indeed, it does not require a very acute discrimination to see that, in the fourth report, there is the antidote as well as the bane. ‘We propose,’ say the commissioners, ‘modifying the letter of the rule, so as to allow religious instruction to be given, and, of course, the Scriptures to be read, or the Catechism learned, during any of the school-hours—provided that such an arrangement be made as that no children shall take part in, or listen to, any religious reading or instruction to which their parents object.’ Here is the condition on which religious instruction is to be allowed. It is not that the patrons shall permit, but that they shall effect and insure the absence of certain children. Such was the condition in 1838—such was it in 1843, the date of the last report.”

This, we humbly venture to suggest, must put an end to any controversy respecting the real meaning and intention of this regulation of the National Board. That they are guilty of equivocation in representing it at one time in one light and at another in another, does not, in our judgment, furnish any valid excuse for those who have hastily or inconsiderately given in their adhesion to this system. Because the rule itself was as unambiguous as it was stringent; and as long as it continued unaltered its meaning could not be misunderstood. That plausible and glozing expositions of it should be given, might well shake confidence in the body by whom it was framed,

but should not, for a moment, be suffered to deceive the plain understanding of an honest man as to its real import. If a doubt arose from the apparent discrepancy between the rule and its comment, that doubt would be best solved by a direct appeal to the board itself. Such, at least, would appear to us to be the simplest and the most satisfactory mode of dealing with such a subject. But to gulp down the rule with a predetermination to understand it in a sense which its words will never bear, and that in defiance of an authoritative decision, which shows clearly how it is understood by its framers, does, as it appears to us, argue a degree of blindness or disingenuousness with which but few amongst our clergy can be charged, and, if fully known to the board, a degree of culpable connivance on their part which could scarcely be too strongly censured.

We say, therefore, if the rule is still to be preserved in its unabated strictness, let such determination be made known, and the few of our clergy who have joined the National Board will not hesitate one moment as to the part which they should take. If it is not to be persevered in, **LET IT BE FRANKLY RESCINDED**—and then we say, one very formidable objection to the national system, which has alienated from it the regards of those who value the command of God above the injunction of man, will be removed.\*

Perhaps, the most interesting and instructive part of Dr. O’Sullivan’s

\* We have, this moment, seen a very important correspondence, which has taken place upon this subject, between Mr. Trench, of Cloughjordan, and the National Board, in which the point seems to be conceded. We hail this apparent concession as an omen of better things. It is now, for the first time, declared officially, that the patron of a national school is not required to do more than notify to the children in attendance that religious instruction is about to commence; and it rests with them to remain or withdraw, just as they please. This is, obviously, a very different state of things from that which required of the patron to *compel* them to withdraw, unless the express direction of the parent sanctioned their being present at religious instruction.

There are, however, still difficulties in this matter, which are rather adroitly evaded, than directly removed. In the same report, to which the commissioners refer, there is the following rule: “Whatever arrangement is made in any school, for giving religious instruction, must be publicly notified in the school-room—in order that those children, *and those only*, may be present, whose parents or guardians allow them.” Now, from this it is quite clear, that there is no power left with the master, or patron, to permit the attendance of any child, who has not the permission of his parent. While this rule remains unrescinded, and one, to the observance of which every patron must be pledged, no liberality of interpretation, which may be given to the other, could be practically availing. Nor, can

which denies, even to adults, the right of unaided private interpretation of the sacred volume in articles of religious belief. Shortly after its institution, although the society prospered and extended its operations under the fostering care of the legislature, this vital defect began to be noticed, and the Roman Catholic clergy began to exert themselves with energy and success against a system to which they were in principle opposed, and which they feared might lead in its results to proselytism, even although no such object was contemplated by its promoters. When this opposition arose, founded on such grounds, it soon became manifest that the system could not become one of national education. Such is the memorable passage in Lord Stanley's letter, which has been so perniciously abused. I concern myself with it on this occasion, no further than as it notices the regulation which the noble lord regarded as the vital defect of former systems—the defect which he thought incapacitated them from becoming systems of united education. It was the determination to enforce the reading of the Scriptures without note or comment in the schools—to enforce, observe, not to permit. How, then, should this defect be remedied? Evidently, on the noble lord's principles, by annulling the obnoxious regulation—by not enforcing in the schools the reading of Scripture. Is this the policy adopted by the board constituted for the purpose of carrying the noble lord's views into action? They declare that they regard Lord Stanley's letter as the great charter of their system. I read from the Appendix to the Third Report of the National Board, from the evidence of the Right Hon. A. R. Blake, one of the commissioners—'What power have the board for the formation of rules and regulations for their own conduct and for the management of the schools? No power has been expressly given to us, beyond the power expressed in Mr. Stanley's letter to the Duke of Leinster; but we assume the power of forming such rules from time to time as we think necessary for the furtherance of the system. Mr. Stanley's letter is the magna charta.' Yes, Lord Stanley's letter is the great charter of the system of national education, and observe how the system differs from it. This great charter, as it is styled, professed merely to liberalise national education—the National Board would effect this object by launching or nearcerating Scripture. The great charter would open the school doors to some who might not wish to hear the Word of God—the National Board would bar the doors against the multitudes who would press

to hear it. The great charter paid respect to the prejudices and the anti-scriptural obligations of Roman Catholic priests—the National Board extended this accommodation into the enormous evil of causing scandal to the consciences of all among the millions of British Protestants who hold principle dear. If the great charter were fairly carried into effect, the experiment of united education might have a trial—the wisdom of the country would be safe to take a part among the agencies by which it was promoted—the question whether it would be right to take a part would be determined by the circumstances of each individual case, not by the vices of a system, and although the scheme of education, which should be the result of such an experiment, might not be perfectly uniform or speedily completed, it would be one which the charities of pious hearts would exert themselves in moulding, indulging a spirit of accommodation so far as necessity demanded, and no further than sound principle permitted. The guilt of proscribing limits to the free and widely practicable circulation of God's Word would not be, as it is now, a national sin, and, instead of seeing religious differences becoming, as they are now in too many a district, inveterate and incurable, separating the classes whom they distinguish into rival and (it may be dreaded) hostile nations, we should have had principles and feelings disengaged and set at work, before whose influence bigotry could not sustain itself—we should see our social system become graced by instances of mutual toleration, mutual deference—we should see that where conscience was free, and God's Word not rudely dishonoured, habits of edifying intercourse could be formed between all classes of our people—estrangement would cease—where distrust could not be kept alive, a continued interchange of kindly offices would confirm a reciprocity of kindly feelings—and we should in time see the hallowed dream of Christian and patriot realized in a land where discord had ceased, and the people were united. For all the good left undone—for the worst of the evil that has been done—for our present social distractions—for the consequences—the desolating consequences, to be apprehended from them, the National Board should hold itself responsible. The prohibition of Scripture was their doing. They had no warranty for it in the letter of directions which they pledged themselves to observe, and declared to be the great charter of their system. The evil was all their own. And yet, daring advocates, or pliant instruments, affect to claim for them the praise of

Church would no longer refuse their co-operation.

But until that, or something equivalent to that, be done, the clergy of the Established Church must stand aloof from all connection with the National Board. They are not insensible to the disadvantages under which they are placed, in thus being debarred the patronage of the state in their endeavours to carry out their enlightened views, while that patronage is profusely lavished upon the maintainer of an unscriptural system. But they feel that any compromise of principle on their part, such as is now required, would be a desertion of their bounden duty, and amount to an abandonment of their trust in God. Better, therefore, they feel it to appeal to the faithful of their own communion for the means of conducting scriptural education upon the principle which they hold in honour, than accept of any advantages from an unnatural alliance by which they must do violence to their heart-felt persuasions. And in the measure of success which has already prospered their exertions they have reason for much thankfulness to God. The report which was read at their last meeting thus alludes to the difficulties of their position, in a spirit which must surely be gratifying to every religious mind:—

“To deny that such difficulties exist, would be as impolitic as it is, unhappily, untrue; for it is not by closing our eyes upon the dangers and obstacles that beset our path in any course of life, that we can either hope to avoid them, or to overcome their force. But your committee are not disheartened by such impediments, because they do not lean upon their own strength, nor trust to any human power for the successful result of their exertions. They have had, indeed, in the course of the society's progress, many gratifying proofs of a considerable measure of success. For these they desire to be thankful to Him ‘from whom every good and perfect gift descendeth,’ and they would take them as an intimation of enlarged prosperity in time to come, so long as the society continues faithful in the discharge of its sacred duty; but even were such indications of success less manifest, they feel that they ought not to allow themselves to cherish a desponding spirit; they know that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth;—they believe that he has purposes of good in

store for his church; and that he will, in his own appointed time, and by his own selected means, work these purposes into full effect; and therefore, even when the course of human affairs may appear the most unpromising, they desire to keep in continual remembrance, that he can accomplish his own will in opposition to human plans, and advance, by means apparently the most incompetent, any cause which is calculated to promote his own glory, and the welfare of man.”

When we consider the short time during which the Church Education Society has existed—the numerous difficulties with which it has had to contend—the depressed and impoverished state of the established clergy—the ignorance, generally speaking, of the lay community as to the real character of the national system—the fact, that by three successive cabinets that system has been adopted, and the apparent hopelessness of continuing to struggle against it, our wonder is great that it has accomplished already what it has accomplished under so many disadvantages. It has, this moment, in connection with it 1647 schools, having 99,165 children on the rolls; and of these 13,895 are children of Protestant Dissenters, and 32,788 Roman Catholics! Will any man doubt, after this, that had government acted a consistent part, and endowed that system which it believes to be the best, the whole population, with very inconsiderable exceptions, would this moment be enjoying the inestimable benefit of sound scriptural education?

Already a junction has been formed with the London Hibernian Society, or rather that society have handed over to the Church Education Society the superintendence of their schools. The report then proceeds:—

“At the time of this union there were in connexion with the London Hibernian Society 474 schools, of which not more than 14 were under the superintendence of ministers of dissenting communions. Of these schools 302 have been formally transferred to your charge—their respective patrons having entered into an engagement that they shall in future be conducted in strict conformity with the requirements of your fundamental laws; and your committee have on their part engaged to apply the funds remitted to them by the London Hibernian Committee, as far as



said the priest. "Then," said the man, "he must go where he has already got so much benefit." This produced a storm of abuse, in which the reverend gentleman told him, that in his dying hour he would not give him extreme unction. "You wont!" says the man. "I wont," says the priest. "Then," observed the rustic, who was "*abnormis sapiens*," "with the blessing of God, I'll endeavour to outlive your reverence." Thus it is, that every where throughout the country, common sense and the instincts of the human heart are at war with that system of spiritual darkness under which alone the domination of an unscriptural priesthood can be maintained. And while nature, and grace, and common sense, and growing spiritual light are thus struggling to disengage themselves from the mists of ignorance and idolatry in which they had been involved, these happy tendencies are counteracted by a mandate which remands them sternly to the place from whence they came, and pronounces an interdict upon all education but such as they may receive from the hands of those who have taken away the key of knowledge, who refuse to enter into the sacred edifice themselves, while those who would enter in they hinder.

Let any one who wishes to know what may be done by judicious exertions to increase the numbers of our Protestant population, inquire what has been done in Mr. Preston's interesting colony in the county of Kildare. Of the heroic enterprise of Mr. Nangle at Achill our readers are sufficiently aware, and of the astonishing fact, that in that extreme part of popish Ireland the labours of the missionary have been blessed to so extraordinary a degree, that an additional church has been lately required for the accommodation of the increasing converts. And there has just been put into our hands a report from the Dingle Colony, in an extreme part of the county of Kerry, from which we make the following extract:—

"The number of converts in Dingle, in January 1843, was 310 individuals.

"The number of converts in Dingle, in March 1844, was 330 individuals; 73 families.

"Attendance at the school in Dingle

now, children 180; on Sunday, adults 130.

"At Keelmechedar there are converts 80.

"Children at Keelmechedar school 41.

"At Dunerlin, converts 50.

"Children of Dunerlin at school 28."

Such is the work which is now going on in every part of this country, and to which "a heavy blow and great discouragement" has been given by a system of policy which strengthens the hands of an unscriptural priesthood by legislative encouragement and temporal aid, exactly in proportion as that authority is fading before the progress of truth and knowledge! God says of popery, "It shall decrease." "No," says the British legislature, "it shall increase." God says, "The circle of light shall gain upon the circle of darkness." "No," says the British parliament, "the circle of darkness shall gain upon the circle of light." Is there any other language in which, with our convictions, we could convey an adequate idea of the perverse policy by which the domination of a tottering superstition is maintained, and the labours of evangelical men marred or counteracted in Ireland?

All the government had to do was, to stay their hand; not to obstruct the progress of light; not to aid in upholding the empire of darkness; and a process would have gone on, rapidly, by which the whole country would be evangelized. They had only to recognise, and to uphold, the Established Church, as the authorised organ of national education, and, despite the maledictions of those who "hate the light," education upon scriptural principles would proceed, until its influence was felt throughout the length and the breadth of the land. Instead of that, they have established "the National Board;" and that board have made the Romish priesthood of the country their agents in the work of enlightening the popular mind! It is as yet too soon to say with what fruits; but that priesthood, through their whole extent, from the bishop to the humblest curate, manifested, during the repeal agitation, dispositions and principles which leave no room to doubt of the tendency of the instruction which they will impart, where



We are acquainted with another case, in which similar co-operation was attempted, in the diocese of Ferns, and which proved altogether unavailing. The school was going on apparently to the satisfaction of the Protestant patron—but this did not please

the priest; although no rule of the Board was violated, it was denounced from the altar; the children were withdrawn; and, consequently, the aid of the Board was withheld.

While matters remain in this state, therefore, there neither can, nor ought

the immediate executioners of his dastard malignity are arraigned at the bar of justice, while he himself, with the complacency of conscious security, and the swagger of sleek and prosperous villany, mounts the table to swear to the social virtues of the murderers at the bar—his own atrocity too often unexposed, and his sanguinary ministers too seldom convicted. In our last publication, the reader will find the report of a trial of a man named Gleeson for the murder of another named Tierney, and which, spite of the most overwhelming and unexceptional evidence for the prosecution, resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner. In this case it was proved that the deceased had been denounced by the priest on Sunday in the chapel, and that he was murdered in the evening of the day of that denunciation—a prompt following up of the sacerdotal anathema. We reprint the following passage from the evidence of John Gleeson:—

“ Mr. Brewster—Were you in the chapel the Sunday he was killed? I was. Did the priest that day speak of Tierney? He did. What did he say of him? He said he hoped he would refrain from what he had done, for that the two men he had in were innocent. Was that all he said? He said he hoped the deceased would refrain before the trial day comes. That is, that he would not prosecute your brother and Larkin? He did not tell his meaning. What exactly did the priest say in the chapel? He said *he hoped Tierney would refrain from the badness of swearing against the two men he had innocently in*. Did he say anything more? No. Did he not give a warning to his parishioners? Yes; he told them to take care what they would do, and to be sure to have the right persons when they swore against men. *He named Tierney?* He did. As the person who swore falsely? Yes. The mass was over in an hour that day? No, for the priest took long preaching. *And Tierney was killed on Sunday night?* He was. I heard Tierney was present in the chapel, and I heard the priest say Tierney was at confession with him at first mass.”

“ Upon a former trial, in 1843, this priest appeared in the character of a witness, and his evidence upon that occasion has been reprinted by the ‘Nenagh Guardian,’ in substantiation of the charge made by Mr. Scott, Q.C., in his reply, and which this priest Maher has attempted to repel. The practice, it would seem, is for the priest to warn the crown witness against perjury, or, in other words, against giving his evidence so as to convict, and this warning, conveyed in a tone of savage and significant denunciation, and accompanied by the pointed mention of the offender by name, is promptly followed up by its dreadful practical consummation:—

“ Extract from the ‘Nenagh Guardian,’ of Saturday, the 25th March, 1843:—

“ Shooting at with intent to kill.—Michael Larkin, and Thomas Gleeson, were indicted for having on the 25th of February, at Ballinacloy, discharged a gun at Patrick Tierney, with intent to kill. After the examination of several witnesses,

“ The Rev. John Maher, P.P., of Toomavara, was called on by Mr. Hassard to give the prisoners a character.

“ The Rev. Gentleman being sworn, was examined—I know the prisoners; I know their general character, for I have been their parish priest those twenty years; I know them to be peaceable, industrious men. I know them not to be mixed up in those matters that disturb the country.

“ Mr. Scott—Is it a fact that the neighbourhood of your parish has been disturbed of late?

“ The Rev. Mr. Maher—I cannot say it is remarkable in the way of disturbance more than any other place.

“ Mr. Scott—Are you in the habit of speaking of people in your chapel?

“ Rev. Mr. Maher—I am not in the habit of speaking of people by their names. During the time of the assizes, I caution them to guard against false swearing; for I have known instances where people have been induced to do so.

“ Mr. Scott—Did you ever find it necessary to denounce the deceased in your chapel?

“ Rev. Mr. Maher—He came to me to know if I had any notion of making a charge upon him with regard to an improper familiarity which he had with a

in which a letter is quoted, addressed by the secretary of the Board to the patron of the Temple Meeting-house school, wherein he (Lord Clancarty) asserts that his statement is borne out. He further relies upon the evidence of Mr. Blake and Mr. Carlile, in the Commons' committee, in 1837, upon the point in question.

"On the other hand, I stated that all that your rules require is, that there should be a public notification in the school of the hour at which religious instruction is given, and that the rules of the Board should be hung up in the school, saying that no child is required to remain at that time contrary to the wish of the parent, and that nothing further was required.

"I have justified my view of the subject by appealing to the plain grammatical meaning of the existing rules, taken in connexion with the model application sanctioned in your sixth report, as well as with the practice sanctioned in my own, and in all other national schools with which I am acquainted.

"We have both agreed upon the desirableness of my making this specific communication for the information of the public. I beg you will have the goodness to say which of us is in error upon the subject, and I have Lord Clancarty's authority for saying that we will both regard your reply as deciding the question. I remain, your obedient servant,

"F. F. TRENCH."

"The reply just received from the secretaries is as follows:—

"Education Office, April 10, 1844.

"SIR—Having laid before the Commissioners of Education your letter of the 2nd instant, we are directed to inform you, in reply, that Lord Clancarty is in error in stating that "the reading of the Bible can never be introduced into the national schools, except after notice given that all those pupils should withdraw whose parents or guardians have not expressly directed them to attend," the rule of the Board being as follows: section II. par. 3, "The patrons of the several schools have the right of appointing such religious instruction as they may think proper to be given therein, provided that each school be open to children of all communities, that due regard be had to public order and authority; that, according to the school be compelled to receive and be present at any religious instruction to which his parents or guardians object; and that the time for giving it be so fixed that no child shall

be thereby, in effect, excluded, directly or indirectly, from the other advantages which the school affords. Subject to this, religious instruction may be given either during the fixed school hours or otherwise," and par. 6, "The reading of the Scriptures, either in the Protestant authorised or Douay version, as well as the teaching of catechisms, comes within the rule as to religious instruction." We are, sir, your very obedient servants,

(Signed)

"MAURICE CROSS, } Secretaries.  
"JAMES KELLY, }

"Rev. F. F. Trench, Cloughjordan."

In this, a decision appears to be given against the position for which Lord Clancarty contended; but as it is made upon an incomplete view of the case, we entirely concur with our able contemporary *The Evening Mail*, that it must be regarded as unsatisfactory, and would seem evasive. It is true that the rule above cited is contained in the sixth report of the National Board. But it is also true that that other rule to which we referred—namely, that, "Whatever arrangement is made in any school for giving religious instruction must be publicly notified in the schoolroom, that those children, and those only, may be present whose parents or guardians allow them," appears in the same report. According to the dictum of the commissioners, the duty of the patron is simply not to compel reluctant children to attend; according to this last injunction his duty would be not to allow them to attend, during the time of religious instruction, without the express sanction of their parents. Mr. Trench's question should have had reference to this regulation as well as to the other, and he should have desired to be explicitly informed whether it is, or is not, to be considered binding. Because, if it be not, it would be very desirable that the public should be officially informed of that fact. And if it be, it is very clear, that however plausibly the commissioners may have contrived their reply respecting the one rule, judgment must go by default against them upon the other.

When it is considered what the conduct of the commissioners was on a former occasion, our present distrust will not seem unreasonable. We allude

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# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXIII.

## THE CAMPAIGN OF 1815.\*

HISTORY is rarely more instructive, never more interesting, than when occupied in the detail of some short eventful period, in which the characters of the time are powerfully developed, and the leading features of the age pictured in strong relief. The task of the historian then is endowed with all the attributes which impart interest to fiction—great events, names that are to live for ever, are the subjects of his pen, and the world the scene on which they are to figure.

The Anabasis of Xenophon, and the Jugurthine war of Sallust, are among our pleasantest memories of early reading; and we owe to such accounts as these much of the delight we subsequently experience in the perusal of history. These episodes of nations make impressions which frequently are more lasting than long and continuous histories; and from them we derive a far greater insight into the motives and capacities of men, than from those more detailed narratives in which events, not people, are presented to our eyes.

Such is the work before us, whose title, "The History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815," sufficiently explains its object; and whether we regard the stupendous interests of which it treats, the illustrious men whose fortunes it illustrates, or the great results which followed on

that memorable struggle, a more exciting and deeply interesting theme cannot be conceived.

Indeed, it would not be possible, looking back through the long vista of centuries, to discover any period of history which could vie with that memorable interval which has so inaptly been styled "the hundred days."†

On the 26th of February Napoleon Bonaparte escaped from Elba. On the 8th of March he was at Grenoble. The regiment of La Fere which saluted him on his arrival, was the same he served in himself when a cadet. On the 13th he entered Lyons. On the 20th he once more crossed the threshold of the Tuileries, from which Louis had taken his departure but a few hours previous. From Fontainebleau to Paris, the journey usually accomplished by the Emperor in four hours, now occupied seven. At each relay he stopped and received despatches which arrived by estafette; these he perused eagerly; and seemed now, while actually touching the throne once more, to be overcome by caution and doubt.

As the clock of the Tuileries chimed the half-hour after eight his carriage entered the court of the palace, now thronged with a crowd of officers and soldiers, whose enthusiasm knew no bounds. Borne in their arms he was carried up the spacious stair and into

\* History of the War in France and Belgium in 1815. By Captain William Siborne. 2 vols. 8vo.

† The phrase originated in a complimentary speech addressed by M. de Chabrol, Prefet of the Seine, to the king, Louis XVIII., on his restoration, when he alluded to the absence of the royal family as occupying that period.

cess—and how often had he carried his conquering legions into every capital of the continent. Neither was the danger wholly from without. The re-organization of the kingdom demanded all his attention, and the necessity of conciliating the republican faction by large concessions at a moment when the imminence of his danger, and the vastness of the preparations to avert it, would have demanded all the powers of a dictator, formed one of the most trying difficulties of his new position.

How abolish the censorship over the press, at a time when, to canvass the acts of the government, might overturn it?—how proclaim freedom of thought, when the conscription was practically to restore slavery? Yet such was he compelled to concede. In the same way, to assert the sovereignty of the people was an absurdity, when nothing short of despotic power could wield the destinies of the moment, or prepare those enormous resources which should enter the lists against Europe in arms.

From the outset, then, he was in a false position. The mighty energy of that genius that sought its inspirations from his own indomitable will, should now be subjected to the petty necessities of a narrow and time-serving policy—the god of battles was reduced to talk unceasingly of peace and its benefits, and to expatiate flippantly on the pleasures of ease and indolence—the miserable canting of the Jacobin clubs was now uttered by his lips who had once proclaimed himself the descendant of Charlemagne, and called Louis XIV. his great ancestor.

The principles of the revolution could never restore an Emperor—the daring of the 18th Brumaire might have better suited the emergency. With all this, the aspect of France was singularly warlike.—

“It was that of a whole nation buckling on its armour; over the entire country armed bodies were to be seen in motion towards their several points of destination—every where the new levies for the line, and the newly enrolled national guards were in an unremitting course of drill and organization: the greatest activity was maintained, day and night, in all the arsenals, and in all the manufactories of clothing and articles of equipment: crowds of workmen

were constantly employed in the repair of the numerous fortresses, and in the erection of entrenched works. Every where appeared a continued transport of artillery, waggons, arms, ammunition, and all the material of war; whilst upon every road forming an approach to any of the main points of assembly in the vicinity of the frontiers, might be seen those well-formed veteran bands, Napoleon's followers through many a bloody field, moving forth with all the order, and with all the elasticity of spirit, inspired by the full confidence of a renewed career of victory—rejoicing in the display of those standards which so proudly recalled the most glorious fields that France had ever won, and testifying by their acclamations their enthusiastic devotion to the cause of their Emperor, which was ever cherished by them as identified with that of their country.”

While Napoleon was thus preparing for the coming struggle, the allies were also exerting all their energies and pressing forward their forces with the utmost speed. An army of 100,000 men, under the Duke of Wellington, assembled in Belgium; a Prussian force, of nearly equal amount, under Blücher, was marching to reinforce it; a Russian army of 167,000, commanded by Count Barclay de Tolly, was traversing Germany by forced routes. The Austrians, 50,000 strong, led on by Schwarzenberg, and a force of 40,000 under the Arch Duke Ferdinand, held the Rhine between Basle and Mannheim; besides that an army of 120,000 were assembling in Lombardy, which secured the deposition of Murat and the restoration of Ferdinand to the throne of Naples.

Such were the dispositions of that European compact which had for its object, not the humiliation of France, nor the dismemberment of her territory, but the downfall of the ambitious soldier whose restless despotism had so long been the tyranny of Europe.

A Bavarian army of 80,000, under Prince Wrede, with several contingents from Baden, Hesse, and Wurtemberg, evinced that the confederated states had little sympathy with him who once proclaimed himself their sovereign.

The necessity of striking a great and decisive blow was imperative on the Emperor. It was by victory he had formerly silenced the cavils of his revilers—and by victory alone could he ratify his title to a throne whose

troops less burthensome to the country, but also afforded the perfect security of being prepared for any emergency that might arise.

"From whatever point, therefore, offensive operations might be directed against that portion of the Belgian frontier occupied by the army under Wellington—whether from Lille, by Courtrai, or by Tournai, between the Lys and the Scheldt; from Condé, Valenciennes, or Maubeuge, by Mons, between the Sambre and the Scheldt; or from Maubeuge, Beaumont, or Philippville, by Charleroi, between the Sambre and the Meuse—the Duke, by advancing to the threatened point with his reserve, and placing the remainder of his troops in movement, had it in his power to concentrate at least two-thirds of his intended disposable force for the field, upon the line of the enemy's operations, within twenty-two hours after the receipt of intelligence of the actual direction and apparent object of those operations."

A secret memorandum, a copy of which is given in a note, addressed to the Prince of Orange, the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord Hill, and the quartermaster-general, shows that as early as the 30th April, he was prepared to meet any attack that might be made on him.

The Prussian army, numbering 117,000 men of all arms, was stationed on the left of the Anglo-allied forces, and had their position extending from Charleroi towards Liege, including the line of country marked out by the Meuse from Namur and Huy, as well as an advanced post at Dinant. The points of concentration were Fleurus, Namur, Ciney, and Liege, at any of which, the whole army could be assembled within twenty-four hours. From a consideration of the respective stations of the different corps, which we omit here, anxious to disencumber our brief notice of all circumstantial detail, it appears that the concentration of Wellington's army on its own left, and that of Blücher's on its own right, required longer time than that in which they could have been respectively accomplished in other points; the former being better calculated to meet the enemy's advance by Mons, as was the position of the latter to resist an attack by Namur. This feature did not escape the vigilance of Napoleon, who,

seizing on it, encouraged the hope of separating the two armies and beating them in detail.

When we reflect upon the inferiority of force with which he determined on this bold and hazardous enterprise, it would seem an undertaking too perilous even for his dauntless courage; a brief delay would have enabled him, by operating on the flank of either army, to have directed his main operations with greater weight and efficiency; the organization of his forces would soon have placed an immense number of troops at his command, but that brief interval would have brought the allied sovereigns across the Rhine on the eastward, and led to that combination of attack on Paris which it was his aim to frustrate.

Time, then, was all-important; a victory was all-essential too, to awe the malecontents of the capital with success; the tide of fortune was sure to turn, and the revolt of the Belgians against the allies would give him a powerful addition of force in a quarter bordering on his own frontier. It was not the first time he had advanced against great numerical superiority; the final events of the campaign of 1814 had displayed triumphs over armies far exceeding his own in amount; and Champ Aubert, Mont Mirail, and Montereau attested what success could await the highest order of strategy, when commanding troops habituated to battle.

His plan then was to attack the Prussian army first, that being the nearest to him, and having overcome them, to march at once against the British before they could be collected in sufficient strength to oppose his progress. The road by Charleroi to Brussels was therefore the main line of his operations; by occupying this, he should pierce, as it were, the centre of the combined armies, and then, pushing forward to Brussels, excite a revolt of the Belgian troops. This done, time would be obtained for the advance of further reinforcements from France, and it was not impossible that negotiations for a peace might then have been entertained by the allied sovereigns.

To mask as far as might be, his intended movements, the passes in advance of Valenciennes, Condé, Lille, and even to Dunkirk, were occupied



With his head-quarters at Fontaine L'Eveque, he occupied the line between Binche and the Sambre; his left extending nearly to Namur; his reserve being posted between the river and Fleurus. Here again occurs a refutation of this charge of surprise against the allied generals—a charge which really comes contradicted at every step of the campaign. As early as the 2nd of May, an order was issued by General Zieten to his brigadiers, contemplating the possible advance of the enemy by Binche or Manbeuge, and making arrangements for the concentration of the different brigades to resist the movement.

While Napoleon was meditating on his intended order of attack he received a despatch from Gérard, announcing that Bourmont, with the Colonels Clouet and Villoutreys, had deserted to the enemy—a circumstance which caused some delay, by inducing him to alter his dispositions.

On the morning of the 15th, the French crossed the frontier in three columns, and moved on Charleroi.

“Towards four o'clock in the morning the engagement began along the line of the Prussian outposts, which were speedily driven in, and forced to retire upon their supports. Zieten, upon discovering the whole French army in motion, and perceiving by the direction of the advance of its columns, that Charleroi and its vicinity would probably form the main object of the attack, sent out the necessary orders to his brigades. The 1st was to retire upon Gosselies; the 2nd was to defend the three bridges over the Sambre, at Marchiennes, Charleroi, and Chatelet, for a time sufficient to enable the 1st brigade to reach Gosselies, and thus to prevent its being cut off by the enemy, after which it was to retire behind Gilly; the 3rd and 4th brigades, as also the reserve cavalry and artillery, were to concentrate as rapidly as possible, and to take up a position in rear of Fleurus.”

Zieten's corps, pressed by numbers, retreated slowly before the overwhelming masses of the French, desperately assailed on every point, but still admirably fulfilling the duty assigned to them, of delaying the advance of the enemy, until the concentration of the Prussian army could be effected. The Prussian's loss on the 15th amounted to 1200 men; the charges of the

French cavalry having dealt tremendous carnage among the landwehr, and the fusilier battalion of the twenty-eighth regiment, which was totally overthrown on the bank of the Sambre.

The work of concentration was now begun by Blücher. The third corps at Namur was ordered to march on Sombref, where a portion of the second corps had already arrived; and an order was sent to Bülow to move with the fourth corps from Hannut to Genbloux. An unhappy mistake prevented Bülow's compliance with this despatch, and thus the arrival of the fourth Prussian corps at the battle of Ligny was rendered impossible—an event which might, in all likelihood, have changed the fortunes of that hard fought day.

Late in the evening, Captain von Bülow arrived at Prince Blücher's head-quarters at Sombref, with the intelligence that the arrival of the fourth corps on the field could not be calculated on, and that all the dispositions for the battle should be made independent of them. On the same evening the Duke of Wellington learned the news of the French advance—fully prepared for the intelligence, but only uncertain how soon it might arrive.

“The following were the movements ordered by the Duke. Upon the left of the army, which was nearest to the presumed point of attack—Perponcher's and Chassé's Dutch-Belgian divisions were to be assembled that night at Nivelles, on which point Allen's British division (the 3d) was to march as soon as collected at Braine-le-Comte, but this movement was not to be made until the enemy's attack upon the right of the Prussian army and the left of the Allied army had become a matter of certainty. Cooke's British division (the 1st) was to be collected that night at Enghien, and to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

“Along the central portion of the army—Clinton's British division (the 2d) was to be assembled that night at Ath, and to be in readiness also to move at a moment's notice. Colville's British division (the 4th) was to be collected that night at Grammont, with the exception of the troops beyond the Scheldt, which were to be moved to Audenarde.

“Upon the right of the army—Stedmann's Dutch-Belgian division, and Anthing's Dutch-Belgian (Indian) brigade were, after occupying Audenarde with 500 men, to be assembled at Sotteghem,

the left of the British army." Can any thing more clearly demonstrate that his grace was fully in possession of every thing it was possible for him to know? and that knowing, he took every necessary step to oppose their plans?

A general order, dated some hours later, concludes with the words—"The above movements to take place with as little delay as possible." Here is, in this simple passage, perhaps the best and most conclusive refutation of the accusation it is possible to adduce. Having disposed of this charge for the present, let us resume the course of events; and in doing so, our author shall speak for himself:—

"The result of the proceedings on the 15th was highly favourable to Napoleon. He had completely effected the passage of the Sambre; he was operating with the main portion of his forces directly upon the preconcerted point of concentration of Blücher's army, and was already in the immediate front of the chosen position, before that concentration could be accomplished; he was also operating with another portion upon the high road to Brussels, and had come in contact with the left of Wellington's troops; he had also placed himself so far in advance upon this line, that even a partial junction of the forces of the allied commanders was already rendered a hazardous operation, without a previous retrograde movement; and he thus had it in his power to bring the principal weight of his arms against the one, whilst, with the remainder of his force, he held the other at bay. This formed the grand object of his operations on the morrow. But however excellent, or even perfect, this plan of operation may appear in theory, still there were other circumstances which, if taken into consideration, would scarcely seem to warrant a well-grounded anticipation of a successful issue. Napoleon's troops had been constantly under arms, marching, and fighting since two o'clock in the morning, the hour at which they broke up from their position at Solre-sur-Sambre, Beaumont, and Philippeville, within the French frontier: they required time for rest and refreshment; they lay widely scattered between their advanced posts and the Sambre; Ney's forces were in detached bodies, from Fraigne as far as Marchienne-au-Pont, the halting-place of d'Erlon's corps; and although Vandamme's corps was in the wood of Fleurus, Lobau's corps and the guards were halted at Charleroi, and Gérard's

corps at Châtelet. Hence, instead of an imposing advance, with the first glimmering of the dawn of the 16th, the whole morning would necessarily be employed by the French in effecting a closer junction of their forces, and in making their preparatory dispositions for attack, an interval of time invaluable to the Allies, by the greater facility which it afforded them for the concentration of a sufficient force to hold their enemy in check, and to frustrate his design of defeating them in detail.

"In taking a calm retrospect of the dispositions made by Napoleon on the night of the 15th of June, we become strongly impressed with a conviction, that to the laxity of those dispositions, to the absence which they indicated of that energetic perseverance and restless activity which characterized the most critical of his operations in former wars, may, in a very great degree, be attributed the failure of the campaign on the part of the French. The great advantages derived by Napoleon from the result of his operations during the 15th, have already been set forth, but of what avail were those advantages to him, if he neglected the requisite measures for effectually retaining them within his grasp, or if, having secured them, he hesitated in following them up with the promptitude and energy which their complete development demanded of him? His position, if judged by that of his most advanced forces, was all that could be desired, but, by fatally neglecting to concentrate the remainder of his troops in the immediate support of that advance, the important advantages which such a position held forth were completely neutralized. Doubtless the troops required rest, but, if one portion required it more than another, it was that which now lay most in advance: they had performed the longest march, and had withstood, in addition, the whole brunt of the action; so that there was no reason whatever why the remainder of the French army should not have been so far advanced as to afford direct support to the important position taken up by the leading divisions: that which had been so successfully effected by the heads of the columns, might have been attained with infinitely greater ease and security by the masses which followed. And even supposing that serious impediments stood in the way of the full accomplishment of this concentration, such as the usual delays occasioned by the lengthening out of the columns of march, to what did they amount in comparison with so many brilliant instances of what had been overcome by the noble and heroic

patched in haste towards the village of Piermont, of which it was to endeavour to gain possession.

"The French, on perceiving the arrival of the British infantry, opened a furious cannonade from their batteries, with a view to disturb its formation, while Ney, anxious to secure the vantage-ground of a field which, he plainly foresaw, was likely to become the scene of a severe contest, renewed his attack upon Gemioncourt, still bravely defended by the 5th Dutch militia. Hereupon, Perponcher, having received an order to advance this battalion along the high road, immediately placed himself at its head, as did also the Prince of Orange himself, who rode up to it at the same moment, but it soon became exposed to a most destructive fire of artillery, from which it suffered an immense loss, while the French infantry succeeded in obtaining possession of the farm, in which they firmly established themselves.

"The Duke of Wellington, who had returned to Quatre-Bras from the Prussian position, shortly before the arrival of Picton's division, was so much alive to the importance of maintaining Gemioncourt and its inclosures, that he gave directions for its immediate occupation by a British regiment, but the one destined for this service having by some accident been otherwise disposed of, some delay occurred, and the 95th British regiment, commanded by Colonel Sir Charles Philip Belson, was then marched down towards that point, under the guidance of Lieut.-Colonel Gomm, on the staff of the 5th division. As the battalion approached the farm, the latter was discovered to be already occupied by the French, whereupon it was withdrawn to its division.

"The 3d Dutch-Belgian light cavalry brigade, under General Van Merle, had shortly before this reached the field, and now advanced to the support of the Dutch infantry retiring from Gemioncourt, but they were met and defeated by Piré's cavalry, and pursued along the high road nearly to Quatre-Bras, where they arrived in great disorder, a portion of them coming in contact with the Duke of Wellington himself, and carrying his Grace along with them to the rear of Quatre-Bras. The latter, however, succeeded in arresting their further flight, and in bringing them again to the front. The French cavalry did not, on this occasion, follow up the pursuit, evidently hesitating to approach very near to the allied infantry, the latter appearing well-ordered, and fully prepared to receive them. The Dutch-Belgian infantry retreated to the wood of Bossu,

abandoning the three guns to the enemy, who closely pursued them, and now began to penetrate into the wood.

"Meanwhile, Bachelu, on the French right, threw a considerable force into Piermont, in sufficient time to secure its possession before the 1st battalion 95th British regiment had approached the village, and was pushing forward another strong body towards a small wood that lay still more in advance, on the opposite side of the Namur high road, the possession of which, along with that of Piermont, would have effectually cut off the direct communication between Quatre-Bras and Ligny. Here, for the first time in this campaign, the troops of the two nations became engaged. The skirmishers who successfully checked the further advance of the French, and secured the wood, were the 1st battalion of the British 95th Rifles, whom the old campaigners of the French army, at least those who had served in the Peninsula, had so frequently found the foremost in the fight, and of whose peculiarly effective discipline and admirable training they had had ample experience.

"The cannonade which had opened against the 5th British division as it took up its ground, continued with unabated vigour. The French light troops were now observed advancing from the inclosures that skirted the foot of their position, and to meet them the light companies of the different regiments of Picton's division were immediately thrown forward. On the French extreme right all further progress was checked by the gallant manner in which the 1st battalion 95th British regiment, though opposed by a much superior force, retained possession of the Namur road, which they lined with their skirmishers, while the wood in rear was occupied by the battalion-reserve and the 2nd Brunswick light battalion. On the French left, however, the incessant rattle of musketry in the wood of Bossu plainly indicated by its gradual approach in the direction of Quatre-Bras, that the Dutch-Belgian infantry, notwithstanding their vast superiority in numbers, were yielding to the force onsets of the enemy in that quarter.

"The protection which the French would derive from the possession of the eastern portion of this wood for the advance of their masses over the space between it and the Charleroi road, instantly became apparent to the British commander, in fact, the previous pursuit of the Dutch-Belgian cavalry along this road proved the expediency of establishing some restraint to such facility for a hostile advance in that direction;

on, induced the duke to retire his infantry towards the allied line on the Namur road. In effecting this movement, the troops became exposed to a perfect shower of grape; the cavalry also tore down upon them; they broke and fled—some through Quatre Bras, and others through the Anglo-Allied line; and it was in attempting to rally his soldiers he was struck by a musket-ball, and fell from his horse. The bullet had entered his wrist, and passed diagonally through his body. He looked up once, and recognized those about him; he then asked for water; but none could be procured at the moment. There was a delay in finding a surgeon; and when at last he came, the brave prince had breathed his last. It was the death of a soldier, and well became one of his glorious house.

The Brunswick hussars were ordered forward to cover the retreating infantry; but overborne by the cuirassiers, they fell back in confusion.

"To the 42nd Highlanders and 44th British regiment, which were posted on a reversed slope, and in line, close upon the left of the above road, the advance of French cavalry was so sudden and unexpected, the more so as the Brunswickers had just moved on to the front, that as both these bodies whirled past them to the rear, in such close proximity to each other, they were, for the moment, considered to consist of one mass of Allied cavalry. Some of the old soldiers of both regiments were not so easily satisfied on this point, and immediately opened a partial fire obliquely upon the French lancers, which, however, Sir Denis Pack and their own officers endeavoured as much as possible to restrain, but no sooner had the latter succeeded in causing a cessation of the fire, than the lancers, which were the rearmost of the cavalry, wheeled sharply round, and advanced in admirable order directly upon the rear of the two British regiments. The 42nd Highlanders having, from their position, been the first to recognize them as a part of the enemy's forces, rapidly formed square; but just as the two flank companies were running in to form the rear face, the lancers had reached the regiment, when a considerable portion of their leading division penetrated the square, carrying along with them, by the impetus of their charge, several men of those two companies, and creating a momentary confusion. The long-trying discipline and

steadiness of the Highlanders, however, did not forsake them at this critical juncture; these lancers, instead of effecting the destruction of the square, were themselves fairly hemmed into it, and either bayoneted or taken prisoners, whilst the undamaged face, restored as if by magic, successfully repelled all further attempts on the part of the French to complete their expected triumph. Their commanding officer, Lieut. Colonel Sir Robert Macara, was killed on this occasion, a lance having pierced through his chin until it reached the brain, and within the brief space of a few minutes, the command of the regiment devolved upon three other officers in succession—Lieut. Colonel Dick, who was severely wounded, Brevet Major Davidson, who was mortally wounded, and Brevet Major Campbell, who commanded it during the remainder of the campaign.

"If this cavalry attack had fallen so unexpectedly upon the 42nd Highlanders, still less had it been anticipated by the 44th regiment. Lieut. Colonel Hamerton, perceiving that the lancers were rapidly advancing against his rear, and that any attempt to form square would be attended with imminent danger, instantly decided upon receiving them in line. The low thundering sound of their approach was heard by his men before a conviction they were French flashed across the minds of any but the old soldiers who had previously fired at them as they passed their flank. Hamerton's words of command were—'Rear rank, right about face'—'Make ready'—(a short pause to admit of the still nearer approach of the cavalry)—'Present!'—'Fire!' The effect produced by this volley was astonishing. The men, aware of their perilous position, doubtless took a most deliberate aim at their opponents, who were thrown into great confusion. Some few daring fellows made a dash at the centre of the battalion, hoping to capture the colours, in their apparently exposed situation, but the attempt, though gallantly made, was as gallantly defeated. The lancers now commenced a flight towards the French position by the flanks of the 44th. As they rushed past the left flank, the officer commanding the light company, who had very judiciously restrained his men from joining in the volley given to the rear, opened upon them a scattering fire; and no sooner did the lancers appear in the proper front of the regiment, when the front rank began in its turn to contribute to their overthrow and destruction.

"Never, perhaps, did British infantry display its characteristic coolness and

"It was now nearly five o'clock. The French infantry in the wood of Bossu was continually making progress towards the Namur road, across which increased numbers of the Dutch-Belgian troops, to whom the defence of the wood had been entrusted, were seen hastily retiring, some under the pretext of carrying wounded to the rear, but by far the greater portion as disorderly fugitives. In Piermont, the French light troops had been reinforced, and they were now evidently preparing for a more vigorous attack upon the extreme left of Wellington's forces; whilst certain movements in the vicinity of Gemioncourt gave intimation of an intended renewal of the attack upon Quatre-Bras. All prospect of the Anglo-allied cavalry encountering Ney's veteran dragoons with any chance of success had entirely vanished, whilst, on the other hand, the latter were on the point of being reinforced by the arrival of another cavalry-division. Pack's brigade had expended nearly the whole of its ammunition, its exposed position, and the continued cavalry-charges in its rear having precluded the transmission of the necessary supply. The Brunswickers had been greatly discouraged by the death of their gallant prince; and the losses sustained by all the troops engaged had already been truly frightful. It was at this very moment, when Wellington's situation had become so extremely critical, that two infantry brigades of the 3rd division, under Lieut.-General Count Alten, most opportunely reached the field of action by the Nivelles road."

At this moment, Ney's prospects were bright enough to promise success—when a despatch reached him, ordering him to detach the 1st corps towards St. Amand—and this at the moment when he required D'Erlon's corps, to counterbalance the reinforcements Wellington had received, and to give efficiency to his own general attack. Fresh troops came hourly to the support of the Anglo-allied army, a strong reinforcement of artillery, and not less important, the two brigades of Guards—which, arriving by the Nivelles road, came up to the most critical portion of the British position.

"The Prince of Orange, who had galloped along this road to meet the guards, immediately ordered the light companies under Lieut. Colonel Lord Saltoun, to enter the wood. They rushed forward with a loud cheer, and

commenced a brisk fire on their opponents, who were soon made sensible of the superior description of force now brought against them. The remainder of the brigade speedily followed, and the loud, sharp, animated rattle of musketry, which was progressing rapidly into the very heart of the wood, imparted new life and vigour to the Anglo-allied troops on its eastern boundary, to whom in fact it served as a signal that on their right, as also in their rear, whence so shortly before they had just cause to apprehend imminent danger, all was now perfectly secure. Accordingly as the success of the British guards became more decided, those troops made a corresponding movement in advance. Halkett's brigade resumed its position along the little rivulet, and the two Brunswick battalions continued boldly to advance even beyond this line, resting their right close upon the wood. The 92nd Highlanders, whose loss had been so severe, were withdrawn through the wood to Quatre-Bras. In the mean time, Byng's brigade had closely followed up Maitland's in support, having previously sent forward its light companies under Lieut. Colonel Macdonell round by Quatre-Bras, skirting the eastern border of the wood. The spirited and determined nature of the advance of the British guards not admitting of that restraint which, considering the many intricate parts of the wood, was essential for the preservation of order, led to great confusion in their ranks by the time they reached the southern extremity, after having fairly driven out the French; and in this state they ventured to pursue the enemy on the open ground, but were quickly repulsed by his reserves; and the French artillery poured so destructive a fire into this portion of the wood, that Maitland deemed it advisable to withdraw the 2nd battalion under Colonel Askew to the rivulet, where it was immediately joined from the rear by the other battalion of his brigade (the 3rd, under Colonel the Hon. William Stuart).

"The time which would have been occupied in restoring the order and regularity that had been so completely lost during the progress of these battalions through the wood, was considered too precious for that purpose at such a moment, and the brigade was ordered to form line to its left, outside the wood, the men falling in promiscuously as fast as they emerged from their cover, and extending the line into the plain between the wood and the Brussels road. Thus formed, the line advanced, though but for a short distance, when it opened and continued a brisk fire, under which the French in-

## MRS. GRAY'S SKETCHES FROM THE ANTIQUE, AND OTHER POEMS.\*

MARY ANNE BROWNE—we love to call her by the name under which she was first known to us—is one of the ornaments of THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. Some of the sweetest snatches of song which we have been enabled at intervals to present our readers with, have proceeded from her pen; and now she has wreathed together the scattered flowers, and adding a few new ones, has formed of them a chaplet, which it is our happy duty to place on her own fair head. And she wears it befittingly, for it has been well won; long be it hers! We have no Capitol to conduct her to, where she may enjoy her triumph; but we can at least in these our pages present her to her country as one of its very first living poetesses.

We think we see in each new effort of our Mary Anne's, a nearer approach to that proud position she is destined ere long to occupy. Many of the pieces in her present volume are equal to long standing favourites of ours by older heads; and throughout we can trace her progress in her art, and thus measure her success by the visible advancement of her powers towards maturity. Mary Anne has been the child of music from her very girlhood, and put forth in her fifteenth year, we think, a little volume of her poems. Her later productions, as they successively appeared, have been noticed in our own pages; and from time to time we have given them that meed of praise to which they were so fully entitled.

Mrs. Gray evidently belongs to the same school as Mrs. Hemans. We do not mean that, with many writers both in this country and in America, she has gone on the principle of bald imitation; but she deals with the same subjects, and dwells on them with the same fervour, as did her glorious predecessor. And yet this similitude arises solely from their studying beneath the same preceptor—the human

heart; and are not its lessons inexhaustible? Both have gone within, and searched deeply their own spirits, and brought forth into light lessons of Faith, and Truth, and rejoicing Hope. With both, the affections form at once their strength and their weakness: secure in them, they endure all things—disappointed, or wounded, they are undone. The poetry of each turns less upon incidents than upon feelings in consequence; some passing thought, often "too deep for tears," is arrested in its progress, and turned by them into a lasting impression, through means of a deathless lyric embodying it. This truly is the universal language—

"Il parlar che nell'anima si sente."

and having come from the heart, no wonder it goes to it again immediately.

We love parallelisms, just as much as we dislike comparisons; however, it is no less the critic's office to discover points of similarity than to exhibit the shades of difference. Mrs. Hemans' style is more ornate than our Mary Anne's. She delights in imagery more, and heaps it up in luxurious profusion, sometimes even over much. She was the better linguist of the two, and more read in foreign literature—gleamings of which may be seen constantly in her poems. Has the reader opened a book on architecture, and fastened his eye on the Composite and Corinthian orders, without being at first struck by their wondrous similarity, and immediately after by their distinctive character? These will serve for our emblems. Miss Landon used to compare the melodious flow of Mrs. Hemans' verse to the pure and scientific Italian singing of our day; Mrs. Gray has scarcely less melody, and a greater absence of art, because in her style she is less ambitious. We do not know that she could have given us such gems as *The Voice of Spring*, or *The Treasures of the Deep*, or a few more of the exquisitely finished *chefs d'œuvre*

\* *Sketches from the Antiques and other Poems.* By Mrs. James Gray. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1844.



Upon his soul conviction steals,  
And all the mournful truth reveals;  
No other love his heart may bind,  
Nought lovelier shall he ever find;  
All that perfection is his own,  
Yet dooms him still to be alone.

His golden dreams of love are fled,—  
Henceforth, how coarse and cold  
Will seem the maidens he might wed,  
And all of earthly mould;  
What though he sees their brightest  
    charms,  
His memory all their power disarms,  
His longing spirit turneth over  
Unto the image in the river,  
And there his patient watch he keeps,  
And oft in hopeless passion weeps.

And so he died; but in his stead  
A spotless flower doth grow,  
And gazeth still with drooping head  
Into the stream below.  
It was not idle vanity  
That bade Narcissus droop and die;  
So many a young and ardent breast  
Doth terminate its hopeless quest,  
And hath in useless sorrow pined,  
That no perfection it could find;  
No heart whose fond and fervent tone  
Was not exceeded by his own!

So perished Narcissus, even from  
his own dear loveliness; and what a  
sad sweet application of the story our  
poetess makes! In another strain she  
speaks of Death under a far different  
guise; let us turn from the region of  
Fancy to that of Faith, and listen to  
her. We need scarcely ask you, rea-  
der, one solemn question—it matters  
not much who you be, or what the  
counting of your years, for, alas! we  
expect but the one reply:—Have you  
not some time or other mourned for  
near and dear friends? Ay, maiden  
in the first flush of womanhood, and  
widow whose sun hath gone down in  
darkness, and grey-haired sire weeping  
over a desolated hearth, gather round  
us and respond! Ye all faintly pro-  
nounce the one same word, that it is  
so. We know, then, assuredly, you  
have never forgotten that first day of  
nothingness, when you sat alone by  
the chill, bleak form, and felt how  
dreadful a thing stillness is—unbreath-  
ing stillness in the human frame! But  
in the wear and tear of life, in the  
daily conflict between your hopes and  
fears, in your converse with your kind,  
were not these memories still present  
with you, melting down your hardness  
of heart into a tenderness which dis-

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### **The Power of the Dead.**

Say not their power is o'er,  
Although their lips be mute, their limbs  
    be still;  
With might, unknown before,  
Those silent forms the living heart may  
    thrill.

Who stands beside the bed,  
Where rests the icy corpse within its  
    shroud,  
Nor feels a secret dread,  
With which his soul ne'er to the living  
    bowed?

The lowliest son of earth,  
The veriest babe that Death hath smit-  
    ten down,  
Hath to a realm gone forth,  
To those who gaze upon them all un-  
    known.

An awful mystery, sealed  
From their sad eyes that weep beside  
    their bier,  
To them hath been revealed,  
To their unprisoned souls made plain  
    and clear.

They are the constant sign  
Of God's great truth—the Dead, both  
    great and small,  
Confirm his word divine,  
That all have sinned, and Death hath  
    passed on all.

They are the seed from whence  
The harvest of the Lord shall fill the  
    earth,  
When his omnipotence  
Shall bring the myriads from her bosom  
    forth.

Say not their power is o'er,  
Even when mingling in the lowly dust;  
For them our spirits pour  
An offering forth, in holy hope and trust.

Where is the place of graves  
We deem not hallowed? There is sanc-  
    tity  
In every wind that waves  
Its grasses tall, or stirs its willow-tree.

Where'er some lonely mound  
Tells of the spot where mortal relics  
    rest,

And if to the elfin-loved weaver, why  
not in a yet higher degree to the  
critic?

Are we better than our fathers?  
We are wiser, but are we happier?  
Not that we agree with the alarmists  
that wretchedness is on the increase  
with us. The amount of human mi-  
sery we deem pretty much the same as  
ever it was; it is only better known,  
and more investigated; and therefore  
is more startling to the inexperienced.  
But has our wisdom brought us in-  
creased joy? We greatly fear not.  
Our age is pre-eminently a matter-of-  
fact one; we have become cold, grasp-  
ing, griping. Toiling, toiling we are  
from morn to night in pursuit of one  
demon-deity—gold. Many of the  
virtues have become antiquated; while  
we have imported some vices, which  
have taken root, and are flourishing  
luxuriantly. We have disenchanted  
all nature. Our children are too wise  
to credit the legends that made our  
own hair stand on end; and ghosts  
and goblins are all laid—we suppose  
in the Red Sea. The meadow which  
erewhile showed us the fairy-ring, as  
if to put for ever to silence all sturdy  
unbelievers, is now crossed by the  
massive tram-way; and the panting,  
puffing monster clatters over it for a  
moment, and then is out of sight. And  
so the dreams of our forefathers have  
passed away, along with their own  
brief memories!

### **The Dreams of Old.**

The dreams of old have faded,  
Their wondrous spells are o'er;  
We cannot be persuaded  
To try their power once more.  
Our wisdom now is scorning  
What our fathers deemed a boon;  
The world's bright clouds of morning  
Have melted in her noon.  
Yet for the parted glory  
They shed on mortal mould,  
Think gently of the phantasy  
That framed the dreams of old.

Where are the fairy legions  
That peopled vale and grove,  
And overspread earth's regions  
With strange ethereal love?  
The flowers their essence haunted  
Are blooming gaily still,  
But Time hath disenchanted  
The meadow and the rill.  
There's not a child who listens,  
When their magic tale is told.

Who does not know they were but dreams,  
Those radiant dreams of old!

Where is the high aspiring  
That the star-watcher knew,  
Born of the pure desiring  
For the holy and the true?  
The faith, that never halted  
Heaven's starry page to read,  
And framed a dream, exalted  
Unto a prophet's creed.  
Who now would seek the planets,  
The future to unfold,  
Who, as the grave astrologer,  
Revive the dreams of old?

Where is the kindred spirit,  
With weary endless quest,  
Still hoping to inherit  
Earth's riches, and be blest?  
No more beside his furnace  
The alchemist may bend—  
No more, in lonely sternness,  
His secret labours tend.  
We have a bolder wisdom  
To multiply our gold,  
An open craft to supersede  
That strongest dream of old.

So pass the dreams of ages,  
And leave but little trace,  
Visions of bards and sages,  
New wisdom can efface;  
Dreams, that have won the fearful  
To hope for better days;  
Dreams, that have filled the cheerful  
With terror and amaze!  
All pass—doth nothing linger  
With deathless things enrolled,  
That shall not perish and depart,  
Amidst the dreams of old?

Yea—what upheld the martyr  
Amidst the final strife,  
When he refused to barter  
This holy faith for life?  
What cheered the pilgrim strangers  
To lofty thought and deed,  
To sow, 'midst death and dangers,  
The gospel's sacred seed?  
They hoped the world's wide nations  
Its fruit should yet behold,  
And was their glorious faith a dream,  
A fading dream of old?

No—by the babe's devotion  
Lisp'd at his mother's knee,  
And by her deep emotion  
Its early trust to see;  
And by the bond of union,  
The faithful here may prove,  
And by the blest communion  
Of ransomed ones above,  
We feel that here no vision  
Was with the past enrolled,  
That the Christian faith may never be  
A baseless dream of old!

is weakest and nearest decay, we tear it from all its old recollections of home and friends, and send it away to be a stranger among strangers? This is no doubt "trying a milder climate," as the physicians term it; but experience shows that in nine cases out of ten, it is trying it in vain. Every passing tourist in continental countries must be struck with the number of English names on the gravestones of the different cemeteries. Rome has them in profusion; so has Nice, and Florence, and Genoa, and Naples—just proving that in so many cases, the sufferer was sent abroad—to die. This is the cruelty we arraign. The fondest wish of the invalid, so soon as hope of recovery is changed to humbled and un murmuring resignation, is to lay his bones in the graves of his kindred; and the "*Bury me with my fathers*" rises continually to his lips, as he feels this world to be fast closing upon his view for ever. "It is a sad thing," says an old fragment we picked up years ago, "to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid, who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth;—

he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air that hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the South, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him, how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than all the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long-known and long-loved; they cannot read, as in a book, the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts to them. He feels that he is a stranger, and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction, "*May you die among your kindred!*" And all these clinging feelings to home, and the old familiar places, Mrs. Gray has painted in

### The Dying Girl's Remonstrance.

Oh! tell me not of sunny lands, with clear and cloudless skies,  
Where the mountains and the pillar'd domes in antique glory rise:  
And tell me not of purple vines, and endless summer flowers,  
Those round our home will serve to light my few remaining hours.  
Start not, dear mother! do not weep, sweet sister of my heart!  
Have you not felt the summoning that bids me hence depart?  
Have ye not read it in mine eyes, and on my sunken brow,  
Although my lips have ne'er revealed 'twas known to me till now?

Speak not of hope! I know full well the legend and the song  
That picture all the charms that to the southern lands belong;  
And some few months ago, when health was tingling cheek and eye,  
It had been joy to tread their shores, but not as now—to die:  
Home, home! it is a blessed sound unto the wanderer's ear,  
And to the wearied peasant when the eventide is near,  
And to the mother, when her babe awaits her loving kiss;  
But most unto the dying is its name of peace and bliss.

Open the window, sister! let the murmuring western breeze  
Come in to fan my languid brow from my ancestral trees;  
Oh, think at thou that Italia's winds, though the citron's breath they bear,  
Could have the cheering freshness of mine own dear English air?  
Bring me that branch of roses! I know their lovely hue!  
By the bower I planted when a child those graceful blossoms grew;  
They have a thousand memories blent with their healthful bloom and breath,  
Of the hours when in my childhood's glee, I little thought of death.

saw three young Englishmen on foot, and a lady mounted on a mule, coming slowly along, gazing about them on all sides, and apparently under no care or anxiety whatever. "Strong symptoms," thought we, "that their rooms have been engaged beforehand." The gentlemen were in the highest glee; one of them seemed particularly facetious, and his witty sallies convulsed the others with laughter. Their fair companion, who was young, and very pretty, did not appear to enter much into the merriment. Perhaps she was tired.

Our surmise as to the rooms being engaged, was correct. In a few minutes after the party had sauntered into the inn, we saw the lady standing at the casement of one, which was locked when we were installed into our sleeping quarters. She had thrown off her shawl and bonnet to cool herself; and her long dark hair, let down in order to re-arrange it after the ride, fell in rich and glossy profusion over her shoulders. Leaning forward out of the casement, she appeared to be scanning, with eager anxiety, the winding path down the mountain, and as she stood with her small classical-looking head and beautiful throat slightly advanced, she was quite a picture.

The mountain top was now covered with people strolling about, or seated on the wooden benches, or else in little knots on the short smooth turf with which the summit is covered. Nothing could be more delightful than the repose, and the beauty of that lovely evening hour, after the fatigue and heat of the day's ascent. There was something so light in the fragrant mountain air, that it communicated an indescribable buoyancy to the spirits, and made the imagination revel with tenfold enjoyment over the magnificent picture outspread on all sides. The glowing clouds of sunset began to group themselves in beautiful masses over the tops of the snowy western peaks; and wherever the eye rested, whether on the clear expanse of sky above, the stupendous chain of Alps around, or the vast map-like prospect of winding rivers, smiling valleys, glistening lakes, villages, woods, and fertile plains beneath, all was beauty and enchantment.

A group, consisting of a Danish

prince, his wife and little son, with a German courier, sat on the grass a little way below us. A few minutes after we had perceived them, an elderly gentleman was brought up by two men in a *chaise-à-porteur*, and set down on a spot near the brink of the precipice, which commanded one of the most splendid views. He was a miserably emaciated object, and had lost the use of all his limbs. Beside him walked a young man, who seemed to watch and tend him with devoted affection.

When I looked at this afflicted sufferer, unable to move hand or foot, and saw him thus seated on a mountain top, nearly six thousand feet high, enjoying a magnificent scene, that had brought robust young limbs many a long league to admire it, I could not help reflecting with gratitude on the goodness of Providence. The Almighty disposer of events tempers mercifully the sufferings of his creatures, and causes many a drop of soothing sweetness to mingle in the bitter cup, that for our own sins, and those of our forefathers, we are doomed to drink. Joy and sorrows are more equally dealt out than we are apt to imagine. The longer we live, the more convinced we become of the delightful truth, that few are so wholly and thoroughly miserable as outward appearances might lead us to conclude.

The poor invalid who gave rise to these reflections, gazed around him with such intense and beaming enjoyment, that the sense of his privations appeared quite lost. His wan countenance was far more radiant with happiness, than that of many a one present, blessed with the use of all his limbs—and he turned round to share his pleasure with the youthful companion, who seemed as ready to sympathize in his joy as his sorrow. I never saw so much anxious, watchful tenderness, as was expressed in every look and gesture of that young man: "passing the love of women." It was almost worth while to suffer, to experience such endearing sympathy.

"Every night, and every morning," said one of our guides, who had joined us when we went out, "as sure as the sun rises and sets, that poor gentleman is brought up here; and the young man is always by his side, like

possible, and at the same time, with the utmost tenderness, the obdurate poodle was proof against such flatteries, and in due time he deliberately rose, and moved away.

Then we discovered that poor Bêrr was deplorably lame. It was with the greatest difficulty he could drag himself into the house. We enquired the reason of the wood-cutter, and he began a long tale, of which Bêrr was the hero, and wherein he played a most distinguished part. But, alas! we could but half make out the man's patois, and there was no one near to act as interpreter in German or French. Much there was about a fierce wolf, and a desperate conflict; about a pit on the mountain side, and the white snow stained and soiled with blood. We gathered enough to increase infinitely our respect for the valiant Bêrr, and to make us regard him as a model of courage and fidelity.

A sudden cry of delight caused us to look round, while the wood-man was speaking. It proceeded from the pretty Englishwoman, who came flying down the path, with her whole countenance so lit up and glowing with joy, that it actually looked radiant. A tall, slender young man, dressed in much the same sort of *costume de voyageur* worn by the lady's three companions, walked lightly up the ascent, flourishing his alpen-stock over his head.

"Oh! I have been in such an agony about you!" she exclaimed; and the tones were so penetrating and expressive, they vibrate still in my ear. "Dear Charles, what can have delayed you so long?"

In the overflowing of her rapture, the young woman was about to throw herself into the arms of the newly-arrived, and cover him with caresses; totally forgetting place, time, and surrounding eyes. She was recalled to a sense of all by the merry laugh of one of her party, who began to quiz her unmercifully. Covered with blushes and confusion, she wreathed her arm within that of her "dear Charles," and they disappeared into the hotel.

This little scene set us speculating on the relative positions of the English party.

"Bride and bridegroom, no doubt of that;" said one—"and the three young men are either friends or brothers."

"Newly married, and to separate on an excursion up the Righi! impossible!" objected another. "A young husband would hardly surrender his fair charge to the care of any friend or brother, in the honey-moon: besides, they both look over-juvenile to have entered already the holy state."

"Well, we shall see. When the fair lady has her gloves off, to-night, at the *table-d'hôte*, a glance at her "ring-finger," as the Germans call it, will soon settle that point."

"*Apropos to the table-d'hôte*," said one of our party, "it must be getting late. The sun has set these ten minutes, almost every one is gone in, and it has become very cold. Had we not better return to the house?"

This prudent suggestion reminded us that we had breakfasted before eight o'clock, and not eaten anything since. The heat of the day, during the ascent, had made a draught of water the only refreshment that was acceptable, and since then we had been too much amused to think about luncheon. It was now just seven, so that it was high time to be hungry; and very hungry we were, as we soon discovered, when there was nothing more to occupy our attention.

Our thoughts reverted rather anxiously to the tales of starvation so current respecting mountain-top inns in general, and the Hotel Rigi-Culm in particular; and not a few somewhat doubtful hopes were expressed among our party, that mine host's larder might be equal to the large demands that would be made upon it this evening.

After "*un peu de toilette*," we descended into the *salle-à-manger*—into which apartment we, ladies, could make a more dignified *entrée* than our cavaliers, seeing that our heads ran no risk of an untoward contact with the raftered ceiling. The two long tables were now decked out with cloths, which, if not of the finest, were as white as snow: a very respectable array of lights, in candlesticks of many shapes and forms, were disposed along them, together with some homely attempts at table ornaments, which corresponded with the primitive character of the place.

One table was devoted to tea and coffee equipages, for such of the guests as had already dined; and very com-

warm water and towels; there earnest entreaties for another pillow, or more bed covering; every where trampling of feet and confusion.

At last the din of sounds hushed itself gradually, and silence began to reign over the teeming household. In the room next to ours, which was occupied by the flaxen-haired Russian and her *chaperon*, the whispering voices and soft silvery laughter had given place to the even breathing of calm repose; and we prepared to follow the example of our neighbours on the other side of the thin partition.

That the lords of the creation possess manifold advantages over us, its ladies, is an incontrovertible point; and that a man of "goodly stature" is more to be desired than one of less elevated dimensions, is an equally established fact. Nevertheless there are certain circumstances in which even perfections may be attended with inconvenience. My sister and I had cause to be satisfied both with our sex and size, as we laid our tired limbs on the little white-curtained wooden beds, of which our tall friend at Lucerne had complained so feelingly. Here was an occasion on which there was something to be gained by not being a man—and a man moreover of six feet high. Perhaps it was owing to the fatigue of the day's excursion; but the couch of the Sybarite could not have seemed more luxurious to us, than the little rude beds of the Hotel-Rigi-culm, and there was not so much as a doubled-up rose-leaf to interrupt the deep slumber in which we were soon plunged.

Cruel Berr, to disturb such delightful repose, and dispel the fairy dreams inspired by the light mountain air! There was scarcely a glimmer of day when the watchful animal began his hoarse barkings; not even light enough to discern his shaggy form, which we judged by the sound to be stationed just outside the door, and opposite our window. The reason of this daily disturbance to the household was, that among those whose nocturnal bivouac was round the stove in the *saal-d-manger*, and whose slumbers, doubtless, were not very profound or comfortable, there were always some restless spirits, who were afraid of not being in time for the sun-rise. These used to rouse up long before there

was any necessity for so doing, and issue forth to see how matters were going on in the east; and the faithful Berr, not perhaps quite understanding the reason of their movements at that untimely hour, deemed it his duty to give notice to his masters that folks were astir in the premises.

His warnings were so vociferous that they effectually "murdered sleep." We got up, and by the faint though slowly increasing light, commenced our toilette. It was nearly completed when a step was heard on the creaking stairs; it approached; a heavy knock descended on the door, and a lighted candle was laid down outside. We heard the same ceremony performed all along the corridor, outside each room in succession, and answers were returned to the appeal in every variety of impatient, cheerful, startled, cross, and sleepy tones.

Immediately after the *reveille* sounded. I had never heard the Alpine horn before, and was not at all prepared for its effect. The soft flute-like notes swelled harmoniously on the ear, and there was something so simple and so wild withal in the strains that it was delightful to listen to them. How luxurious would have been the awaking to such pleasant melody! I felt inclined to be very angry with poor Berr for robbing us of this enjoyment, though to his rude interruption of our slumbers we were indebted for being able to dress comfortably and at our ease. Those who did not rise until the summons of the horn, could have had time for but very scrambling toilettes indeed.

It was now past four o'clock. We left our room, and joining some of our party on the stairs, went out on the mountain-top. The sweet morning air was indescribably light and fragrant, and the prospect all round so novel and unique, that the effect was almost thrilling. The gigantic Alpine panorama, traced darkly upon the horizon and becoming gradually more and more distinct in the growing light, had something most mysterious and shadow-like in its aspect. But I am not going to weaken, by a vain attempt at description, the sensations produced by this extraordinary scene. That heart must indeed have been cold whose morning crises did not



one could tell. He gave a wild yell, and rushing back to where his wife was coming on, with the little children sporting beside her, he threw his arms round her waist, and dragged her towards the brink, shouting out, 'Now for a jump—now for a jump!'

"It was a dreadful sight to see the delicate creature struggling in the grasp of the madman: and, oh! to hear her shriek of agonized terror as he forced her along with him towards the precipice! No one could give any assistance; those that were standing by seemed paralyzed with horror. She gave but the one scream, and then her tongue was frozen with fear, and her cheeks and lips ghastly white, like those of a corpse, and her eyes fixed upon her husband with such an imploring look of agony and supplication, I shall never forget it! It was amazing the resistance she made, that weak, slender woman, against a powerful man, now doubly strong from his frenzy! What strength terror can give even to the most helpless! Still they were each moment nearing the brink; she, who had gotten down upon her knees in the struggle, catching, and grappling, and clinging in desperation to every projecting stone and sod, as she was dragged along the ground. It was an awful sight!

"The frantic Prussian became more and more excited. Jean Hertz and young Küller, the two strongest and most active of our guides, said that his strength was like that of ten men: he had but one arm to keep them off with, for the other was wound round his wife, and yet with that he resisted all their efforts. The lady too, poor creature! baffled them almost as much as he did: instead of helping them in trying to disengage her, her only endeavour was to save her husband, not herself. She continued clinging to him and struggling, as though, heaven help her! she could keep him away from the dreadful edge.

"At last the people succeeded in separating them—it was Hertz who tore the poor thing, in spite of herself, from the clutch of the maniac. As for him, no one could hold him: he broke through them all like a tiger, and with a yell that made the rocks re-echo, dashed himself frantically down the precipice! I need not describe the fall, as his body bounded

from point to point, leaving a trace on every rock and bush; here a fragment of quivering flesh, there bloody hair, torn shreds and clots of gore. Look down there, and you can judge for yourself, and imagine the mangled mass that reached the bottom.

"Some of our most active young men succeeded in reaching the spot, and bringing up all that remained of the Prussian officer. The next morning they put the poor wife and her little ones into two *chaises-à-porteur*, and a melancholy procession—the living and the dead—commenced the descent from the Rigi. So mournful a cortege, where all is usually gaiety and pleasure, never took its way from the Hotel-Rigiculu before!"

The precipice, which had been the scene of this tragedy, is almost the only really perpendicular one in the place; the other sides of the mountain sloping rather gradually downwards. Our attention was attracted towards the path leading up to the inn by a very pretty scene—the arrival of a large party who had passed the night at the *Staffel-haus* and the baths lower down. The ladies mounted on mules, with *chaises-à-porteur*, pedestrians, guides, &c. formed a most picturesque pilgrim-like group, and seen by the dim, morning twilight, it had a peculiar and charming effect.

Almost all the inmates of the hotel were now assembled on the mountain top, in eager expectation of the sunrise. It was very amusing to see them issuing successively from the inn-door, some who had imagined they had overslept themselves looking frightened and only half awake; others hastily completing the toilette they dared not linger within doors to finish—fastening a cloak, or tying a neckcloth; smoothing down a refractory curl, or putting some other little finishing stroke to their costume. We recognised the fair-haired Russian and her party; the pretty Englishwoman looking as happy as possible, with her arm within that of her husband: and in short, all our *table-d'hôte* companions of the previous evening.

Meanwhile the light continued gradually increasing, and a richer hue began to overspread that part of the horizon upon which the sun was about to emerge. The eastern sky assumed a golden tinge, flecked with light clouds

time departed, and in traversing the corridor to see after our baggage, the open doors of their rooms betrayed "the secrets of the prison house," and brought to light many most amusing contrivances for passing the night. Beds and matresses on the floor were arranged with such ingenuity and economy of space, that the puzzle was how their respective occupants ever managed to get into them. In short, the devices resorted to in the cabin of a crowded steamer were nothing compared to those in the narrow apartments of the Hotel Rigi-culm.

Berr was seated at the door when we were emerging from it. He actually condescended to recognize me by a visible movement of the tail and a glance from under his tangled hair as we passed. This unexpected mark of favour was most gratifying; it proved that my tender assiduities of the evening before had not been altogether without effect on the imperturbable nature of the dog. How much we prize that which it is difficult to obtain! A good-humoured, soft-hearted spaniel might have loaded me with fawning caresses without causing any of the satisfaction produced by the half-rullen greeting of Berr.

A busy and a pretty scene was that in front of the inn when the various guests were preparing for departure. There was mounting of mules and strapping up of luggage; guides hurrying here and there; adieux and "bon voyages" exchanged; the din of merry voices, and finally the dispersion, when each party took its respective way, and all might be seen winding down the various paths, leaving the little "hostellerie" to silence and repose, until evening brought again a renewal of the busy scene.

At the Staffel-haus the path to Kusnacht diverges from the Weggis one, and there we paused to breathe our horses. The moment we stopped, poor hump-backed Fritz, who seemed always on the watch to pounce upon a probable customer, made his appearance; an *Idiot*, disgrace to the taste of the art!—there was the squirrel, that *chef d'œuvre* of wood carving, still unpurchased, and occupying its elevated place on the hand and in the heart of the artist. He held it up with glistening eyes, and this time there was no resisting the appeal. Poor simple Fritz! the commendations we bestowed

upon his handiwork as we made it our own, seemed to give him far more delight than the batzen he received in exchange for the treasure.

We soon found out that our guides had given us by no means an exaggerated account of the steepness or ruggedness of the path to Kusnacht. In many places it was very much like riding down stairs, and the sensation was far from being agreeable. Added to this, my venerable Rosinante had lost a shoe, and sundry stumbles on its part had suggested to me the idea that my own feet would be a safer and pleasanter mode of conveyance. My companions joining in the opinion, we soon jumped down from our steeds and proceeded on foot.

The morning was deliciously cool, and we took advantage of our liberty to stray from the path into tempting little nooks where wild flowers grew in the shade, meeting the hand of the passer-by. The Alps, as every one knows, are famed for the beauty and variety of their wild flowers. We were too late for the Alpen-rose, the loveliest of the mountain garden—a species of *Rhododendron* whose gorgeous clusters of scarlet blossom crown the Rigi's brow in the month of May, and form a beautiful contrast with the glittering white snow and the patches of fresh verdure. The gentianella, however, was in full bloom, and its lovely bells of rich deep blue peeped out in brilliant clusters from behind every rock and tree. There was another beautiful flower resembling the gentianella in colour, the blossoms of which grew along the slender stalk in star-like wreaths; and a profusion of white wood-lilies, wild geranium, and other flowers which we had never seen before were scattered among the trees and grass in bright luxuriance.

When we had proceeded some distance, our attention was attracted by a group of people collected outside a chalet, who seemed to be examining something very curiously. We went to the spot and found them surrounding a man who held in his hand a large bird which he had shot that morning among the peaks and had just brought home. It was a magnificent creature of the size and colour of a very large eagle, and from the shape of the beak looked of the vulture tribe. The sportsman called it an *Ur-hahn*, and

## ARRAN NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. F. S. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Dunbar," "Richelieu," &amp;c. &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE household of Lady Margaret Langley was increased, during the day following the adventures related in the last two chapters, by the return of two stout servants, whom she had sent upon various errands, to a considerable distance from Langley Hall; and in the evening, the steward and his man came back, as they termed it—though in truth, they both ordinarily lived in a house and cottage about two miles off—to the dwelling of the good lady. The hind, too, arrived, and took up his lodging in the house; and the shrewd servant, William, was busy amongst the farmers and tenants, talking with one—whispering with another—winking at a third. Langley Hall, in truth, became quite a gay place; for, in addition to the militia men from Beverley, every morning saw five or six good yeomen, sometimes eight or nine, attending Lady Margaret's orders and directions about farming matters. Captain Hargood felt somewhat uneasy; for these visitors, all stout men, and generally armed, became so numerous, that he saw it was not at all unlikely, that, in process of time, he might be outnumbered in the Hall. He perceived that should such be the case, at any unexpected moment, he might be easily overpowered, if the disposition which he had at first made of his men continued; for, scattered over that large rambling mansion, in order to watch what was taking place in every part at once, there were not to be found more than two or three of the militia together at any one given point; and it was by no means an easy or rapid process, to gather them from their several quarters into one body—for the stairs and passages, the rooms and ante-rooms, the lobbies and galleries, the halls and corridors were so intricate, and in such number, that it was a good half-hour's march from one end of the house, and the shutting of a door, or barricading a passage, might isolate any one party from the rest in a moment. He could

not help fancying, too, that Lady Margaret felt the advantage of her position, and that there was something more than chance in this influx of tenantry; and thus the feeling of security with which he had taken possession of Langley Hall soon disappeared, and he became very uneasy indeed.

In after periods of the civil war, when the bold and decided tone of the parliament had spread to the whole party, and the simple justice, or petty commissioner, knowing that any violence against a malignant would receive countenance and applause from those who had the power of the state in their hands, ventured every excess against their enemies, Captain Hargood would have overcome the difficulty at once by marching off Lady Margaret, and the principal members of her household, to Beverley, or Hull. But the Round-head party, in remote provinces, had not yet acquired full confidence, either in its strength, or in its leaders; and steps afterwards taken, as a matter of course, were now not even thought of. His only resource, therefore, was to reinforce his numbers, if possible, and to make such changes in the disposition of his men, in the meanwhile, as would guard against surprise.

During the hours, then, at which the hall was thronged with the tenants and farmers, he gathered his men together into one part of the house, and there kept them, till he found that the visitors who alarmed him were departing. But, in truth, this was all that Lady Margaret desired; and the unpleasant espial being removed, from about nine in the morning, till about one o'clock, ample time was afforded for very easy communication with the Earl of Beverley, both to cheer him by the society of his friends, and supply him with all that might be necessary to his comfort.

As only one of the party could venture to be absent at a time, it may easily be supposed that Annie Walton

price to part with me. But with you, Francis, it is very different: you have mingled with the bright dames of France and the beautiful ones of Italy and Spain, and I cannot even hope that you should have escaped heart-whole, to lay your first affections at the feet of poor Annie Walton, a country girl, well nigh ignorant of courts and all the graces that you must have seen elsewhere."

"I have seen none like her, Annie," said Lord Beverley, in a tone of deep earnestness, "and I will tell you in truth and sincerity, I never loved till I did see her. I may have admired; I may have been pleased; but there have been things in my fate and history which came dim between me and all others, like those glasses which stargazers use to look upon the sun without having their eyes dazzled; and even, dearest Annie, when that thick veil was over me the most, I was still the gayest, jesting with the light, laughing with the gay, and draining the bowl of pleasure to the dregs, even when the draught was most tasteless to my lips."

"Indeed," said Annie Walton, gravely: "that seems strange to me."

"And yet it is true," replied the earl—"nay more, it is common, Annie. Each man has his own secrets in his heart, and each his own way of hiding them—one in a dark, gloomy pall, one in a gay and glittering veil; and the latter was my case, sweet one. But perchance you have never heard the tale of what happened to my house in older times. My mother's brother was an Irish lord of a high and noble nature, wild, daring, and somewhat rash. For some poor and trifling fault he was pursued, unjustly I believe—at all events with unjust severity—in courts he did not recognise, to the confiscation of his property. He laughed such laws to scorn, however, defied them to take him from his mountain holds, and added attainments to the judgment against him; but he had strong enemies even in his native country. Troops were led up through

passes that he thought secure by men who knew them but too well. His castle—for it was a house well fortified—was attacked and stormed, he being absent from it at the time; and my poor sister, a young child I loved most dearly, then but waiting for an opportunity of returning to her own home, perished in the flames, for they burnt his dwelling to the ground. He himself was taken on his return, and with indecent haste and many illegal circumstances was condemned and executed."

"Good heaven!" cried Annie Walton, a wild fancy suddenly presenting itself to her mind. "Can it be, that Arrah Neil is your sister? There are several strange things regarding her, and I may tell you she is not what she seems."

"No," answered Lord Beverley—"oh no, my beloved, that could not be. My sister would now be seven or eight years older than poor Arrah, and besides the body was not so disfigured that it could not be recognized. She died beyond all doubt. In grief and indignation my father and my mother appealed to the king of England, strove to remove my uncle's trial to some more fit and competent tribunal before his sentence was pronounced, showed the evident illegality of many of the proceedings against him, petitioned, prayed in vain. He died as I have said, and then to remonstrances they added complaints and reproaches, withdrew from the court and uttered words which were construed into high offences, fines and punishments followed upon those whose hands had aided to uphold the monarchy, and in bitter disgust at man's ingratitude, in abhorrence of his falsehood, and indignation at his injustice, I quitted England, wandering over many distant lands, and resolving never to return. I sought forgetfulness, Annie—I sought pleasure, amusement, any thing which, if it could not take the thorn out of my heart, might at least assuage the pain.—But hark, there is the signal that you must return," and with one brief career they parted.

chamber, sought the private passage into the apartments where the earl was concealed, and passing with a grave look through that which she called the chamber of atonement, threaded a long and narrow corridor constructed in the wall of the building, and mounted a staircase of no greater width, which led to the sleeping room of Lord Beverley, where she found him reading one of the books with which she had taken care to supply him.

"Well, my dear lord, she said, "they have found us out, I fear."

"Indeed, Lady Margaret," replied the earl calmly; "then I suppose the sooner I quit my present quarters the better."

"I don't think so, my lord," rejoined the old lady; "I am not sure that it will not be wise to have a struggle for it, and that very speedily. We have got fifteen stout men in the house, and you make sixteen. They with their captain are twenty one. I have a good store of arms here too, and I could bring the people round, or part of them through these passages to fall upon them in the rear, while the others attacked them in front."

"No, no, my dear lady," replied the earl smiling; "that must not be done on any account. In the first place we might lose the day, and then you and yours, and all that is most dear to me on earth, would be exposed to violence of which I dare not think. The fire of musquetry too in such a house as this might lead to terrible disasters, and besides, whatever were the result, unless Hull fall and the king can hold this part of Yorkshire, you would be obliged to fly from your own dwelling and give it up as a prey to the parliamentary soldiery. It must not be thought of. If you can but keep these men from pushing their discoveries farther till night fall, and get me out by the most private way, I will go and take my chance alone. It is the only course, depend upon it."

"Oh, we will keep them at bay," replied Lady Margaret. "They have been quaking for their lives this last three days, and while my stout yeomen remain in the house dare not stir one from another for fear of being taken unawares. I have ordered my men to remain all day and have promised them supper at nightfall; so we are

secure till then, and in the meanwhile you may rest safe, for sooner than they should break in here, I will even burn the house about their ears. If you are resolved to go——"

"Quite," replied the earl.

"Then I will despatch one of the young men," replied Lady Margaret, "as if he were going home, to have a horse ready for you on the road to York. He can come back again to help us when it is done. In the meanwhile I will send you food and wine, that you may be strong for your ride; but I must tell you that there is a party of horse out about Market Weighton, said to be cavaliers, and it were well that you should be upon your guard if you fly that way, lest they should prove daws in peacock's feathers."

"Nay, that cannot well be," replied the earl. "If I be not much mistaken, the news I sent by Walton will soon bring the king before the gates of Hull. It would not surprise me if these were some of his majesty's own parties, and I will direct my steps towards them with all speed."

Some farther conversation took place regarding the arrangements to be made; and it was agreed that, as soon as Lady Margaret thought the earl's escape might be attempted with a probability of success, either she herself, or one of her fair companions, should visit him, and give him notice; and after all had been thus settled, Lady Margaret, taking her leave of him, returned to the room where she had left her niece and Arrah Neil.

She found them speaking eagerly, poor Arrah's colour somewhat heightened, and Annie Walton's eye bent down, with a dewy drop resting on the lid.

"Nay, but tell my aunt," said Miss Walton. "Indeed, dear Arrah, you should tell her."

"No," replied Arrah Neil, with her own wild eagerness, "I will tell no one," and then turning to Lady Margaret, she laid her hand upon her arm, gazing with an appealing look in her face, and saying, "I have a scheme, dear lady, a scheme which Annie opposes; but it is a good scheme too; and she only fears it on account of danger to myself. Now, I fear no danger in a good cause; and I am sure you will trust me, will you not, dear Lady Margaret?"

## I SIGH IN VAIN.

I sigh in vain  
 For freedom, and my spirit long hath pined  
 To tread the dark green hills of earth again,  
 To drink the mountain-wind.

More blest than I,  
 On silver wing the sea-bird far may roam,  
 Seek the glad sunshine of the azure sky,  
 Or the bright billow's foam.

The forest deer  
 Are in the green wood bounding wild and free,  
 While, fevered and heart-sick, I languish here  
 In lone captivity.

The bright sunshine  
 That warms the earth and lights the lonely sea,  
 May gladden every heart and eye save mine,  
 But scarce may beam on me.

I pine alone,  
 There is no smile to soothe the captive's woe—  
 No kindly breathing voice, whose gentle tone  
 Forbids his tears to flow.

Night's raven wings  
 May fan the mourner to a brief repose ;  
 But the sweet pause from sorrow which she brings  
 On me she ne'er bestows.

For when the stars  
 Begem the dark arch of the midnight sky,  
 Sadly I watch them through my grating bars,  
 As they sail silent by.

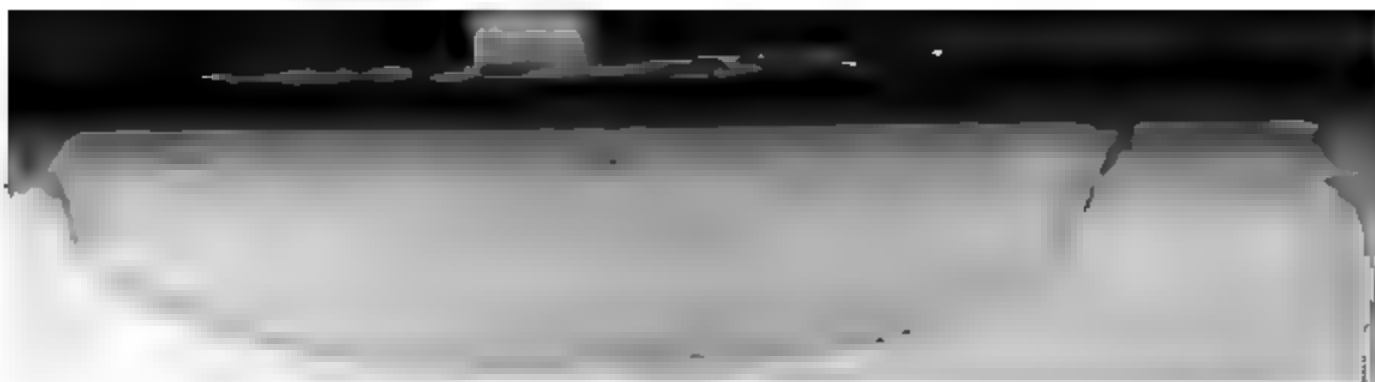
Or if I lay  
 Me down on my straw bed, and seek to sleep,  
 In tortured visions scenes now far away  
 Will by my spirit sweep.

My throbbing head !  
 Oh, that my burning fantasies were o'er,  
 And thou wert laid cold in thy last low bed,  
 To dream of earth no more.

Man was not made  
 To waste in lone captivity away ;  
 Far better 'twere in quiet to be laid,  
 Mouldering in dull decay.

Welcome then, Death !  
 Too long thy seraph wing hath stayed from me.  
 Come, break this chain, and steal this fluttering breath,  
 And set my spirit free.





*H. Miller*

been the preceptor of Edmund Burke, with whom William contracted a friendship, and at whose house in England he was at a subsequent period a respected guest. Abraham Colles, the second son of this gentleman, was born in 1773, at a place called Millmont, close to the Nore, and about two miles from Kilkenny. There was a portrait at Millmont of his ancestor, the surgeon whom we have already mentioned, and it is said that often gazing in his childhood upon this picture, he declared he would be a surgeon too. His first public instruction was received in the endowed school or college of Kilkenny, under the auspices of a kind and judicious man, Dr. Ellison, formerly a fellow of the Dublin University. A trifling incident is mentioned as having occurred while he was under the care of Dr. Ellison, which, like the picture of his grandfather, had its influence perhaps in deciding his professional destiny. The flank of the house upon the river side, near St. John's bridge, inhabited by a Dr. Butler, then the physician of Kilkenny, happening to be swept away by a sudden flooding of the Nore, a treatise on anatomy was carried down by the torrent, and was picked up by the schoolboy upon a low meadow adjoining his father's house. He restored the volume to Dr. Butler, but some pertinent questions respecting the contents satisfied that gentleman that his young friend had peeped into its pages. The book was probably of no great value, for the doctor made it a present to Colles, who carried it home in triumph, and soon preferred it to his Horace or his Lucian. Not long after, during a visit to Dublin, at the house of an uncle who was a member of the bar, he discovered to that relative the passion he had conceived for medical studies, and his mother was soon advised to permit him to follow the bent of his talents.

In the year 1790 he left his native city to enter the Dublin University, accompanied by his brother William. His progress at school was such as to promise the highest collegiate success, had Abraham affected it; but even thus early he evinced that singleness of purpose and energy of character which raised him to the height which he afterwards reached. He left his brother to gather the academic laurels, to obtain premium and scholarship, limiting his own studies to the object of passing through the course so respectably as to show that he too would have obtained the same distinctions, had he not already chosen another career, and fixed his eye upon remoter honours. He even insisted upon having a private entrance, although urged to a public one by Mr. Stopford, his tutor. Within a fortnight after the ceremony of matriculation he was the pupil and also the apprentice of another master, Dr. Woodroffe, then resident surgeon of Steevens' Hospital. Mr. Colles was proof from the first against every seduction that sought to win him from the profession of his choice. He embraced it with the ardour of a lover, and paid it no divided allegiance. An anecdote connecting his name with that of Edmund Burke ought not to be omitted. His uncle, Mr. Richard Colles, at whose house he was now a frequent visitor, had some dispute with a London bookseller concerning the publication and copyright of a satirical poem; and he had also a correspondence with Mr. Burke upon the subject. Mr. Burke's letter suggested to the young surgeon some remarks "on the conditions of political satire," which he hastily committed to paper, and showed to his uncle, who privately sent them to his illustrious acquaintance in England. Mr. Burke returned them with encomiums on their spirit and good sense, even recommending their publication. The author, however, when desired by his gratified relative to prepare them for the press, thrust the papers into the fire; and when his uncle talked of the "name" which he was sacrificing, he replied, "A name, sir! Yes, as an author; and then not a dowager in Dublin would call me in to cure a sore throat."

Mr. Colles obtained his diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland in the year 1795, and then repaired to Edinburgh, at that time the first school of medicine in the world. A sojourn of six months made the Irish surgeon a Scotch M.D., with which honour he started on foot for London, a journey none of the easiest even in 1795, although not so adventurous as when Ben Jonson performed the same pedestrian feat. Mr. Colles has left amongst his papers an accurate and interesting diary of this expedition, abounding in every page with proofs of his professional ardour, and traits of his ingenious and manly character. At this time he may be said to have been almost poor; but he possessed the cheerful and hardy spirit before which difficulties vanish away.

Beneath this entry we find the following observation:—"This is a very great sum of money for my second year's practice. Compare it with the preceding year's total, and the comparison is very flattering."

The third year, 1800, is more flourishing still; in fact, Mr. Colles rose with extraordinary rapidity.

By fees	:	:	:	:	:	£122	17	8
Salary	:	:	:	:	:	80	0	0
Two apprentices' fees	:	:	:	:	:	227	10	0
Total received.						£421	7	8

Upon this sum there is no observation, which shows that his mind had become familiar with the prospect of success. The apprentice fees prove the degree of reputation he must have enjoyed in only the third year of his practice.

Several entries in the same remembrancer exhibit the quaint humour which was one of the charms of his conversation.

"For giving ineffectual advice for deafness, £1 2s. 9d."

Another fee is "for attempting to draw the stump of a tooth."

Another, "I know not for what services, unless he may have thought the last fee too small."

The month of April, 1799, is marked with the emphatic word, "Feeless."

"For telling him that he was not dyspeptic"—a guinea! On the other side of the page is the word "hypochondriac."

(Opposite to the entry of every fee in this small memorandum book, is a note in two or three words of the case in which it was received. But it was his professional habit through life to keep an accurate record of all cases of any importance that came before him. He pursued this system steadily during his connection with Steevens' Hospital, a period of nearly half a century, for when he ceased in 1813 to be the resident surgeon of that institution, he accepted the appointment of visiting surgeon, which he held until the year 1842. To this valuable habit of registering the details of his practice, recording the phenomena of disease, and his observations upon them, he was much indebted for the rapidity of his advancement. But he also dissected assiduously, being profoundly impressed with the importance of anatomical knowledge, which he regarded as the true basis of medical science. For many years, after he became a practising physician, he devoted two or more hours in the day to the toils of the dissecting-room. His position was now a good one, and he turned it to the best account, both for his own interests and those of the extensive establishment which he superintended. His humane and unintermitting attentions endeared him to his patients, while his knowledge, skill, and dexterity commanded the admiration of his pupils, for he soon began to add the reputation of an able lecturer to that of a profound anatomist and masterly operator. No man ever more fairly earned great rewards by great labours. A small class of pupils attended him originally at his lodgings, and he cultivated the art of lecturing with the same marvellous industry which he applied to all that he took in hand. The uncle already mentioned, whose house he frequented much in his early days, once asked whether he had ever passed an idle hour? "I passed two," was the answer of Mr. Colles, "and I saved my life by it, only last Saturday." That Saturday was the tragical 23d July, 1803, the date of Emmet's frantic insurrection. Mr. Colles had visited his mother, who then happened to have a temporary residence near the Blackrock, and had been induced to protract his stay longer than he wished. When he rode back to town, and entered Thomas-street, on his return to his hospital, he heard the discharge of the last shot which dispersed the insurgent rabble. At that time he wore a yeoman's uniform, and had he returned to Dublin at the time he desired, he must have been in the thick of the affray.

In 1802, Mr. Colles had risen to such eminence not only as a surgeon but as a lecturer, that he contested, although unsuccessfully, the chair of Anatomy and Surgery in Trinity College with Dr. Hartigan. There existed doubts of the validity of Hartigan's election, and his opponent, with his wonted vigour, took legal proceedings to defeat it. The election, however, stood; but nothing could abate the ardour of the defeated candidate. There was a society then in Dublin called the Medico-Chirurgical Society, where papers were read, and medical and anatomical subjects debated. Mr. Colles threw himself into the pro-

measure from his reputation for wise caution and solid judgment. But he enjoyed the respect and confidence of the members of his profession in an unexampled degree. His slowness to draw conclusions, and adopt opinions, gave increased weight to his authority, when he sanctioned a principle advanced by others, or announced some result of his own experience. He was known, also, to be thoroughly free from vanity, and to have none of that professional coxcombry, which occasionally leads men of indisputable talent to put forth crude opinions, or hazard exaggerated statements. Mr. Colles had as high a character for veracity and honour, as for knowledge and skill. With a sense of his duties towards his professional brethren his mind was especially imbued. Every profession has its own code of ethics—or rather, its peculiar adaptations of the universal rules of justice. Mr. Colles was, for many years, the favourite physician and surgeon for consultation, particularly with the juniors of the faculty—and he owed this honourable preference to their profound conviction that, while they availed themselves of his experience, their characters and interests were safe in his hands. During a practice of duration and extent not often equalled, he was never known to have made a remark, or so much as thrown out a hint, in consultation, tending to prejudice the reputation, or hurt the feelings, of the most inexperienced practitioner who sought his aid. With such intellectual and moral qualifications, his advance was naturally rapid.

At the age of thirty he was in considerable practice, and its increase was steady, until he reached the top of the profession and the summit of his ambition. For thirty years he was incontestably the first physician and surgeon in Ireland, and in the receipt of an income averaging five or six thousand a year. He amassed, however, but little wealth, for avarice was not amongst the motives that stimulated his exertions, and his bounty, moreover, was profuse. He purchased an estate of about £2,000 per annum, and bequeathed little else to his family, except the inheritance of his name and example.

Mr. Colles became a member of the College of Surgeons in 1800; and from that period down to 1836 took an active and leading part in the affairs of that institution. For many years he served as censor, and was three times its president. The Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland now enjoys a European reputation, and much of its celebrity is unquestionably owing to the energy with which Mr. Colles devoted himself to its improvement. He attended its meetings with scrupulous regularity, and was always ready to relinquish lucrative employment when his presence at its councils was required. The affection which he bore the institution was almost parental, and it is not too much to say that it was returned with filial veneration. It is obvious, likewise, that the man who did so much to reform and extend the system of surgical instruction had large claims upon public gratitude. Mr. Colles never ceased to impress upon his contemporaries, that the great object of those who founded the college, as well as the purpose of the legislature which chartered and endowed it, was to advance the science of surgery, increase the respectability of the profession by raising the standard of previous acquirements, and above all, secure to the public a constant supply of practitioners as highly educated as possible, familiar with every modern improvement or discovery, trained under the expertest masters, instructed by the ablest lecturers, and tried by the test of the most rigorous examination. The value of these objects it would not be easy to estimate too highly, nor the merits of him who devoted to accomplish them moments that told in guineas. In his attachment to the College of Surgeons there was no narrow *esprit du corps*; still less was he influenced by any regard to his personal importance. He considered the college an instrument for the attainment of high objects, and laboured strenuously to make that instrument as brilliant and effective as possible. It would be difficult to explain to unprofessional readers the many valuable reforms and improvements for which the establishment in question is indebted to the zeal, activity, and foresight of Mr. Colles; suffice it to say, that its best rules and constitutions were the offspring of his prudence and sagacity, and that there is scarcely an instance of his advice having been rejected, or of any plan which he recommended having failed to carry the suffrages of the great majority of the body.

Many yet live who must have a clear recollection of what the profession of surgery was at the beginning of the present century; how low it stood in the estimate of the public, how timidly it even claimed relationship to the science of

men. If, as a medical lecturer, he particularly excelled in any department, it was in delineating the features of Disease, from its small and scarce perceptible beginnings, through its various phases and variations, either to recovery or dissolution. Here his graphic powers have never been surpassed. He presented to his audience a picture so faithful, so accurate, so vivid, that they almost fancied the ghastly phenomena of each human malady were bodily before their eyes. For this power he was indebted, not only to the vast extent of his anatomical researches, to which no man of his time had devoted himself so ardently, but also to the habit already alluded to of keeping a minute daily record of every case which came under his personal observation.

It is not surprising that Mr. Colles did not write much; the wonder, on the contrary, is, that he found time to make so many additions as he did make to medical literature. What leisure for recreation, much less for study, is it possible for a physician in large practice to command? In fact, the difficulty of dedicating any portion of the day to the labour of composition is in direct proportion to the abundance of materials resulting from the range of observation and extent of experience. Mr. Colles was remarkable for the close attention which he devoted to every case that came before him exhibiting any novel or striking feature, and in cases of such a description he was totally regardless of his pecuniary interests; but it was not often that he was enabled to extract from his practice the time that authorship requires. Nevertheless, he has left behind him some valuable contributions to medical science. In the year 1814, he published, in the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, an account of some cases of subclavian aneurism pregnant with interest. Material surgery at all times engaged much of his attention, and no one espoused more fully the doctrines and principles of Hunter. It is impossible to read this brief paper without being struck as much by the modesty as by the ability of the writer. At the time when Mr. Colles performed the operation of tying the subclavian artery, it had never been attempted in Ireland, and only twice in England. He was the first surgeon in Europe who ever passed a ligature round the *art. v. humeralis*, the first and largest branch derived from the great trunk of the *aorta*. Yet this brilliant and successful operation is recorded in the simplest and most laconic language, without the least assumption of merit or parade of discovery. It may here with propriety be mentioned, that Mr. Colles was distinguished at a very early period of his life as a masterly operator. He was bold and daring, but at the same time steady, cool, and dexterous; rapid without hurry, always prepared for sudden emergencies, and singularly fertile in resource.

In the tenth number of the same journal he gave an admirable practical description of a peculiar injury of one of the bones of the fore-arm, an accident of frequent occurrence, but which had been commonly overlooked by the profession. The observations upon this subject have been found so accurate and useful, that the accident in question is now generally known by the name of "Colles's fracture of the radius."

In the year 1811, Mr. Colles published the first volume of his "*Surgical Anatomy*," a work of considerable industry and merit. It is a matter of general regret, that he was never able to complete the second volume. Next to the late Mr. Burns of Glasgow, Mr. Colles deserves the high honour of having not only cultivated this most important branch of the science, but of having by this publication set an example which encouraged and stimulated others to its prosecution. This volume contains an excellent and accurate description of some of the most important and complex regions of the human body; and derives additional interest from a luminous exposition of his views upon the general subject of medical education.

In the year 1816, in conjunction with his friends the late Dr. Cheyne and Mr. Todd, assisted also by Mr. Cusack and Dr. Graves, he laid the plan of that valuable publication, "*The Dublin Hospital Reports*," and contributed several valuable papers.

In the year 1837, he published the last and undoubtedly the most valuable of his literary labours, his work "*On the Use of Mercury*," dedicated to Sir A. Cooper. In a brief memoir like this, it would be out of place to give a minute account of this important treatise. Suffice it to remark, that it gives the results of Mr. Colles's experience both of the great virtues of this powerful

advice valuable; and when they wanted aid more substantial they never found his heart or his purse closed. But his benevolence did not generally wait to be solicited; no man was more spontaneously generous, or oftener spared necessity the pain of the appeal.

In politics, Mr. Colles was a Whig; and the liberal party had no faster friend—none, whose attachment did them more honour. He held his political opinions, as he did all others, with a modest firmness, untainted by the slightest violence, and without the faintest tinge of bigotry. The steady and unostentatious support which he gave, through life, to those principles and measures which he conscientiously believed to be the best for the public welfare, was one of the pleasing retrospects which cheered the evening of his days. While his party was out of power, (a period that embraced the greater part of his life,) such services as were compatible with his professional duties and private station were always at its command; yet, when his friends returned to office, he neither received, nor solicited, emolument or honour from them. He was not only no suitor for ministerial favours, but when the government of 1839 neglected, or overlooked his claims, in the distribution of honours amongst the heads of the medical profession—the circumstance neither offended nor disturbed him. But it was otherwise with the body of the profession, who felt and pronounced their surprise and dissatisfaction—a feeling which extended itself to England, and was shared by the most eminent physicians and surgeons there. It was particularly and strongly expressed by Sir Astley Cooper, who bore witness to the general opinion of the faculty in the British empire, and declared that Mr. Colles had achieved honours for himself beyond what any government could bestow. This sentiment was too generally entertained, and too loudly expressed, not soon to reach the ears of the dispensers of patronage, who acknowledged their mistake, and hastened to repair it. A baronetcy was offered, and its acceptance more than once pressed upon Mr. Colles; nor was it any offence taken at the previous oversight, that caused him to decline the distinction. However, he did so firmly, but modestly; observing, “That for himself, personally, such distinctions had no attraction; and that, in consequence of the distribution he intended to make of his property amongst his children, an hereditary title would be an inconvenient honour.”

The popular notion, which attributes to the medical profession levity, or scepticism, on the subject of religion, receives no support from the life or the latter end of this eminent individual. He held hypocrisy and fanaticism in contempt; but, of true religion, he never spoke without respect; and of its great truths, he had a sober and rational conviction. It was the influence of these truths upon his mind, that enabled him to confront death with the remarkable serenity and cheerfulness which adorned and dignified his last hours. For several years he had enjoyed the intimacy of Dr. Dickenson, the late lamented bishop of Meath, by whom his sons had been educated; and he had always taken much pleasure in the conversation of that pious and worthy man. During the early stages of his malady, having, upon one occasion, felt a desire to receive the sacrament at his own house, being unable to attend public worship—he wrote to the bishop, expressing his desire to have the rite administered by the hands of a friend, with whom he had often discussed the truths of Christianity. On the day that should have brought Dr. Dickenson to his side, upon the mission of religion and friendship, Mr. Colles received the tidings of his untimely end!

The expression of Mr. Colles's countenance is tolerably well preserved, both in marble and on the canvas. It was serene and radiant, with that expression of intellectual benignity, which indicates the gentlest affections, under the control of the soundest judgment. He had a shrewd, clear, quick, good eye; a broad, calm forehead; a play of humour—and at the same time, a marked character of decision about the mouth. His voice was agreeable; its tones soft, but distinct and manly. His height was about the middle size—the figure well-proportioned, and his carriage firm, and unaffectedly dignified.

The habits of his life were simple, regular, temperate, hospitable; he was an early riser, from the beginning to the end of his career; he was fond of rural retirement, and preferred the society of his own house, and the conversation of the friends that he loved, to all other pleasures.



years' war," paved the way for Prussia eventually standing forth as the head of the Protestant cause in Germany—a proud position which she still occupies, in a manner most creditable to her government, and most beneficial to the progress of enlightenment in the whole of that very interesting country.

By the military talents, firmness, and good sense of "the great elector," Frederick William, whose reign extended throughout the middle portion of the seventeenth century, the Prussian territories, already much augmented by the treaty of Westphalia, were consolidated, and the foundation of an imposing power laid on the shores of the Baltic—and to crown all, this was transformed into a veritable kingdom, through the grace of the emperor, in the commencement of the eighteenth century.

By what stages Prussia finally attained to the distinction of a first-rate power, through the political wisdom, and patient industry of the first Frederick, and the civil and military talents of his still more celebrated son, we must not here pause to consider; nor shall we inflict on our readers a detail of the well-known succession of errors and imbecilities, by which the nephew of the latter, one of the few incompetent rulers in the series, allowed his kingdom to sink into that miserable state of humiliation so unhappily contrasted with her previous rapid strides towards eminence amongst the nations.

It was from the period of the accession of the late king, Frederick William III., that the spirit of the nation began gradually to revive; and notwithstanding the many terrible scenes of suffering through which it had still to wade, under the iron rule of the French, the under-current of patriotic feeling ran ever deeper, wider, and stronger, till its force became at length totally irresistible.

About three years after the commencement of the desolating peace of Tilsit, died Queen Louise, the object of the unbounded love and admiration of her subjects; her death, as it was thought, having been accelerated, if not caused, by grief for the indignities to which her unhappy country was daily subjected. Nor was she without her own immediate share in these humiliations. The unmanly insolence displayed towards her by Bonaparte

in person, when meanly rebuking her for the efforts she had so nobly made in the cause of her oppressed people, stands recorded in history to his eternal shame. Her sweetness, grace, beauty, and mild firmness—of all which qualities so touching a memorial goes down to posterity, in the admirable reclining statue, by Rauch, at Charlottenburg—were productive of unbounded influence over the king and nation; and even her premature death, and its supposed cause, had a very marked effect on the subsequent destinies of Prussia, as every feeling of chivalry and patriotism was strained to the utmost, in the passionate desire to avenge at once the wrongs of their adored queen, and those of the country for which she had both lived and died. A universal spirit of reaction, and determined opposition to French domination, spread throughout the whole nation, in all its grades; a bitter experience of their falsity having long since entirely dissipated those too sanguine expectations, which, in the earlier periods of the French revolution, had found their way to a large portion of the population, demoralized, as they had in some degree previously been, by the false philosophy and Gallican predilections of the most talented, but least scrupulous of their monarchs.

The prevailing enthusiasm was ably taken advantage of by the great ministers Stein and Hardenberg, for the attainment of a more effective system of national organization, and the formation of a concentrated, genuine, and enduring spirit of nationality. The enfranchisement of the peasantry, effected so early as 1807, and the enlarged municipal powers subsequently granted, helped materially, by giving the people a sense of their own individual importance, and a feeling of having something to fight for in the coming struggle, to facilitate and invigorate the general movement; whilst at the same time, the indefatigable perseverance with which General Scharnhorst had the young men throughout the whole country trained to the use of arms, and gradually, and without awakening the suspicions of the French, inured to military discipline, gave power and efficiency to the national will.

The memorable campaigns of 1813 and 1814, to which the people rushed

religious—a political or a military point of view. In case of a threatened invasion, whether from the side of Russia or of France—Prussia seems to be the natural rallying point to all good Germans, desirous of making a prompt and efficient defence against the common enemy.

All the accusations of the Prussian liberals against their government may be reduced, so far as they are true, to two: the postponement of the grant of a popular system of representation for "the whole kingdom," of which a promise was believed to have been given at the period of the great struggle with the French; and the restriction of the liberty of the press. But whether the fitting period for conferring the one, or permanently removing the other, has yet arrived, is still a subject of doubt with some of the best and wisest heads in Germany. That the affairs of Prussia are wisely and economically administered, as it is, is indubitable. There exists already a very large share of individual freedom, a decided and ever-growing influence of public opinion, telling powerfully on the acts of the government, which now rarely ventures on any important step without first anxiously endeavouring to prove to the people its justice and fitness—an almost total absence of all monopolies in trade—and an exemplary distribution of justice. The Prussians are in fact in the enjoyment, at the present time, of a much higher degree of true and rational liberty, than has yet been attained to by almost any one of those nations which have been struggling for it, in our own day, in various parts of the world, through the medium of bloody and interminable revolutions. Nay, America herself, so far as individual happiness, in each of the several classes of which society is composed, is concerned, seems to us to be still infinitely behind Prussia. True liberty of action and freedom of opinion, for rich as well as poor, unshackled as well by a materializing mob majority on the one hand, as by the unnecessary intervention of the governing power on the other; a fair and unflinching administration of justice, both at home and abroad; and a high and just sense of national honour—are blessings which, in practice, are much less known in the for-

mer country than in the latter. Prussia, moreover, has gone on, year by year, steadily reforming and improving; keeping at the head of the march of civilization; fostering art and science; setting an example of national education, which both in the extent of its application, and the carefully-devised nature of its details, has never yet had a rival; and realising a system of military organization which, for comprehensiveness and completeness, stands quite alone. What she has effected with her comparatively limited resources is enough, indeed, to put England herself to the blush, in regard to many points where the highest national interests and the most sacred duties of the governing power are implicated.

#### REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM.

Before we venture to condemn the late and the present king of Prussia for having deferred the realization of the constitution in that form on which the hopes of a certain portion of the nation have long been fixed, we should in fairness consider the actual condition of the people, and their present degree of fitness for profiting by such a boon. We are not, we confess, of that class of politicians, of which specimens are doubtless not wanting in "young Germany," any more than in France, and even nearer home, which, irrespective of all national peculiarities, established habits and institutions, local necessities, and the precise stage of political advancement, would force in, wedge-like, their ready-made representative systems in all quarters. The consequence of such wholesale attempts at carrying out certain theoretical principles of liberty in Portugal and Spain, in France and South America, have not been so very flattering, as to justify Prussia in rashly and prematurely embarking on the same perilous voyage of innovation.

To judge the matter fairly, it would be requisite to take an extensive retrospect of her past history, as well as to take into consideration the discordant nature of her provinces, the dissimilar interests of which would doubtless hitherto have been incessantly giving rise, in a popularly constituted national assembly, had such existed, to scenes

satisfactory, yet on one very important subject an hitherto insurmountable opposition has been offered by the Rhenish and Westphalian deputies—namely, as to the introduction of one common system of laws for all Prussia—an innovation by which they would be deprived of their present privilege of holding by the “Code-Napoleon.” The arguments employed at these meetings, on both sides, are eventually published, but the names of the several speakers are, we believe, suppressed.

That little has been lost to the people in the way of real reform and political progress, by the tardiness of their approaches to a great national representative system, we are convinced; for it is an undeniable fact, that the central government at Berlin has almost invariably shown itself to be considerably in advance of the provincial assemblies in general enlightenment, and correct acquaintance with the true interests of the kingdom at large; and these assemblies are, in their elements, essentially similar to the so-much coveted constitutional one.

In a state, whose ruler has been justly designated “one of the first reformers in Europe,” and where such men as Stein and Hardenberg, Humboldt and Ancillon, Niebuhr and Savigny, are eagerly sought after by the supreme power, introduced into the state councils, and permitted largely to influence their acts, there is little risk of the best interests of the country being overlooked or misunderstood. It would be difficult indeed to point out any so-called constitutional government in which “the aristocracy of intellect” has been so uniformly predominant, or where an equal amount of national advancement is consequently demonstrable as in Prussia during the last thirty years. If it has not a “charter,” it has, says an intelligent Frenchman, what is as good—an enlightened people, aware of its rights and watchful of the proceedings of the government; a public opinion willing and able to display its faults, and to control any excesses of a despotic character, did such exist.

The premature establishment of a popular system of representation for the whole kingdom, would indubitably have produced a struggle of great

intensity and danger between the democratic element and royalty long ere this, and would at the same time have added no real security to liberty or national prosperity. The idea of enslaving a people of which every adult male is necessarily a soldier, is altogether absurd; and more especially so, where each individual, even down to the lowest classes, possesses a fair portion of education, and where the middle and upper ranks stand at the very head of European enlightenment. We apprehend that it would not be easy to satisfy any competent and unprejudiced judge, that France, with her paper constitution, enjoys, at present, any thing like the same degree of real liberty, as does Prussia, with her so-called unlimited monarchy and irresponsible ministers.

As to undue aristocratic influences, it would be absurd in the extreme to suppose that Prussian freedom has any thing to fear in that quarter. All the exclusive privileges of *caste* have long since been done away with, and the civil and military departments thrown open to all classes. There is, in fact, scarcely any other country in Europe where merit is so sure of promotion, or where birth and connections have so little influence on advancement. “Civic merit,” says a distinguished Prussian authority, “is the governing idea of our time, and could not be set at naught with impunity.” It is, in truth, only by the promotion of such as manifest superior capacity, intellectual cultivation, and moral character, that an only nominally irresponsible monarchy, with a population so circumstanced in respect to physical force and education, could ever hope to maintain itself. Its system of reform has been a long-sighted and gradual, and therefore, a safe one; and the government, whilst cautiously approximating to the noble ends which it has so long held steadily in view, has yet ever kept the reins firmly in hand, and thus effectually restrained the fanatics of liberalism from rushing madly on their own destruction, or hurrying the mass of their countrymen out of the true path of national advancement, in the wild chase after a political phantom. Hardenberg’s conception of a good government—for the realization of which Prussia has been so successfully labouring

Prussia and her agricultural population bore no resemblance to any thing existing in our own land ; and those who have seized on her conduct, at the era alluded to, as a precedent for the summary arrangement of the agrarian difficulties of Ireland, or as an argument for the adoption of De Beaumont's sweeping revolutionary plan for pillaging, or rather annihilating, the landed proprietary in this country, have done so, to put the most favourable construction on their conduct, in total ignorance of the facts and bearings of the respective cases.

#### MUNICIPAL ORGANIZATION—FORM OF GOVERNMENT—LAW, &c.

Of their municipal organization, which dates from their great year of reform, 1808, the Prussians are justly proud. In the preceding century, in conformity with the then predominant spirit of absolute monarchy, the citizens were allowed scarce a shadow of influence even in the management of their own local affairs, which were for the most part arbitrarily disposed of by officers appointed by the king and central government. The more enlightened system of the present day proceeds on the general conviction that the intelligence and sound political feelings of the citizen, and consequently the true interests of the state at large, are best promoted by giving all those who have a stake in the country an active participation in the affairs of their respective districts. In conformity with this principle, in addition to the right of sending representatives to their respective provincial assemblies, the privilege of the exclusive appointment of their own municipal officers has been vested in the people.

#### PRUSSIAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

The king is the centre and presumed source of all the power of the state, legislative as well as executive, and is assisted in his deliberations by his ministers of state for the home, foreign, and military departments. He has, moreover, the aid of two great councils. The functions of the lesser or cabinet council, (which consists of the

crown prince and the ministers mentioned above, together with those who preside over ecclesiastical, legal and medical affairs, national education, and finance,) are both legislative and administrative ; whilst those of the larger, or council of state, (in which in addition to the great officials, both civil and military, there is a considerable infusion of literary and scientific eminence, including some of the most distinguished professors of the university,) are in the main deliberative, recourse being had to it chiefly in cases of considerable doubt and difficulty, or when the ministers have been unable to agree among themselves.

The administration of the provinces is carried on by means of provincial presidents and local governments standing in strict connection with, and subject to the vigilant control of the central government at Berlin. The duty of a president, who holds a very high position in society, is to have a general superintendence over the affairs of his allotted district, and to represent its peculiar interests faithfully and fully to the king and central council, rather than to go very minutely into the details of business. The latter duty devolves almost entirely on the local government boards, of which there are twenty-five for all Prussia, or about three on an average for each province. They consist generally of about twenty members, of whom each individual has an equal voice in debate. A board of this kind, where the members are neither liable to arbitrary removal by the crown, nor bound to pay mechanical obedience to a superior, obviously affords a considerable security for the interests of the people being adequately investigated and firmly maintained, and where necessary, brought favourably under the notice of the higher powers in the capital.

To augment their executive efficiency, these district governments are divided into sections. Thus there is the consistory for the management of the ecclesiastical affairs—a local board of education—another for the care of woods and forests and public domains, &c. In cases of alleged injustice, or interference with established rights, the subject has a right of appeal against the acts of these local govern-

in some parts of the kingdom, we have a remnant of the old feudal times. Though long tolerated from respect to existing rights, as well as through motives of state economy, they have latterly and very properly been undergoing a process of gradual extinction. The right of holding such courts is attached simply to the ownership of the lands on which it is exercised, and is not by any means an hereditary or patrician privilege inherent in a particular family; nor consequently does it afford any evidence of lingering aristocratic tendencies; for, since the great reform in 1808, several of these jurisdictions which yet remain in force have got into the hands of mere citizens, who have in the interim become the purchasers of the thus privileged estates. As a preventive of the abuse of these insulated and anomalous courts, the law declares that the proprietor himself shall be incapable of presiding in them; and further, that he must select an individual out of the regularly-educated and publicly-examined judicial aspirants to act as judge therein; and, once appointed, the judge becomes quite independent of his patron, for though his salary be paid by the latter, he cannot in any case be removed by him at his mere will and pleasure, nor otherwise than by a regular course of law in the superior courts, and on full evidence of sufficient cause.

And here we may mention, that the judicial functionaries in all their grades, like nearly all the public servants of the crown, receive a good general collegiate education in the first place, and are subsequently instructed with care in the theory and practice of the particular department to which their services are intended to be devoted. Thus, though the education of the judge and that of the advocate are nearly alike in their first stages, their courses subsequently entirely diverge—the judicial profession being treated thenceforth as a distinct one by the enforcement of attendance on appropriate lectures and practice, and by strict examinations of the progress made in that peculiar line. The aspirant, when at last appointed to a subordinate post, generally in the provinces, is subsequently promoted from step to step on the joint consideration of efficiency and standing; each move,

however, being preceded by a searching examination, in order that the government may be satisfied that his attainments and experience are fully adequate to the proposed advanced position.

In the Rhenish provinces the old law courts have been superseded by "the Court of Public Peace," "the Civil and Correctional Police Courts," and "the Assize Courts." The first of these is conducted by a single officer, who unites in himself the office of arbitrator and civil judge in a minor class of cases, and exercises moreover the functions of an inferior magistrate of police. The second takes cognizance of civil matters of a higher order than those admissible into the proceeding, and occupies also the position of a court of appeal for causes already tried therein.

The assize courts consist of five judges and twelve jurymen, chosen from amongst the three hundred highest tax-payers and other persons of respectable standing in the district, and are convened once in the course of every three months. They take cognizance of all serious crimes, and from their sentence there is no appeal save to the Court of Cassation at Berlin.

Public functionaries in Prussia being only removable on full proof of sufficient cause, and by a circuitous and firmly established legal process, may be considered as being in a great degree independent of the crown. They are, we believe, almost universally distinguished by their incorruptible honesty, as well as by such a due respect for public opinion as would suffice to support them in their opposition to court influence, were any thing of the kind to be apprehended.

The system of remuneration is on a very moderate scale; sufficient, however, to insure respectability and independence without exciting envy. The president of the Supreme Court of Justice, for example, has a salary of about nine hundred a year, (or about two-thirds of that of a Prussian general of infantry,) and his assistants not much above a third of that sum. It must be recollected, however, that the average incomes in Prussia, taken on all classes of the community generally, are barely one-third of those of Great Britain, and that the style of

corporals. The superior officers of the Landwehr—all of whom rank with those of the line—are named by the king, and selected for the most part out of the standing army; and they in their turn choose the inferior ones out of such of the men as have undergone the requisite examination to qualify them for such a post.

To "the Landwehr of the second levy"—which is liable to be called out only in war, and is then chiefly employed in garrison duty—belong all men capable of bearing arms between the thirty-second and thirty-ninth year of their age. All above the last named age belong to "the Land Sturm," or levy "en masse," which is never called out but in the greatest national emergencies.

The standing army, or the line, consists of about one hundred and twenty thousand men of all arms, and is divided into nine "corps d'armée," distributed over the several provinces of the kingdom.

For the education of the officers there are the great military schools of Berlin, Potsdam, &c.; and regimental schools for the common soldiers, which afford them excellent opportunities of improvement during the period of their service; and they in consequence generally return to their homes with a considerable accession of enlightenment, and with characters well developed.

The army in Prussia is, from the very nature of its formation, very popular with all classes. No degrading corporal punishments are permitted. Those who misconduct themselves are liable only to be sent for a time to what are called "companies of punishment," and to do duty in remote garrisons or other disagreeable quarters. When a private is accused of a crime, there must be three privates on the court-martial along with the officers; and a species of military judge, a lawyer by profession, must always assist thereat.

Promotion goes neither by interest, purchase, nor birth, but simply by valour, capacity, and acquirements.

A recent analysis of the military resources of Prussia, by Bulow Cumerow, whose work on Prussia lies before us, proves them to be at the present moment fully equal to those of any of the other first-rate European

powers, though the country is so far inferior to either of them in population. And as all her energies are directed to self-defence, in the total renunciation of those aggressive tendencies which characterize her two formidable neighbours in the east and west of the continent of Europe, the expense of her military system, though one of the largest items in the budget, is still very inconsiderable as compared with theirs, or with England's. It does not exceed twenty-four million of dollars (somewhere about three million and a half of our money) annually, the which, levied on a population of fifteen million souls, is about a dollar and a half a head—for surety of property, and protection against foreign invasion, no very unreasonable outlay. It includes the expenditure on military schools, fortresses, munitions of war, &c.

Within fourteen days at any time the king could have 330,000 men (the line and "Landwehr of the first levy") collected together in marching order, and fully equipped with all the necessities of war; and by the end of the month, 180,000 more (the Landwehr of the second levy), in all, considerably above half a million of fighting men in the flower of life; and if all those of forty years and upwards, "the Landsturm," were called out, this number would be more than tripled. The necessary clothes and arms for upwards of half a million men are kept, at considerable expense, in constant readiness in the royal arsenals. The horses requisite for the Landwehr-cavalry during their annual period of practice, or in any emergency where their services are required, are furnished by the land-owners in the neighbouring districts, which is of course an immense saving to the government.

The standing army, as is obvious from the above details, forms but a small part of the means of defence, and is chiefly to be viewed in the light of a great military school for the effective education of the whole people in the art of war. According to this system, as compared with that of keeping constantly on foot an immense army of the line, the expenses are relatively slight; fewer hands are permanently withdrawn from agriculture and manufactures, and the people at large are no further incommoded with



(about one hundred thousand on an average) as there are ordinarily in France within the same period. Of these one hundred thousand, about one-fourth is drafted at once into the line, whilst the remainder are transferred to the Landwehr, or militia. There are in Prussia certainly not less than two millions of men between their twentieth and fortieth year, not only capable of bearing arms, but already inured to their use. But if we confine our computation to those in the very prime of life, amounting, as we have seen above, to upwards of half a million, and to them add the possible forces of Austria, calculated at seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand, and those of the remainder of Germany at nearly one hundred and twenty-eight thousand more, all of whom would naturally make common cause against France, we should have a grand total exceeding by nearly a million the existing force of the latter country.

The expenditure connected with so great an army as Prussia would be obliged to maintain in case of war, would probably amount to no less than twenty millions sterling a year. To realize such a sum without overwhelming the resources of the nation, would constitute the most difficult part of the problem, so that in prudence there should be a constant laying by in time of peace, in order that a sum in some degree adequate to such an emergency might be gradually accumulating. Contributions might also, perhaps, be expected from some of the other states of the union, which, though benefitting by the efforts of Prussia, might not, as being of a less military character, feel disposed to take the field themselves. As for English subsidies, it seems now pretty well under-

stood, both there and here, they need not again be looked for.

The pay of the common soldiers and subalterns is extremely low. Until a captaincy, worth about ninety pounds a year, is obtained, (and this is rarely the case before the fortieth year of age and twentieth year of service,) the average net pay of an officer is not above twenty pounds of our money, a sum so much out of harmony with the ordinary expenses, that it is only those who have some independent means, who can comfortably embrace the army as a profession. It is chiefly, as it so happens, from among the young nobles, to whom the military spirit has hereditarily descended from the times of the great elector and greater Frederick, when those of that rank alone were eligible, that the Prussian army is still officered. But the increasing poverty of the nobility is rendering it daily more difficult for them to support their sons in this career; and ere long it will become a matter of necessity to augment the pay considerably, if a respectable body of officers is to be maintained.

Another generally acknowledged defect in the present system, in so far as the support of the Landwehr, or militia, is concerned, is, that the greater portion of the expense of providing for them, during the periods of their being called out, is thrown on the locality they occupy, in place of being fully defrayed from the national purse. But after all due deductions have been made for these slight blemishes in the Prussian military system, we shall in vain look for any other approaching to it in excellence out of Germany. In some of the other states of the confederacy, so thoroughly are its merits appreciated, that it has latterly been to a certain extent adopted as a model.

There a canopy of gold,  
 Shaded upwards into blue,  
 'Neath the heavens is wide unrolled,  
 Tinging all things with its hue.

There are little floating clouds,  
 Blushing homage as they pass  
 On and on, in fairy crowds,  
 Where the sun the latest was.

Slow and stilly on they went,  
 Even like passing angel's wings,  
 For a little while intent  
 On the world's material things.

All these things the rich man viewed,  
 And with earnest eyes he gazed,  
 But to no exalted mood  
 Was his worldly spirit raised.

Little cares he for the sun,  
 Save to ripe his waving grain ;  
 Or for cloudlets, till they run  
 Into fertilizing rain.

Little cares he for the scene—  
 Beauty no such heart may touch ;  
 Little cares he for the green,  
 But for its possession, much !

Pride is swelling in his heart—  
 Pride that doth with sin combine ;  
 Forth to words it now must start—  
 " All these goodly fields are mine !

" Soul, thou hast much goods laid up,  
 " Goods enough for many years :  
 " Wines that in the crystal cup  
 " Dance like eyes unused to tears.

" For thy use the good ship brings  
 " Silken robes and costly gems,  
 " Fit to clothe a race of kings—  
 " Fit to be their diadems.

" Thou hast palaces of state,  
 " Cottages of luxury :  
 " Envious men may give thee hate—  
 " What are they and that to thee ?

" Thou art but in very prime—  
 " Thou hast years of joy to come :  
 " What have grief, and death, and time,  
 " Here to do beneath this dome ?

" All mine eye this moment sees  
 " Is mine own this very day :  
 " Soul, be merry—take thine ease—  
 " Eat and drink—we will be gay."

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But the rich man's house is still,  
 All its windows darkly shut ;  
 In its halls the hearths are chill,  
 And the serving-men are mute.

Is there sorrow 'neath its roof ?  
 No, for no one sheds a tear—  
 Bitter test and startling proof  
 Of how little love dwelt here !

And the rich man on his bed,  
 His luxurious couch of ease,  
 As the warning voice had said,  
 Nought around him hears or sees.

Therefore shut they out the light—  
 Therefore are the chambers dim—  
 For that night, that very night,  
 Was his soul required of him !

#### ROMANISM AND EDUCATION IN FRANCE AND IRELAND.\*

AMONG the political movements of the present day, there are none perhaps more worthy a wise man's serious attention, than those which arise out of the devices of the Church of Rome to enlarge its dominion, and the expedients of legislatures or governments to counteract them. France and England are the arenas in which the incidents of this competition have been, if not the most eventful, the most observable. In both the state has responded to aggression by bounty and kindness ; in both the policy of the temporal sovereign appears to have been to augment the power of the ecclesiastical, and to render this increase of power available for the general good, by conciliating the parties to whom its exercise was entrusted ; in both, if a judgment may be formed from present appearances, we should say that the church has gained her ends, and the state has been disappointed.

It may perhaps be said, at least it may be hoped, that the indulgence

accorded by the state, to the Church of Rome, both in England and France, has reached, or has neared, its limits. We thought something like this was to be gathered from the language of British ministers in parliamentary discussions on the state of Ireland ; and we do not, we are sure, misinterpret the language of the king of the French, in his recent reply to the archbishop of Paris, when we regard it as expressing the sentiments of one who felt he had done all that the policy of conciliation could demand or excuse, and who must henceforth take care that the national interests and the rights of faithful subjects be not postponed or sacrificed to the claims of a church which concession and indulgence, extended far beyond the limits within which they ought to be confined, have failed to satisfy. The question respecting education is still a subject of perplexity and alarm, and if it is to be settled by further concession on the part of the crown, it will be followed by more alarm and

\* Les Jésuites et L'Université, par F. Genin.

Rapport de M. Le Duc de Broglie sur le Projet relatif à l'instruction secondaire.  
 The [Roman] Catholic Directory and Almanack for 1844. 12mo. Dublin, 1844.

is to be carried on are, in appearance, no less justifiable. Colleges can be put under an interdict by the simple withdrawal of their chaplains; and bishops can bring matters to this extremity whenever they disapprove of the character, the principles, or the dispositions of any collegiate professor. A passage from the work of M. Genin, "The Jesuits and the University," illustrating this power and its exercise, is so pertinent to the occasion, that we ask no excuse for citing it:—

"M. de Bonald, faithful inheritor of the doctrines of his family (they are well enough known), was, in 1830, no more than a legitimist and ultra-montane bishop, representing among the clergy the school of M. le Maistre. The government of July chose him from the crowd, to make of him an archbishop, a primate, in fine, a cardinal. It was desirable to have at the baptism of the Count of Paris the decoration of a cardinal's hat. M. de Bonald resigned himself to the wearing of it. Gratitude has always been the virtue of great souls. M. de Bonald has just succeeded in paying his debt to the government, by publishing in the 'Univers' an epistle harsher and haughtier than all which had appeared before, as well as more embarrassing to the government. M. de Bonald has invented an ingenious means of putting colleges under an interdict and excommunication: If a professor pronounces a word in the least equivocal, at the first report of it the bishop shall withdraw the chaplain—he has the right to do so. Thus the hierarchy militant finds itself armed with a legal means of obtaining over the state a prompt, certain, and complete victory. It will obtain an absolute mastery over public instruction; there will be no books adopted, no professors appointed or retained, except such as are pleasing in the sight of the episcopacy; every bishop will compel the minister to march before him, and at his orders. The idea is simple, commanding, and big with great results. It is a true trait of genius.

"M. de Bonald declares his desire to see liberty of instruction in France such as it exists in Belgium. A single incident will furnish a foretaste of the sweet attractions of this Belgian freedom.

"The village of Sabret rejoiced in a school-master and a curé. One fine festival day, the day of our Lady in September, the curé made a visit to the

teacher, accompanied by a diocesan inspector. Patience! We shall soon know inspectors of this description. The inspection is commenced upon a desk containing private papers, some books, and a few poor trinkets, the schoolmaster's property—his archives, his library, his little treasures. The whole house is then searched from the garret to the cellar, minutely, scrupulously. To the great satisfaction of the commune where the schoolmaster was much loved, and which was drawn in crowds to the spot, this general battue brought down nothing. But mind! There was found behind a picture an old number of the Belgian Observer, a liberal paper. This paper may have been pasted behind the frame of the picture; the Echo of Luxembourg does not explain. Pasted or not pasted, it was an awful affair. The culpable teacher obtained pardon only on swearing reiterated oaths to be wiser in future. Since the day of the search he would not dare to read even the Echo of Brussels.

"An honest burgher, who witnessed the transaction, could not let it pass in silence. In his indignation he gave a statement of it, but he was very careful to take upon himself the whole responsibility of his crime. Had the teacher been suspected of having had the boldness to complain, he would have been ruined.

" 'I declare,' said M. Peron at the conclusion of his statement—'I declare on my soul and conscience, that, seeing the secrets of an upright and peaceable citizen exposed by such a visit, and all the sacredness of domestic life violated by it, I was filled with indignation and that it is I alone, in my quality of citizen, who have given to this illegal and arbitrary act all publicity.

" (Signed, J. B. PEROX, Echevin.  
" Athys, December 24, 1842.)

"When curés shall be arbiters of the fortune of teachers—when instructors shall no more dare to read a journal without the curé's permission, then instruction will be truly free. Here is liberty such as it exists in Belgium—such, as M. de Bonald desires it to be—that is to say, he would deny to the state the right of inspecting ecclesiastical schools, and he would claim the right of inspecting lay schools for the clergy. If these claims are conceded, it has been well said, the bishops will reign over the little seminaries by absolute authority, and over the colleges by irresistible influence. They will be masters every where."

sively recognised, their worship exclusively practised—where religious instruction, such as their conscience demands, presides over, and penetrates all departments of education."

The necessary existence of schools maintained by private exertion among the agencies of national education, suggests the question how far instruction should be free; and it is discussed in the "Rapport" with consummate ability.

"Liberty," observes the duke, "liberty alone can give or restore life to establishments of this description. But of what liberty, or, to be more exact, of what degree of liberty do we speak? Are we discoursing of a legitimate liberty, subject to prudent conditions, surrounded by guardian precautions; or of a liberty absolute, without rule, condition, or limits?"

"This question may for a moment cause surprise. To this hour we know in France no liberty which has not limits. To this hour we have it as an admitted fact, that, when a constitutional right is claimed in behalf of an individual, it is indispensable that society have a guarantee for the safe exercise of it. The liberty of the press is a case in point. When we freed books, journals, periodical publications from the censorship, we subjected to legal conditions authors, editors, and printers.

"Can it be otherwise in the work of education? If the right to address one's self publicly to mature men, to exercise, by means of the press, a certain degree of influence over minds already formed, has need of being regulated, can it be that the right to educate, not one's own children, (domestic education is sacred and inviolable,) but those of another, of assembling in hundreds young persons, and exercising over their understandings, yet immature, an influence almost without bounds—exercising this influence continually, in private, out of the public view—can it be, we ask, that a right like this shall be abandoned to the first who claims it, without there being an opportunity to demand of him who he is, whence he comes, what titles he can put forth to the confidence of families?"

"Strange as it is, gentlemen, this absolute right has been defended.

"In many writings distributed to you, in the greater number of petitions daily presented to you, absolute liberty of instruction is claimed—liberty such as it exists in Belgium, in other words, if the

petitioners understand what they say, they claim for every individual, whoever he may be, without distinction or exception, for every association whatever, the right to found not only schools but colleges, not only colleges but universities, without having to go through any other formality than that of taking out a patent, as if he were about to open a store or keep a shop, they claim the right of teaching whatever one wishes, to whomever he wishes, without being bound to submit to any superintendence whatever."

The liberty claimed for instruction in France, that which exists in Belgium, seems to find little favour in the eyes of the Duke de Broglie.

"We have not to examine, gentlemen, under the empire of what circumstances this state of things, unexampled perhaps in the world, has established itself in a neighbouring country. We have not to estimate its consequences under the twofold aspect of the maintenance of discipline and the success of study. Official documents fail us—they fail the Belgian government itself, deprived as it is from henceforth of all right of inspection over private instruction, and even communal and provincial when it does not provide an endowment. At the same time, if we may form a judgment from the testimony of men placed high enough in the country and near enough to the facts to see and understand them—if we are to judge, above all, from the report of the jury charged in 1843 to pronounce on the compositions sent in to a general competition from the principal colleges in the realm, the state of studies leaves much to be desired. We affirm nothing on this subject. We limit ourselves within a declaration that nothing, in such a state of things, has appeared to us an object of desire, or good to imitate. Notwithstanding the number of petitions referred to us, notwithstanding the extreme vivacity of the wishes expressed by the petitioners, the greater part of whom, it is true, do not appear to give an intelligible account of the range of their demands, your commission is of opinion that there is no ground for serious deliberation as to the necessity of persevering in the course followed to this day. Your commission thinks that at this day, as ten years since in primary instruction, guarantees are indispensable; that every man who devotes himself to the high and delicate profession of instructor of youth, ought to be required to prove his worthiness,

aims and ends, and however indifferent to the eternal welfare of a people, it must of necessity desire that the children of the state are trained up to be good and loyal subjects, to respect the laws, and to desire the national welfare. To ensure, so far as it has power, such objects, it must endeavour to shape out a system of education which shall correspond with, or be suitable to, the constitution of the realm; and it must take heed that this system be administered by agents who shall give effect to the principles on which it has been founded. Such must naturally be the duty and interest of the state, and it is perhaps no less naturally the interest, which implies or involves the duty, of the Romish Church, to devise means by which the state shall be circumvented.

In carrying out its purposes, the Church of Rome in France has the great advantage of constituting a body in which the force, physical and moral, is governed by an absolute authority. There are in France from thirty-five to forty thousand clergy of the second order, and there are eighty archbishops and bishops. This body of eighty, (or in their several departments or dioceses each one of them,) wield a despotism over the inferior clergy, who are placed altogether at their mercy. The bishops may censure, suspend, depose them by an exercise of arbitrary authority. According to the discipline of the church catholic as well as Roman Catholic, the right of the parish priest is no less clear and stable than that of the diocesan. Both may be removed for good cause shown, and by legal process; neither can be removed capriciously. In France at this day the laws of the church respecting the rights of the clergy are no longer in force, and the second order have no security except so long as they retain the favour and good-will of their superiors, the means by which such a state of things has been brought to pass are worthy of notice.

When Napoleon Bonaparte adopted the resolution of restoring religious worship in France, he was sensible of the danger to which he exposed his government by lending the support and countenance of the state to pro-

bably forty thousand of his enemies. He felt that it would be a very difficult task to convert the body of the clergy into friends, and was sure that the treasures at his disposal were not ample enough to purchase them. Another course was open to him, he might make them dependent on the bishops, and it was reasonable to believe that he was more likely to succeed in gaining the good-will of the prelates, who would be brought into closer intercourse with his person and his court, than of the many tens of thousands over whom they were to exercise authority. This was the policy on which he acted. He placed the clergy at the mercy of their chiefs, and had then only to influence the chiefs in order to make the whole body move at his pleasure. His object, Mr. Genin observes, was accomplished by the addition of organic articles to the concordat for the re-establishment of religious worship. Article xxi. provides that "the officiating clergy are approved by the bishop, and may be removed by him. *Les Deservants sont approuvés par l'évêque et révoqués par lui.*"

"These words," Mr. Genin goes on to say, "have crushed the inferior clergy, have reduced them to nothing; for revocation contains in itself all canonical penalties. It contains still more at this day that of taking away all right to the emolument of office, *traitement*, and thus to the very means of existence. The bishop, the head of his grand vicars, can exercise over all the officiating priests, that is to say, over almost the whole body of the pastoral clergy, an arbitrary power, and can at pleasure reduce them to misery."

It might perhaps be thought that the rights of the clergy were restored and the ancient laws of the church re-established in the concordat between Pius VII and Louis XVIII.—that of Jun. 1817. The third article of this concordat declares that "the articles called organic, which were made without the knowledge of his holiness, and published without his approval (*sans son aveu*), 24th April, 1802, at the same time with the concordat of 15th July, 1801, are also-



mine whether the mass of the people are to be trained as subjects for the state or vassals for Romanism. And therefore the church brings its whole power to bear upon the point of attack; and therefore the state, with such force as it can command, resists.

What education will become, if the church succeed, may be inferred from the character of those devices which are now among the munition and machinery of war, disposed and governed by the ecclesiastical party. Of these M. Genin gives some specimens well worthy of attention. If they startle us, on the one hand, at the enterprise which can hazard such experiments on the easiness of human belief, they, on the other hand, remind us of that fund of credulity in our common nature, upon which, in all ages, bold and crafty men have drawn with advantage. There never existed a body so well acquainted with the weaknesses of humanity as the ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome; and the bare fact, that they have published and circulated, in this the nineteenth century, narratives which sane men would pronounce wholly incredible, is in itself a proof that there are still recipients for stories the most absurd and irrational. They do not appear to advantage in M. Genin's representations of them. They seem indeed willing to avail themselves of all opportunities, however unfair, to promote their views, and to be content if they can advance the interests of their order at the cost of abasing religion to the level of man's sensual nature, and of perpetuating the worst infirmities of the human mind.

From the many devices to further the ends of devotion or superstition described by M. Genin, we shall confine ourselves to his notice of one—"the miraculous medal." It seems to be among the most popular of the contrivances for materialising and corrupting religion, and it affords perhaps the fairest criterion for judging of the designs and character of the party who have had recourse to it.

The "miraculous medal" was struck in honour of the Virgin, and at her especial desire, in the year 1832, and has since then been circulated throughout the world. Within seven years, "the historical notice" of the medal has passed through eight editions, of

which the first seven amounted to more than a hundred and thirty thousand copies; and translations of it have been made into Italian, English, Flemish, German, Spanish, Greek, and Chinese. Such was the industry and enterprise of those who planned and would promote this "devotion." They prepared a book of wonders—they sold it at a price which attracted purchasers, but scarcely remunerated the printers; and they took care to have it translated into several languages. We cannot spare time to dwell on many curious particulars in the notice illustrative of the spirit in which these material devotions have their origin; but must content ourselves with a few extracts serving to show what are the virtues by which the "miraculous medal" is recommended.

"In the Hotel des Invalides, a soldier was in the hospital, spitting blood during a period of six months, and at the point of death. They offer him the sacrament; he refuses obstinately. 'I have neither robbed nor murdered.' They press him: 'Listen, my sister—after all, pray leave me quiet.'

"The rector comes forward, he is also repulsed; then a curate. At last the sick man becomes furious, he begins to swear and blaspheme. Night falls; the death-rattle is already in his throat. Then sister Radier conceived a brilliant idea—pretending to settle the dying man's bed, she slips the medal between the mattresses.

"Next day, our patient is asked how he feels. 'Very well, sister—I have had a good night's rest—it is long since I had such another.' But, sister, I want to confess. 'Oh! beg the rector to come to me.' And in his impatience he began 'to tell about his greatest fault.' The audience, as may be imagined, were exceedingly relieved. At last the rector arrives, the soldier confesses for a whole hour—then the sister asks him, 'Do you know what we did?' 'What was it, sister?' 'We put a miraculous medal of the holy virgin between the mattresses.' 'Ah! that, then, is the reason why I had so good a night. Indeed, I felt that there was something the matter, I found myself so much changed, and I don't know what hindered me from searching the bed, I thought of doing so.' They then took out the medal, and when he saw it, he kissed it with respect and affection. 'This it is,' he cried, 'which has given me strength to brave human respect, it must be placed in my button-hole, and I will give you a ribbon

the sentence of death, and condemned only to perpetual imprisonment. This she undergoes in the *Maison Centrale* of Limoges, where she leads a life void of reproach, penetrated with the liveliest gratitude towards the divine Mary, whom she regards as her deliverer, and ready to lose every thing rather than separate from her dear medal, in which she finds her sweetest consolation."

We offer no comment on this execrable fiction, unable to find in language any terms which could describe the sensations with which we read it, or which could visit, with due condemnation, the guilt of parties capable of so disfiguring and debasing the system they misname religion. We may affirm, in sober sadness, that the enormities of the worst of pagan times are outdone by this miraculous medal, and by the abominable legends in which its virtues are recorded. And it is into the hands of the authors of these sacrilegious practices national education in France will fall, if they can succeed in wresting it from the government and the university.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the subtle agency of the Jesuits is discernible in this controversy on education, and in the dispositions by which the ecclesiastical party in France has been enabled to sustain itself against the power of the state, as well as, it may be said, the force of reason. To the invention of this enterprising order may be ascribed the devotions, the associations, the legends, which have been so favourably received by masses in whom the appetite for wonder and excitement is stronger than the love of truth. To their contrivance, in all probability, it is owing, that the clergy of France are placed so wholly at the mercy of their bishops. It will be remembered that Le Tellier in the days of Louis XIV. proposed a scheme to render the officiating clergy removable, and that he was discomfited only by the monarch's sagacity and determination. The policy is subtle enough to merit the praise of being ascribed to the order in which that astute casuist and courtier had high name and influence, and the order is too tenacious of the purposes it has once adopted, to lose sight of a policy recommended by the approval of its wisest members, or to omit any favourable opportunity of reducing it to practice. We see the

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result. It is now known that Jesuitism has been active in France, under various forms, but labouring for one end, through a period in which it was apparently extinct, as well as in days when its existence and activities were, although not legalized, connived at. It is now known, that during the atrocities and horrors of the French Revolution, Jesuits, under the name of Companies of the Son, gave a direction and a character to many an insurrectionary movement; that afterwards, as Paccanarists, Redemptorists, Sodality of the Sacred Heart, Jesuitism sustained itself in defiance of the spirit of the times, and in spite of severe laws enacted for its destruction; it is now known, that when the order was formally restored and re-established, the pope merely expressed his acknowledgment of a body already numerous and powerful; and it is therefore easily apprehensible that while Jesuits exerted themselves contrary to law for the promotion of objects which they must ever have at heart, they were not negligent in endeavouring to bring to pass the state of things by which France is now disquieted—where the whole body of the clergy has been converted into a regular order, each diocese or province having its provincial in the bishop, and the whole, no doubt, through the operation of the bishop's oath, looking up to the pope, as regulars look submissively to their general, ready to receive his commands with the submissiveness which regards his authority as absolute, and to execute them, whatever they may be, with a most prompt and unquestioning obedience. Thus has the genius and enterprise of Napoleon been governed for the interests of the papal court. Wherever the rights of the inferior clergy are protected, the state will have a support in the church—where it extends protection, it will be rewarded by allegiance, public opinion will be influenced in its favour, and unless where an evil course of government causes disaffection, foreign powers, whether spiritual or temporal, will not lightly enter into collision with it. But where the rights of forty thousand priests are made dependent on the will of eighty bishops, the state transfers allegiance where it has transferred protection; and unless it lends the episcopacy to its own interests, it



"*The Life of St. Stanislaus Kostka, S.J. Patron of Novices. From the Italian. By a member of the Ursuline Community, Blackrock, Cork. London 12mo, 1842.*"

"This is an interesting work, presenting the life of a *sweet saint*, indeed. It is elegantly printed, contains eleven chapters, forming 100 pages, with a variety of novenas, litanies, and prayers in honour of the saint. The following are the remarkable epochs in the life of St. Stanislaus:

"1. He was born 28th October, 1550. 2. About the 18th December, 1566, he fell sick, was communicated by angels, and honoured with a visit from the blessed Virgin Mary. 3. He received the holy habit of the Society on the 28th October, 1567. 4. *He died of love for Jesus and Mary*, on the morning of the 13th August, 1568. 5. The same year St. Aloysius was born, who had the happiness of imitating the virtues of Stanislaus, and was canonized with him on the same day, by Benedict XIII., in 1726."

"He died of love for Jesus and Mary!" What amiable *self* in the expression!!

Such is the Church of Rome in Ireland—arrayed apparently against the State, in its determination to effect, if possible, a Repeal of the Legislative Union, which would be equivalent to a dismemberment of the British empire—arrayed against its own people in the superstitious and the idolatrous practices by which it would keep them in mental bondage. Such is the Romanism of Ireland; and it is this Romanism, antagonist of the State, oppressor of the people, which has prevailed in a conflict with a religion of a wholly different character, and has seen its main principle adopted as the law of National Education.

And here, we are bound to confess, not certainly without some feeling of mortification, that the principle of

education upheld by the state in France is incomparably superior to that which has been visited upon Ireland. In French schools, peculiar religious instruction must be given apart, and that general religious instruction, which ought to be given, wherever young persons are educated, must be imparted with much discretion. There is at once a protection against proselytism, there is a reverence for religion, and there is no disparagement of holy scripture. In the Irish system, there is permission to give peculiar religious instruction to all children who can be induced to accept it, or else there is a prohibition in force against any religious instruction. In the Irish system, the Bible is either excluded from the schools of National Education, or is admitted into them on the ground that it is a book of the same description as the Catechism of Dr. Keilly, or the Psalter of Bonaventure, or the Theology of Bailly or Denis—that is to say, in the Irish system the Bible is either disparaged or prohibited. The government of France were perfectly consistent in framing a system of education which respected equally the peculiarities of various religious communions, because these communions were equally indebted to the state for protection and endowment. In Ireland there is an Established Church, whose rights the state is bound to guard; there is an erroneous religion which, it is matter of necessary inference, the state should, by all fair and just means, discountenance and weaken; and yet in Ireland, the state, not contented with being neutral between the two religious systems, actually proscribes the principle of that which it regards as true, and elevates the principle of the false worship into a most pernicious authority.

This great and alarming evil has

of each other. To propagate instruction in Switzerland, enervated by error, is to lead her back into the way of religious unity, wherein she may recover that strength which has so long faded her. The College of Schwytz will be the centre from which the light may spread insensibly over all the Helvetic cantons. . . . The government of Schwytz, in concert with the Bishop of Coire, has resolved to call the *company of Jesus* to the direction of the new establishment, which resolution has received the entire approval of the Sovereign Pontiff. The generous initiation of the Common Father of the Faithful traces to us our duty in this matter. The Catholics of Belgium will understand such duty and fulfil it."

Ireland, we take it for granted, will not be backward to contribute. It appears to have subscribed to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith within the last year more than seven thousand pounds,

without his hypocrisy. The descendants of Abbas, the uncle of Mohammed, raised their hereditary black standard, and by the aid of a new burst of fanaticism procured the khaliphate for their family. So far as the imperfect records enable us to determine, the Abbassides seem at first to have pretended an intention of reviving the legitimate claims of the house of Ali; but they soon abandoned the sacred green for their own sable cognizance, and showed as little mercy to its supporters as to those who defended the white banner of the Ommiades.

It is recorded that the first great leader of the Abbassides, As-Saffah, never pardoned but one enemy, and that was a blind sheikh who had served both in the armies of the Ommiades and the Fatimites; he asked this vacillating chief how it happened that he had served under the white and green standards, without ever having tried the black to which the sheikh replied, that being a blind man, he was no judge of colours!

When As-Saffah had proclaimed his intention of exterminating the entire family of the Ommiades, had murdered its principal members, and set a price on the head of the rest, Abd-er-Rahman, having received timely warning of his danger, fled to a village on the banks of the Euphrates, near which was a thick forest, where he hoped to conceal himself, his brother, and his son, until an opportunity should offer for his escaping into Africa. The circumstances which drove him from this retreat are narrated by himself with an affecting simplicity well worthy of the royal author —

"As I was on a certain day sitting under cover of my tent, to shelter myself from the rain, which fell heavily, and watching my eldest son Suleiman, then about four years old, who was playing in front of it, I saw him suddenly enter the door, crying violently; and soon after he ran to me and clung to my bosom for protection. Not knowing what he meant, I pushed him away; but the child clung still more to me, as one seized with violent fear, and began uttering such exclamations as children are wont to utter when they are fright-

ened. I then left the tent, that I might see what had caused his fear, when lo! I saw the village in confusion, and the inhabitants running to and fro in great consternation. I went a little farther and saw the black banner of the Abbassides fluttering in the wind. At this sight a younger brother of mine, who had also rushed out of the tent, and was with me at the time, began to fly at the top of his speed, saying—'Away! away with thee, O brother, for yonder black banners are the banners of the sons of Abbas!' Hearing this, I hastily grasped some dinars which I had just at hand, and fled precipitately out of the village, with my child and my younger brother, taking care to apprise my sisters of my departure, and of the road we intended to take. I directed them to join us at a certain spot which I named, together with my freedman Bedr, who was the bearer of my message. In this manner we escaped from our pursuers, and halted at a spot some distance from the village. Scarcely had we left our tent when it was surrounded by a body of cavalry, who scrupulously searched every corner of it, but finding no one inside it they soon left the village. In the mean time Bedr joined us, bringing with him a man well acquainted with the course of the Euphrate and its banks, to act as our guide, whom I directed to purchase for us horses and the articles requisite for our journey. It happened, however, that this man was a spy of our enemies, who wished only to entrap us, for scarcely had we been a few minutes under his guidance when we again saw the horsemen in full pursuit of us. We then used our greatest speed, and God permitted that we should reach before them the banks of the Euphrate, into which we threw ourselves,—the horsemen arriving almost immediately after. When our pursuers saw this, they began to cry out to us, 'Return hither,—no harm shall be done unto you.' But I, without listening to their treacherous words, dashed into the midst of the current, and my companions did the same. I, being an excellent swimmer, took charge of my son, whilst my servant Bedr helped my younger brother. When in the midst of the stream, my brother felt his strength fail him, and he was seized with the fear of death. Seeing his danger, I returned to him to give him courage, and induce him to exert himself, but, as I approached, I saw him make for the bank, no doubt deceived by the treacherous words of

A Korish prince of Merwan's line  
 Unconscious wears the spell and sign;  
 O'er Andalus\* shall spread his reign,  
 Unnumber'd conquests shall be gain;  
 The Merciful† shall own his name,  
 And distant ages sound his fame;  
 His children's children long shall hold  
 The surest ward o'er Islâm's fold.

Soon after this prediction Abd-er-Rahman, having been recognised by one of the officers, was brought into the governor's presence, who, perceiving the two locks of hair on his head, sent for the astrologer, and said to him:—

"By thy life! this is the very youth mentioned in thy prophecy: he must die."

The Jew replied:—

"It is vain to war with destiny: if thou kill him, he is not the person intended: if, on the contrary, thou spare his life, he must conquer and reign."

Ebn Habib dismissed his prisoner. He soon, however, repented his clemency, and gave orders that he should again be seized, but Abd-er-Rahman, having received an intimation of his danger from the friendly astrologer, made his escape from the province.

The fugitive found a temporary shelter among the wild Berber tribes of Mount Atlas, and found an opportunity of opening a communication with the friends of his family in Spain. Large rewards were offered for his head by the khaliph's governors, but the Berbers faithfully adhered to the laws of hospitality;‡ and when he prepared to assert the rights of his family in Spain, levied an army of their bravest youths to support his cause.

A body of Syrian Arabs had been sent to complete the conquest of Spain, a little before the revolution which gave the khaliphate to the Abbassides; they had been accustomed to boast of the Omniades as their brethren and countrymen, and on this plea to claim supremacy over the other Arabs. The change of dynasty was

of course destructive of their supposed ascendancy, so that pride combined with their old feelings of loyalty in deciding them to support the attempt of Abd-er-Rahman. It was also fortunate for the invader that the provincial governor had but recently come to Spain, and through sheer ignorance had adopted a course of impolicy which set the several Arab tribes in arms against each other. But though these jealousies procured Abd-er-Rahman abundance of recruits, he found that they were men full of capriciousness and suspicion, ready to change sides under the most capricious pretexts.

At the decisive battle of Cordova, a slight circumstance had nearly led to the dispersion of Abd-er-Rahman's army, before the fight commenced. As he rode down the lines on a noble Arab steed, several of the soldiers murmured, that he had already taken care of his own safety, by providing so swift an animal for flight. This absurd suspicion flew like wildfire through the ranks; fortunately, it reached the ears of Abd-er-Rahman, who, without directly noticing it, at once rode up to a chief, who was mounted on a slow-paced mule, and proposed an exchange, under the pretence, that he was unable to manage the high-spirited creature which he rode. This stroke of policy had the desired effect. His soldiers suddenly raised an enthusiastic shout of applause, and broke the ranks of the Abbassides at the very first charge. Abd-er-Rahman's exertions to prevent the slaughter of the vanquished, was of more advantage to him than the victory. The relatives of those whose lives he had spared, declared to Yûsûf, the Abbasside governor, that they would follow him no longer; and Yûsûf himself, whose family had been protected from insult by the generous victor, consented to open negotiations.

No sooner was Abd-er-Rahman firmly seated on the throne of Cordova, than he despatched emissaries to

\* Andalus is the name invariably given by the Arabs to the Spanish peninsula.

† The name Abd-er-Rahman signifies, "The Servant of the Merciful."

‡ "Shepherds of the folds of Islâm," was a title frequently assumed by the Khaliphs of Cordova.

§ One account says that some Berbers agreed to betray the fugitive, and were put to death by their countrymen when the plot was discovered.



better than a record of hopeless insurrection and merciless executions. He felt acutely the impediments which these disturbances placed in the way of the literary cultivation, which he wished to diffuse through his kingdom. The policy which he adopted, was to direct his attention entirely to the suppression of turbulence; and having thus secured a tranquil reign for his son, to entrust him with the charge of establishing science, literature, and the arts in Cordova.

Abd-er-Rahman had two sons, Suleiman, who has been mentioned as the sharer of his escape across the Euphrates, and Heshâm, who was born in Africa, according to some authorities, and in Spain, according to others. The early education of Suleiman had been neglected during his father's wanderings, and the privations which he had suffered in the tents of the Berbers, gave him an excessive zest for the luxuries he enjoyed in the palace. Heshâm, on the contrary, accustomed to luxurious indulgences from his infancy, treated them with the indifference resulting from habit, and devoted his entire time to study and the company of learned men. Whenever the khaliph inquired how his sons passed their time, he was invariably answered, "The hall of thy son Heshâm is thronged with poets, historians, and learned men, who relate the exploits of heroes, extol the beauties of virtue, and discuss the propriety of actions. The hall of thy son Suleiman is always filled with knaves, sycophants, and cowards."

One day as Abd-er-Rahman was sitting in his hall, surrounded by his courtiers, he resolved to test the abilities of his two sons. For this purpose he repeated the following verses, asking them both if they knew where they could be found?—

"Consider his virtues, his glory behold—

Count the deeds he has wrought in the field,

Need the names of himself or his sire  
to be told?

Such honours can ancestry yield?

"The prudent in council, the pious in faith,

In reasoning convincing and clear;

So upright and pure, that of calumny's  
breath

He only the taint need not fear."

Suleiman, in a careless and rather contemptuous voice, declared that he knew nothing about the matter; but Heshâm at once answered, that the stanzas had been written by the king of Kiodah, and that the character they portrayed seemed purposely intended for Abd-er-Rahman. The khaliph was probably not less pleased with the compliment, than with the ready wit of his son. He presented rich gifts to Heshâm, and invited him to take the seat of honour in the divan. When the court broke up, Suleiman asked one of the courtiers to repeat the verses for him, until he had learned them by rote, after which he recited them to his boon companions in a mouthing tone of ridicule, adding, "Such is the nonsense by which my father's affections are to be gained." This imprudent speech was repeated to Abd-er-Rahman, and it confirmed his resolution to bequeath the crown to Heshâm.

Another circumstance, singularly illustrative of the character and customs of the Arabs at this period, completed the alienation of Abd-er-Rahman from his eldest son. As Heshâm was journeying from Cordova, he halted on an eminence near the Guadalquivir, whence he saw a man from Jaen, whom he well knew, having on a previous occasion rendered him some service, running in great haste and trepidation towards the spot where his tent was pitched. Heshâm rightly conjectured, that the man was flying from Suleiman, who was then governor of Jaen, and whose capricious severity had already been manifested in many painful instances; he therefore gave orders, that on the man's arrival, he should be immediately admitted to his presence. This being done, the young prince thus addressed the fugitive—"O Kenani! I know not what has brought thee here; but I should say that thou art flying from some calamity." "Thou sayest right, O my lord," replied the man; "I am trying to avert misfortune from my head. Listen to my story: a man of my tribe has slain a man belonging to another tribe. According to custom, I have paid the

Heshâm entered the apartment, and after having given his father the *salâm*, stood in a respectful attitude before him. Abd-er-Rahman motioned him to sit down and state his business.

"May God prosper my lord and father!" exclaimed Heshâm; "how can I sit down when those who claim my interference are injured and oppressed? It behoves those of my rank and station not to sit down unless they be content and satisfied, and I cannot be so unless my liege puts me at my ease by granting my request. Otherwise I shall go back to my people."

Abd-er-Rahman answered, "God forbid that thou shouldst leave my presence discontented and disappointed. Sit down, were it only that we may accede to the prayers of one who intercedes. Speak out and tell us thy business."

Heshâm then sat down as commanded, and related the affair. Abd-er-Rahman ordered that the expiatory sum should be defrayed out of the public treasury, and that an official letter should be written to Suleiman, commanding him to suspend all further proceedings against Kenani.

When the grateful Arab came to take leave of Heshâm before his return to Jaen, he said to him, "This certainly exceeds my expectations, and thy favours come down upon me even more profusely than I could have wished. Here is the necklace thou gavest me; I do not want it—let it be restored to its owner. I shall not be the less grateful for the singular favour I have received at thy hands."

Heshâm however refused to take it back, saying, "We never take back what we have once given."

The spirit of patriarchal independence which the Arabs preserved under the despotism of the khaliphate, was one of the elements which in the

course of a few years was developed into Saracenic chivalry. Another was the belief in the overwhelming power of destiny, from which was deduced the full liberty of individual action, on the plausible ground that it was unnecessary to establish any control over that which fate had already regulated. We have already seen this belief in the decrees of fate illustrated by the supposed prediction of Abd-er-Rahman's future greatness, when he was a fugitive and an exile. The historians, with equal credulity, record that the brilliancy of Heshâm's brief reign was read in the stars by a Jewish astrologer, who communicated the result to the future khaliph in the following rhythmical prophecy.

I saw thy star in power arise,  
And blaze upon the astonish'd skies;  
The lower orbs before it pail'd,  
The mountains at its presence quail'd,  
As they beheld its beams expand  
In radiance over sea and land.  
It hooded glory, victory, fame,  
Honour to friends, to foemen shame.  
I saw it wheel eight courses round,  
Then vanish in the dark profound.  
Thus it predicts, my noble chief,  
That thy career is bright and brief;  
Eight years of power to thee are given,  
And then—eternity in heaven.

This prophecy, which of course belongs to the class of predictions made after the event, very faintly typifies the advantages which the kingdom of Cordova derived from the administration of Heshâm. His father had won the elements of empire, on him devolved the task of consolidation. On a future occasion we shall develop the course of policy by which he united complete despotism in the state with large individual liberty to its members, and did much towards organizing into a system the principles of Saracenic chivalry.

Indeed, in coquetry's excess,  
Women are like the conquerors  
Who leave their country to oppress  
A hundred tribes with wasting wars.  
What terrible coquettes are these !  
Ah ! be not such a vain coquette !  
Pray, look for no more victories,  
All for thy subjects' good, Lisette !

**THE KING OF EVILS.**

And as 'twas rather rare with the high-born fair,  
That this gallant little king was forbidd,  
His loving subjects had many reasons, not so bad,  
For calling him their father as they did.

## THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS.

Here's an old Marquis come with speed  
 To treat us as a conquered race,  
 Brought by a skinny bony steed  
 From exile in a distant place.  
 On to his feudal mansion gray  
 This very high and mighty lord  
 Rides, proudly waving all the way,  
 A very innocent old sword.  
 Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!  
 The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Almoners, pages, seneschals,  
 Vassals and villains, every one,  
 Know that my gracious king, he bawls,  
 Has been restored by me alone.  
 But if he won't concede my due—  
 The ancient rights of my degree—  
 Dust shall be raised!—Ah, *ventre bleu*!  
 But he shall answer it to me!  
 Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!  
 The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Though of a certain groom they dare  
 Talk, to calumniate me and mine,  
 A son of Pepin called the Fair  
 Was the first founder of my line.  
 And, from my crowded scutcheon broad,  
 My blazonings and quarterings,  
 I think my family, by G——,  
 Rather more noble than the king's.  
 Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!  
 The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Who shall gainsay? My Marchioness  
 Sits in the presence; and my son,  
 My youngest son, at Court shall press  
 His interest for a bishop's throne.  
 My other son, the baron, he—  
 Though people call him a poltroon—  
 Looks for some crosses; let me see—  
 He shall have half a dozen soon.  
 Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!  
 The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Let's live in peace: but who dares prate  
 Of taxes to Lord Carabas?  
 No gentleman can owe the state  
 A single doit for all he has:  
 Thanks to my towers and armories,  
 Thanks to my seigneuries and lands,  
 I'll teach the prefect his degrees,  
 And show him how the matter stands.  
 Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!  
 The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Good priests, whom we avenge, enforce  
 Your tithes, and let us share the spoil.  
 Go, brutish people, bear, of course,  
 The feudal harness, and the toil.

We only shall enjoy the chase,  
 And all your tender maidens gay  
 Shall have the honour and the grace  
 Our rights of lordship can convey.  
 Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!  
 The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

Curate, your incense-dish, you know,  
 Is for your lord and suzerain.  
 My pages and my varlets, ho!  
 War to the serfs—lay on amain!  
 And let the glorious rights of old  
 My ancestors could boast as theirs,  
 Duly descend, to have and hold,  
 Unlessened to my noble heirs.  
 Hats off, hats off! Behold him pass!  
 The great Lord Marquis Carabas!

The court ministries were always disposed to nibble at the provisions of the Charter; and the innumerable outcries directed against them, and continually distracting the nation, showed their intolerance of the popular Palladium, and the fidelity of the people in its defence. It was nevertheless repeatedly set aside. The censorship of the press was exercised in contravention of its clauses. The exactions which attended the restoration of the Catholic orders; the nature of the Concordats; the attempts to restore to a poor and haughty nobility the barren distinctions of the old *regime*—in fine, all the evils of intractable cabinets, multiplied through all the subordinate gradations of their executive, only made the reigning family more unpopular than ever with the great mass of the people. Louis, besides, rather unwisely affected all the feudal pretensions of his throne, as if they had never been impaired by time or vicissitude, and was wont to talk of his royalty as only emanating from God and his forefathers. He wanted the penetration and policy of Napoleon, who, busied about his despotic proceedings, was in the habit of using the phraseology at least of a popular governor—doubtless to the edification of a very flattered and happy people. It was said by Napoleon of the Bourbons (by the by, the parentage of these *bons mots* is oftenest fixed with a great deal of fallacy, and this may have been first written by some newspaper editor) that in their exile they had learned nothing and forgot nothing. This, however, may be con-

sidered controvertible; for, the first government act of Louis being dated in the eighteenth year of his reign, he seemed to have forgotten that, during the implied period, his faithful subjects had paid him no allegiance at all; and, in assuming the style of Eighteenth of his name—a thing which made puzzled history pause a little to recall the reign of Louis the Seventeenth—he also appeared to forget that his predecessor had lived and died a victim and not a king. And, for his learning in the interim, we must confess that he seemed to have learned almost as great a disregard of the French people as their great imperial idol had done before him.

Into the popular disaffection, with the republican sentiments of the class from which he sprung, and to which he chose to belong, Beranger entered warmly; bringing all the force of his sympathies and the weapons of his genius into the controversy; and he always carried it on with the most unsubdued implacability. Neither fear nor favour could ever mitigate the heartiness of his dislike and scorn, and these sentiments are expressed throughout his lyrics with equal audacity and wit. In "*L'Epee de Damocles*," he satirizes Louis XVIII., who prided himself not a little on the courtly elegancy with which he penned a billet or turned a stanza; and in "*Les Infinitement petits*," he ridicules his dynasty in a strain of sarcasm which was a grave count in the prosecution he underwent in 1828. The refrain of this song is: *Mais les Bourbons regnent toujours.* The word *barbon* (grey

beard) is near enough in sound to the effect. But this somewhat happy royal name to give it popular French onomatopœia is intranlatable.

THE INFINITELY LITTLE.

I have a faith in sorcery :  
 There was a wizard came of late,  
 And, in a mirror, let me see  
 Our native country's future fate.  
 What a sad prospect ! 'twas our home ;  
 Yet all so strange and woebegone.  
 Lo ! Nineteen Hundred Thirty's come ;  
 And the grey *Barbons* govern on.

To us succeeds a dwarfish race :  
 So little are our grandsons grown,  
 That 'tis with pain I see the race  
 Below their roofs so dwindled down.  
 France is the shadow of a shade  
 (Of France which in my youth was known.  
 What a small kingdom it is made !  
 But the grey *Barbons* govern on.

What microscopic little beasts !  
 There billions little Jesuits go ;  
 And thousand other little priests,  
 A carrying little gods for show ;  
 Their blessing curses all in short ;  
 A little normal school alone  
 Holds place of the most ancient court.  
 But the grey *Barbons* govern on.

All things are little : palaces,  
 Fanes and fine arts, and trade and taste ;  
 Nice little famines yearly seize  
 And lay poor little cities waste.  
 On the ill-guarded frontiers, hark !  
 With little drummers, ton, ton, ton,  
 A little army—save the mark !  
 But the grey *Barbons* govern on.

Within the wizard glass, at last,  
 Crowning the future's direful reign,  
 A giant heretic goes past,  
 Whom the whole world can scarce contain :  
 Braving the little paltry prate  
 Of the poor pigmy race undone,  
 He pockets all the little state ;  
 But the grey *Barbons* govern on.

The first songs of Beranger, though manifesting here and there something of the graver tone of his later effusions, are chiefly characterized by the convivial buoyancy and careless gaiety of his younger days. Those days, nevertheless, were days of poverty and pri-

vation. At the age of seventeen he returned to the capital from Peronne. Here he had passed the six years of his boyhood, commemorated, when he visited it long afterwards, in "*Souvenirs d'Enfance* ;" from which we take the following :—

Show me again the narrow prison, where,  
 Beside his pretty niece, with careful brow,  
 Our schoolmaster ruled o'er us from his chair,  
 So proud to teach us—what he did not know.



Here more than one apprenticeship I past,  
 And worked, alas ! less often than I played ;  
 But deemed the rights of wisdom mine at last,  
 When they had given me glorious Franklin's trade.

Armed against fate beneath this lowly cot,  
 By reason armed, I here, in after years,  
 Strike at all earthly glories, dearly bought ;  
 Vain smoke, which, also, fills our eyes with tears.

In Paris he seems to have been soon left without the assistance or control of his parents, concerning whose living or dying we know nothing satisfactory. His unhappy position contrasted sadly with the prospects which his genius and education led him to contemplate. At this time he took it into his head to go to Egypt, which was then in the hands of the French, and join the army there. But the representations of some who had returned from the Eastern expedition dissuaded him. In spite of all this, his youth, with its illusions, the easy gaiety of disposition which peculiarly distinguished him, and the confidence in self-resource which belongs to inexperience—all enabled him to bear up against the pressure of want, and gave a thousand compensating charms to the most

indigent period of his life. He became intimate with all classes and conditions of the people, sympathised with their feelings, enjoyed all their pleasures and their excesses also ; and disregarding, with a simple spirit of independence, the habits and necessities of conventional society, quitted fixed his own within those moderate limits which no future more favourable modification of circumstances could induce him to overstep. This was the reign of Lizette, who, with all her tenderness and her infidelities, is much identified with the mad or merry inspirations of his youth. It was, in the period of "Mon Habit," "Les Gueux," "La Grande Orgie," "Le Grenier," &c. &c. Let us give the last :—

#### THE GARRET.

Again do I visit the spot where my youth  
 In poverty's school was a pupil so long.  
 I was then twenty-one, had a mistress, forsooth,  
 Some rare merry friends, and a passion for song.  
 And scorning all sages and sots, and their cares,  
 Content, unforgetting and envious of none,  
 I cheerfully mounted up six pair of stairs :  
 Oh, sweet is a garret at gay twenty-one !

A garret ; oh yes, I announce it to all.  
 I there had my bed, poorly furnished and hard ;  
 My table stood here ; and there's yet on the wall  
 Three-fourths of a verse from the coal of the bard.  
 Appear, O ye pleasures that smiled on my prime,  
 Ere years, cold and quenching, had bade ye begone !  
 My watch has been pawned for you many a time.  
 Oh, sweet is a garret at gay twenty-one !

And, first, my Lizette should arise at my call,  
 With her dear little hat, in her freshness and bloom :  
 Already, methinks, she has hung up her shawl  
 O'er the small narrow window to curtain the room.  
 She wore her nice robes with such elegant ease,  
 I respected each fold set so gracefully on ;  
 Since then I found out who had paid for all these—  
 Oh, sweet is a garret at gay twenty-one !

At table one day—'twas a fortunate day—  
 While my friends' ringing voices in chorus arose,  
 A shout reached even up to our garret to say,  
 At Marengo Napoleon had vanquished our foes.  
 The cannons are heard ; and we alter the song  
 To the deeds of our heroes, so gloriously done :  
 Our frontiers shall still be inviolate long !  
 Oh, sweet is a garret at gay twenty-one !

Let us go ; for my reason too feelingly strays ;  
 Long gone is that time so regretted, so dear :  
 I would gladly exchange all the rest of my days  
 For a month of the days once accorded me here.  
 While Glory, Love, Pleasure, can gaily dispose  
 Of our fast-fleeting moments, and Hope, like a sun,  
 Cheer the prospect of life and enlighten the close,  
 Oh, sweet is a garret at gay twenty-one !

Writing to a lady, Beranger says :

"If you had let me guess which line  
 had displeased you most in 'The Gar-  
 ret,' I should say it was,

'Since then I found out who had paid for all these.'

Ah, my dear friend, we interpret love  
 differently. So, you have a mean opi-  
 nion of this poor Lizette. Yet she was  
 such a good creature—so giddy, so  
 pretty, and, I may add, so tender.  
 Ah ! because she had somebody to take  
 care of her wardrobe, you get angry  
 with her. You could not do so if you  
 saw her then. She dressed so well,  
 and everything became her so much !  
 Besides, she would have asked no better  
 than to have had from me what she was

obliged to earn from another. But what  
 was to be done ? For me, I was so very  
 poor. The smallest pleasure-party  
 forced me to live on *panade* for the  
 next eight days, which I used to spend  
 in heaping up a quantity of rhimes, and  
 dreaming of future glory. And only to  
 speak to you now of this pleasant period  
 of my life, when, wanting support,  
 wanting a certainty of my meals, want-  
 ing instruction, I thought of the coming  
 time, without neglecting the pleasures  
 of the present, brings involuntary tears  
 to my eyes."

He apparently addresses her, as the  
 representative of a class in "*La Fille  
 du Peuple*."

#### THE MAID OF THE PEOPLE.

Dear maid of the people ! the flowers of thy youth  
 For the popular poet are lavishly strung.  
 These you owed, from your cradle, to him, for, in sooth,  
 'Twas to dry your first tears his first lyrics he sung.  
 There's no lady or countess may ever entice,  
 With her graces, the heart long devoted to thine.  
 My muse and myself have arranged my device ;  
 'Tis : the birth and the loves of the people are mine.

A boy, without fame, when my footsteps would roam  
 Near their tall feudal fortresses stately to see,  
 I looked for no dwarfish familiar to come  
 And swing back the closely-barred portal for me.  
 For I knew that soft feeling and poesy there  
 Had withered and died with the troubadour line,  
 And my citizen right should be founded elsewhere ;  
 For the birth and the loves of the people are mine.

How weary the chambers where listlessness lies,  
 And yawns mid the luxury blazing about,  
 Where the joys, should they come there, but fade as they rise,  
 Like fireworks a shower has put suddenly out.

Once a week, in gay bonnet and garment of white,  
 To the fields, in thin shoes you go rambling so fine.  
 Still come ; make my Sunday a day of delight ;  
 For the birth and the loves of the people are mine.

What beauty of gentle or queenly degree  
 Excels my dear maid in her neatness and grace ?  
 Bears a heart of warm youth more o'erflowing than she,  
 An eye more divine, a more exquisite face ?  
 The people at length has a fame of its own ;  
 I have warred with two courts for its rights, and opine  
 Thou wast due to the bard that has sung its renown ;  
 For the births and the loves of the people are mine.

For several years after his return to Paris, his uncertain means of livelihood can only be conjectured. In the years 1805 and 1806, he edited a periodical entitled, *Annales du Musée*. In 1809 he was appointed assistant clerk at the University of Paris, where his moderate salary never reached £80 per annum. On bringing out the second series of his songs he surrendered this situation. He had been warned, at the time of his first publication, in 1815, that any renewal of the license and indecorum contained in it would subject him to harsh measures ; and when the collection of 1821 was about to appear, he left his desk, without waiting for a formal

and inevitable dismissal. A prosecution followed. Beranger and his publisher were brought before the Court of Assize to answer a charge of outrage "against the creed and morals of the land,"\* which was made good, and our poet was condemned to three months' confinement in the prison of St. Pelagie. The proceedings of the trial showed the restrictions which compromised the freedom of the press. The speech of the prosecuting counsel only was published, by authority ; that for the accused was suppressed. On the day of the trial the song, "Adieux à la Campagne," was handed round the court in MS. In it occur the following :—

Their rage on my Indigence falls, and they draw  
 My Gaiety forth to the frown of the law.  
 Their vengeance would crush me in Sanctity's mask ;  
 Perhaps lest they blush at their vileness of task.  
 Nay, Heaven will not curse with these cursers on earth ;  
 For only false gods give intolerance birth.

If of Glory I sung by a conqueror's hearse,  
 If a vow for our warriors exists in my verse,  
 At Victory's statue have I, for a meed,  
 Seen the murder of kingdoms, approving the deed ?  
 'Twas not to the sun of the Empire that rang  
 My lyre when, recluse, at its rising I sang.

Let the thought of my pain to my jailors be sweet,  
 As they measure and gloat o'er the chains on my feet,  
 Even to France, so debased in endurance of wrongs,  
 The gloom of my cell may illumine my songs.  
 My lyre on the bars of the place shall be thrown ;  
 And win to a prison the eye of Renown.

Next follows one of Beranger's lighter songs. It has a pathetic and general interest. The beauty and fortunes of the celebrated Queen of France and Scotland have been long favourite themes of romance ; and

poets and dramatists of different nations have illustrated them by their genius. Burns has written the "Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots," and Beranger, "Adieux de Marie Stuart."

\* "Against the creed and morals of the land," is a quoted line of poetry.

## MARY STUART'S FAREWELL.

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu  
 All cherished joys gone by !  
 Scenes where my happy childhood grew,  
 To leave ye is to die !

Adopted country ! whence I go  
 An exile o'er the sea,  
 Hear Mary's fond farewell, and oh,  
 My France, remember me !  
 Winds rise ; the ship is on her track :  
 Alas ! my tears are vain :  
 There is no storm to bear me back  
 On thy dear shores again.

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu  
 All cherished joys gone by !  
 Scenes where my happy childhood grew  
 To leave ye is to die !

When, in my people's sight, I wore  
 The Lily's royal flower,  
 Ah ! their applause was offered more  
 To beauty than to power.  
 Now gloomy Albion's throne in vain  
 Awaits my slow advance ;  
 I only would be queen to reign  
 O'er the gay hearts of France.

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu  
 All cherished joys gone by !  
 Scenes where my happy childhood grew,  
 To leave ye is to die.

Love, Glory, Genius,—ah ! too dear,—  
 Have dazzled all my prime.  
 My fates shall change to cold and drear  
 In Scotland's ruder clime.  
 My heart, my heart, with sudden awe,  
 Feels a vague omens' shock !  
 Sure, in some ghastly dream I saw  
 A scaffold and a block !

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu  
 All cherished joys gone by !  
 Scenes where my happy childhood grew,  
 To leave ye is to die.

Oh, France ! in all her woes and fears  
 The Stuart's daughter, she,  
 As now she greets thee thro' her tears,  
 Shall ever turn to thee.  
 Alas ! too swift my bark hath flown  
 Beneath these stranger skies :  
 Night, as her hurried veil wanes down,  
 Conceals thee from my eyes.

Adieu, sweet land of France, adieu  
 The cherished joys gone by !  
 Scenes where my happy childhood grew,  
 To leave ye is to die.

A strong satirical bias is one of the foremost *traits* in Beranger's character. A little fiend that scoffs incessantly seems to have been born with him. At the age of twelve, while in the house, at Peronne, a flash of lightning rendered him senseless. Little Beranger, on coming to himself, far from feeling like the lover of Heloise in a somewhat similar predicament, asked his affectionate aunt of what use all her holy water was—having seen her sprinkle the apartments with it at the beginning of the storm. Allusion to this incident occurs more than once in his works. With a sort of leaning to the beliefs of antiquity, the spirit of which had such a congenial and approximating influence on his character, he is apparently pleased to consider the lightning-stroke an omen of no small distinction. The satire of Beranger has for its objects the conventions of social life, courts and kings, and the religion of the priesthood; and love itself, even the love of poor Lizette, so interwoven with all that he looks back upon with tears, is treated of in a spirit of doubting and playful malice. An irrepressible wish to expose and insult the hypocrisies of society, so repulsive to the simple truth of his nature and philosophy, ever animated him in his warfare against many and powerful enemies. And to this may, perhaps, with justice, be attributed much of that excess which makes a portion of his songs so reprehensible.

Beranger's hostility to the Court was a congenial thing to one born in poverty and educated in sentiments of an ardent republicanism; and the dissent from the dogmas of Religion, so prevalent in society around him, and early awakened in him, by his admiration of Voltaire, very easily directed his prepossessions against the Catholic priesthood. In the many songs whose object is to satirize the religion and

politics of the court, there is expressed such a scoffing contempt, such an irreverent bitterness of sarcasm, in language of such unheard-of boldness and bareness, that it is not very difficult to comprehend the uneasiness and rage into which the guardians of devotion and loyalty were naturally stung by these outrages, and by the consciousness that, however grievous in themselves, they were made still more obnoxious by all the echoes of popular disaffection. The poet retorts on those who would accuse him of impiety, that when Religion makes itself a political instrument, it runs the risk of having its sacred character misunderstood; and adds that, though some, by way of reprisal, assail it in its sanctuary, he himself, as a believer, never did; being content to cover with ridicule its livery—Catholicity. In "*Les Religieux*," Beranger makes a saint of good repute confess he was a malefactor in his lifetime; imitating, unconsciously, perhaps, the example of St. Martin of Tours, who (see his Life, by Sulpicius Severus) drew a similar confession from the lips of a dead man canonized. Nevertheless, however adapted to the circumstances in which they appeared, and effective in their purpose, these bold lyrics possess less attraction for a foreign reader, and are less indicative of the true genius and power of Beranger than others of his muse. The alteration of time and place deprives them of much of their interest. But songs expressive of general sentiment, of those humane sympathies and natural touches which make the whole world kin still keep for every one their intrinsic recommendation. Of these, the noble songs, "*La Sainte Alliance des Peuples*," "*Si j'étois petit Oiseau*," "*Jacques*," "*Le Menetrier*," &c., are distinguished for their fine philosophy and grave tenderness of thought. "*Le Menetrier*" may be translated:

#### THE VILLAGE FIDDLER.

I'm but a poor old harmless man,  
 All in the village-fiddler's line.  
 They call me wise; I quaff my can,  
 And mix no water with my wine.  
 Here let your hamlet's evening ban  
 In sportive harmony combine.  
 Come, lads and lasses, merrily  
 Dance round beneath my ancient tree!

Join hands beneath its shady screen ;  
 It long hath been our hostel tree.  
 In sunny days it oft hath seen  
 All jealousies and hatreds flee.  
 How oft, beneath its foliage green,  
 Our sires embraced in amity !  
 Come, lads and lasses, merrily  
 Dance round beneath my ancient tree !

Pity the lord of yonder halls,  
 Tho' master here of all he sees ;  
 He envies sure, the mirth that calls  
 Our rustic sports beneath the trees,  
 When, passing rapidly, he lolls  
 Back in his chariot, ill at ease.  
 Come, lads and lasses, merrily  
 Dance round beneath my ancient tree !

Denounce him not with bitterness  
 Who goes not to the church to pray ;  
 But pray for him, that heaven may bless  
 His corn, his vineyard, and his hay.  
 If he seek pleasure, let him press  
 Amid our revels, and be gay.  
 Come, lads and lasses, merrily  
 Dance round beneath my ancient tree !

While slightly set, a horn-beam hedge  
 Marks out the spot you call your own,  
 Invade not with your sickle's edge  
 The field another's hands have sown,  
 Sure that your father's heritage  
 Shall to your children yet go down.  
 Come, lads and lasses, merrily  
 Dance round beneath my ancient tree !

When Peace, with healing balm, at last,  
 Shall all our wrongs and ills repay,  
 Let none from hearth and home be cast  
 Whom error blindly led astray ;  
 Recalling, when the storm is past,  
 Those whom it scattered far away.  
 Come, lads and lasses, merrily  
 Dance round beneath my ancient tree !

Hear your old village-poet's lay.  
 Come round my spreading oak, and let  
 All angry thoughts and feuds give way ;  
 Embrace, and all be happy yet.  
 That only thus in blithe array  
 Your crowds should evermore be met,  
 Still, lads and lasses, merrily  
 Dance round beneath my ancient tree !

The character of Louis XI. of France has been delineated by more than one man of genius. Scott and Victor Hugo, with a surer effect than that of history, have created an interest in the life and times of this monkish

king. Let us see how Beranger draws his own sunny moral from the gloomy tyranny of Plessis les Tours. Louis XI. would sometimes witness, from the windows of the Chateau, the holiday amusements of the peasantry.



ceased. The Revolution gave birth to popular feeling, which previously had no existence, and which was taught to identify itself with the interests or glory of the nation. In the excitement of the time, which saw a people heated by the effort to beat down a monarchy, turbulently directing the State within, or moving, almost in a mass, to fight the armed coalition that menaced its existence from without—earnest, perturbed, and proclaiming strange principles aloud—the general mind was naturally raised to the level of the great argument that engaged it. In the moment of danger France was placed under the *egis* of an entire people. The legislators who refused to tempt the Duke of Brunswick with the experiment which the Roman senators employed with such vile effect against Brennus, in the Forum, and who relied more on pikes than pens in the instant controversy, were forced to arm the terrible *faubourgs* and the national levy; and the dire necessity of this alternative, producing popular insubordination, and the deplorable occurrences which disfigure the fero-

cious history of the period, gave, at the same time, to the meanest of the people, no vague or trifling interest in the country which he was summoned individually to protect. And subsequently, while society still vibrated to the shock of the Revolution, the vicissitudes of reverse and glory that, like clouds and sunshine, passed over the horizon of imperial France, still preserved the graver tone of popular thought. The poet also, in studying the sentiments which produce the harmonies of the mind, had often witnessed the melancholy disposition of men collectively, and conceived the idea of songs whose serious tenor should be suited to the poor, the afflicted—in fact, to the people. The celebrity which he has won shows how just were his reliance on his own genius, and his estimate of the tendencies of human nature. A thoughtful gravity is often found stealing on his heart in moments of the most congenial conviviality. "*Treize à Table*" manifests more the spirit of "an antique Roman than a Dane."

#### THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

Thirteen at the table! Alas, for the error!  
And the salt but this moment was spilt by my plate!  
Ah, number ill-boding! Ah, presage of terror!  
Hark, death is at hand—'tis the moment of fate!  
But lo! 'tis a spirit, a goddess, a fairy,  
And beauteous and young, and she smiles on our glee!  
Nay, let us renew our gay songs and be merry;  
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

Though here like a guest to our board she advances,  
And wears a gay festival garland like ours,  
I only behold her—alone to my glances  
Appears her bright wreath like a rainbow of flowers.  
She holds a rent chain, and so sweetly reposing,  
A small sleeping babe on her bosom I see.  
Fill up to the brim the red cup of carousing;  
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

"And why," thus she speaks, "should my presence be dreaded,  
"Twin-sister of Hope, and a daughter of Heaven?  
"Oh, why by the slave should that power be upbraided,  
"By which the dull chains of his tyrant are riven?  
"Fallen angel, the wings which, in pilgrimage human,  
"The fates have withheld, I shall render to thee!"  
Let's drink of the rapturous kisses of woman;  
For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

"Again will I come," she pursues, "and with pleasure  
"Thy soul in all space shall at liberty stray,  
"Mid the swift orbs of fire, through the deserts of azure  
"That heaven scatters wide o'er Eternity's way.

" But while 'tis detained in this yoke, go, unfearing,  
 " Enjoy all that still from remorse may be free."  
 Let pleasure, in peace, make existence endearing,  
 For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

A hound bayed without, and, unearthly and fleeting,  
 The fair apparition evanished away.  
 Ah, mortals ! how vain is your thought of retreating  
 When the chill of the coffin arrests with dismay !  
 Let us gaily surrender our bark so unstable,  
 Borne on by the waves to its port o'er the sea.  
 If counted by Heaven, let us still sit at table ;  
 For death wears no longer its terrors for me.

The philosophy of Beranger, with all its tendencies to doubt and mockery, is full of pathos and tenderness. This is distinctive of true genius. Also the poverty of his youth must have left its traces of emotion on his susceptible heart, in spite of the distractions which his cheap and simple enjoyments occasionally offered him. His garret did not always hold the gay re-unions of his companions, or enjoy the presence of Lizette ; and, doubtless, many an hour of recluse reverie cherished the growth of the grave sentiment which will leave its shadow on the lightest of his songs, and gives such general interest to the finer effusions of his muse.

Perhaps the reader has been already fixing on some points of resemblance or comparison between him and Robert Burns. Both men win our cordial respect, for the manly simplicity of their characters, and for the courageous philosophy with which they scorned and put by the sickly importunities and false canons of conventionalism. Both rose in the ranks of the people, and remained in them with a noble choice. Undazzled by the social contrasts around them, they vindicated the class to which they belonged, no man making them ashamed. Both have sung the loves and the business of the poor, and told the story of their virtues and their sorrows, in language of undying truth and beauty, and with

a music, to whose tone  
 The common pulse of man keeps time ;  
 In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
 In cold or sunny clime :

and both have feelingly shared the enjoyments and griefs which they recorded. Both cherished that self-sustaining independence which is the parent of all robust conceptions and

lofty inspirations ; and no debasing contact with any pitiful pretences or selfish meannesses ever took the virtue out of their singing-robes of hoddin grey. Both grew up amidst privations, and nevertheless contrived to enjoy a large share of the pleasures of existence ; and both twined their names with the melodies of their country in a union ratified by popular celebrity. The mould in which nature cast both characters, seems to have been the same : circumstance caused the differences discoverable in them. Both received an imperfect education ; but the instruction of young Beranger was conducted with more regularity and discipline than that of the Scottish peasant. Beranger's philosophy and taste give evidence of more comprehensiveness and refinement than those of Burns. The latter always retained much of the unpolished rusticity of his condition. The citizen education of Beranger ; his life in a metropolis, surrounded by the records, arts, and sciences of a great nation, and the intelligence of the society in the midst of which he was no careless observer, soon wore away from his mind the marks and tokens of obscure birth or partial instruction. The consciousness of this last, he informs us, led him to study with sedulousness his native language, for the purpose of penetrating its genius, and forming his style on the best French models. The style of Burns, particularly his prose style, has an undisciplined force of words—a sort of expletive strenuousness, about it which displeases a fastidious literary taste. 'Tis in the Doric simplicity of his native dialect that he possesses all the delicate power of his fervid genius. When he is tempted to quit this circle his magic is at an end. In the management of

his English phrases he is as awkward as David in the accoutrements of Saul, because he had not essayed them—at least not early enough or often enough. The style of Beranger has the easy, grave, and pointed effect of La Fontaine and Voltaire. In love matters they resembled each other a good deal; though we think the feelings of the ploughman were of a warmer and more animal temperament than those of the citizen. Our prejudices lead us to prefer the love-sentiments of our countryman. (We say countryman, wishing that nothing may ever

do away with the union of these noble islands, which seem destined to remain one—for a thousand reasons and ties; and not the least of them the common language of Shakspeare and Grattan.)

In 1829 Beranger was confined for nine months in the prison of La Force, for the publication of 1828. Here he felt not a whit disposed to abate the offensive boldness of his muse. His irrepressible spirit was still evinced by the songs, "Le 14 Juillet," "Le Cardinal et le Chansonnier," "Doux, maître d'Ecole," "Mes Jours gras de 1829."

#### MY CARNIVAL OF 1829.

God save your sacred majesty !  
 Tho' by your ire condemned the while,  
 I spend, as once before, ah, me !  
 My carnival in durance vile.  
 To keep me from the song and feast  
 Just now, is an unmeaning thing.  
 A royal rage is in my breast :  
 You'll pay for all, my gracious king !

In your orations from the throne,  
 Ah, wicked king, you glanced at me :  
 Still, that but made me better known,  
 While I am quite resigned to be.  
 But, sad and lonely, when I hear  
 The city's festal voices ring,  
 I grow satiric and severe :  
 You'll pay for all, my gracious king !

Now glass in hand, in joyous knot,—  
 Gay fools disguised in twenty ways—  
 My friends forget their comrade a lot,  
 Forget me while they chant my lays.  
 With them my song would surely be  
 Right merry and without a sting—  
 Perhaps of royal clemency.—  
 You'll pay for all, my gracious king !

You know Lizette, who cries, poor wight,  
 Over my chains for sheer cuzzi,—  
 Well, to a ball she flies to-night ;  
 " So much the worse for him," says she,  
 I thought we should, so happy yet,  
 Beneath your safeguard live and sing ;  
 Your servant, she's a jilt, Lizette.  
 You'll pay for all, my gracious king !

Your cursed judges' hands have cleft  
 My quiver with their blows at length ;  
 But still one arrow more is left :  
 I write on this—*For Charles the Truth !*

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\* The Carnival of 1822 was spent in the prison of St. Pelagie.

Despite the walls that round me rise,  
 Despite the window-bars, the string  
 Is tightly drawn, the arrow flies :  
 You'll pay for all, my gracious king !

His days of imprisonment were cheered by various tokens of affectionate remembrance and sympathy from his friends, and also from those who knew him only by celebrity.

The song, "Mon Tombeau," expresses the poet's indifference to posthumous renown. He affects to think Song was dethroned with Charles X. ; that his

lyrics have since then lost their interest, in the removal of the circumstances which produced a great portion of them ; and that his fame shall die with him, or even before him. The modest carelessness of Beranger in these matters is very remarkable, and very characteristic of the man.

#### MY TOMB.

Erect me a tomb, while in spirits and health,  
 At such wonderful cost, too !—good people, not yet !  
 'Twere a folly, methinks, thus to squander your wealth ;  
 To the rich leave the pomp and the pride of regret.  
 With the price of the marble or bronze—far too fine  
 A grave dress for beggars like me to assume,  
 Go, purchase old wine—life-inspiring wine !  
 Let's live, and quaff gaily the cost of my tomb !

A gallant memorial would cost—let me see !  
 Some hundreds, at least :—O, my friends, let us fly ;  
 Come, live for six months, gay recluses with me,  
 In a beautiful vale with a beautiful sky.  
 In our mansion, balls, concerts, and beauty, I guess,  
 Can pleasantly furnish each rapturous room ;  
 I would risk loving life to too great an excess ;  
 Let us live, and spend gaily the cost of my tomb !

But I'm stricken in years, and my mistress is not ;  
 And I think that she's rather expensive in dress ;  
 In the blaze of our persons our fasts are forgot,  
 And this let the splendour of Longchamps confess.  
 From my friends to my lady love, something is due ;  
 She expects a cachemere of some elegant loom ;  
 As a life-use, to wear on her bosom so true,  
 Let us gaily dispose of the cost of my tomb.

I wish for no grand private box in the place,  
 Where spectres as actors are treading the stage ;  
 That wretch with sunk eye-ball and wobegone face—  
 Make warm his cold heart in the night of his age.  
 To the beggar, who, leaving his wallet, shall sit,  
 And, before me, see drawn up the curtain of doom,  
 (That, at last, he may keep me a place in the pit,)  
 Let us gaily dispose of the cost of my tomb.

What boots it to me, that my name shall appear  
 On a stone, by some scholar decyphered and spelt ?  
 For the flowers which, they say, shall be strewn on my bier,  
 'Twere better, methinks, could their fragrance be felt.

Posterity!—

Be warned                    you

My grave                    is

How I

Beranger shows himself the *beau ideal* of a poet in every thing. With all the simpleness of antiquity, he exhibits a cast of thought, as rare as it is honourable to the integrity of his sturdy independence. In the midst of all the near temptations of power and luxury, he expresses himself satisfied with the certainty of a crust of bread to meet the wants of his old age, and does not waste a thought on any other wish. When the revolution of 1830 (to which he was conscious that his songs, acting on the popular mind, contributed largely,) had raised many of his personal friends to places in the ministry, he forebore to ask of them any favour. On the contrary, he quietly and unaffectedly refused the offers of his "*Friends become ministers*" to give his humble fortunes a helping hand. The temptations of place and

pension were not strong enough for Beranger. This is great praise. It is satisfactory to think we, too, can boast an instance of independent principle as admirable as that of the Frenchman, in a woman's refusal to accept a pension from government. Miss Martineau's honourable rejection of a minister's bounty, is a thing, concerning which the favourers or impugnors of her philosophy can unite in a spirit of cordial appreciation. Our poet, in declining to accept the offered benefit, begs, with a rare frankness, to disclaim any thing like magnanimity in the matter, and would make us believe that the duties or obligations which he feared may be attached to the gift, would be too importunate for the natural indolence and freedom of his disposition.

#### THE REFUSAL.

A minister would make me rich,  
Nor on my honour set a blot ;  
Nor on the *Moniteur* a speech.  
Few wants molest my little lot.  
But when pale misery I see,  
I feel that wealth had suited me.

With a poor suffering friend they share  
No rank, or honour—no such thing :  
But gold, at least, they have to spare ;  
Gold, glorious gold ! were I a king,  
My crown should very often go,  
To pawn for twenty pounds or so.

Should cash into my hat alight,  
It goes, and heaven knows how and where ;  
I never yet could save a doit,  
To keep my pockets in repair.  
My grandsire should have left to me,  
His needles as a legacy.

Yet, keep the gold I did not earn ;  
For I espoused, when very young,  
Freedom, a lady rather stern :  
I who, in flowing measure, sung  
Of beauties won as soon as wooed,  
Pine in the fetters of this prude.

Liberty is, as she has been,  
Bright Honour's headlong advocate ;

She is a tipsey, randy queen,  
 That in the street, or room of state,  
 Whene'er she spies a bit of lace,  
 Cries, "down with livery!" thro' the place.

Your gold would wake her worst abuse:  
 In fact, why should it be employed  
 To pay my independent muse?  
 I am a penny unalloyed,  
 Which, if your silver whiten it,  
 Becomes, from true, a counterfeit.

Withhold the gifts I fear to take;  
 But, if the world should ever know  
 Your generous feeling for my sake,  
 Guess who has let the story go.  
 I am a lute suspended, such  
 As still must vibrate to a touch.

In 1833, was published the last series of the songs of Beranger. It is the most elevated, and best of all. Since then, like one a weary of the world, he has contentedly withdrawn himself from the public eye. The sentiment of *Mon Petit Coin* is appli-

cable to his retirement. Latterly, on the occasion of some French inauguration or other, the solicitations of a crowd of his youthful admirers could not prevail on him to leave, for a day, the seclusion of his Little Corner:—

Your world has charms for me no more;  
 Here with my dreams I come again;  
 Fled from the galley and the oar,  
 A slave, my friends, has burst his chain.  
 Thro' deserts of the mind I stray,  
 Like a free Arab, far and near;  
 Let me, my friends, ah! let me stay,  
 Calm in my quiet corner here.

Here, for my country's destinies,  
 And heard by heaven, my vows go forth;  
 My friends, respect my reveries;  
 To me, your world is little worth.  
 To the bright Sisters of the lay,  
 Oh, may my days be ever dear;  
 Let me, my friends, ah! let me stay  
 Calm in my quiet corner here.

While his songs are sung in the saloons, and popular in the workshops, the fields, and the *cabarets*, Beranger, at the age of sixty-four, in his retirement near Plessis les Tours, busies himself with the recollections of the past. He has contemplated a sort of philosophical dictionary, the composition of which is to be the employment of the remainder of his life. In this, all the notable, political, and literary characters of France, existing in his

own experience, shall serve to classify his reminiscences and general opinions. "*Les souvenirs*," he says, "*se presseront en foule. Ce sont les bonnes fortunes d'un vieillard.*" He has dwelt on the scheme with complacency, and pleases or deceives himself with the idea that, perhaps, it is to the work of his old age, after all, he is destined to owe his celebrity; that posterity may speak of him as, *the great Beranger*.



# 1 *A Last Confession of Harry Lorrequer.*

## A LAST CONFESSION OF HARRY LORREQUER.

FRIENDS—I had believed that was an end of my "Confession," and that Harry Lorrequer I not again appear before you in of penitent, when a few days my eyes chanced to fall upon a paragraph in a French paper, which dispelled this conviction, and made me feel that one more incident of life remained to be communicated. I held my peace of myself or.

The passage I allude to runs thus: "Lorrequer, on the 22nd inst., died at O'Mahon, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, General of Division in France, and Knight of Malta. As the oldest officer in the French army, having entered the service the year 1731, when he had completed his fourteenth year. He survived until June, he would have reached the advanced age of 107. He successively served in the armies of the Regency, Louis the Sixteenth, the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire, and might, had he so wished, have retained his rank with the Restoration; but with the defeat at Mount St. Julien terminated his services, for duration and number are unequalled in Europe.

His long catalogue of distinguished services in America, Germany, Holland, Italy, Egypt, Austria, and so on, follows the announcement, which two exploits are sufficient to merit notice. The first of three Dutch vessels of war, with infantry battalions, and some artillery, under the command of General O'Mahon. They were attacked by him when closed up by ice at Scheldt, and taken, after a desperate engagement, which lasted six hours. The other, is a story of his being wounded at O'Mahon, where a shell entered the side of his horse, and exploding, hurled him to the height of sixteen feet into the air, the only injury he receiving a broken arm. The Emperor, who witnessed the accident, inquired who the officer was, and answered, "O'Mahon." VOL. XXIII.—No. 138.

merely shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Nothing will kill O'Mahon."

In the Irish brigade his name was revered and respected beyond that of any officer who ever commanded it. And although a strenuous supporter of the principles of freedom, and an ardent follower of the revolution, in his address and manner he might have been a courtier of Versailles in its most polished era. He was not more conspicuous for courage and daring, than for the most unassuming and modest demeanour; and it is said more officers of merit owed their promotion to his representations, than to any other man in the French army.

His last appearance at Paris was at the ceremony of the Emperor's funeral, when an old man, wearing the uniform of the Irish brigade, decorated with the St. Louis and the Legion, attracted unusual attention; and on being recognised, was saluted with cheers of enthusiasm, many colonels leaving their ranks to embrace one who had befriended them in years long past.

His remains were laid in the convent of St. John, followed to the grave by a numerous cortege of the civil and military authorities of Bruges. He himself had declined the honour of a military funeral, saying, "he had lived long enough, and that if a platoon fire over his grave were to call him back to life, he should only regret it."

Such in substance is the brief paragraph to which I have alluded; and it now only remains for me to state my own connection with it, which was as follows:

In the year 1839 I was on my way to England, after an absence of some years on the continent, and arrived in Bruges fatigued with a long journey, prosecuted with scarcely an interval of rest from the time of my leaving Belgrade. I was not sorry to find, that, if I should be obliged to halt, I could calculate on the comforts of a Flemish inn, and enjoy, besides, the opportunity of seeing the many curious

Vandyk and Velasquez, where noble birth seems indelibly written on every lineament, and proud thoughts and great aspirations seem throned upon their lofty brows. And now, as if to answer the rising doubt, there he sat, the very type of that race I was regretting. So thoroughly was he absorbed in his own reflections, that I had ample opportunity to regard him unobserved, and with the waywardness of a temperament that rarely needed as much temptation to invent a story, I was imagining what the career of such a man might have been, when I felt a hand gently laid upon my shoulders. I looked up, and saw the Colonel de Bourqueny, Commandant of Bruges, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from an old brother officer, and with whom I was that same day to dine "*en tête à tête*."

"You know him, I suppose," said he, in a low tone of voice, as he threw his eyes in the direction of the old gentleman.

"No; but I confess I have the strongest curiosity to do so."

"He is a countryman of yours," replied the colonel; "and one you may well feel proud to know. At least I think the praise is not ill applied to a man whose services, if not directed to the cause of his own country, have yet been such as to raise the estimation of that land in the mind of every one who has ever known him. If the fruit be an indication of the tree, yours must be no common land."

"Who is he, then?"

"Count O'Mahon. With any other name I should add something of his services; but his is too great a story to be garbled. Wait a moment, and I'll try my luck with him, a thought has just struck me."

The Colonel turned away as he spoke, and approaching the old man, saluted him with the deference a young officer pays to one vastly his superior in rank and station. The count arose slowly from his chair, assisting himself with both hands, and when he had acquired the erect position, displayed a figure, which, despite the work of time, was strikingly noble looking. I could not hear what passed between them; but I could see, that while the Colonel appeared to press some point with a degree of earnestness in his manner, the Count O'Mahon

declined the entreaty, and seemed desirous to offer excuses.

"You'll not refuse me, my dear count, if I were only to tell you what day this is."

"Indeed! How so?"

"This is the sixteenth of February: twenty-two years ago, from this very day, I won my epaulette in your brigade."

"At Eylau," said the old man, drawing himself proudly up. "I remember it well; you swam the Pregel to carry the orders for the cavalry to ford the river and advance on Deppen. Are you correct? can it be really so far back? How short it seems."

"Alas! sir, the time has been long enough for great changes."

The old man apparently did not hear the observation, but stood as if endeavouring to remember some circumstance of the past. Then muttered in a low broken voice—

"How was it?—it ran thus. Do you remember the *Ordre du Jour*, Colonel—the concluding words I mean? I have it, I have it. '*Au-delà de la Vistule comme au-delà du Danube, au milieu des frimas de l'hiver, comme au commencement de l'automne; nous serons toujours les soldats Français, et les soldats Français de la grande armée.*'"

There was a tone of elation in which he spoke these words, that resounded within my heart like the beating of a drum; and I imagined that the old officer himself assumed, at the instant, the port and bearing of the parade.

"And this, you say, is the day of Eylau?" repeated he in a sadder voice. "Well, colonel, I must not refuse you. We are to be alone, you say?"

"One guest only, sir," said De Bourqueny; "a young traveller passing through Bruges. May I hope that will not displease you?"

"You seem to forget, my dear Colonel," said the Count, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, "you seem to forget that ninety-two is not the age which fits a man for society and the pleasures of the table. You are good enough to endure an old man's faults of mind and memory, but your friend may not, nor is it so sure, I could pardon him for not doing so. Well, well, it is little likely I shall see another anniversary of that great day—I'll be with

you." With these words, the old gentleman bowed courteously, and slowly withdrew, leaving us alone together.

"I knew I was in luck this morning," said the colonel, gaily, "I won every game at billiards—received a dozen pleasant letters by the post—and best of all, have succeeded in getting the Count to meet you at dinner; and now, do not be a moment late—four o'clock to the instant, remember—punctuality is one of the old General's foibles, and we must not trench on it."

Having readily promised to be in good time where I anticipated so much pleasure, I took leave of my new friend, and resumed my wandering through the town.

Determined to be mindful of the colonel's caution, a few minutes before four o'clock I entered his quarters in the "Grande Place," which now was filled with soldiers at the afternoon parade. We were standing at the window, gazing at the scene, and admiring the tableau presented by the troops and the bystanders, whose picturesque costumes so well harmonized with the rich character of the background—the grotesque carvings of the old doorways, the pinnacled gables, the massive consoles laboured with tracery, all shone brightly in the setting sun—when, suddenly, the drums beat to quarters, the men stood to arms; and the same instant we perceived the old count approaching from the end of the Place. As he came slowly along in front of the line, the ranks presented arms, and the drums beat the salute; and even at the distance we were, it was plain to see the gratified feeling of the old soldier at this mark of respect and honour.

"It was well thought of," said I, "to receive him in this fashion."

"A mere accident, nevertheless," replied the Colonel; "or rather entirely owing to himself, for he has thought proper to put on his uniform—a thing I'd venture to say, has not occurred for many years before—and see, only look what a uniform it is."

I strained my eyes to catch sight of him once more, and certainly a more striking figure I never beheld. His coat of dark green, lined with white, was long and wide in the skirts, and unornamented save by two large and massive gold epaulettes; a white vest,

descending low and with flapped pockets, was opened in front to display a rich jabot of deep Valenciennes lace. He wore breeches of white kersey-mere, and silk stockings clocked with gold; and in his shoes there shone two buckles, whose brilliancy left no question of their great value. His cocked hat, trimmed along the border with ostrich feathers, displayed a bouquet of tricoloured ribbon, as did also his sword knot. He wore the cross of St. Louis on its broad ribbon; and the grand decoration of the Legion was attached to his coat.

"It is a uniform I have never seen before," said De Bourqueny, "but unquestionably it becomes him well, and he looks like a courtier of the time of Louis XIV. taking his evening walk on the terrace at Versailles."

The door of the *salon* opened at this moment, and the General Count O'Mahon was announced.

"Your men seemed a little disposed to wonder at my costume, Colonel," said the Count, as he bowed with the finished grace of the old school. "They didn't know, perhaps, that it was strictly in accordance with the regulation."

"It is new to me also, Count; I never saw you wear it."

"No, my dear friend, nor have I for more than forty years; but I be-thought me if this were to be, as it may in all likelihood, the last anniversary I shall ever keep, of one of our great and glorious days, I could not better honour the occasion than by a souvenir of my own old corps. This is the uniform of the 'Irish Brigade.'"

"Indeed," said the Colonel; "then the occasion is most apropos to present a countryman—my friend here."

The old Count's eyes sparkled, and I even thought his cheek showed a heightened colour, as he held out his hand towards me.

"Seventy-six years of absence, sir, have erased every personal recollection, but have not obliterated the love I bear my country. May I take the liberty to shake your hand—it is only thus I can ever salute Ireland."

There was a graceful ease, an elegance indeed, in the air of the old Count, that imparted a charm to the very simplest phrase; and he displayed, to the greatest advantage, the perfection of that courtly bearing of the old time, by divesting it of all its

frivolity, and only preserving the suave urbanity which gives all its charm. His slightly stooped figure, his venerable head, the scarcely perceptible tremor of his voice, were all indescribably touching; and I felt ashamed at my own abortive effort to convey any adequate idea of a manner, the most fascinating I ever remember to have met with.

The dinner proceeded as pleasantly as such small parties usually do; and the host exerted himself to establish that feeling of ease between strangers, which ensures the happy flow of conversation, and induces a freedom akin to actual intimacy.

The old Count made many inquiries about the places I had visited in the east of Europe, and asked for many persons, some of whom I had the fortune to meet with, and of whose career he heard with pleasure. In Vienna he was well known, and had passed some of his happiest days; and of these he spoke with ardour and feeling, recounting many anecdotes, which amusingly depicted the varying aspects of the world, at different eras of his life.

De Bourqueny from time to time seemed disposed to give his reminiscences a turn towards the military events of his career; but the Count, either inattentive to his suggestions, or, as I suspected, studious to avoid the topic, scarcely ever adverted to them, and then but briefly.

"And now, sir," said O'Mahan "that we have discussed Austria and Italy, and have wandered along the Danube almost to the Black Sea, tell me some news of a land far nearer and dearer to us both. What of Ireland?—is she more prosperous, or richer, or happier than I knew her, in times long past?"

"I must also speak from memory, sir—a short interval, indeed, compared to the absence you allude to—but I should say that she is both richer and happier than formerly. The benefits of freedom more widely diffused have engendered a social amelioration also; the condition of the peasantry has improved as the resources of the land have met development; and a state of things, more nearly approximating to that of England, has introduced more confidence in the law, and more obedience to its mandates."

"So far so good—this is a happy change and must lead to great results. But the people, how are they affected towards England?—has this prosperity you speak of, blunted the memory of former wrongs?—do they kiss the hand that smote their aires?"

"Neither their prosperity nor their forgiveness have been so great as you suspect. When I spoke of the first, I did so merely in comparison with what I have heard and read of their former condition, for certainly there is little to warrant the employment of the phrase on other grounds. In no country have I witnessed such poverty as in my own; no where have I seen the suffering which want and misery engender, so great; nor, I will add, have I ever heard of a people who have borne up with a more enduring patience under evils so heart-crushing."

"You are right—quite right; political privileges were doled out so scantily as even to be behind the requirements of the time. The nation, poor, and uneducated, and uneducated, was, in actual intelligence, in advance of its rulers; and deemed each new concession as a boon too long withheld to demand gratitude in return. It was a conquered country that never confessed defeat; while the conqueror, too proud of his success, and too contemptuous towards his foe, never bestowed a thought upon him, nor thought that the smouldering embers could ever burst into a blaze. The nation should have been incorporated with England heart and soul at once; there was no other course to follow; equal laws and equal rights would have engendered equal loyalty and good faith."

"The guarantees were never equal, Count; the allegiance to Rome——"

"The allegiance to Rome," interrupted he, smiling; "an affair of the priesthood."

"But the Celt never did love the Saxon," said I, inattentive to his former remark, whose spirit I knew too well to dream of contradicting; "and when a few moments since, I spoke of the endurance of the people, I alluded not to political, but social evils. The poverty that met not benevolence to relieve, nor sympathy to soothe it; the want, disease, and wretchedness, were sufferings beneath the eyes of their own

countrymen—the sons of the soil, the descendants of their own ancient families—who preferred denouncing the cruelty of England, to making one bold or generous effort to help the poor.”

“The landlords of Ireland had a happy destiny when they chanced upon that island,” said the count sternly. “In France they would scarce have met so much indulgence.”

“No, *parbleu!*” said De Bourqueny, the “Communistes” are speedy law-makers, and the executive is as active as the legislative body.”

“We have our ‘Communistes’ too,” said I, “sorry am I to confess it. There are parts of the country where life has not an hour’s purchase. These fearful crimes, published throughout Europe, are sources of shame and humiliation to many who would be proud of their country.”

“And are those stories we read in newspapers, are they true?” said De Bourqueny.

“Unhappily, they are too true. There is much to say in palliation of resistance to laws, which often seem arbitrary, and are always severe; but nothing can excuse the bloodthirsty spirit that deems murder the recompense of any wrong, real or imaginary.”

“There is a point I never could understand,” said De Bourqueny, “nor have I ever heard any one attempt to explain. Why are these people, who seem so sanguinary and revengeful at home, abroad, so totally the opposite? What is there in the air of Ireland that converts the gay, dashing fellow, we know him here, into that barbarous monster, who shoots a man as he would a mad dog?”

“Nor will you ever understand it, my dear Colonel,” said the Count, “till you know something of Irish character—the strangest human compound that ever was formed—so full of seeming contradictions, and yet so perfectly harmonious.”

“Do your novellists instruct one on this head?”

“I fear not much,” said I, to whom the question was addressed.

“Say rather not at all,” interposed the Count. “Never was there a land which has so little reason to be grateful to its chroniclers—never was a country so defamed by its describers.”

“Come, come, Count,” said I, “you surely forget one, whose graceful stories of her country have done great and good service to its cause—whose portraiture of character is beautifully true and correct, and who has invested even the quiet monotony of life in the middle classes of society, with the strongest interest, and elicited the traits of a people by touches the most delicate and beautiful.”

“The authoress you allude to has done all this, and more. She has never, while depicting her countryman, descended to any undue flattery of his high qualities, still less detracted from his real merits for the sake of effect. No monsters of crime or virtue have flowed from her pen—content to paint from the life, she presents the portrait without exaggeration of any kind. They who value moving and exciting events, or incidents of highly wrought power, may deem these things tame; but the truthful will live when these wild excrescences of exuberant fancy have withered to decay. I never meant to include her in my censure. What I would condemn is the habit of your writers to seize on certain traits—small and insignificant frequently—and by these endeavour to convey a portraiture of the people. The same spirit of conquest that brought the adventurer over to Ireland to burn, and slay, and enact forfeiture of the soil, has made his successor, the Anglo-Hibernian, derive his profit of the people, by exhibiting them in a false and unnatural light. The very same tyranny is as conspicuous in the one case as in the other. The Irishman was the Helot, whose drunken gambols should amuse the pampered appetite of his ruler—his buffoonery was the stock in trade of every farce writer—his blundering wit, the staple of every jest against him. Expressions, which caught their character and feeling from being the transcripts of thought in his own native language, were ridiculed for their absurdity; and the very poetry of his nature made a sarcasm against him.

“How little do they know of Ireland and its people who regard the strong current of native drollery and humour as the basis of the national character. No people of Europe have more strongly marked features of melancholy in their temperament than the

Irish. It is the characteristic of their national literature, of their music, of all their traditions: their gestures, their idioms, their usages, all betray this. But it suited well the insolent pride of the conqueror, that *they* should amuse him at the feast, whom he had vanquished in the field. The jest which broke in bitterness from a sorrowing heart, was received as the mirthful offering of one who felt no shame in his degradation. What other impressions have your dramatists or tale writers ever conveyed than this; and even when they have endeavoured to clothe noble sentiments and honourable feelings in the dress of national idiom, what has been the result—has the sneer or the scoff been less? Sir Lucius O'Trigger was intended by Sheridan to represent a man of high and honourable motives—his peculiarities, such as they were, dwelt on to elicit a favourable impression of his frankness and candour; and even his passion for duelling (the most reprehensible trait about him) was painted more as the vice of an age than of a people. Yet, how is he invariably represented, and how would any deviation from such a standard be received by the public? The poltroon Acres, the wretched mixture of insufferable conceit and cowardice, is less the Buffo of the piece than the Irish gentleman. An English standard was set up, to which every thing must conform in morals, in manners, and in taste; every deviation from which was stigmatized as Irish, and being Irish, as vulgar. The native eloquence of her speakers was pronounced bombast—the glowing imaginations and teeming fancies of her orators were a jest and a jibe among her more cold-tempered neighbours; all this one might forgive or forget, but how pardon the wholesale calumny that held a whole people up to scorn—that could find no other features to describe in a nation, than the reckless merriment, which momentary excitement threw uppermost, as the volcano flashes in fitful brilliancy, while the thunders are preparing their work of desolation beneath. Such was ever the nature of that wit, so eminently Irish in character. It was the sardonic spirit of a man wrestling with his ill-fortune, and daring to jest when any other would have grieved in silence. The ready reply, the ever present repartee

had its source in a mind long conversant with its own thoughts, and a fancy soaring 'above every ill victorious.' These were the stores your writers drew upon, when they gave the Irishman to the world as the buffoon of the novel and the drama. In the same way, they could see nothing in the sudden and violent outbreaks of his passion than the fitful vehemence of the savage. They would not wait to consider the man in his trials and temptations, in his ignorance and want—unfriended, unheeded, pained with real, maddened with supposed wrongs; his experience of the world suggesting distrust and oppression, and his traditions all telling of a time when his forefathers were the owners of that soil he now tilled as a serf. They would not stoop to know or think of these things; they were satisfied with the straws that marked the course of the stream, they never cared for the depth of the current that ran beneath.

"But stranger than all this, no novelist has thought of Ireland as a theme for historical story, yet what land has experienced such an eventful history? Where have such elements entered *en scène* so well contrasted, so strongly marked in every feature of difference? The native Prince among his followers, the stranger Baron with his retainers, the Anglo-Irish exaggerating in his person every vice of either; the Celt and the Norman, the Priest and the Laic, the crafty statesman, and the doughty warrior, were all there, amid a chaos of crumbling civilization, and the foundations of a new order of things—scenery, story, costume, strange usages, every thing, in fact, that can contribute to embellish fiction, and make the task of the novelist as instructive as amusing; and yet these stores lie neglected and forgotten, while men tax their ingenuity to frame events, and their imaginations to conceive characters.

"There have been writers of latter years, whose vigorous portraiture of native character, so far as I have read, seem true and faithful; but with them the partizan has often had the mastery above the novelist; and though, perhaps, I might agree with many of the opinions advanced, I never could consent to their introduction in situations to which they were unsuited. I speak of these, of course, with diffidence;



indeed, my acquaintance with so much of English literature as bore reference to Ireland, ended with the life of a dear friend and brother officer, who fell at the battle of Champ-Aubert. Poor fellow ! he was happy in so much as he never witnessed Fontainebleau or Waterloo."

The old Count, whose excitement had sustained him hitherto, and supplied strength for an effort above his natural forces, now sank back in his chair wearied and exhausted.

"Colonel," said he, after a pause which we felt no inclination to break ; "and you, my young countryman, may I ask your pardon for this piece of an old man's garrulity. You yourself are however to blame ; you started a topic which for years past has lain entombed in my heart, and is associated, in one respect, with the very happiest hours of my life. I alluded a few moments since to a comrade, the Colonel Derinzy—he was my aid-de-camp for some years ; and we amused ourselves, in the dulness of garrison life and fortress duty, by compiling a number of stories. Of some, history, of others, memory, and of others again, mere fancy supplied the material. Poor performances they were, but they amused hours that would otherwise have hung heavily on our hands, besides that they formed one last link to the land of our birth. The history of their composition might, perhaps, have more interest than any thing in the fictions themselves. Many a scene was written under circumstances, and in places, sufficiently strange and remote to excite curiosity and astonishment : some on the eve of a battle—some at the outposts, when a threatened attack could not damp our ardour respecting a favourite character. One whole tale was written during the Siege of Dantzic—another was finished beneath the walls of the Kremlin. I do not know whether these circumstances gave any colouring to the stories in their course ; I should perhaps say not ; at least, we felt at the time of writing as though we were still in the Green Isle, and treading the very hills and valleys we were describing."

"And what became of them, Count—they were not lost I hope?"

"No : the havresack that once held them in my baggage-train contains them

still. I looked over them a few days since, but the ink has faded and my eyesight too, and so I could not decypher the lines as I wished. The companion of my labours, however, is gone, and I confess, old as I am, the sight of them made my heart heavy the whole day after."

I have now, my dear reader, presented you with the substance of a conversation which if unhappily too prolix, my only apology is the interest I felt in it at the time. A word more, and I have done. The pleasure I felt in the old count's society, inclined me to delay my departure for above a week, during which I spent several hours of each day with him. The last evening of my stay, when I went to take my leave of him, he presented me with the havresack containing his MSS. as a souvenir of his regard.

"At my age," said he smiling, "one cannot afford long time to form a friendship. Short as our intimacy has been, I have seen enough to like in you. These old papers will amuse some leisure hours at one day or other ; and if ever you deem them worthy to see the light, I have only to bargain, that it shall not be, until my eyes are closed to it for ever."

Such is my last Confession, and such the source of a series of stories, the first of which I purpose presenting to you in the ensuing number of this Magazine, when I shall ask your kind indulgence for

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN,

A Tale of 1760.

The first part is entirely in Derinzy's writing, the latter chapters bear the impress of O'Mahon's.

One word more. It is a somewhat common practice in our day—and one from whose sin I cannot altogether exonerate myself—for writers to be the sole authors of works of which they announce themselves the editors. Such, I beg distinctly and explicitly to state, is not the case here ; and it is only because the picture is not yet before the world, that I have need to assure them that my weak and trembling hand could never have produced the broad lights and shadows of Irish life which these fictions exhibit ; and with this assurance I desire to write myself, gratefully yours,

HARRY LORREQUER.

Templeogue, May 23, 1844.

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